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DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LIII.

DR. ARNOLD.

THE time has come for an impartial estimate of Arnold. Sixteen years have elapsed since the grave closed over him at Rugby, amidst the heartfelt grief of several generations of pupils, who had had the inestimable benefit of his teaching; the more sober, but not less sympathetic, regret of a bright array of distinguished friends, who loved his intellectual and moral greatness; the profound respect of a large circle of adversaries in opinion, who lamented the loss of a noble foe; and the mournful consciousness among many of the English nation, that a good and able man had passed away, who, whenever he touched upon public affairs, made their real interests his paramount object. This interval has not removed him from us as a contemporary, or obscured the recollections of those who witnessed his career; and yet it has placed him in that historical perspective in which his life can be seen in full completeness, and the character of his works can best be determined. In addition to this, it has dissipated a mass of prejudices against him; it has directed to other objects the currents of opinion which, some years ago, unduly elevated or depressed him; and it has brought the tendency of English thought into a closer sympathy with him than it ever displayed in his lifetime. The generation that has become mature since 1842 can better appreciate his speculations in theology than that which only heard the outbreak of the conflict between the old Erastian High Church doctrines, the Anglo-Catholicism of the school of Pusey, and the teaching of the Evangelical and Dissenting parties. At present, too, when philosophy pur-

sues her researches among us with a singular mixture of freedom and reverence, his theory of Church and State is, perhaps, more respected than when Bentham and Paley were the oracles of our thinkers. And, although recent criticism has shown that his implicit faith in Niebuhr has led him astray in several passages of Roman History, his merits as an historian can best be appreciated since the appearance of such masters as Froude and Lord Macaulay.

Arnold was born in 1795, in the Isle of Wight. He belonged to an English family, of the middle class, outside the circle of an aristocracy, then prejudiced and exclusive, but within that accustomed to receive the highest education. At eight years old he was sent to Warminster school, and thence, in 1807, to Winchester college; but his vacations were spent in the Isle of Wight; and when there, within sight of the Piræus of England, then crowded with the trophies and armaments of the war, he acquired that fondness for sea views, and that interest in naval and military evolutions which form so marked a characteristic of his writings. At school the love of the picturesque, so evident in his history, found its natural vent in boyish verses. He was known by the name of Poet Arnold, a title since gained in manhood by his gifted son; and, as the readers of his "Roman Legends" might have expected, he had a fine sense of the beauty of our ancient ballads. But already his real studies were history and geography. He showed skill in realizing to his mind the aspect of countries, and their relations to each other; and, at the age of fourteen, he

had detected the difference, so seldom intelligible to boyish minds, between "the modest, unaffected, and impartial narratives" of the great Greek historians, and "the scandalously exaggerated boasts of the Latin writers." At this time, too, he probably betrayed that dislike to the mere niceties of language which he carried with him into afterlife, for his scholarship was not at all at the level of his powers; and his Latin verses and attempts at English composition were somewhat crude, stiff, and ungainly.

At the age of sixteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi at Oxford, and remained there about four years in the companionship of several distinguished youths, who have since risen to eminence in Church and State. His principal friends at Corpus were Keble and Sir John Taylor Coleridge; and though all three, in manhood, took different, and often crossing, lines of life and opinion, it is touching to observe, in a letter of the Judge to Mr. Stanley, how the bond of this friendship was never severed; and how each of them regarded it as a pleasing link of memory. At Corpus the abilities of Arnold began rapidly to be developed. He gave great promise of historical criticism in his studies of Herodotus and Thucydides; he mastered those portions of Aristotle's ethics and politics which more especially relate to law and government, and showed much aptitude for social philosophy; and he already evinced that strong sympathy with actual political questions which was so distinctive a feature of his character. Already, too, his fellow collegians had learned to admire in him a nature earnest, sanguine, truthful, and manly, hating wrong and meanness in all their shapes; sincerely reverent of real greatness, and ever anxious to reach the bottom of questions; but, perhaps, somewhat intolerant of inferior minds, a little hasty and bold in forming opinions, and rather too prone to believe in the efficacy of change in ameliorating social and political institutions. At this time, also, we may remark that he had not yet supplied his deficiencies as a scholar; and that, although his real powers were already acknowledged, his undergraduate career was not as brilliant as might have been expected.

Having taken a first class in classics

in 1814, he was elected, in the next year, to a fellowship at Oriel, then, as now, the blue ribbon of an Oxford graduate. Within two years he had gained the prize for both the University Essays; but, although there is much vigour and freshness in these compositions, they are not free from unripeness of style and thought, and have certainly been surpassed by others in the series. He remained at Oriel about five years; and when there was the associate of a set of young men, several of whom were destined to influence deeply the mind of England. Among them was Pusey, already distinguished for mediæval learning, the future renovator in the Church of England of the tenets of Laud. John Henry Newman was there, full of subtle logic, destined hereafter to have an influence, perhaps still inappreciable. There, too, was Hampden, one of the founders of the Broad Church school of Theology; and Whately, eminently qualified to restore and make popular the study of the moral sciences; and Davison, too soon removed from his place on earth, but even now conspicuous for brilliant abilities; and Copleston, who, perhaps, more than any man of his day, contributed to the revival of learning at Oxford. When, in 1815, Arnold entered this high companionship, how few of its members, however conscious of great powers, could even guess the place they were to hold as leaders of opinion, or the results they were to accomplish in their generation!

With these associations, and in diligent study, Arnold spent the years between 1815 and 1820. In these years his faculties, though still growing, and happily kept back from a precocious development, took a decided turn towards theology and history, combined with what we may term the social science. Unlike most Oxford graduates, he also showed an acute and earnest sympathy with existing politics, especially as regards the condition of the poorer classes, who were then suffering from the great dislocation of employment, that was one of the consequences of the Peace. Having taken orders in 1818, he married in 1820, and, as his fellowship was held by the tenure of celibacy, he left Oxford after a residence of nearly eleven years, and betook himself to tuition at Laleham

near Staines. He remained about eight years in this occupation; and these years, in all probability, determined the place which he was to hold in general estimation. They gave him an early opportunity for his fitting work—the education of the young—and afforded him ample experience in it, while they left him leisure for that study and reflection which were soon to produce such fruitful results. But, at the same time, by withdrawing him from the world, while still in youth, they tended to form in him those habits of inexperienced theorizing upon the most difficult problems of national life—of fixedly working out his own opinions into system without much regard to the actual state of affairs, or to the adverse beliefs of others—and of attacking existing abuses energetically, without weighing maturely the dangers of change—which in some degree impaired his intellectual usefulness. In short, these years made Arnold what he became—a great educator, a powerful thinker, a noble writer, and a bold, but hasty, Iconoclast in Church and State.

We know from the testimony of one of his pupils at Laleham, that when there Arnold showed that faculty of instruction which was destined to become so conspicuous at Rugby. Indeed, he devoted himself to this, his appointed work, with a zeal, an energy, and an affection, which recall to our minds the relations of the Greek philosophers to their charges. At the same time his intellectual progress was rapid; the views he subsequently made public were gradually formed; and some essays which he now wrote in *Encyclopædias* and *Reviews*, display the vigour and ease of his later compositions. The creed in theology and politics which he now evolved from his studies and reflections was in marked contrast with those of the different parties in Church and State. But Arnold never essentially modified it; and although it was not yet enunciated to the public, it had already separated him widely from most received opinions. He looked with peculiar dislike upon the Orthodox High Church party, whose opposition to Catholic Emancipation and to the relief of the Dissenters, he considered equally selfish and unchristian. He condemned the Tories of the

school of Eldon and Percival, as a narrow and bigoted oligarchy, who could not read the signs of the times. He had a moral sympathy with evangelical principles; but, on the whole, thought the party ignorant, and unfit for social life, and with entirely wrong views on the true relations of Church and State. So, although he agreed with the Whigs as regards the policy of Reform in Parliament, then becoming the paramount question of the day, he thought their ideas somewhat exclusive and superficial; he disliked the economic school of Bentham and Horner, as one that preferred the lesser to the greater end in politics; while he had a peculiar aversion to the Radical party, whom he considered essentially Jacobin and Destructive. Having already formed an ideal of what a Christian commonwealth should be, out of principles derived from Greek philosophy and the Bible, put together by his own intellect, and having resolved that that ideal was applicable to England, it is not surprising that, at this time, he stood in isolation from the ordinary currents of public opinion. Besides, the age was one of somewhat shallow and worn-out ideas; and since the deeper thought which had gradually been forming in England had not, as yet, had full time to influence the general mind, it was natural that one who belonged to the class of profound thinkers, should have little in common with the notions dominant in 1820–1827.

In 1827, chiefly in consequence of the recommendation of Dr. Hawkins, Arnold was elected to the head mastership of the school of Rugby. Here his public life may be said to have commenced; and from this point he becomes conspicuous as an educator and an author. He assumed the reins of government at Rugby at a time when there was a great outcry against the public schools of England, and when, unquestionably, many faults in their system were evident. They were generally denounced as behind the age, as imparting only an obsolete learning, as tending to make boys brutal and vicious, and as soon to yield to the prevalent mania for reform. Much of this clamour was undoubtedly untrue, but yet it was not altogether unfounded: and it is the peculiar glory of Arnold that he silenced it through-

had detected the difference, so seldom intelligible to boyish minds, between "the modest, unaffected, and impartial narratives" of the great Greek historians, and "the scandalously exaggerated boasts of the Latin writers." At this time, too, he probably betrayed that dislike to the mere niceties of language which he carried with him into afterlife, for his scholarship was not at all at the level of his powers; and his Latin verses and attempts at English composition were somewhat crude, stiff, and ungainly.

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a whole it was a remarkable specimen of good government, administered to a great extent by the boys themselves, and yet everywhere influenced by the head master. Perhaps the best eulogium on it is to be found in these words of Dr. Moberly—himself a rival but not the less a just critic :—

“I am sure that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying out of this improvement in our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation when they first came to college. . . . We cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their character in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which, for how many years I know not, had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.”

It was also during his tenure of Rugby that Arnold wrote the different works which form the real measure of his intellect. In 1827 he published a pamphlet on the Catholic question, which shadows forth his theory of Church and State; and this was subsequently followed by a tract upon Church Reform. His peculiar method of dealing with these subjects—the wide generalizations he brought to bear upon politics—the novel principles he introduced into his arguments—his bold departure from the beaten paths of opinion—his somewhat intolerant mode of regarding the views of others—his utter disregard for cherished or respectable prejudices—his active and uncompromising spirit of reform—and his sanguine trust in the possibility of changing institutions for the better—exposed him in these works to much adverse criticism and condemnation. About this time, also, he wrote a good deal on the social condition of England—then exulting in the fruition of the Reform Bill; and as he looked on that measure with much less complacency than was usually the case with the Liberal party, and as he thought that the real wants of the nation were moral

and social, rather than political, it is not strange that he found himself isolated from all parties, and under a kind of ostracism in opinion. He now underwent the fate of thinkers and writers on public questions, who are too profound and original for their age; he began to be denounced by the High Church party, to be distrusted by the Evangelicals, to be scoffed at by the Tories, and to be considered by the Whigs as visionary and impracticable. Many persons, also, not unfriendly to him, were of opinion that the master of a public school should never meddle with political questions; and thus about the years, 1828-1833, Arnold, on the whole, was in little account in general estimation.

Gradually, however, his authority increased, if not yet his popularity, as Rugby began to show the fruits of his teaching, and as the mind of England was influenced by that movement of thought, which, commencing about thirty years ago, and entering almost every sphere of knowledge and opinion, has wrought such changes in religious and political beliefs, and has made the intellect of this generation so much deeper and more earnest than it had been for a long antecedent period. That movement was a vigorous and happy reaction against the Toryism, the Utilitarianism, and the shallow ignorance of the age which inherited the philosophy of the last century, and yet was reduced into inaction by the terrors of the French Revolution; and although it has thwarted old opinions on almost every national question, has substituted new watchwords for antiquated shibboleths, and has introduced ideas into Church and State which rebel against our forefathers' notions, it has had an influence, upon the whole, valuable and purifying. The symptoms of that movement, as is well known, began in the rise of the Broad Church and Newmanite parties, as distinguished from the Erastian High Church-men; in the growth of more liberal modes of thought among the Evangelicals and Dissenters; in the decline of the narrow creed of Eldon and Percival in politics; in the spread of enlarged notions as regards the mission and functions of government; and, above all, in the diffusion of a better feeling between the richer and poorer classes of

England. It was natural, as this spirit of change grew more active and productive, that Arnold's reputation should increase, and that he himself should sympathize with several of its tendencies; and, accordingly, about the year 1836, he was less isolated from all parties than hitherto he had been; he had approximated on many points to Broad Church opinions, though still by no means identified with them; and he had commenced a fierce and uncompromising opposition to the new school of Newmanite theology. To this school he always showed an invincible repugnance; he considered its teaching false and superstitious, and inconsistent with the Church of England; he perceived that, in elevating the status of the priesthood, and investing them with a supernatural dignity, it made a severance between them and their flocks which was incompatible with his ideal of Church and State, and he thought that, practically, it was an act of treachery for its professors to continue in our communion. These views, which happened to be popular, of course gained for him a better hearing than hitherto he had attained; but, on the other hand, they increased his enemies at Oxford, which had become the focus of Newmanite opinions; and this feeling was embittered by an angry article which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the occasion of the crusade against Dr. Hampden. On the whole, though in 1836-7-8, his reputation had risen, and the success of his work at Rugby was generally admitted, he was still unpopular among the majority of the clergy, was not much liked by any section of them, and was considered somewhat of a meddler and theorist in politics.

In the meantime, his edition of Thucydides had been published, and, in 1838, it had already become out of print. Other editions, even by Englishmen, show deeper scholarship; but the great historian has never had a commentator, in any language, who has so thoroughly entered into his spirit, so perfectly explained and illustrated his geography, so well developed his peculiar characteristics, and those of the age about which he wrote, or so admirably shown the applicability of his solemn wisdom to the events and politics of other periods. This work raised Arnold a

great deal in the estimation of scholars; it was felt that he had a real genius for elucidating the scenes of the classic age, and that he had considerable powers of historical description. His Thucydides was soon afterwards followed by his Roman History, a fragment of one of three important works which, in the phrase of Tacitus, "he had set apart for old age," namely, a Commentary on the New Testament, a Treatise upon Church and State, and a History of Rome from Romulus to Charlemagne. This history, as is well known, only reached three volumes, of which the last was published after his death, and did not receive his final corrections; and, as it does not conclude even the second Punic war, it cannot be considered more than a detached specimen of his genius. It attracted a great deal of attention on its appearance, and for some years was the text-book on the early centuries of Rome; and, even now, although its authority has suffered from the discovery of the errors of Niebuhr, whose theories it implicitly follows, its remarkable merits are fully appreciated. It is probably the best history in our language for the period between the death of Gibbon and the appearance of Lord Macaulay's volumes. It shows a profound and thoroughly mastered knowledge of classical times; a perfect apprehension of the tone of ancient opinion, as regards religious, political, and social problems; a clear understanding of the factions of early Rome; an extraordinary skill in reproducing the topography of its era; and great vividness of external description as regards scenery and military events. And the third volume, which restores the career of Hannibal to us, is an admirable specimen of clear and even brilliant narrative, in some points altogether equal to the subject, and only wanting, perhaps, in that creative power which is the proof of the highest historical genius. We would classify the descriptions of the passage of the Alps, and of the crowning victory of Cannæ, as among the finest military pieces in our language.

During the years between 1838 and 1842, there was a marked and sudden reaction in favour of Arnold, among many men of all opinions, and by some he was, perhaps, unduly appreciated: The boys he had educated at

Rugby were now in early manhood, and, as a body, were testifying brilliantly to his success as an instructor. The strong feeling of the mass of the nation against the Newmanite theologian, made them sympathize with one of the ablest antagonists of the party; even the majority of the High Church and Evangelical clergy, who, a few years before, had looked upon him with aversion, began now to admit they had been somewhat in error; he was claimed by the Broad Church school as one of their most powerful supporters; and, generally, the public opinion of England recognised his moral and intellectual greatness. Besides, as the strong party feeling, as respects politics, which had run so high some time before, began to collapse, or turn towards other objects, his own views on political questions became less prominent, while their general and cardinal principles were more fairly examined; and his attention was more fully directed than ever to the social condition of the poorer classes in England,—then threatened with Chartism, and undergoing much general suffering. In this pursuit he had men of all parties as his fellow-labourers; and, although his notions as regards Chartism were, perhaps, still considered visionary, his zeal, his energy, and his lofty humanity, were appreciated by persons of the most opposite opinions. This sudden popularity, however, was very remarkable; it is not easy to account entirely for it; and we may recognise in it one of those generous impulses so honourable to the free judgment of England, to make amends for past injustice by a strong reaction in favour of its object.

In 1841, Arnold was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and in Lent Term, 1842, he delivered his first course of lectures before the University. The success he obtained was at once unexpected and significant. It was a tribute to his merit, a generous welcome to a noble thinker and writer, and the expression of a deep want on the part of Oxford. A large and distinguished audience went regularly to hear him: and they who witnessed the attention and almost the reverence he commanded, can alone measure the influence he had on the University. It was not only that his ability was recognised; that

his luminous exposition of difficult principles; his clear and exhaustive analysis of periods of history; his picturesque touches of description; and his manly, chaste, and unaffected style, were generally appreciated and admired. It was not only that several of Arnold's antagonists at Oxford took pride in doing honour to his genius, and acknowledged, in attending upon him as a Professor, that a debt was due to him from past injustice. The success of Arnold proved that, although the professorial system was then almost extinct at Oxford, it could obtain general sympathy, and be of real value, if well administered by proper instruments; and it became the signal for that great academic reaction which has, by this time, restored that system at the University with noble promise of results in Church and State. It is not, therefore, too much to say—and this is not the least of his triumphs in the cause of education—that this valuable and most unexpected reform may ultimately be ascribed to the influence of Arnold.

In 1842 he was at the height of his reputation. He was meditating a second series of lectures, and a continuation of his "Roman History," and was hopefully looking forward to the time when he could devote his life to the other great subjects he had selected; when death suddenly interposed, and he was taken away. It is needless to dwell upon the regret which was felt for his loss—upon the many tributes which were paid to his memory, by men of every shade of opinion—and upon the honour in which his pupils still hold his name. In the language of his favourite Thucydides, "His country is his monument," in so far as England ever recognises worth and ability. Besides, we have no space for panegyric, and can only say a few words upon his attainments in the different spheres of theology, speculation, and history.

I.—As a theologian, Arnold may be called a Christian Rationalist. He was not deeply read in Patristic learning, and held the works of divines in somewhat too low account, considering them generally as over dogmatic, or wanting in real and discerning judgment, or unsuited to the wants of the present generation. He had a rooted aversion to the doctrines of Rome, which he thought grossly su-

England. It was natural, as this spirit of change grew more active and productive, that Arnold's reputation should increase, and that he himself should sympathize with several of its tendencies; and, accordingly, about the year 1836, he was less isolated from all parties than hitherto he had been; he had approximated on many points to Broad Church opinions, though still by no means identified with them; and he had commenced a fierce and uncompromising opposition to the new school of Newmanite theology. To this school he always showed an invincible repugnance; he considered its teaching false and superstitious, and inconsistent with the Church of England; he perceived that, in elevating the status of the priesthood, and investing them with a supernatural dignity, it made a severance between them and their flocks which was incompatible with his ideal of Church and State, and he thought that, practically, it was an act of treachery for its professors to continue in our communion. These views, which happened to be popular, of course gained for him a better hearing than hitherto he had attained; but, on the other hand, they increased his enemies at Oxford, which had become the focus of Newmanite opinions; and this feeling was embittered by an angry article which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the occasion of the crusade against Dr. Hampden. On the whole, though in 1836-7-8, his reputation had risen, and the success of his work at Rugby was generally admitted, he was still unpopular among the majority of the clergy, was not much liked by any section of them, and was considered somewhat of a meddler and theorist in politics.

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it on its subjects; and history tells us that any attempt to do so has always ended in a melancholy failure. For instance, the Governments of the middle ages, and that of the Puritans under Cromwell, tried to enforce a moral action in the State, as distinguished from mere obedience to the laws, and the result was, the prostitution of the Canon law to the purposes of lucre, and the hypocrisy and nonsense of the reign of saints, to be followed by the profligacy of the Restoration. Nor is the reason of the difference obscure; for whereas the will of the individual has power over his volitions, and conceivably could make them obedient to perfect right, the authority of Government over its subjects is so circumscribed that really it can scarcely influence their conduct at all; and thus when it sets up a high standard of moral practice, and seeks to adjust the national life to it, it fails in doing more than securing an external conformity, which soon degenerates into nullity or hypocrisy. And, therefore, while we fully admit that the State, through the medium of education and religious teaching, should indirectly promote moral ends among its subjects, we deny that it should directly attempt to obtain them, or profess to make either morality or any creed a test of citizenship. So, again, though it may be true in theory that the State might exercise the functions of a Church, it would seem that no secular administration of spiritual things, upon the principle of teaching the Gospel generally, can secure even a decent reverence for religion; that, on the whole, an ecclesiastical polity invested with something of grandeur and power, and separated from temporal affairs, is the best security for Christianity in a nation; and that under whatever conception we view a Church, its ministers should not be considered only as members of a lay congregation of Christians. Of course this is no place to enumerate the many other arguments which might be urged against the theory; but these plain considerations may show that it cannot be realized in actual politics.

At the same time there is this value in the theory, that it tends to obliterate the doctrines of Warburton and Bentham, that the objects of Government

are purely secular, or, as Sydney Smith called them, "roast mutton and police;" and that it inculcates this important truth, that if the State cannot enforce morality directly, its tendencies should be in that way; and therefore that it should act indirectly towards that end. Besides, even if it errs in basing the Church on too latitudinarian a foundation, it operates as a noble protest against the fallacies, on the one hand, that the Church is merely a priesthood, on the other, that it is a congregation, secluded from the world, and unfitted for the active duties of citizenship. From this point of view the theory has been very valuable in elevating the tone of national politics, and in bringing the Church of England more in harmony with the uses of society. Its practical results may be traced in the increase of education which recently has been achieved by the State; and in the works of writers of the school of Kingsley, whose doctrines, as regards the functions of Government, are those of Arnold, though, of course, also marked by other influences.

III.—We have already touched upon Arnold's excellencies as an historian, and so shall only add one or two remarks. He belongs to the school of Vico in his views upon history, believing that the laws of historical phenomena can generally be traced: but he is sober and cautious in his doctrines. The essays in his "Thucydides," and some passages in his "Roman History," comprehend his theories on this part of philosophy, and they will well repay a careful perusal. He is deficient in dramatic force as an historical artist, and in fine perception of individual character; but his power of analysing the elements of governments, and the nature and general relations of parties, and his skill in depicting external scenery and landscape, will keep him in a high place among our historians. And although his historical style is not quite of the highest order, it is so clear, logical, and picturesque, so simple, manly, and energetic, that we scarcely know how to particularize where it is wanting. To our taste, a little more fulness of illustration, and more richness and copiousness of language, would have been a valuable addition to it.

perstitious, and to her polity, which he characterized as tainted with Judaism, and altogether inconsistent with a truly Christian Church; and, as we have seen, he considered any attempt to introduce them into England as foolish, wicked, and even treacherous. And yet he had little real sympathy with the Low Church party, especially as regards their ideal of Christian duty, and their notion of the office of Christianity in the world; and although he leaned towards the school of Copleston, Whately, and Hampden, he differed in many respects from their opinions. It would obviously not become us here to enter the sacred precincts of Theology, even to trace Arnold's position within them, and so we pass them by with decent reverence. Generally speaking, however, we may say that his reputation as a divine consists in a peculiar skill in interpreting the Scriptures—in separating their elements of history and doctrine, and distinguishing between what is of special application and what is for universal obedience; and further, in a most successful art of reconciling the law of Conscience with that of the Gospel, and showing how Ethics and Religion run into each other, and form an harmonious system of faith for the Christian. Perhaps the best analysis of his views as a theologian is to be found in a letter from Mr. Price to Mr. Stanley on this subject, in the first volume of Arnold's life, by the latter gentleman.

II.—As a thinker, Arnold is most conspicuous for his theory of the Relation of Church and State. This theory is essentially that of Burke and Cole-ridge; but as no English writer has presented it as fully as Arnold, he may be considered to have fixed it in our philosophy. He thought that as the duty of every individual is to make the moral law the rule of life, so that of a nation, or aggregate of individuals, must necessarily be exactly identical. But as the life of a nation is represented in that of its Government, he thought further that it became the duty of a Government as such to inculcate obedience to the moral law, and to try and make the nation's action conform to it. Hence he considered that the true relation of a State to its subjects is that of an educator or moral overseer; and that, therefore, it is under an obligation to

adjust laws, institutions, opinions, and general habits to the rules laid down by the code of Ethics. But the teaching of the Gospel, when properly understood, when divested of all that is merely accidental, and laid out in moral precepts is, he declared, an exact republication of the code of Ethics, though of course supported by a Divine sanction; and from this he inferred that the duty of a Government, as such, is to disseminate the lessons of the Gospel, and to see to lead the nation to a Christian life. From this it followed that the business of a Church is comprised in that of a State; that the administration of a Church is one of the functions of Government, and that all that may be termed ecclesiastical action is merely a manifestation of that which, essentially, is political although directed to a religious purpose. Hence he laid it down that the State included the Church within itself, and furthermore was identical with it in extent; for, as the subject of a State should all be bound by the law of Christianity, and therefore should visibly conform to a Christian standard of doctrine, Dissenters from that standard could not be comprised within the State, could not enjoy the rights of full citizenship, and were only to be regarded as sojourners or aliens. But as *prima facie* it is unjust, and certainly it conduces to national weakness, to exclude from full citizenship any of the members of a state, Arnold lowered extremely the standard of Christian conformity which he thought the condition of complete political rights, and reduced it to little more than a general assent to the truth and obligation of the Gospel morality. Thus, in the instance of the British Empire, he would have admitted to all the privileges of the Constitution, not only all denominations of Christians, but even Unitarians and Socinians, provided they acknowledged the Gospel Ethics, while he would have excluded Jewish Infidels, Idolaters, and Mussulmen.

Such, in a few words, is Arnold's theory of Church and State; and we shall only observe upon it, that it cannot stand the test of experience. It does not follow, because it is the duty of the individual to conform to the moral or Christian law, that therefore a Government should seek to im-
 pre-

extraordinary powers provoke our admiration, but whose strange gymnastics and semi-cynical curl of nose, prove that part of his vocation is to make his admirers stare with incredulity, as well as thrill with delight. He has adopted a motley, "with purpose of heart," and he wears it at all times, like the Messer Archies of the feudal courts, ringing his bells and passing his gibeas, with rare enjoyment of his own soul, yet launching his satire and pointing his wisdom from under this unseemly guise, with a power and gravity which homilists might envy, and imitators toil after in vain. We are not admirers of Carlyle's later style, which has too much of the charlatan in its predominant cants and set phrases, its "Sahara dances," and its "Sibylline frenzies," to meet our notion of the natural and apt in writing; but candour must own, that in any case it is the style of a strong man, and that the thing it covers and conveys is usually worthy of the noblest setting which language can furnish—that any metal is mostly poorer than the diamond it would help to dazzle.

But even the style, from use, as probably to the author himself, comes to have a tune in it to the reader which it had not originally; and like the barbarous *ranz des vaches* of the Swiss mountains, is preferred to more legitimate music by the ear that has learned to relish its discordant cadences. But that which never fails to please is the thorough heartiness with which the historian throws forward himself to court the gazer's observation under every mask of every hero his Olio may put upon the stage. It may be Voltaire or Luther, Cromwell or Frederick, Teufelsdröckh or Sauerteig, who struts his little hour before the footlights of our small individual auditory; but the voice, the gait, and the philosophy are undisguisedly the gifted Dumfriesian's, the unacknowledged, and perhaps indeed unconscious, ground of his popularity. Whatever some may think and avow, of a favourite author the public cannot get too much; and whether he choose fiction or history for manipulation in his workshop, the more decidedly he reflects himself, his individuality, his crotchets, his humours, in the mirror of his work,

the more decidedly does he win the approval of the public.

That Carlyle has been drawn by his compassionate *penchant* for Voltaire into his patronage of Frederick—that his apologetic leanings towards the French philosopher have formed the clue which led him through the labyrinth of thought to the entertainment of his present purpose—that Paris and Cirey have conducted the biographer to Potsdam and Cüstrin, we think beyond reasonable dispute. No author, probably, in England, knows more of Voltaire than does Mr. Carlyle—none has done more to re-establish him in the good-will of fair and indulgent men—and nothing seemed more natural than that the love-look fixed so long on the ingenious Frenchman should glance aside with some fixity of gaze upon the object of Voltaire's literary adulation. We admit, of course, the Great Frederick's other claims to distinction amid the kingly blank of the eighteenth century; but perceive, as we fancy, with sufficient clearness, that the monarch's pretensions, apart from literature, were scarcely of a nature, in themselves alone, to awaken our author's enthusiasm. We fancy, moreover, that the adoption of Frederick has led, in a partial measure, to an abatement of his veneration for Voltaire: and our belief is, that Mr. Carlyle has been induced, by the course of his more recent studies, to dethrone his quondam French idol from the place he once occupied in his regard, and, without directly putting Frederick of Prussia in the vacated seat, to look upon the soldier with more partiality than on the literary adventurer. Certainly the intercourse of these parties with each other—the crown prince and the poet of Cirey—reflects small credit upon either. We have we know not how many volumes of the correspondence of Frederick lying before us, notably, sundry letters interchanged between himself and Voltaire some years after this latter had won an equivocal reputation by his impurities and impieties—and they are undoubtedly disfigured by innumerable blemishes on both sides. Our readers may guess the kind of entertainment in store for them in this budget of stale "ca' me's, ca' thee's," when they find Voltaire near

had detected the difference, so seldom intelligible to boyish minds, between "the modest, unaffected, and impartial narratives" of the great Greek historians, and "the scandalously exaggerated boasts of the Latin writers." At this time, too, he probably betrayed that dislike to the mere niceties of language which he carried with him into afterlife, for his scholarship was not at all at the level of his powers; and his Latin verses and attempts at English composition were somewhat crude, stiff, and ungainly.

At the age of sixteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi at Oxford, and remained there about four years in the companionship of several distinguished youths, who have since risen to eminence in Church and State. His principal friends at Corpus were Keble and Sir John Taylor Coleridge; and though all three, in manhood, took different, and often crossing, lines of life and opinion, it is touching to observe, in a letter of the Judge to Mr. Stanley, how the bond of this friendship was never severed; and how each of them regarded it as a pleasing link of memory. At Corpus the abilities of Arnold began rapidly to be developed. He gave great promise of historical criticism in his studies of Herodotus and Thucydides; he mastered those portions of Aristotle's ethics and politics which more especially relate to law and government, and showed much aptitude for social philosophy; and he already evinced that strong sympathy with actual political questions which was so distinctive a feature of his character. Already, too, his fellow collegians had learned to admire in him a nature earnest, sanguine, truthful, and manly, hating wrong and meanness in all their shapes; sincerely reverent of real greatness, and ever anxious to reach the bottom of questions; but, perhaps, somewhat intolerant of inferior minds, a little hasty and bold in forming opinions, and rather too prone to believe in the efficacy of change in ameliorating social and political institutions. At this time, also, we may remark that he had not yet supplied his deficiencies as a scholar; and that, although his real powers were already acknowledged, his undergraduate career was not as brilliant as might have been expected.

Having taken a first class in classics

in 1814, he was elected, in the next year, to a fellowship at Oriel, then, as now, the blue ribbon of an Oxford graduate. Within two years he had gained the prize for both the University Essays; but, although there is much vigour and freshness in these compositions, they are not free from unripeness of style and thought, and have certainly been surpassed by others in the series. He remained at Oriel about five years; and when there was the associate of a set of young men, several of whom were destined to influence deeply the mind of England. Among them was Pusey, already distinguished for mediæval learning, the future renovator in the Church of England of the tenets of Laud. John Henry Newman was there, full of subtle logic, destined hereafter to have an influence, perhaps still inappreciable. There, too, was Hampden, one of the founders of the Broad Church school of Theology; and Whately, eminently qualified to restore and make popular the study of the moral sciences; and Davison too soon removed from his place on earth, but even now conspicuous for brilliant abilities; and Copleston, who perhaps, more than any man of his day, contributed to the revival of learning at Oxford. When, in 1815, Arnold entered this high companionship, how few of its members, how ever conscious of great powers, could even guess the place they were to hold as leaders of opinion, or the results they were to accomplish in their generation!

With these associations, and in diligent study, Arnold spent the years between 1815 and 1820. In these years his faculties, though still growing, and happily kept back from a precocious development, took a decided turn towards theology and history, combined with what we may term the social science. Unlike most Oxford graduates, he also showed an acute and earnest sympathy with existing politics, especially as regards the condition of the poorer classes, who were then suffering from the great dislocation of employment, that was one of the consequences of the Peace. Having taken orders in 1818, he married in 1820 and, as his fellowship was held by the tenure of celibacy, he left Oxford after a residence of nearly eleven years, and betook himself to tuition at Laleham

near Staines. He remained about eight years in this occupation; and these years, in all probability, determined the place which he was to hold in general estimation. They gave him an early opportunity for his fitting work—the education of the young—and afforded him ample experience in it, while they left him leisure for that study and reflection which were soon to produce such fruitful results. But, at the same time, by withdrawing him from the world, while still in youth, they tended to form in him those habits of inexperienced theorizing upon the most difficult problems of national life—of fixedly working out his own opinions into system without much regard to the actual state of affairs, or to the adverse beliefs of others—and of attacking existing abuses energetically, without weighing maturely the dangers of change—which in some degree impaired his intellectual usefulness. In short, these years made Arnold what he became—a great educator, a powerful thinker, a noble writer, and a bold, but hasty, iconoclast in Church and State.

We know from the testimony of one of his pupils at Laleham, that when there Arnold showed that faculty of instruction which was destined to become so conspicuous at Rugby. Indeed, he devoted himself to this, his appointed work, with a zeal, an energy, and an affection, which recall to our minds the relations of the Greek philosophers to their charges. At the same time his intellectual progress was rapid; the views he subsequently made public were gradually formed; and some essays which he now wrote in *Encyclopædias* and *Reviews*, display the vigour and ease of his later compositions. The creed in theology and politics which he now evolved from his studies and reflections was in marked contrast with those of the different parties in Church and State. But Arnold never essentially modified it; and although it was not yet enunciated to the public, it had already separated him widely from most received opinions. He looked with peculiar dislike upon the Orthodox High Church party, whose opposition to Catholic Emancipation and to the relief of the Dissenters, he considered equally selfish and unchristian. He condemned the Tories of the

school of Eldon and Percival, as a narrow and bigoted oligarchy, who could not read the signs of the times. He had a moral sympathy with evangelical principles; but, on the whole, thought the party ignorant, and unfit for social life, and with entirely wrong views on the true relations of Church and State. So, although he agreed with the Whigs as regards the policy of Reform in Parliament, then becoming the paramount question of the day, he thought their ideas somewhat exclusive and superficial; he disliked the economic school of Bentham and Horner, as one that preferred the lesser to the greater end in politics; while he had a peculiar aversion to the Radical party, whom he considered essentially Jacobin and Destructive. Having already formed an ideal of what a Christian commonwealth should be, out of principles derived from Greek philosophy and the Bible, put together by his own intellect, and having resolved that that ideal was applicable to England, it is not surprising that, at this time, he stood in isolation from the ordinary currents of public opinion. Besides, the age was one of somewhat shallow and worn-out ideas; and since the deeper thought which had gradually been forming in England had not, as yet, had full time to influence the general mind, it was natural that one who belonged to the class of profound thinkers, should have little in common with the notions dominant in 1820–1827.

In 1827, chiefly in consequence of the recommendation of Dr. Hawkins, Arnold was elected to the head mastership of the school of Rugby. Here his public life may be said to have commenced; and from this point he becomes conspicuous as an educator and an author. He assumed the reins of government at Rugby at a time when there was a great outcry against the public schools of England, and when, unquestionably, many faults in their system were evident. They were generally denounced as behind the age, as imparting only an obsolete learning, as tending to make boys brutal and vicious, and as soon to yield to the prevalent mania for reform. Much of this clamour was undoubtedly untrue, but yet it was not altogether unfounded: and it is the peculiar glory of Arnold that he silenced it through-

out England; that, having found in Rugby a low type of an English public school, he not only made it a pattern of education, but, through its influence, raised the tone of all public schools in England; that he gave a moral quality to the education of the young, which disseminated itself throughout the nation, and, at this moment has the best effects; and that he proved, in many distinguished instances, how it was possible to combine the freedom and manliness of public school life, with the obedience and gentleness of a Christian character. And, although his success as an author was not equally great, and his work at Rugby is the real monument of his fame, it must, we think, be admitted that the tendency of his writings—setting aside the merit they actually possess—is peculiarly calculated to raise the tone of thought with regard to history and political science.

It is impossible to estimate the influence of Arnold at Rugby by any detail of his method of school education. The system was nothing without the man, whose singular skill in training up the youthful mind, remarkable aptitude for imparting useful knowledge, and open, manly, and energetic character, were the reason of its peculiar success. Something, however, may be said of it, as the manoeuvres of a great general may be recorded, though we possess his pervading genius no longer. At Rugby Arnold insisted upon the principle—then very unpopular with the Reforming party—that the study of the classical languages is the best discipline for the young mind; and it is chiefly owing to his consistency in this opinion, and to the success of his application of it, that we now hear no more of the bad effects of teaching so much Greek and Latin. But he made the study of the dead languages more useful than it had been, by laying less stress upon mere scholarship than hitherto had been customary, by teaching his boys to consider language philosophically rather than verbally, by directing their attention to the mines of fruitful knowledge which are contained in the great writers of Greece and Rome, and by treating the philosophy and history of the ancients, with a constant reference to their modern successors. He also introduced mathematics, and French and

German, into the general course of study, although he assigned a subordinate place to them; and thus he succeeded to an extent hitherto thought impracticable, in reconciling the claims of classical study with the requirements of those who advocate mere learning in education. Perhaps his boys, when compared with the best specimens of Eton and Winchester, were somewhat deficient in verbal scholarship, but they usually showed a superiority in power of thought, in originality, and comprehensiveness of culture; and by degrees it became admitted, that of English public schools, Rugby was the first in giving a useful education.

It was, however, in the moral training of his school that Arnold's genius was so conspicuous. It was not only that he inspired the subordinate masters with much of his own eagerness to check vice, disobedience, and bullying; that he succeeded in identifying the youth of the sixth form with his own notions of what a school should be, and made them the conductors of a good influence through their associates; and that he managed to make all his pupils aware that they were under a just yet encouraging government which, without oppressing them, had the best effects on their natures. Arnold had a singular and most happy faculty of enlisting to his side the sympathies of the young; they felt that if they conducted themselves well he would be their sincere and real friend; he drew out that generous temper, so common in boys, which rewards trust by confidence and respect; and while he punished severely any instances of meanness and falsehood he was always ready to reward acts of an opposite kind, and always anxious to prove that his school was worthy of his esteem. Add to this a keen insight into youthful character—a manner at once commanding and affectionate—a method of teaching equally familiar and authoritative—a nature singularly manly, truthful, and earnest—and we can obtain some notions of the influence he exercised in making Rugby conform to his ideal of a Christian school. That there were many instances of irregular conduct within it—that it had its cases of profligacy, of wickedness and of insubordination, we need scarcely inform our readers; but as

a whole it was a remarkable specimen of good government, administered to a great extent by the boys themselves, and yet everywhere influenced by the head master. Perhaps the best eulogium on it is to be found in these words of Dr. Moberly—himself a rival but not the less a just critic :—

“I am sure that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying out of this improvement in our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation when they first came to college. . . . We cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their character in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which, for how many years I know not, had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.”

It was also during his tenure of Rugby that Arnold wrote the different works which form the real measure of his intellect. In 1827 he published a pamphlet on the Catholic question, which shadows forth his theory of Church and State; and this was subsequently followed by a tract upon Church Reform. His peculiar method of dealing with these subjects—the wide generalizations he brought to bear upon politics—the novel principles he introduced into his arguments—his bold departure from the beaten paths of opinion—his somewhat intolerant mode of regarding the views of others—his utter disregard for cherished or respectable prejudices—his active and uncompromising spirit of reform—and his sanguine trust in the possibility of changing institutions for the better—exposed him in these works to much adverse criticism and condemnation. About this time, also, he wrote a good deal on the social condition of England—then exulting in the fruition of the Reform Bill; and as he looked on that measure with much less complacency than was usually the case with the Liberal party, and as he thought that the real wants of the nation were moral

and social, rather than political, it is not strange that he found himself isolated from all parties, and under a kind of ostracism in opinion. He now underwent the fate of thinkers and writers on public questions, who are too profound and original for their age; he began to be denounced by the High Church party, to be distrusted by the Evangelicals, to be scoffed at by the Tories, and to be considered by the Whigs as visionary and impracticable. Many persons, also, not unfriendly to him, were of opinion that the master of a public school should never meddle with political questions; and thus about the years, 1828-1833, Arnold, on the whole, was in little account in general estimation.

Gradually, however, his authority increased, if not yet his popularity, as Rugby began to show the fruits of his teaching, and as the mind of England was influenced by that movement of thought, which, commencing about thirty years ago, and entering almost every sphere of knowledge and opinion, has wrought such changes in religious and political beliefs, and has made the intellect of this generation so much deeper and more earnest than it had been for a long antecedent period. That movement was a vigorous and happy reaction against the Toryism, the Utilitarianism, and the shallow ignorance of the age which inherited the philosophy of the last century, and yet was reduced into inaction by the terrors of the French Revolution; and although it has thwarted old opinions on almost every national question, has substituted new watchwords for antiquated shibboleths, and has introduced ideas into Church and State which rebel against our forefathers' notions, it has had an influence, upon the whole, valuable and purifying. The symptoms of that movement, as is well known, began in the rise of the Broad Church and Newmanite parties, as distinguished from the Erastian High Church-men; in the growth of more liberal modes of thought among the Evangelicals and Dissenters; in the decline of the narrow creed of Eldon and Percival in politics; in the spread of enlarged notions as regards the mission and functions of government; and, above all, in the diffusion of a better feeling between the richer and poorer classes of

England. It was natural, as this spirit of change grew more active and productive, that Arnold's reputation should increase, and that he himself should sympathize with several of its tendencies; and, accordingly, about the year 1836, he was less isolated from all parties than hitherto he had been; he had approximated on many points to Broad Church opinions, though still by no means identified with them; and he had commenced a fierce and uncompromising opposition to the new school of Newmanite theology. To this school he always showed an invincible repugnance; he considered its teaching false and superstitious, and inconsistent with the Church of England; he perceived that, in elevating the status of the priesthood, and investing them with a supernatural dignity, it made a severance between them and their flocks which was incompatible with his ideal of Church and State, and he thought that, practically, it was an act of treachery for its professors to continue in our communion. These views, which happened to be popular, of course gained for him a better hearing than hitherto he had attained; but, on the other hand, they increased his enemies at Oxford, which had become the focus of Newmanite opinions; and this feeling was embittered by an angry article which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the occasion of the crusade against Dr. Hampden. On the whole, though in 1836-7-8, his reputation had risen, and the success of his work at Rugby was generally admitted, he was still unpopular among the majority of the clergy, was not much liked by any section of them, and was considered somewhat of a meddler and theorist in politics.

In the meantime, his edition of Thucydides had been published, and, in 1838, it had already become out of print. Other editions, even by Englishmen, show deeper scholarship; but the great historian has never had a commentator, in any language, who has so thoroughly entered into his spirit, so perfectly explained and illustrated his geography, so well developed his peculiar characteristics, and those of the age about which he wrote, or so admirably shown the applicability of his solemn wisdom to the events and politics of other periods. This work raised Arnold a

great deal in the estimation of scholars; it was felt that he had a real genius for elucidating the scenes of the classic age, and that he had considerable powers of historical description. His Thucydides was soon afterwards followed by his Roman History, a fragment of one of three important works which, in the phrase of Tacitus, "he had set apart for old age," namely, a Commentary on the New Testament, a Treatise upon Church and State, and a History of Rome from Romulus to Charlemagne. This history, as is well known, only reached three volumes, of which the last was published after his death, and did not receive his final corrections; and, as it does not conclude even the second Punic war, it cannot be considered more than a detached specimen of his genius. It attracted a great deal of attention on its appearance, and for some years was the text-book on the early centuries of Rome; and, even now, although its authority has suffered from the discovery of the errors of Niebuhr, whose theories it implicitly follows, its remarkable merits are fully appreciated. It is probably the best history in our language for the period between the death of Gibbon and the appearance of Lord Macaulay's volumes. It shows a profound and thoroughly mastered knowledge of classical times; a perfect apprehension of the tone of ancient opinion, as regards religious, political, and social problems; a clear understanding of the factions of early Rome; an extraordinary skill in reproducing the topography of its era; and great vividness of external description as regards scenery and military events. And the third volume, which restores the career of Hannibal to us, is an admirable specimen of clear and even brilliant narrative, in some points altogether equal to the subject, and only wanting, perhaps, in that creative power which is the proof of the highest historical genius. We would classify the descriptions of the passage of the Alps, and of the crowning victory of Cannæ, as among the finest military pieces in our language.

During the years between 1838 and 1842, there was a marked and sudden reaction in favour of Arnold, among many men of all opinions, and by some he was, perhaps, unduly appreciated: The boys he had educated at

Rugby were now in early manhood, and, as a body, were testifying brilliantly to his success as an instructor. The strong feeling of the mass of the nation against the Newmanite theologian, made them sympathize with one of the ablest antagonists of the party; even the majority of the High Church and Evangelical clergy, who, a few years before, had looked upon him with aversion, began now to admit they had been somewhat in error; he was claimed by the Broad Church school as one of their most powerful supporters; and, generally, the public opinion of England recognised his moral and intellectual greatness. Besides, as the strong party feeling, as respects politics, which had run so high some time before, began to collapse, or turn towards other objects, his own views on political questions became less prominent, while their general and cardinal principles were more fairly examined; and his attention was more fully directed than ever to the social condition of the poorer classes in England,—then threatened with Chartism, and undergoing much general suffering. In this pursuit he had men of all parties as his fellow-labourers; and, although his notions as regards Chartism were, perhaps, still considered visionary, his zeal, his energy, and his lofty humanity, were appreciated by persons of the most opposite opinions. This sudden popularity, however, was very remarkable; it is not easy to account entirely for it; and we may recognise in it one of those generous impulses so honourable to the free judgment of England, to make amends for past injustice by a strong reaction in favour of its object.

In 1841, Arnold was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and in Lent Term, 1842, he delivered his first course of lectures before the University. The success he obtained was at once unexpected and significant. It was a tribute to his merit, a generous welcome to a noble thinker and writer, and the expression of a deep want on the part of Oxford. A large and distinguished audience went regularly to hear him: and they who witnessed the attention and almost the reverence he commanded, can alone measure the influence he had on the University. It was not only that his ability was recognised; that

his luminous exposition of difficult principles; his clear and exhaustive analysis of periods of history; his picturesque touches of description; and his manly, chaste, and unaffected style, were generally appreciated and admired. It was not only that several of Arnold's antagonists at Oxford took pride in doing honour to his genius, and acknowledged, in attending upon him as a Professor, that a debt was due to him from past injustice. The success of Arnold proved that, although the professorial system was then almost extinct at Oxford, it could obtain general sympathy, and be of real value, if well administered by proper instruments; and it became the signal for that great academic reaction which has, by this time, restored that system at the University with noble promise of results in Church and State. It is not, therefore, too much to say—and this is not the least of his triumphs in the cause of education—that this valuable and most unexpected reform may ultimately be ascribed to the influence of Arnold.

In 1842 he was at the height of his reputation. He was meditating a second series of lectures, and a continuation of his "Roman History," and was hopefully looking forward to the time when he could devote his life to the other great subjects he had selected; when death suddenly interposed, and he was taken away. It is needless to dwell upon the regret which was felt for his loss—upon the many tributes which were paid to his memory, by men of every shade of opinion—and upon the honour in which his pupils still hold his name. In the language of his favourite Thucydides, "His country is his monument," in so far as England ever recognises worth and ability. Besides, we have no space for panegyric, and can only say a few words upon his attainments in the different spheres of theology, speculation, and history.

I.—As a theologian, Arnold may be called a Christian Rationalist. He was not deeply read in Patristic learning, and held the works of divines in somewhat too low account, considering them generally as over dogmatic, or wanting in real and discerning judgment, or unsuited to the wants of the present generation. He had a rooted aversion to the doctrines of Rome, which he thought grossly su-

perstitious, and to her polity, which he characterized as tainted with Judaism, and altogether inconsistent with a truly Christian Church; and, as we have seen, he considered any attempt to introduce them into England as foolish, wicked, and even treacherous. And yet he had little real sympathy with the Low Church party, especially as regards their ideal of Christian duty, and their notion of the office of Christianity in the world; and although he leaned towards the school of Copleston, Whately, and Hampden, he differed in many respects from their opinions. It would obviously not become us here to enter the sacred precincts of Theology, even to trace Arnold's position within them, and so we pass them by with decent reverence. Generally speaking, however, we may say that his reputation as a divine consists in a peculiar skill in interpreting the Scriptures—in separating their elements of history and doctrine, and distinguishing between what is of special application and what is for universal obedience; and further, in a most successful art of reconciling the law of Conscience with that of the Gospel, and showing how Ethics and Religion run into each other, and form an harmonious system of faith for the Christian. Perhaps the best analysis of his views as a theologian is to be found in a letter from Mr. Price to Mr. Stanley on this subject, in the first volume of Arnold's life, by the latter gentleman.

II.—As a thinker, Arnold is most conspicuous for his theory of the Relation of Church and State. This theory is essentially that of Burke and Coleridge; but as no English writer has presented it as fully as Arnold, he may be considered to have fixed it in our philosophy. He thought that as the duty of every individual is to make the moral law the rule of life, so that of a nation, or aggregate of individuals, must necessarily be exactly identical. But as the life of a nation is represented in that of its Government, he thought further that it became the duty of a Government as such to inculcate obedience to the moral law, and to try and make the nation's action conform to it. Hence he considered that the true relation of a State to its subjects is that of an educator or moral overseer; and that, therefore, it is under an obligation to

adjust laws, institutions, opinions, and general habits to the rules laid down by the code of Ethics. But the teaching of the Gospel, when properly understood, when divested of all that is merely accidental, and laid out in moral precepts is, he declared an exact republication of the code of Ethics, though of course supported by a Divine sanction; and from this he inferred that the duty of a Government, as such, is to disseminate the lessons of the Gospel, and to seek to lead the nation to a Christian life. From this it followed that the business of a Church is comprised in that of a State; that the administration of a Church is one of the functions of Government, and that all that may be termed ecclesiastical action is merely a manifestation of that which, essentially, is political although directed to a religious purpose. Hence he laid it down that the State included the Church within itself, and furthermore was identical with it in extent; for, as the subject of a State should all be bound by the law of Christianity, and therefore should visibly conform to a Christian standard of doctrine, Dissenters from that standard could not be comprised within the State, could not enjoy the rights of full citizenship, and were only to be regarded as sojourners and aliens. But as *prima facie* it is unjust, and certainly it conduces to national weakness, to exclude from full citizenship any of the members of a state, Arnold lowered extremely the standard of Christian conformity which he thought the condition of complete political rights, and reduced it to little more than a general assent to the truth and obligation of the Gospel morality. Thus, in the instance of the British Empire, he would have admitted to all the privileges of the Constitution, not only all denominations of Christians, but even Unitarians and Socinians, provided they acknowledged the Gospel Ethics while he would have excluded Jews, Infidels, Idolaters, and Mussulmen.

Such, in a few words, is Arnold's theory of Church and State; and we shall only observe upon it, that it cannot stand the test of experience. It does not follow, because it is the duty of the individual to conform to the moral or Christian law, that therefore a Government should seek to improve

it on its subjects; and history tells us that any attempt to do so has always ended in a melancholy failure. For instance, the Governments of the middle ages, and that of the Puritans under Cromwell, tried to enforce a moral action in the State, as distinguished from mere obedience to the laws, and the result was, the prostitution of the Canon law to the purposes of lucre, and the hypocrisy and nonsense of the reign of saints, to be followed by the profligacy of the Restoration. Nor is the reason of the difference obscure; for whereas the will of the individual has power over his volitions, and conceivably could make them obedient to perfect right, the authority of Government over its subjects is so circumscribed that really it can scarcely influence their conduct at all; and thus when it sets up a high standard of moral practice, and seeks to adjust the national life to it, it fails in doing more than securing an external conformity, which soon degenerates into nullity or hypocrisy. And, therefore, while we fully admit that the State, through the medium of education and religious teaching, should indirectly promote moral ends among its subjects, we deny that it should directly attempt to obtain them, or profess to make either morality or any creed a test of citizenship. So, again, though it may be true in theory that the State might exercise the functions of a Church, it would seem that no secular administration of spiritual things, upon the principle of teaching the Gospel generally, can secure even a decent reverence for religion; that, on the whole, an ecclesiastical polity invested with something of grandeur and power, and separated from temporal affairs, is the best security for Christianity in a nation; and that under whatever conception we view a Church, its ministers should not be considered only as members of a lay congregation of Christians. Of course this is no place to enumerate the many other arguments which might be urged against the theory; but these plain considerations may show that it cannot be realized in actual politics.

At the same time there is this value in the theory, that it tends to obliterate the doctrines of Warburton and Bentham, that the objects of Government

are purely secular, or, as Sydney Smith called them, "roast mutton and police;" and that it inculcates this important truth, that if the State cannot enforce morality directly, its tendencies should be in that way; and therefore that it should act indirectly towards that end. Besides, even if it errs in basing the Church on too latitudinarian a foundation, it operates as a noble protest against the fallacies, on the one hand, that the Church is merely a priesthood, on the other, that it is a congregation, secluded from the world, and unfitted for the active duties of citizenship. From this point of view the theory has been very valuable in elevating the tone of national politics, and in bringing the Church of England more in harmony with the uses of society. Its practical results may be traced in the increase of education which recently has been achieved by the State; and in the works of writers of the school of Kingsley, whose doctrines, as regards the functions of Government, are those of Arnold, though, of course, also marked by other influences.

III.—We have already touched upon Arnold's excellencies as an historian, and so shall only add one or two remarks. He belongs to the school of Vico in his views upon history, believing that the laws of historical phenomena can generally be traced: but he is sober and cautious in his doctrines. The essays in his "Thucydides," and some passages in his "Roman History," comprehend his theories on this part of philosophy, and they will well repay a careful perusal. He is deficient in dramatic force as an historical artist, and in fine perception of individual character; but his power of analysing the elements of governments, and the nature and general relations of parties, and his skill in depicting external scenery and landscape, will keep him in a high place among our historians. And although his historical style is not quite of the highest order, it is so clear, logical, and picturesque, so simple, manly, and energetic, that we scarcely know how to particularize where it is wanting. To our taste, a little more fulness of illustration, and more richness and copiousness of language, would have been a valuable addition to it.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT.

It is curious to observe how much our estimation of any literary work is affected by the personal intrusion of the author, and how the personality and the production blend into that common charm which genius exercises over our understanding. There is far more in the *Iliad* than the delirium of kings, and the plagues, duels, and slaughter of horse-feeding Argives and unlucky Trojans. We never read ten lines of that grand sonorous epic that the blind old man of rocky Chios does not mingle with our visions, chanting his verses "to the swelling of the voiceful sea." More in Sophocles than a king of Colone caught in the meshes of the Fates, and worsted in the struggle with inexorable destiny; there is the bard ever before us, with his habitual thoughts, and vain struggle to reconcile natural justice with the Inevitable in human life, whom oracles pronounced *σφεύρατος* and whose *Œdipus* remains to prove him possessed of the craft of the greatest workers in an age when many wrought greatly. More in the Socrates of Xenophon and Plato than the subtle dialectician and persuasive sophist; there is seen in the glass of the two different men and styles, the genial wit, the homely wisdom, the patient humour of the sage, who was content to be great in a little sphere, and made daily life a daily conquest over spleen and passion—the two anecdotists limning themselves as they sketched their subjects. More in Horace than the graceful lyrist, the distiller of Attic sweets in a Roman alembic, the denouncer of petty peccadilloes in piquant satires, the sagacious poet-philosopher of Augustus; there is the pleasant vivacity, shrewd common-sense, happy frugality of the fat, puffy, literary friend, who is the darling of all ages, and more the world's than Rome's; who, disguise himself as he will under pseudonyme in ode and epistle, is still the same merry-and-wise identity under every per-

sonation. More in Shakespeare, to come to modern times, than unequalled tragedy, comedy, and farce; there is the actual Shakespeare, mumming in his clowns, and mouthing in his kings, and moralizing in his fools laughing at us, philosophizing for us calling out our tears and smiles, and being "himself the varied god." If reading no work of genius do we for five consecutive sentences forget the author, his pervading presence an essential part of his power; hence we venture on the heresy of a new literary axiom, namely, that that author who most vividly retains and exhibits his personality in his works, be they of what kind they will, prose or poetry, or that linsey-woolsey, which is both and neither, will maintain the deepest and firmest hold upon our sympathies and affections. It is not the *Divina Commedia* we admire in the great Florentine, though we plumb its depths and soar to its empyrean; but it is the Dante whom we accompany through these mystic regions, sorrowing as he wails, triumphing as he rejoices. When the two inspired doggies of the Ayrshire Poet "forgathered ance upon a time," to exchange their views of canine philosophy and human life, our interest is caught, not by doggish dialogue on the *kalon* and *agathon*, but by the fact of Burns speaking to us "words of truth and soberness" through the throats of his four-footed billies. In like manner it is not Frederick the Great, or his great sire, whom we follow with regard through these portly volumes; it is Carlyle, the historian, with the antics of his noble genius, the apophthegms of his profound wisdom, the platitudes and the Dry-as-dustisms of his repetitious, and sometimes very commonplace philosophy. We never forget, in the deepest disquisition with which he favours us, or most thrilling crisis of events in which he jams us up—he never suffers us to forget—that we have to do with an eccentric, whose honest industry an

extraordinary powers provoke our admiration, but whose strange gymnastics and semi-cynical curl of nose, prove that part of his vocation is to make his admirers stare with incredulity, as well as thrill with delight. He has adopted a motley, "with purpose of heart," and he wears it at all times, like the Messer Archies of the feudal courts, ringing his bells and passing his gibes, with rare enjoyment of his own soul, yet launching his satire and pointing his wisdom from under this unseemly guise, with a power and gravity which homilists might envy, and imitators toil after in vain. We are not admirers of Carlyle's later style, which has too much of the charlatan in its predominant cants and set phrases, its "Sahara dances," and its "Sibylline frenzies," to meet our notion of the natural and apt in writing; but candour must own, that in any case it is the style of a strong man, and that the thing it covers and conveys is usually worthy of the noblest setting which language can furnish—that any metal is mostly poorer than the diamond it would help to dazzle.

But even the style, from use, as probably to the author himself, comes to have a tune in it to the reader which it had not originally; and like the barbarous *ranz des vaches* of the Swiss mountains, is preferred to more legitimate music by the ear that has learned to relish its discordant cadences. But that which never fails to please is the thorough heartiness with which the historian throws forward himself to court the gazer's observation under every mask of every hero his Clio may put upon the stage. It may be Voltaire or Luther, Cromwell or Frederick, Teufelsdröckh or Sauerteig, who struts his little hour before the footlights of our small individual auditory; but the voice, the gait, and the philosophy are undisguisedly the gifted Dumfriessian's, the unacknowledged, and perhaps indeed unconscious, ground of his popularity. Whatever some may think and avow, of a favourite author the public cannot get too much; and whether he choose fiction or history for manipulation in his workshop, the more decidedly he reflects himself, his individuality, his crotchets, his humours, in the mirror of his work,

the more decidedly does he win the approval of the public.

That Carlyle has been drawn by his compassionate *penchant* for Voltaire into his patronage of Frederick—that his apologetic leanings towards the French philosopher have formed the clue which led him through the labyrinth of thought to the entertainment of his present purpose—that Paris and Cirey have conducted the biographer to Potsdam and Cüstrin, we think beyond reasonable dispute. No author, probably, in England, knows more of Voltaire than does Mr. Carlyle—none has done more to re-establish him in the good-will of fair and indulgent men—and nothing seemed more natural than that the love-lock fixed so long on the ingenious Frenchman should glance aside with some fixity of gaze upon the object of Voltaire's literary adulation. We admit, of course, the Great Frederick's other claims to distinction amid the kingly blank of the eighteenth century; but perceive, as we fancy, with sufficient clearness, that the monarch's pretensions, apart from literature, were scarcely of a nature, in themselves alone, to awaken our author's enthusiasm. We fancy, moreover, that the adoption of Frederick has led, in a partial measure, to an abatement of his veneration for Voltaire: and our belief is, that Mr. Carlyle has been induced, by the course of his more recent studies, to dethrone his quondam French idol from the place he once occupied in his regard, and, without directly putting Frederick of Prussia in the vacated seat, to look upon the soldier with more partiality than on the literary adventurer. Certainly the intercourse of these parties with each other—the crown prince and the poet of Cirey—reflects small credit upon either. We have we know not how many volumes of the correspondence of Frederick lying before us, notably, sundry letters interchanged between himself and Voltaire some years after this latter had won an equivocal reputation by his impurities and impetities—and they are undoubtedly disfigured by innumerable blemishes on both sides. Our readers may guess the kind of entertainment in store for them in this budget of stale "ca' me's, ca' thee's," when they find Voltaire near

the commencement of it dosing his Royal Highness after this fashion, and in being assured that his Royal Highness had strength of stomach to endure it, while the Prince administered doses of equal potency in return. November, 1736, Monsieur de V. writes:—

“Je suis étonné de toute maniere; vous parlez comme Trajan, vous écrivez comme Plin, et vous parlez Français comme nos meilleurs Ecrivains.”

December, 1736, Frederick addresses Voltaire in a similar strain—the poet being then in Holland:—

“La Hollande, pays qui ne m’ a jamais déplu, me deviendra une terre sacrée puisqu’ elle vous contient. Mes vœux vous suivront partout: et la parfaite estime que j’ai pour vous, étant fondée sur votre mérite, ne cessera que quand il plaira au Createur de mettre fin à mon existence.”

One extract more will be quite enough, in which impiety caps folly. But we shall give the paragraph in English, as, if possible, less offensive than the original.

Voltaire writes, February, 1737:—

“I have met with some persons of Berlin at Amsterdam: *Freres sans tui Germanice*. They speak of your Royal Highness with transport. I question every body I meet concerning you. I say, ‘*Ubi est Deus meus?*’ ‘*Deus tuus;*’ they reply, ‘has the finest regiment in Europe; *Deus tuus* excels in the arts and embellishments of life; he is better educated than Alcibiades, plays the flute like Telemachus, and is accomplished beyond both of these Greeks.’ On hearing this I cry with the aged Simeon, ‘When shall mine eyes behold the Saviour of my life?’”

To this sally Frederick replies somewhat further on in the year—May, 1737:—

“I put you at the head of all thinking beings; the Creator would certainly find it difficult to produce a mind more sublime than yours.”

With which, as we find a difficulty in digesting condiments of such transcendental flavour, we must bid farewell to the correspondence of this Castor and Pollux of literature, the name of one of whom as naturally recalls the other as that of Bentley does Boyle, as that of Beaumont does Fletcher; these examples on, of course, diamet-

rically opposite grounds. Mr. Carlyle has felt the full force of the association, and has probably thrown himself into the arms of Frederick from his custom of contemplating both habitually together; just as the sight of the surviving sister recal the image of the deceased wife, and prompts to that marriage union which the laws of England still forbid.

With the popular reputation which the monarch of Prussia bears, it would seem, however, at first sight, unlikely that he should be chosen by our author for the exercise of his pen. Nevertheless, it is by no means difficult to understand why Mr. Carlyle beating the stream for a fish, should deem himself fortunate in meeting with one so much, after all, to his *godt* as the Great Frederick, for the veneration of the biographer for a that is German, down to the minute particle of the dust of Fatherland, too notorious to need proof. To him the weeds of that land are flowers—its geese, swans—and its mal-odorous Cologne the sweetest of cities or scents. As a monarch, Frederick shines by his daring and successes winning the homage of a worshipp of manhood: and as a representative of the greatest Protestant power of the continent of Europe, he commands the sympathies of his chronicler to an extent which is remarkable in person of our Carlyle’s unstrained views. This last bond of liking between the two is much stronger than is a parent on the surface, although on due to the King of Prussia’s position for the historian of Frederick imbibes the blood of the Covenanters with his mother’s milk, and, be his speculative views of Christian dogma what they may, can no more get rid of his sturdy Protestantism than of his skin. I would himself, perhaps, disown the soft impeachment in the broad, palatable way in which we put it, but the evidence is abundant, and the fact certain. Carlyle likes Germany because mainly Protestant, and Berlin eminently because at the head of German Protestantism.

Having found a hero who, with his faults and blemishes, possesses certain attraction for the biographer it is not hard to surmise how he would treat him—enrol him amongst the demi-gods on the score of his virtu

and use pumice, pipe-clay, stucco, and Paris-plaster to whitewash the unseemly and supply the defectuous.

Our author begins in a Herodotean style—his picture presenting us with the result of so many years of striving on the great arena of the world—and given that result, will proceed to the unravelment—with the pursuit here and there of many a stray thread—of the processes whereby the then-and-there presentment has been obtained. The picture is that of Frederick the Great in his declining years:—

“About four score years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere, at an earlier hour, riding or driving, in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potadam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert, though slightly stooping, figure; whose name among strangers was *King Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great, of Prussia; and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, Father Fred, a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown, but an old military cocked hat, generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new; no sceptre, but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick, cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings; coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dun, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their scot-pots forbidden to approach.

“The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed,

of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joys there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered, with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. ‘Those eyes,’ says Mirabeau, ‘which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or terror (*portaient au gré de son ame héroïque, la seduction ou la terreur*).’ Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; grey, we said—of the azure-grey colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance, springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy, clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice, ‘the clearest and most agreeable for conversation I ever heard,’ says witty Dr. Moore. ‘He speaks a great deal,’ continues the Doctor, ‘yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.’”

This fine sketch of Frederick the Great in his later years must remain in its isolation here, as it does in Carlyle's volumes, until it please the author to resume his publication, and issue the after history of his hero. For the present our attention, like Carlyle's, is devoted to his conduct as Crown Prince, under the tutelage of his stern and eccentric father.

The Electorate of Brandenburg, by means of intermarriages, inheritances, and battles, continued for hundreds of years, expanded in the year 1701 into the dignity of the Kingdom of Prussia. The boulder rolling down the channel of centuries had gathered such abundant accretions and agglomerations in its course,

that it had swelled into a mass visible throughout wide Europe; further, traceable on the map of the world. With the process of its growth, from its primordial nucleus, we have nothing to do in our review, beyond simply recording the fact that it has been so; but Mr. Carlyle, in his manner, has both fully and lucidly, and, we may add, very lengthily investigated, stage by stage, the development of an electorate into a kingdom, wit and wisdom combining in his resumé to make chronology as pleasant as a play, and the details of the antiquarian no less attractive than a romance. The disasters of the Thirty Years' War had, indeed, reduced the house of Brandenburg to the last stage of distress; troops, commerce, alliances, resources, well-nigh annihilated, and all but totally swept away; but the Great Elector, who received the heavy charge of his dominions in this lowest stage of inanition and ruin, retrieved the lost state of things, and bequeathed, in 1688, the year of our own great revolution, a prosperous and flourishing patrimony to his son, the first king. Frederick the First did not squander, but he did not acquire; his special faculty being playing at kings—processionizing, and pageantry—not consolidation, imposing royalty, or vigorous soldiering.

A trait or two, drawn by his queen, will exhibit the general estimate of this sovereign held by those most familiar with his qualifications. Conversing with Leibnitz, the first President of the Berlin Academy of Science and Philosophy, the philosopher complimented the lady on her intellectual powers, and her love of investigation; in that she desired to know the *why* of the *why* itself, and penetrate to the ultimate causes of things. The *instinctively little* was broached to her as one of the current investigations of the day, amongst other topics, when her majesty replied: "Don't talk to me of the *instinctment petit*, for I see it daily. Am I not the wife of Frederick!"

Again, on her death-bed, the sagacious lady said she was going to give her husband a fresh occasion to indulge his fondness for *spectacle*, in the adequate furnishing of her funeral pageant.

To this prince, into whose body had evidently passed by some process of transmigration the soul of a master

of the ceremonies, succeeded the father of Frederick the Great, who with as decided a resemblance to the Greek warrior, was a huffy, passionate, irreful Achilles, with, at the bottom, all the angry Greek's real tenderness of heart.

In the present half of his memoir Mr. Carlyle has taken for his hero an entirely different person from his special subject Frederick the Great; namely, his hero's father, Friedrich Wilhelm the First, whose career to our thinking displays more of the ideal heroic than the son's. The volumes, when the work is completed, will thus divide themselves into two distinct memoirs: the Iliad of the man of action, to be followed by the Odyssey of the man of craft. This may be an error in the publication as a work of art; but the pleasant result to the reader is a diology where he only expected a drama. By a stroke of the author's pen, the reader wins a hundred per cent. The capital is doubled as the interest is divided, and biography gains all that the art of criticism loses. It is obvious too, we may urge this in apology of Carlyle's course of procedure, that in the early years of his hero, the treatment said hero received from his male parent counts for a considerable part in his training—the very rough riding-school in which he learned some of the most valuable lessons of his life. Wilhelm is thus a prominent figure for a lengthened period, but Carlyle makes him more than this, more interesting, more able, more admirable (with a thousand infirmities of temper it is true) than his successor, whose name gives a title to the memoir; and we must confess that with ourselves he is, and always has been, the greater favourite. He had the solidity and determination of character to throw himself loose from the traditionary policy of his father's court, ere the remains of that father were cold in death, and to enter on a course of rigid economy and stern self-denial (retrieving the revenues of the monarchy and compelling the respect of his people, and of neighbouring sovereigns), such as could only be undertaken by a person of noble instincts and great persistency of purpose.

How truly he gauged the necessities of his position, and the requirements

of the times is seen, not merely in the fact that his own reign was a distinguished success, but also in this other, that it was only as the Great Friedrich his son shook himself free of the habits and inclinations of his earlier life and fell into the track his father had consistently pursued, that he acquired his title to the remembrance of posterity, and to a monument so massive and imposing as these bulky volumes, when their tale is completed, will present. Had Friedrich the Great remained only a coarse voluptuary, a dreamy doubter or infidel, and a miserable *littérateur*, all his life, he might have possibly claimed a place in the pillory of royal authority, but no better and braver distinction had been reserved for him than such questionable renown. This is all so much in favour of Wilhelm, that he knew successful king-craft did not lie in sensual intrigues, flute-playing and tagging rhymes, in essenced lovelocks and soiled linen; hence he manfully abjured the same, and through life devoted himself to quite other ways—soldiering, smoking, husbanding his resources, and enlarging his estate, varied with rape of the raton upon the contumacious or the lazy about his person, who either resisted his authority or lent only sluggish help in carrying out his plans. Something very like brutality appears in the drill-sergeant tyranny of his domestic rule; but some allowance must be made for the man and his provocations, something moreover for the outspoken rudeness of those times in Prussia. In no case can we acquiesce in the terms employed by a modern historian to characterize the Great Wilhelm:

“One of the strangest beings of whom history gives us any intelligence—of a temper so violent and ungovernable that his passion almost amounted to madness—of an avarice so excessive, even in his youth, that he hardly allowed his family the means of subsistence—of a nature so insensible to the feelings of humanity, as to have twice attempted the life of his eldest son, first by his own hand, and afterwards by means of a mock trial.”

Nearly all the events of the life of Wilhelm are notoriously at odds with this extreme and unfair estimate of his character; and we heartily yield

our acquiescence to that more humane and reasonable, as well as evidently more veracious verdict, passed by our present historian on the proceedings and views of this monarch.

Frederick William was married to the lady of his choice, a princess of the house of Hanover; but had the peace of his married life, in the first instance, invaded by unfounded jealousy of his wife's virtue, and afterwards, through a long series of years, by her pertinacious meddling in the concerns of his kingdom. Into every political pie she persisted in thrusting her fingers with an infatuation almost suicidal, for they met with some serious chops in the course of her ill-advised manœuvres, and occasioned a thousand throes in the volcanic bosom of her husband, that threatened fiery destruction more than once to the whole family. Frederick William having been married seven years, while still Crown Prince came to the throne in the year 1713, in succession to his deceased father; the Princess having already presented him with four children, Friedrich the Great being the youngest, born in 1712. The accession of Wilhelm witnessed a total change in the court and the aspect of affairs. One hundred chamberlains were reduced to twelve; the academy of sciences was dismissed or discountenanced; and economy, usefulness, and hard work became the order of the day. A soldier, Wilhelm could not appreciate the worth of letters, nor, devoted to work material improvements by very material means, could he set a high value upon speculation. What he wanted to be done could only be effected by the means of money; not a farthing then was to be expended upon idleness, nor for any purpose of which a good account could not be rendered. His ostentatious father, too, had doubtless kept him bare of cash, when Wilhelm was crown prince, that the king might lavish his stores on imitating the courtly expenditure of the elder kings, as the frog in the fable might imitate the ox; and this early denial of command of money would make its possession more coveted now, and its retention more desirable, when, as monarch himself, he obtained control of the exchequer. But this was not avarice, as his daughter Wilhelmina

avows, who makes the loudest plaint of his niggardliness :—

“His excessive love of money,” says the Margravine of Baireuth, in her entertaining memoirs, “has made him pass for an avaricious man. It is however only in his personal and family concerns that he can be reproached with that vice, for he liberally lavished wealth upon his favourites, and those who were zealously attached to his service.”

His army was with Wilhelm his first and chief concern, and his battalion of giants, his harmless but very expensive hobby. Had Patagonia been within reach, it had been a god-send beyond any other in his mania for military procerity—a mania the more curious, as the monarch was himself a dumpy figure, and his son decidedly undermized. But he did and would gratify this passion at any expenditure of pains and cash ; no inducement to enlist in his Guards being withheld if the recruit stretched upwards by a few inches more than were accorded to medium humanity. Seven or eight hundred pounds were not too much for a sizeable person, and the bill for the capture and transport of James Kirkman, the Irish Giant, far exceeds this sum. As it is a curious document, and preserved in the *Jugend-jahre* of Friedrich the Great, by Förster, we present the items as they were furnished to the king, whose eyes, when they gloated with delight on the stalwart form of the tall Hibernian, must have justified to the soul of parsimony itself the unusual expenditure :—

	£	s.	d.
“To the man himself on condition of his giving up his person (the bounty). . .	1,000	0	0
For the sending of two spies, . . .	18	18	0
The journey from Ireland to Chester, . . .	30	0	0
From Chester to London, . . .	25	12	0
To the man who accompanied him on the journey, . . .	10	10	0
To himself on his arrival, . . .	1	18	0
Three years of wages promised to him, . . .	60	0	0
To some of his acquaintances in London who helped to persuade him, . . .	18	18	0
A fortnight’s allowance, . . .	1	8	0
For a uniform, shoes, &c., . . .	19	6	0
Journey from London to Berlin, . . .	21	0	0
Post-horses from Gravesend to London and back, . . .	6	6	0

To other persons employed in the business, . . .	8	7	0
To two soldiers of the guard who assisted, . . .	15	15	0
To some persons for secrecy, . . .	12	12	0
Expenses at the inn at Gravesend, . . .	4	13	0
To a justice of peace, . . .	6	6	0
To a man who accompanied and watched him constantly, . . .	3	3	0
For a boat, . . .	0	5	0
For letters to Ireland and back, . . .	2	10	0

The whole sum is £1,200 10s., for a single recruit, who appears to have valued himself at the full measure of his merit, when we look at the high bounty he extracted.

There would seem to have been another Irishman amongst these colossi, named Macdowal. This, in fact, was the directest way to the monarch’s heart and purse. Present him a stalking man-mountain, and the king became decidedly amiable ; bag him a brace of this gigantic game, and you made him yours for ever. The hunt after his giants was often diversified with ludicrous incidents, such as the story of the little wizened old woman whom he had married by mistake to his tallest grenadier, instead of the young giantess the king had meant for that honour ; but some were tragic, especially to the kidnapped individuals ; while neighbouring monarchs often took in high dudgeon his poaching on their preserves. The tragic finds illustration in the following from Carlyle :—

“Any number of recruits that stand well on their legs are welcome ; and for a tall man there is joy in Potsdam, almost as if he were a wise man or a good man.

“The consequence is all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals—Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary ; lynx-eyed, eager almost as the Jesuit hounds are, not hunting the souls of men, as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies in a merciless carnivorous manner. Better not to be too tall in any country at present ! Irish Kirkman could not be protected by theegis of the British constitution itself. In general, however, the Prussian recruiter, on British ground, reports that the people are too well off, that there is little to be done in those parts. A tall British

sailor, if we pick him up strolling about Memel or the Baltic ports, is inexorably claimed by the diplomatists; no business doable till after restoration of him, and he proves a mere loss to us. Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigour.

"For example, in the town of Jülich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter. One day a well-dressed positive-looking gentleman ('Baron von Hompesch,' the records name him) enters the shop; wants a 'stout chest, with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point; in fact, it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann. What is the cost; when can it be ready?' Cost, time, and the rest are settled. 'A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size. If too short it will be of no use to me, mind.' '*Ja wohl! Gewiss!*' And the positive-looking well clad gentleman, goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready—we hope an unexceptionable article. 'Too short, as I dreaded,' says the positive gentleman. 'Nay, your honour,' says the carpenter; 'I am certain it is six feet six,' and takes out his foot rule. 'Pshaw! it was to be longer than yourself.' 'Well, it is.' 'No, it isn't.' The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest, and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place, and find—horrible to relate—the poor carpenter dead, choked by want of air in this frightful middle passage of his. Name of the town is given, Jülich as above; date not. And if the thing had been only a popular myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the tall carpenter lay dead, and Hompesch got 'imprisoned for life,' by the business.

"Bürgermeisters of small towns have been carried off; in one case 'a rich merchant in Magdeburg,' whom it cost a large sum to get free again. Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds in foreign countries, and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them) will persuade him to desert—to make for the country where soldier-merit is understood, and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colours in no time.

"But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador, tall Herr von Benteinrieder,

tallest of diplomatists, whom Fassmann, till the fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Benteinrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I., in those Congress-of-Cambray times, serenely journeying on, when near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes some time in mending; the tall diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some guardhouse of the place, a Prussian officer inquires, not too reverently, of a nobleman without carriage, 'Who are you?' 'Well, answered he smiling, 'I am *Botschafter* (message bearer) from his Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?—' 'To the guardhouse with us!' Whither he is marched accordingly. 'Kaiser's messenger, why not?' Being a most tall handsome man, this Kaiser's *Botschafter*, striding along on foot here, the guardhouse officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill exercise, and are thrown into a singular quandary, when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him 'Eccellenz!'

"Tall Herr von Benteinrieder accepted the prostrate apology of these guardhouse officials. But he naturally spoke of the matter to George I., whose patience, often fretted by complaints on that head, seems to have taken fire at this transcendent instance of Prussian insolency. In consequence of this adventure he commenced, says Pöllnitz, a system of decisive measures; of reprisals even, and of altogether peremptory, minatory procedures to clear Hanover of this nuisance, and to make it cease in very fact, and not in promise and profession merely. These were the first rubs Queen Sophie met with in pushing on the double marriage, and sore rubs they were, though she at last got over them. Coming on the back of that fine Charlottenburg visit, almost within year and day, and directly in the teeth of such friendly aspects and prospects, this conduct on the part of His Britannic Majesty, much grieved and angered Friedrich Wilhelm, and, in fact, involved him in considerable practical troubles.

"For it was the signal of a similar set of loud complaints and menacing remonstrances (with little twinges of fulfilment here and there) from all quarters of Germany—a tempest of trouble and public indignation rising everywhere, and raining in upon Friedrich Wilhelm and this unfortunate hobby of his. No riding of one's poor hobby in peace henceforth. Friedrich Wilhelm always answered, what was only superficially the fact, that he knew nothing of these

violences and acts of ill-neighbourship; he, a just king, was sorer than any man to hear of them, and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went on again much the same, and never did end. I am sorry a just king, led astray by his hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact. But it seems he cannot help it; his hobby is too strong for him, regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius, mounted on so ungovernable a hobby, leaping the barriers in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps, the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, influxes of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that cannot be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his hobby, but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth—under showers of anger and ridicule, contumelious words and procedures, as it were *sars et faces*, battering round him to a heavy extent, the rider a victim of tragedy and farce both at once."

A better husband of his resources than his father with all his proverbial stinginess, Friedrich the Great dissolved this expensive array of thew and muscle on the day of his accession; contenting himself with fighting men instead of posture-masters; and, perhaps, owing these overgrown guards a secret grudge, as the innocent cause of many chagrins in early life.

Some historians profess a difficulty in ascertaining the grounds of Frederick William's alienation from his children, at least in the earlier years of their life up to maturity; but, we confess, the riddle solves itself to our mind without any strain upon our faculties of apprehension. The key to it may be found without going further than the following extract from his daughter Wilhelmina's Memoirs. Speaking of herself as a child, she says:—

"Every day I was ill-used; and the Queen constantly upbraided me for the kind attentions which the King showed me. I no longer dared to caress him without trembling, and in fear of being harshly dealt with: the case was the same with my brother; it was enough that the King ordered one thing, for the Queen to forbid it. Sometimes we were absolutely at a loss to know what to do. But as we both felt more affection for the Queen, we agreed to obey her commands. This was the source of all our misfortunes, as will be seen by the sequel of these memoirs. My heart bled, however, at not being allowed to express

the vivacity of my sentiments to the King: I sincerely loved him; he had done me a thousand kindnesses ever since I was born; but as I was to live with the Queen, I was obliged to conform to her will."

Here is evidently the train that led to the blowing up of the happiness of that family. Discordant wills at its head, and those wills equally obstinate in their resistance—the one of the passionate explosive kind, the other of the aggravating, irritant, and unslumbering-fret kind. To apply this to the case of the Prince Royal: the father wished to make a man of him, a man of camps—a hero, who was, not only to mate with men, but be their master; and to this end the instructions written by Frederick William are most express and judicious; but one can easily conceive a systematic opposition to the end in view, and a stealthy violation of all the details of the young prince's education on the part of the mamma, with, probably, no reserved expression of her determination not to allow her darling Fritz to grow up such a brute as his father. Let but the self-will of the scion of royalty be grafted upon the wrong-headedness of the mother, and we can easily understand how the whole course of the life of the youth should be one of antagonism to the gouty papa; a kind of figurative treading upon his toes, that must have been excruciation to his sensitiveness. When the young gentleman gets a little older than mere boyhood, we find him, with his sister, indulging in satirical compositions, in which the king and his ministers, were treated with sufficient freedom, and nicknames bandied about; amongst other, *Ragotin*, or Grumpy, for papa. These, of course, got wind; for a satire, buried in the drawer of a cabinet, or discussed *tele-a-tele* with its author, loses half its value; it must circulate and sting, in order to do its work. And the Queen patted them on the back for all this; for the daughter says ingenuously years after:—"I have frequently reproached myself for the errors of my youth in this respect; but the Queen, instead of chiding, encouraged us by her applause, to continue those malicious satires." The issue of such a course of perverse opposition to the father would naturally be alienation of affec-

tion from the children, and the classing of them in the category of malevolents, with their injudicious mother.

We pass on to the matter of the contemplated marriages with England. Frederick William had no objection to portioning one of his daughters on the British crown; but having burnt his fingers sufficiently in his own connexion with the Hanoverian family, he had no wish to add fuel to the flame of annoyance, by bringing another haughty and intriguing lady into his family from the same quarter, who would side with her aunt, for obvious reasons, and would be a constant eyesore, vexation, and expense. If English George will take a daughter off his hands, he is welcome, but let him not flatter himself that he can plant a stray princess in the garden of the Hohenzollerns. If our Prussian heir marries, he must marry some lady nearer home, brought up in a small duchy, or petty principality, who will look up to her father-in-law with due respect, as to her natural sovereign. If, instead of respecting his father's wishes, young Frederick sides with the English faction, yields himself to his mother's caprices, and falls in ostensibly with the English alliance only, as matrimonial matters go in royal houses, he must awaken intense disgust in his father's bosom. But willing or unwilling, the talked of marriages never took place, and Wilhelm's expectations were excited, and his consent or opposition awakened in vain.

The notorious characteristic of the prince royal after he came to the throne—a vaunted scorn of revealed religion, which has made his name a byword for infidelity and impiety ever since—was also very justly condemned by his honest, blundering, and believing parent, when it exhibited itself in his earlier years, and was a serious offence in the King's esteem. Whether from early vice, the corruption of the heart and life which takes refuge from conscience in unbelief, or from the contamination of evil companions, it was prematurely known of Friedrich the Younger that he deemed Scripture a fable, and religion a decorous farce which imposed upon the world of spectators, while a few strong-minded persons like himself detected the imposture, and occasionally denounced

the cheat. This was a pass of discrimination the old soldier had never reached: he belonged to the exoteric circle—the worshippers of the outer court; and however far his practice might fall of the ideal of perfection, he devoutly had a religious ideal; and there was still much that was venerable to his eyes and ruminating heart. There was a rude vein of devotion in the man that burst out every now and then in a gush of pietistic observances—“hypocondria,” his less thoughtful daughter calls it; but it was something better than a mere affection of the nerves, or assault of religious melancholy. Franke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle, who belonged to the spiritual and exemplary class of the clergy, was a favourite adviser of his majesty's conscience: and it is pleasant to trace the workings of conscience in so uncouth a frame. Franke dined at the King's table, and used to direct the conversation into an edifying strain, which was more relished by the sire than the son.

“The King preached a sermon to us every afternoon; his valet began to sing a hymn, in which we all joined. We were forced to listen to this sermon with as much attention as if it had been that of an apostle. My brother and I were often inclined to laugh, and sometimes we could not help bursting out; but we were instantly overwhelmed with all the anathemas of the Church, to which we were obliged to listen with a contrite and penitent air, which we found it difficult to affect.”

The poor King's devotion must have been sadly marred by the frivolity of these irreverent imps, in whom the natural levity of youth was buttressed up by the suggestions of French unbelief.

So unfriendly did the monarch find the cares of dominion to the due vigilance over his own eternal interests, that he seriously thought of abdicating the throne, and devoting the greater leisure of private life to the practice of piety.

“He would (he said) reserve ten thousand dollars a-year for himself, and retire with the Queen and his daughters to Wusterhausen. There, (added he) I shall worship God and superintend my farm, whilst my wife and daughters regulate the concerns of the house.”

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violences and acts of ill-neighbourship; he, a just king, was sorer than any man to hear of them, and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went on again much the same, and never did end. I am sorry a just king, led astray by his hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact. But it seems he cannot help it; his hobby is too strong for him, regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius, mounted on so ungovernable a hobby, leaping the barriers in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps, the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, inflexions of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that cannot be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his hobby, but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth—under showers of anger and ridicule, contumelious words and procedures, as it were *saxa et fœces*, battering round him to a heavy extent, the rider a victim of tragedy and farce both at once."

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kings of mighty England, and her cultivation and shrewd wit were much superior to her husband's, perhaps submission was an all but impossible task. King Frederick often resented her rebellions, and visited upon the children the vexations caused by the wife. She could always bully him with her powerful connexions, as in lower circles of life, my brother the colonel, or my uncle the dean, is paraded, on occasions of conjugal insubordination, as a complete floorer for the angry Benedick. Oh, that he had been less arbitrary or she less imperial! Had the salutary example of Louis Napoleon existed in those days, and Wilhelm had wedded a dame of lower extraction than haughty Feekin, it would have saved the political welkin a thousand storms, and spared the world the scandal of the Baireuth Memoirs and others.

Having proceeded thus far in our rehabilitation of the character of this heavy Ajax of a monarch—a task his son gave himself to with filial reverence, when the experience of years had imparted maturity to his judgment, in his "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," there is yet to be added the circumstances and the habits of the times—a coarse and demoralizing influence, which Wilhelm could neither escape in the moulding of his manners nor in the government of his life. If we look but fifty years backwards in our own less barbarous country, we shall find a state of things prevailing almost the reverse of that existing now; whereas, if we go a hundred years back, it resembles a journey into a different planet—a region of Houhnhnys or an island of Lilliput. Not so very long ago the reputation of a fire-eater was essential in order to make a figure in society; and the scoundrel who had riddled most doublets with his pistol, or pinked them with his rapier, was the hero that ranked highest in every ladies' withdrawing-room. Drunkenness, gambling, and imprecation, with kindred vices, were the order of the day. Law was a Draco that delighted to dabble his fingers in human blood; and our prisons were pest-houses. Murder, highway robbery, and worse crimes infested the very streets of the metropolis. The press-gang was rampant, the ships were a floating hell, and both services schools of brutality

and crime. We need go no further. A Walpole, a Wraxall, and a Barrington of later day, supply the details, which must be sufficiently familiar to dispense with the necessity of their resuscitation. Apply all this to a newer country and a ruder population, a more primitive mode of life and a wilder climate, and it will excite no wonder if these *bêtises* and barbarisms were reproduced on the stage of a Potsdam military or domestic *ménage* with exaggerated features.

But it may be further worth while to see if caning an adult son was exclusively the resource of a Brandenburgher's parental ire; and whether an instance may not be found in a quieter court, and under less furious provocation than that which made the passionate Wilhelm forget propriety towards his offspring. The garrulous Wilhelmina, wedded to the eldest son of the Margrave of Baireuth, thus writes of the conduct of the sire, a septuagenary in whom the passions might have been supposed to be dead, and who always prided himself upon the correctness of his conduct; the provocation in this instance being nothing more than the satisfaction of the people at the prospect of the son having an heir:—

"Quite enraged, the Margrave drew the prince aside one evening into my adjoining closet, and after having quarrelled with him for a long time upon his pretended alliances with the present nobility, required of him a sincere avowal of his intrigues. It was in vain that the Prince declared his innocence, and represented to him that that tale originated only in the malice of bad people, whose design was to set them at variance. He could not, however, deceive him; the Margrave only got more angry. In a fit of rage he seized his son by the collar, and raised his cane to strike him, which he would have done, had I not entered at the moment. The Prince took the stick from his father, and endeavoured to make him loose his hold, that he might escape from him. It is easy to judge what must have been my alarm. My appearance, however, made him let go the Prince, and seemed to disconcert him."

The same choleric old gentleman used to beat his pretty marriageable daughter, Charlotte, who became shortly afterwards Duchess of Weimar; so that the indulgence of wrath in the

fligacy of the crown prince was shocking as a sin, no less than a gross social offence, and professed infidelity an impiety beyond the reach of his own practical and narrow understanding. A son with such views, in addition to all other grounds of dislike, would appear a kind of incomprehensible monster. Why could he not be satisfied with the belief of his forefathers and of these learned and respectable divines who preached in the court chapels at Berlin and Potsdam?

Now, there can be no doubt that the Prince's creed, before he came to the throne, was naked materialism, as it continued ever after. We quote his own words:—

"I find the reason of the temperament and the humour of each man in the mechanism of his body. The bile of a passionate man is easily moved; the hypochondria of the misanthrope inflated; the lungs of a drunkard are dry, &c., &c. In fine, as I find all these things disposed in this manner in our bodies, I thence conjecture that each individual is necessarily acted upon in a precise manner, and that it does not depend upon us to be or not be of a different character."

How plainly he could blurt out his infidelity is seen in his saying to Voltaire while still some years from the throne, reproving the greater orthodoxy of the French writer:—

"To speak with my customary frankness, I will freely confess that all which relates to the man God does not please me in the mouth of a philosopher who ought to be above popular errors. Leave to the great Corneille, grown a dotard, the insipid labour of turning the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* into rhyme; and when you speak to us, speak in your own person. We may talk of fables, but only as fables; and I think it will be best to be entirely dumb concerning Christian fables, canonized by their antiquity, and by the credulity of absurd and stupid people. I would only permit one fragment of the history of this pretended Saviour (*ce prétendu Sauveur*) to be represented on the stage."

There is far worse than this afterwards in the correspondence with the Marquis d'Argens, in which the phrase *l'infame* — occurs repeatedly: but we shall not distress our readers by its reproduction.

Now, the brawl and brangle at court which these conflicting principles and

policies occasioned, was not in the high heroic vein, it must be confessed, but it was in a right royal one *negotium inimicitie imperium*. "The wrath of a king is as messengers of death."—Prov. xvi., 14.

Besides the proverbial self-will of kings, Wilhelm I. seems to have been allotted to him an unusual share of that very dangerous quality, hazardous to rely on, and doubly hazardous to provoke. The monarch evidently knew only one way to the attainment of an object—the direct one; and this he pursued over hill and down dale like a Roman road traced in defiance of engineering art and a repugnant nature. The obstacle he could not get over he would go through, knocking at the door of the granite rock in his way, tunnelling, blasting, pulverizing, rather than go round it or sit down to conquer. The *sauveur* in *mod* had no charms for him in comparison with the *fortiter in re*. Pugnacious in grain, a stand-up fight seemed to add to the zest of every object he sought to attain by it, and club law with him countervailed all the law of Minos, and the courts of his kingdom. Much of all this happened through the sheer simplicity of his nature, the force of habit, and of his notion of prerogative. He had the obstinacy of the bulldog, not the ferocity of the tiger. He thought he ought to be obeyed as husband, father and monarch, and will-he, nill-he, will-she, nill-she, he would be obeyed. If he were not obeyed, and no remedy could be found for the contumacy of a man or woman, then he groaned aloud in the bitterness of his soul, and, like Ugolino, devoured his own flesh. There was beyond question somewhat of the bear about him: hence our author is not much astray when he calls him his great dumb Orson; but even bears have their softer moments towards Mrs. Bruin and the cubs, though they come in for their cut every now and then from the irritability they provoke; and Mrs. Bruin in the case in question, with her cubs was a sore trial. Frederick Wilhelm really loved his wife after the fashion of his temperament, but she did not adapt herself to his humours, nor prove herself so wise in the matter as she should have been. Greater compliance was both her duty and her policy. But when her father and brother were

page, Keith. To glide out of their quarters there in that waste, negligent old town (where post-horses can be had), in the gray of the summer's dawn. Across the Rhine to Speyer is but three hours' riding; thence to London—into France—into—Enough! Page Keith has undertaken to get horses, and the flight shall at last be. Hush!—hush! To-morrow morning, before the sparrow wake, it is our determination to be upon the road.

"On Friday morning, 4th August, 1730, usual hour of starting, 3, A.M., not being yet come, the royal party lies asleep in two clean airy barns, facing one another, in the village of Steinfurth. Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg highway and village green asleep in front between them; for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his trio of vigilances, Buddenbrook, Waldan, Rockow, lies in one barn; his Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other, apparently all still locked in sleep. Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake. The trio is, indeed, audibly asleep. Unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises, dresses, takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the barn-door, and walks out. Trio of vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing; alas, trio of vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

"Gummersback, the valet, comes to Rochow's bolster. 'Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince Royal is up, has on his top coat, and is gone out of doors.' Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on. In a minute or two Rochow is also forth in the gray of the morning, finds the young Prince actually on the green there, in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling carriages.

"*Guten Morgen, Ihre Königliche Hoheit!*" Fancy such a salutation to the young man! Page Keith at this moment comes, with a pair of horses too. 'Whither with the nags, sirrah?' Rochow asked, with some sharpness. Keith, seeing how it was, answered, without visible embarrassment, 'Herr, they are mine, and Kunz the page's horses, (which, I suppose is true), ready at the usual hour,' Keith might add. 'His Majesty does not go till five this morning. Back to the stables,' beckoned Rochow; and according to the last accounts did not suspect any thing, or affected not to do so.

"Page Keith returned, trembling in his saddle. Friedrich strolled towards

the other barns, at least to be out of Rochow's company. Seckendorf emerges from the other barn, awake at the common hour: 'How do you like his Royal Highness, in the red roquelaure,' asks Rochow, as if nothing had happened? Was there ever such a baffled Royal Highness, or young bright spirit chained in the bear's den in this manner? Our Steinfurth project has gone to water; and it is not to-day we shall get across the Rhine! Not to-day, nor any other day, on that errand, strong as our resolutions are! For new light in a few hours afterwards pours in upon the project; and human finesse, or ulterior schemes, avail nothing henceforth. The Crown Prince's meditated flight has tried itself, and failed here; and so that long meditation ends. This at Steinfurth was all the overt act it could ever come to. In few hours more it will melt into air, and only the terrible consequences will remain.

"Frederick Wilhelm now summons Buddenbrook and company straightway; shows, in a suppressed volcanic manner, with questions and statements—obliged to suppress oneself in foreign, hospitable serene houses—what atrocity of scandal and terror has been on the edge of happening. And you three, Rochow, Waldau, Buddenbrook, mark it, you three are responsible, and shall answer, I now tell you, with your heads. Death the penalty unless you bring him to our country again, 'living or dead,' added the suppressed volcano, in low metallic tone; and the sparkling eyes of him, the red tint, and the rustling gesture, make the words too credible to us."

About to pursue their route homewards, by barges on the Rhine:—

"Behold, at Frankfort, the trio of vigilance, Buddenbrook and Company, (horrible to think of!), signify, that we have the king's express orders not to enter the town at all with your Royal Highness. We, for our part, are to go direct into one of the royal yachts, which swing at anchor here, and to wait in the same till his majesty have done seeing Frankfort, and return to us. Here is a message for the poor young prince: detected prisoner, and a volcanic majesty, now likely to be in full play when he returns. Gilt weathercock on the Mayn bridge (which one Goethe used to look at in the next generation), this and the steeple tops of Frankfort, especially that steeple-top with the grinning skull of the mutinous malefactor on it, warning to mankind what mutiny leads to. This, then, is what we are to see at Frankfort, and with such a symphony, as our thoughts

personal chastisement of adult children was not confined to that Friedrich Wilhelm whose intemperate treatment of his offspring has made him stand a kind of parental "Remember Lot's wife" in the waste of history, ever since. After the age of sixteen, or seventeen at the outside, when, on his own confession, young Frederick was an ill-conditioned, impudent, and vexatious varlet, every thing that his father disliked, and scarcely any thing which any one else would like, the prince was exempt from the discipline of the ratan, and the back of the Benedick absolutely was never dishonoured with a blow. In this the more sober sovereign of Baireuth was even less to be commended than the rough, despotic, and often justly incensed, monarch of Prussia.

It will be seen from the above, with the more or less of weight attaching to the items of vindication, that we fully adopt the apologetic picture of Frederick William bitten in, in his incisive way, with the burine and aqua fortis of Mr. Carlyle. The hero of the present two volumes is rough and rude enough in all conscience; nevertheless, as husband, father, and sovereign, although provoked, intrigued against, and laughed at, in the most gratuitous and outrageous manner, never without heart, never without principles, and, on some occasions, shining out from the clouds wherein circumstances environed him with the honest radiance of a gentleman and a Christian.

Mr. Carlyle very naturally expends a large share of his narrative on the attempt of the young prince to escape to England—that same attempt not being without precedent in the case of his own father, who himself had found refuge in Hanover, and a wife there, not so very long before. We think Wilhelm behaved with undue harshness in the case in question; nevertheless, the provocation to a man of his irritable temperament must have been unusually severe. What! shall I, who command veterans, not be able to control a beardless boy? Shall he consummate a course of reckless opposition to my will, by making me a laughing-stock to the world? Shall he find abettors in this disobedient course in the mother who bore him, in the sister who owes me filial respect, in the officers who have sworn faithfully to serve me? Shall he for-

get that I am his father, his commander, his sovereign, who has grieved over his faults, combated his follies, and tried for years to save him from destruction? Have I waked and slept, toiled and thought, sweated and battled, to consolidate a power, to enrich a crown, for his succession—and is this my reward? Go to! He is an ungrateful boy—a mutinous soldier—a disloyal subject. But that nature pleads at my heart, I should soon rid me of such a nuisance, and let him reap his deserts in dungeon or grave. Yet let him not carry his provocation too far, lest nature yield to the stern necessities of justice, and law claim its own, even to blood! Something like this appears the musing of the cross, disappointed disciplinarian of papa in whom the chronic rebellion of his son had turned the current of his blood into gall and wormwood. Carlyle's view is somewhat like this, and concurs so far entirely with our own.

But as the incident itself is one of the most notable in the Crown Prince's career, it will justify a somewhat larger measure of detail. Pained by his father's undisguised resentment at his conduct and favourite recreations, Friedrich determined to make his escape to England, in the bosom of the second George's family to find an asylum from injustice, and probably a welcome as a son-in-law, through a marriage with one of the princesses. That his desperation contemplated flight from Prussia was surmised by many, and was known to some through the latter of whom, from duty or some other motive, it was revealed to the king. Accompanying his father in a protracted round of visits, in midsummer, 1730, the young Prince being then eighteen years of age, he hoped to effect his escape at some favourable stage of the journey, but he was closely watched, his father, upon the best of evidence, knowing his purpose as well as himself. On through Wittenberg, Leipzig, Meuselwitz, Altenberg, Gera, Saalfeld, Cobourg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, Anspach, Donauwörth, Augsburg, Ludwigsburg, proceeds the royal party, young Friedrich having taken his measures with a Lieutenant Katte, in the Prussian service, and a Lieutenant Keith, to fly at Sintzheim.

"'At Sintzheim,' thinks his Royal Highness; and has spoken firmly to the

tenderness, and growling huakily something which we perceived to be real prayer. There has a business fallen out such as seldom occurred before."

But majesty, now that his prey is caught, is in the predicament of the genius who had the bear by the tail, and found equal peril in letting him go, and in holding on—for Wilhelm was puzzled what to do. This embarrassment might be relieved by the finding of a court-martial, and such was summoned on the 25th October, 1730, in the little town of Copenick, between Cüstrin and Berlin. The verdict of the court is thus given and commented on by our author:—

"Accomplices of the Crown Prince are two—*first*, Lieutenant Keith, actual deserter, who cannot be caught. To be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel:—*good*, says his majesty. Secondly, Lieutenant Katte of the *gens d'armes*, intended deserter, not actually deserting, and much tempted thereto. All things considered, two years of fortress arrest to Lieutenant Katte:—*not good* this, *bad* this, thinks majesty. This provokes from his majesty an angry rebuke to the too lax court-martial. Rebuke which can still be read in growling unluuid phraseology; but with a Rhadamanthine idea clear enough in it, and with a practical purpose only too clear: that Katte was a sworn soldier of the *gens d'armes* even, or body-guard of Prussian majesty; and did, nevertheless, in the teeth of his oath, 'worship the rising sun.' When minded to desert, did plot and colleague with foreign courts in aid of said rising sun, and of an intended high crime against the Prussian majesty itself on the rising sun's part; far from at once revealing the same as duty ordered Lieutenant Katte to do. That Katte's crime amounts to high treason (*crimen læsæ majestatis*), that the rule is, *fiat justitia, et percat mundus*; and that, in brief, Katte's doom is, and is hereby declared to be, death. Death by the gallows and hot pincers is the usual doom of traitors; but his majesty will say in this case, death by the sword and headman simply; certain circumstances moving the royal clemency to go so far, no farther. And the court-martial has straightway to apprise Katte of the same; and so doing shall say, that his majesty is sorry for Katte; but that it is better he die than that justice depart out of the world."

"On Sunday evening, 5th November, it is intimated to him (Katte), unexpectedly at the moment, that he has to go to Cüstrin, and there die;—carriage

now waiting at the gate. Katte masters the sudden flurry; signifies that all is ready then; and so, under charge of his old major and two brother officers, who, and Chaplain Müller, are in the carriage with him, a troop of his own old cavalry regiment escorting, he leaves Berlin, (rather a sudden summons) drives all night towards Cüstrin and immediate death. Words of sympathy were not wanting, to which Katte answered cheerily; grim faces wore a cloud of sorrow for the poor youth that night. Chaplain Müller's exhortations were fervent and continual; and, from time to time, there were heard, hoarsely melodious through the damp darkness, and the noise of wheels, snatches of devotional singing, led by Müller.

"It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th November, 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin garrison. He took kind leave of major and men: 'Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!' and about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the rampart of the castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress, exactly like the prince's. The prince is already brought down into a lower room to see Katte as he passes—(to see Katte die had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. Faithful Müller was in the death-car along with Katte; and he had a/joined to himself one Besserer, the chaplain of the garrison, in this sad function, since arriving.

"Here is a glimpse from Besserer, which we may take as better than nothing.

"His (Katte's) eyes were mostly directed to God; and we (Müller and I), on our part, strove to hold his heart up heavenwards, by presenting the examples of those who had died in the Lord—as of God's Son himself, and Stephen, and the thief on the cross—till, under such discoursing, we approached the castle. Here, after long, wistful looking about, he did get sight of his beloved Jonathan, Royal Highness the Crown Prince, at a window in the Castle, from whom he, with the politest and most tender expression, spoken in French, took leave, with no little emotion of sorrow."

"President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince, whose emotions one may fancy but not describe. Seldom did any prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say—'In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King.' Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes, cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. 'Par-

are playing in the background. Unhappy son, unhappy father, once more!

"Nay, Friedrich Wilhelm got new lights at Frankfort. Rittmeister Katte had an estafette, waiting for him, there. Estafette with a certain letter, which the Rittmeister had picked up in Erlangen, and has shot across by estafette to wait his majesty here. Majesty has read with open eyes and throat: letter from the Crown Prince to Lieutenant Katte, in Berlin; treasonous flight-project now indisputable as the sun at noon! His majesty stept on board the yacht in such humour as was never seen before. Detestable rebel and deserter—scandal of scandals. It is confidently written everywhere (though Seckendorf diplomatically keeps silence), his majesty hustled and tumbled the unfortunate Crown Prince, poked the handle of his cane into his face, and made his nose bleed. 'Never did a Bradenburgh face suffer the like of this!' cried the poor prince, driven to the edge of mad ignition, and one knows not what; when the Buddenbrocks, at whatever peril, interfered, got the prince brought on board a different yacht, and the conflagration moderated for the moment. The yachts get under way towards Maintz, and down the Rhine stream. The yachts glide swiftly on the favouring current, taking advantage of what wind there may be. Were we once ashore at Wesel, in our own country, wait till then, thinks his majesty."

The terms in which Frederick William communicates the arrest of the Crown Prince to the principal lady of the queen's bed-chamber, breathe of anything but savagery of spirit:—

"My dear Frau von Kamecke,

"Fritz has attempted to desert. I have been under the necessity to have him arrested. I request you to tell my wife of it in some good way, that the news may not terrify her; and pity an unhappy father.—FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

The Prince is consigned to the fortress of Cüstrin, and kept in close custody: meanwhile listen to our author's prophetic interpretation of the perplexed father's tangle of thoughts:

"The excellent tutor of the Crown Prince, good Duhan de Jandun, for what fault or complicity we know not, is hurled off to Memel; ordered to live there—on what resources is equally unknown. Apparently his fault was the general one, of having miseducated the prince, and introduced these French literatures, foreign poisonous elements of thought and practice into the mind of his pupil which

even ruined the young man. For his majesty perceived that there lies the source of it, that only total perversion of the heart and judgment first of all can have brought about these dreadful issues of conduct. And, indeed, his majesty understands on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions, on predestination for one, which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about predestination or the "Freie Gnadenwahl (election by free grace)," as his majesty terms it, according to which man is pre-appointed from all eternity either to salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion; and, indeed, is Calvin's) and that of many benighted creatures, this editor among them, appears to his majesty an altogether shocking one; nor would the whole synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustine in person, aided by a thirty-editor power reconcile his majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet. What! may Deserter Fritz say to himself even now, or in whatever other deeps of sin he may fall into—'I was foredoomed to it; how could I or how can I help it?' The mind of his majesty shudders as if looking over the edge of an abyss. He is meditating much whether nothing can be done to save the lost Fritz, at least the soul of him from this horrible delusion—hurls forth your fine Duhan with his metaphysics to remote Memel as the first step. And signifies withal, though as yet only historically and in a speculative way to Finckenstein and Kalkstein themselves, that their method of training up a young soul to do God's will, and accomplish useful work in this world, does by no means appear to the royal mind an admirable one! Finckenstein and Kalkstein were always covertly of the Queen's party, and now stand reprimanded and in marked disfavour.

"That the treasonous mystery of this Crown Prince (parricidal, it is likely, and tending to upset the universe), must be investigated to the very bottom, and be condignly punished, probably with death, his majesty perceives too well; and also what terrible difficulties formal and essential there will be. But whatever become of his perishable life, ought not if possible the soul of him to be saved from the claws of Satan! "claws of Satan;" "brand from the burning;" "for Christ our Saviour's sake;" "in the name of the most merciful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, amen"—so Friedrich William phrases it, in these confused old documents and cabinet letters of his, which awaken a strange feeling in the reflective reader, and show us the ruggeddest of human creatures melted into blubbering

and that the king would be obeyed in his family no less than in his kingdom. In the most appropriate terms of submission he threw himself upon his father's clemency in a week's space after the execution of his friend; and through the good offices of the clergyman Müller, his treatment received an immediate mitigation. Released from confinement, a house and establishment were assigned him at Cüstrin, and a share in the superintendence of the royal domains, whence no small part of the royal revenues was derived. After this event—the turning point in his career—by the exercise of ordinary discretion, Friedrich grew in Wilhelm's good graces, and directly he proved himself a son was at no loss in finding a father. His life, as a Crown Prince, onward, is one of scarcely interrupted prosperity—his enforced marriage with the Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick excepted, a lady whom his father chose for him, and to whom no objection on the Prince's part would be listened to. It is but too probable that Friedrich revenged upon the lady the coercion of papa. This princess never had a child. Popular opinion, confirmed by the report of the queen mother, at Berlin, is to the effect that on the first night of marriage an unfounded cry of fire was raised by the Prince's friends, on which he rushed out of his bride's bed-chamber, and never entered it again. They rarely occupied the same residence; and after his accession to the throne, Thiebault says, that Friedrich used to go to see her once a year, on her birth-day, to offer his congratulations. All this, in regard to the express hero of his memoir, Mr. Carlyle suppresses, and applies the varnish of his excessive good-nature most lavishly to the Crown Prince period of Friedrich's married life. Certainly a wedded life spent habitually apart, the lady at Schönhausen, the Prince at Ruppin, and afterwards at Rheinsberg, away from his wife for years, presents a greater incongruity than a casual

"If I should dine at Edmonton,
And he should dine at Ware,"

of a luckless London citizen and his loving spouse. Kings are "kittle cattle," but it will take a larger supply of lacquer than even Carlyle's laboratory can furnish to reconcile to our

notion of greatness, which includes goodness in a very essential degree, Frederick the Great's treatment of his pretty, unassuming, modest, and entirely respectable lady. There never was furnished so much as a shadow of a pretext for it in the deportment of that most virtuous and exemplary princess.

This was something totally unlike the homely virtue of Wilhelm, to whom his wife kept bearing children through a period of thirty years, and to his rigid fidelity to whom through life he bore his own honest testimony on a dying bed. In fact, on scarcely any one point of favourable comparison would the father yield to the son. A brave and enterprising soldier, his siege of Stralsund and Pomeranian campaign, by their prompt success attest his military talent and prowess, yet a Cincinnatus of peace, his policy throughout life was an avoidance of war. Under his paternal rule his country prospered to a singular degree; his wise, vigorous, and most liberal administration turning whole provinces into a garden which had been a desert. By his regulation of affairs Berlin became one of the most splendid capitals of Europe, rising in the sandy waste a city of palaces, like Palmyra in the wilderness. He fostered religion in a soldierly fashion, and fought the battle of toleration successfully against a whole intolerant Germany—as witness, his interference for the oppressed Protestants of Heidelberg, and the expatriated Salzburghers. To protect and establish these he dared every danger, and spared no expenditure of revenues. With him the right of asylum, too, was inviolable; on behalf of unpopular sovereigns and oppressed subjects alike. And finally, he died like a Christian, with these last words upon his lips—"Herr Jesu, to Thee I live; Herr Jesu, to Thee I die. In life and death Thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)."
Years afterwards, when writing his memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, Friedrich the Great, whom time and reflection had taught to appreciate the worth of his stern departed sire, thus spoke of Wilhelm:—"We ought to have some indulgence for the faults of his children, when reflecting on the virtues of such a father;" of all things which Friedrich ever wrote the most commendable and true.

donnez moi, mon cher Katte!" cried Friedrich, in a tone. 'Pardon me, my dear Katte; O that this should be what I have done for you!' 'Death is sweet for a prince I love so well,' said Katte. *La mort est douce pour un si aimable prince*; and fared on, round some angle of the fortress, it appears, not in sight of Friedrich, who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

"The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order, and was buried at night obscurely, in the common churchyard. Friends in silence took mark of the place against better times; and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred.

"'Never was such a transaction before or since, in modern history,' cries the angry reader. 'Cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones; like —' or, indeed, like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone. This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion."

We could have wished that Katte's fate had been otherwise; but we can scarcely accord to that misguided officer the compassion which Carlyle implies to be his due. In so far as he is made a scape-goat for the Prince's offence we yield him our pity, but personally he has no claim on our regret. He belonged to that class of perverse fools who do more mischief than the deliberately wicked, and whom it is impossible to save from the consequences of their own folly. As the favourite companion of the favourite brother of the Princess Royal, his position gave him opportunities of acquaintance, at second hand, at least, with that august lady, and his imprudence laid Wilhelmina open to unfriendly rumours. He publicly exhibited in Berlin, the princess' portrait, which, nevertheless, he avowed he only copied from one in Prince Friedrich's possession; but when appealed to to give it up, at the instance of the Queen herself, he refused to surrender it. What cared he how he compromised a lady of exalted station, so he gained with the public the *éclat* of a successful royal amour! The king had heard enough of his escapades to prompt him, on the arrest of Katte, to charge his daughter with having borne him several children, a mere

aland, but one sufficient to provoke a father and a king to very unusual measures of severity. The provocation of Katte was, therefore, not confined to the single act of complicity in the son's design of flight, but was made up of a long series of impertinences, disloyalties, and presumptions, such as swelled the rage of Wilhelm to bursting, and carried away the offender in its flood. Escape before arrest was possible, too, for the braggart; and he might easily have got off scot free, but the vain fool could not recognise his danger. Nothing became him in life so much as his departure from it. From Förster's *Jugend-jahre* we extract the following paragraphs, from a paper addressed from his prison to his young master:

"IX. I again implore the Prince Royal most solemnly, in the name of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, to submit himself to his father's will, both on account of the promises contained in the fifth commandment, and also from fear of the law of retaliation, which might some day make him feel the same griefs from his own children.

"X. I beseech the Prince Royal to consider the vanity of those designs of men which are concerted without God. The Prince Royal would have wished to serve me, and to raise me to dignities and honours: see how these designs are frustrated! I therefore beseech the Prince Royal to take the law of God for the rule of all his actions, and to try them by the test of his sacred will.

"XI. The Prince Royal ought to be certain that he is deceived by those who flatter his passions, for they have only in view their own interests and not his; and he ought, on the other hand, to regard as his true friends those who tell him the truth, and oppose themselves to his inclinations.

"XII. I implore the Prince Royal to repent, and to submit his heart to God.

"XIII. Finally, I implore the Prince Royal not to believe in predestination, but to acknowledge the providence and the hand of God even in the smallest occurrences in the world."

This, it will be owned, goes far to cancel the evil of his precedents, and is not given by Carlyle, but referred to thus: "He did heartily repent and submit; left with Chaplain Müller a paper of pious considerations, admonishing the prince to submit."

The prince yielded to that counsel ere long, finding resistance in vain,

of strength without principle, or of success without desert, as to enrol in our Valhalla of worthies, the object of our historian's laudation;—that compound of ability and weakness, of grandeur and littleness, misnamed Frederick the Great. We examine his claims and decide on his merits by far other criteria than the eulogies of flatterers, or the sincere admiration of friends: our judgment is guided by the principles of truth and uprightness, extenuating nothing through partiality, and, through prejudice, setting down nought in malice. In this judicial spirit, to which we claim no exclusive adhesion, we shall sit down to weigh the deserts and demerits of this distinguished sovereign

who made the territorial and military greatness of Prussia, in the closing half of the last century, when the materials are laid before us by the author of the present portly volumes. Meanwhile, our confession of faith respecting this monarch, whose history in substance we have long known; whose steps we have followed in his residences, and his battle fields; whose relics we have gazed on with natural interest; and whose own writings are familiar to us as household words, is embodied in the words of Macaulay: "A tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry, more extraordinary still; without fear, without faith, and without mercy."

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES LEVER.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE CARDINAL AT HIS DEVOTIONS."

IF the night which followed the interview of the Pere Massoni with Carol was one of deep anxiety, the morning did not bring any relief to his cares. His first duty was to ask after Fitzgerald. The youth had slept little, but lay tranquil and uncomplaining, and to all seeming indifferent either as to the strange place or the strange faces around him. The keen-eyed servant, Giacomo, himself an humble member of the order, quickly detected that he was suffering under some mental shock, and that the case was one where the mere physician could afford but little benefit.

"He lies there quiet as a child," said he, "never speaking nor moving, his eyelids half drooped over his eyes, and save that now and then, at long intervals, he breathes a low faint sigh, you'd scarce believe he was alive."

"I will see him," said the Pere, as he gently opened the door, and stole noiselessly across the room. A faint streak of light peering between the drawn window-curtains, fell directly

on the youth's face, showing it pale and emotionless, as Giacomo described it. As the Pere seated himself by the bedside, he purposely made a slight noise, to attract the other's attention, but Gerald did not notice him, not even turning a look towards him. Massoni laid his finger on the pulse, the action was weak but regular; nothing to denote fever or excitement, only the evidence of great exhaustion or debility.

"I have come to hear how you have rested," said the Pere, in an accent he could render soft as a woman's, "and to welcome you to Rome."

A faint, very faint smile was all the reply to this speech.

"I am aware that you have gone through much suffering and peril," continued the Pere; but with rest and kind care you will soon be well again. You are amongst friends, who are devoted to you."

A gentle movement of the brows, as if in assent, replied.

"It may be that speaking would distress you; perhaps even my own

On the truth of the penitent son's deliverance our author exhibits a profound reliance, while the pathos of such a life as that of Friedrich Wilhelm finds a full response in the bosom of one who is himself an earnest, misunderstood, and struggling worker. Our thorough belief is, notwithstanding certain random and impatient utterances of this great writer scattered here and there throughout his voluminous works, that Mr. Carlyle is unapproachably the most pathetic writer of the day. In fiction no modern novelist, be he who he may, has produced any thing one-half so moving as the inimitable pathos of the German professor's first, last, only kiss of his beloved; and the present work, like all his biographies, is brimful of sympathy with the sorrows of his species. As he looks out on the tangled maze of man's life from those fiery-lion eyes of his, he seems ever more ready to weep tears of blood over human shames, and tears of distress over human suffering, than to indulge in the scowl of disgust, or the roar of vehement denunciation. The manhood of Carlyle is a shot tissue, a veined marble, a union of opposite qualities: as all true manhood is, it partakes of womanhood, and never forgets that it has had a mother:—

“——Never yet
Knew I a whole true man of Jove-like port
But in his heart of hearts there lived and
reigned
A very woman,—sensitive and quick
To teach him tears, and laughter, born of
toys
That meaner souls make mock at. If a
man
Include not thus a woman, he is less,
I hold than man.”

Making the slightest possible abatement of commendation, on the score of the historian's style, with its unarticulated substantives, verbs without auxiliaries, and abstract nouns used in plural forms—a suit which could easily be adopted by an imitator, but which, being a coat of mail hammered out by the skill of Mr. Carlyle, is worn most effectively only by himself; and, taking the greatest exception to his ricocheting with his subject, whereby he pounces down with wearisome iteration upon striking epithet, nickname, or fact, until the matter of a single volume grows in the process tediously into two, we have sincerely to thank our author for his

otherwise magnificent production. It is full to overflowing with the fruits of unsparing research—history contributing its annals, and gossip its anecdotes, till the result is, that of no court in Europe is so comprehensive and satisfactory an account in existence as of that of Berlin. Even the French memoirs, with all their freedom of revelation, are left behind by the unapproachable lucidity and completeness—so far as it has gone—of this *History of “Friedrich the Great.”* We candidly avow that we know nothing comparable to it.

But, while we cheerfully accord all the praise which is due to the master-workman who has done so well, we must repeat our disapproval of the personage whose reign the historian has yet to describe. There is an incongruity between the heroes whom Mr. Carlyle selects for the laurel which is beyond our competency to reconcile. From Cromwell to Frederick the Second;—from the grand old paladin to the French *petit-maitre* and pedant;—from the Puritan, whose Bible was his law of duty, rigid and imperative as the stone-table of Sinai, to the thinker of unhallowed thoughts, with whom Revelation was but a bogie to frighten anility and childhood, is a great interval; not, indeed, from the sublime to the ridiculous, but an interval as morally wide, namely, from the worthy to the unworthy—from the admirable to the contemptible. What link of connexion has forged itself in the biographer's mind between extremes so strangely separate, as the Jephtha-judge of the British Israel, and the small unscrupulous Napoleon of Prussia, it were hard to discern, as the limits of the least fastidious *Hero-worship* scarcely span a space so extensive. There was indubitably something in the present hero of Carlyle's devotion, while the gentlemen of the royal races contemporary with Frederick were marvellously inane, destitute of king-craft and every other craft, specifically of the craft of “good living”; yet, in this last point of comparison, the monarch of Prussia claimed no superiority over his brother kings; while, on the score of achievement and successful enterprise, his laurels are tarnished to us by the grossness of his life. We can never consent to become such indiscriminate admirers

of strength without principle, or of success without desert, as to enrol in our Valhalla of worthies, the object of our historian's laudation;—that compound of ability and weakness, of grandeur and littleness, misnamed Frederick the Great. We examine his claims and decide on his merits by far other criteria than the eulogies of flatterers, or the sincere admiration of friends: our judgment is guided by the principles of truth and uprightness, extenuating nothing through partiality, and, through prejudice, setting down nought in malice. In this judicial spirit, to which we claim no exclusive adhesion, we shall sit down to weigh the deserts and demerits of this distinguished sovereign

who made the territorial and military greatness of Prussia, in the closing half of the last century, when the materials are laid before us by the author of the present portly volumes. Meanwhile, our confession of faith respecting this monarch, whose history in substance we have long known; whose steps we have followed in his residences, and his battle fields; whose relics we have gazed on with natural interest; and whose own writings are familiar to us as household words, is embodied in the words of Macaulay: "A tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry, more extraordinary still; without fear, without faith, and without mercy."

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personal chastisement of adult children was not confined to that Friedrich Wilhelm whose intemperate treatment of his offspring has made him stand a kind of parental "Remember Lot's wife" in the waste of history, ever since. After the age of sixteen, or seventeen at the outside, when, on his own confession, young Frederick was an ill-conditioned, impudent, and vexatious varlet, every thing that his father disliked, and scarcely any thing which any one else would like, the prince was exempt from the discipline of the ratan, and the back of the Benedick absolutely was never dishonoured with a blow. In this the more sober sovereign of Baireuth was even less to be commended than the rough, despotic, and often justly incensed, monarch of Prussia.

It will be seen from the above, with the more or less of weight attaching to the items of vindication, that we fully adopt the apologetic picture of Frederick William bitten in, in his incisive way, with the burine and aqua fortis of Mr. Carlyle. The hero of the present two volumes is rough and rude enough in all conscience; nevertheless, as husband, father, and sovereign, although provoked, intrigued against, and laughed at, in the most gratuitous and outrageous manner, never without heart, never without principles, and, on some occasions, shining out from the clouds wherein circumstances environed him with the honest radiance of a gentleman and a Christian.

Mr. Carlyle very naturally expends a large share of his narrative on the attempt of the young prince to escape to England—that same attempt not being without precedent in the case of his own father, who himself had found refuge in Hanover, and a wife there, not so very long before. We think Wilhelm behaved with undue harshness in the case in question; nevertheless, the provocation to a man of his irritable temperament must have been unusually severe. What! shall I, who command veterans, not be able to control a beardless boy? Shall he consummate a course of reckless opposition to my will, by making me a laughing-stock to the world? Shall he find abettors in this disobedient course in the mother who bore him, in the sister who owes me filial respect, in the officers who have sworn faithfully to serve me? Shall he for-

get that I am his father, his commander, his sovereign, who has grieved over his faults, combated his follies, and tried for years to save him from destruction? Have I waked and slept, toiled and thought, sweated and battled, to consolidate a power, to enrich a crown, for his succession—and is this my reward? Go to! He is an ungrateful boy—a mutinous soldier—a disloyal subject. But that nature pleads at my heart, I should soon rid me of such a nuisance, and let him reap his deserts in dungeon or grave. Yet let him not carry his provocations too far, lest nature yield to the stern necessities of justice, and law claim its own, even to blood! Something like this appears the musing of the cross, disappointed disciplinarian of a papa in whom the chronic rebellion of his son had turned the current of his blood into gall and wormwood. Carlyle's view is somewhat like this, and concurs so far entirely with our own.

But as the incident itself is one of the most notable in the Crown Prince's career, it will justify a somewhat larger measure of detail. Pained by his father's undisguised resentment at his conduct and favourite recreations, Friedrich determined to make his escape to England, in the bosom of the second George's family to find an asylum from injustice, and probably a welcome as a son-in-law, through a marriage with one of the princesses. That his desperation contemplated a flight from Prussia was surmised by many, and was known to some, through the latter of whom, from duty or some other motive, it was revealed to the king. Accompanying his father in a protracted round of visits, in midsummer, 1730, the young Prince being then eighteen years of age, he hoped to effect his escape at some favourable stage of the journey, but he was closely watched, his father, upon the best of evidence, knowing his purpose as well as himself. On through Wittenberg, Leipzig, Meuselwitz, Altenberg, Gera, Saalfeld, Cobourg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, Anspach, Donauwörth, Augsburg, Ludwigsburg, proceeds the royal party, young Friedrich having taken his measures with a Lieutenant Katte, in the Prussian service, and a Lieutenant Keith, to fly at Sintzheim.

"At Sintzheim," thinks his Royal Highness; and has spoken firmly to the

tion. This was an apparatus, by which the face of a beautifully painted Madonna became suddenly covered by a veil, a signal that none of the Cardinal's nearest of blood would have dared to violate. It was, indeed, to the hours of daily seclusion thus piously passed the Cardinal owed that character for sanctity which eminently distinguished him in the church. A day never went over in which he did not devote at the least an hour to this sacred duty, and the air of absorption, as he repaired to the shrine, and the look of intense pre-occupation he brought away, vouched for the depth of his pious musings.

As Massoni arrived at the narrow causeway which led over to the island, he perceived that the veil of the Madonna was lowered. He knew, therefore, at once that the Cardinal was there, and he stopped to consider what course he should adopt, whether to loiter about the garden till his Eminence should appear, or repair to the palace and await him. The Pere knew that the Cardinal was to leave Rome by midday, to reach Albano to dinner, and he mused over the shortness of the time their interview must last.

"This is no common emergency, thought he, at last; here is a case fraught with the most tremendous consequences. If this scheme be engaged in, the whole of Europe may soon be in arms—the greatest convulsion that ever shook the continent may result; and out of the struggle who is to foresee what principles may be the victors!"

"I will go to him at once," said he, resolutely. "Events succeed each other too rapidly now-a-days for more delay. 'The Terror' in France has once more turned men's minds to the peaceful security of a monarchy. Let us profit by the moment;" and with this he traversed the narrow bridge and reached the island.

A thick copse of ornamental planting screened the front of the little shrine. Hastily passing through this, he stood within a few yards of the building, when his steps were quickly arrested by the sound of a voice whose accents could not be mistaken for the Cardinal's. There was besides something distinctively foreign in the pronunciation that marked the

speaker for a stranger. Curious to ascertain who might be the intruder in a spot so sacred, Massoni stepped noiselessly through the brushwood, and gained a little loop-holed aperture beside the altar, from which the whole interior of the shrine could be seen. Seated on one of the marble steps below the altar was the Cardinal, a loose dressing-gown of rich fur wrapped round him, and a cap of the same material on his head. Directly in front of him, and also seated on the pedestal of a column, was a man in a Carthusian robe, patched and discoloured, and showing many signs of age and poverty. The wearer, however, was rubicund and jovial looking, though the angles of the mouth were somewhat dragged, and the wrinkles at the eyes were deep-worn. The general expression, however, was that of one whose nature accepted the struggles of life manfully and cheerfully. It was not till after some minutes of close scrutiny that Massoni could recall the features, but at length he remembered that it was the well-known Carthusian friar, George Kelly, the former companion of Prince Charles Edward. If their positions in life were widely different, Kelly did not suffer the disparity to influence his manner, but talked with all the ease and familiarity of an equal.

Whatever interest the scene might have had for Massoni was speedily increased by the first words which met his ears. It was the Cardinal who said—

"I own to you, Kelly, until what you have told me I had put little faith in the whole story of this youth, and there is then really such?"

"There is, or at least there was, your Eminence. I remember as well as if it was yesterday the evening he came to the palace to see the Prince. A poor countryman of my own, a Carthusian, brought him, and took him back again to the college. The boy was afterwards sent to a villa somewhere near Orvieto."

"Was the youth acknowledged by his Royal Highness as his son?" asked the Cardinal.

"The Prince never spoke of him to me till the day before his death; he then said, 'Can you find out that Carthusian for me, Kelly?—I should like to speak with him.' I told him

are playing in the background. Unhappy son, unhappy father, once more!

"Nay, Friedrich Wilhelm got new lights at Frankfort. Rittmeister Katte had an estafette, waiting for him, there. Estafette with a certain letter, which the Rittmeister had picked up in Erlangen, and has shot across by estafette to wait his majesty here. Majesty has read with open eyes and throat: letter from the Crown Prince to Lieutenant Katte, in Berlin; treasonous flight-project now indisputable as the sun at noon! His majesty stepped on board the yacht in such humour as was never seen before. Detestable rebel and deserter—scandal of scandals. It is confidently written everywhere (though Seckendorf diplomatically keeps silence), his majesty hustled and tussled the unfortunate Crown Prince, poked the handle of his cane into his face, and made his nose bleed. 'Never did a Bradenburgh face suffer the like of this!' cried the poor prince, driven to the edge of mad ignition, and one knows not what; when the Buddenbrocks, at whatever peril, interfered, got the prince brought on board a different yacht, and the conflagration moderated for the moment. The yachts get under way towards Maintz, and down the Rhine stream. The yachts glide swiftly on the favouring current, taking advantage of what wind there may be. Were we once ashore at Wesel, in our own country, wait till then, thinks his majesty."

The terms in which Frederick William communicates the arrest of the Crown Prince to the principal lady of the queen's bed-chamber, breathe of anything but savagery of spirit:—

"My dear Frau von Kamecke,

"Fritz has attempted to desert. I have been under the necessity to have him arrested. I request you to tell my wife of it in some good way, that the news may not terrify her; and pity an unhappy father.—FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

The Prince is consigned to the fortress of Cüstrin, and kept in close custody: meanwhile listen to our author's prophetic interpretation of the perplexed father's tangle of thoughts:

"The excellent tutor of the Crown Prince, good Duhan de Jandun, for what fault or complicity we know not, is hurled off to Memel; ordered to live there—
n what resources is equally unknown. Apparently his fault was the general one, of having miseducated the prince, and introduced these French literatures, foreign poisonous elements of thought and practice into the mind of his pupil which

even ruined the young man. For his majesty perceived that there lies the source of it, that only total perversion of the heart and judgment first of all can have brought about these dreadful issues of conduct. And, indeed, his majesty understands on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions, on predestination for one, which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about predestination or the "Freie Gnadenwahl (election by free grace)," as his majesty terms it, according to which a man is pre-appointed from all eternity, either to salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion; and, indeed, is Calvin's and that of many benighted creatures, this editor among them), appears to his majesty an altogether shocking one; nor would the whole synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustine in person, aided by a thirty-editor power reconcile his majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet. What! may Deserter Fritz say to himself even now, or in whatever other depths of sin he may fall into—'I was foredoomed to it; how could I or how can I help it?' The mind of his majesty shudders as if looking over the edge of an abyss. He is meditating much whether nothing can be done to save the lost Fritz, at least the soul of him from this horrible delusion—hurls forth your fine Duhan with his metaphysics to remote Memel as the first step. And signifies withal, though as yet only historically and in a speculative way to Finckenstein and Kalkstein themselves, that their method of training up a young soul to do God's will, and accomplish useful work in this world, does by no means appear to the royal mind an admirable one! Finckenstein and Kalkstein were always covertly of the Queen's party, and now stand reprimanded and in marked disfavour.

"That the treasonous mystery of this Crown Prince (parricidal, it is likely, and tending to upset the universe), must be investigated to the very bottom, and be condignly punished, probably with death, his majesty perceives too well; and also what terrible difficulties formal and essential there will be. But whatever become of his perishable life, ought not if possible the soul of him to be saved from the claws of Satan! "claws of Satan;" "brand from the burning;" "for Christ our Saviour's sake;" "in the name of the most merciful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, amen"—so Friedrich William phrases it, in these confused old documents and cabinet letters of his, which awaken a strange feeling in the reflective reader, and show us the ruggeddest of human creatures melted into blubbering

to disturb himself with such cares; and as the legacy lapses, in default of claimant, to the convent of St. Lazarus of Medina, he probably deems that it will be as well bestowed."

"Lazarus will have fallen upon some savoury crumbs this time," muttered Kelly, whose disposition to jest seemed beyond all his self-control.

"It was this very day Massoni hoped to have brought me some tidings of the youth," said the Cardinal, rising, "and he has not appeared. It must be as you have said, Kelly: the grave has closed over him. There is now, therefore, a great danger to guard against: substitution of some other for him—not by Massoni; he is a man of probity and honour; but he may be imposed on by others. It is a fraud which would well repay all its trouble."

"There is but one could detect the

trick—that Luke M'Manus, the Carthusian I have mentioned to your Eminence. He knew the boy well, and was entrusted by the Prince to take charge of him; but he is away in Ireland.

"But could be fetched, if necessary," said Caraffa, half-musing, as he moved towards the door.

Massoni did not wait to hear more, but stealthily threading his way through the copse, he gained the garden, and retracing his steps, returned to the convent. Ascending to his chamber by a private stair, he gave his servant orders to say that he was indisposed, and could not receive any one.

"So, then, your Eminence," said he, bitterly, as he sank into a chair, "you would underplot me here. Let us see who can play his cards best.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN AUDIENCE.

WITHIN less than half an hour after his arrival at home, Massoni received an order from the Cardinal to repair to the palace. It was a verbal message, and couched in terms to make the communication seem scarcely important.

Massoni smiled as he prepared to obey; it amused him to think, that in a game of craft and subtlety his Eminence should dare to confront him, and yet this was evidently his policy.

The Cardinal's carriage stood ready horsed in the court-yard as the Pere passed through, and a certain air of impatience in the servants, showed that the time of departure had been inconveniently delayed.

"That thunder-storm will break over us before we are half way across the Campagna," cried one.

"We were ordered for one, and it is now past three, and though the horses were taken from their feed to get in readiness, here we are still."

"And all because a Jesuit is at his devotions!"

The look of haughty rebuke Massoni turned upon them, as he caught these words, made them shrink back abashed and terrified; and none knew when, nor in what shape, might come the punishment for this insolence.

"You have forgotten an appointment, Pere Massoni," said the Cardinal, as the other entered his chamber,

with a deep and respectful reverence, "an appointment too, of your own making. There is an opinion abroad, that we Cardinals are men of leisure, whose idle hours are at the discretion of all; I had hoped, that to this novel theory the Pere Massoni would not have been a convert."

"Nor am I, your Eminence. It would ill become one who wears such a frock as this to deny the rights of discipline and the benefits of obedience."

"But you are late, sir!"

"If I am so, your Eminence will pardon me when I give the reason. The entire of last night was passed by me, in watching for the arrival of a certain youth, who did not come till high daybreak, and even then, so ill, so worn out and exhausted, that I have been in constant care of him ever since."

"And he is come—he is actually here?" cried the Cardinal, eagerly.

"He is, at this moment, in the college."

"How have you been able to authenticate his identity; the rumour goes, that he died years ago."

"It is a somewhat entangled skein, your Eminence, but will stand the test of unravelment. Intervals there are, indeed, in his story, unfilled up; lapses of time, in which I am left to mere conjecture, but his career is

donnez moi, mon cher Katte' cried Friedrich, in a tone. 'Pardon me, my dear Katte; O that this should be what I have done for you!' 'Death is sweet for a prince I love so well,' said Katte. *La mort est douce pour un si aimable prince*; and fared on, round some angle of the fortress, it appears, not in sight of Friedrich, who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

"The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order, and was buried at night obscurely, in the common churchyard. Friends in silence took mark of the place against better times; and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred.

"'Never was such a transaction before or since, in modern history,' cries the angry reader. 'Cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under mill-stones; like ——' or, indeed, like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone. This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion."

We could have wished that Katte's fate had been otherwise; but we can scarcely accord to that misguided officer the compassion which Carlyle implies to be his due. In so far as he is made a scape-goat for the Prince's offence we yield him our pity, but personally he has no claim on our regret. He belonged to that class of perverse fools who do more mischief than the deliberately wicked, and whom it is impossible to save from the consequences of their own folly. As the favourite companion of the favourite brother of the Princess Royal, his position gave him opportunities of acquaintance, at second hand, at least, with that august lady, and his imprudence laid Wilhelmina open to unfriendly rumours. He publicly exhibited in Berlin, the princess' portrait, which, nevertheless, he avowed he only copied from one in Prince Friedrich's possession; but when appealed to to give it up, at the instance of the Queen herself, he refused to surrender it. What cared he how he compromised a lady of exalted station, so he gained with the public the *ecclat* of a successful royal amour! The king had heard enough of his *escapades* to prompt him, on the arrest of Katte, to give his daughter with having him several children, a mere

slander, but one sufficient to provoke a father and a king to very unusual measures of severity. The provocation of Katte was, therefore, not confined to the single act of complicity in the son's design of flight, but was made up of a long series of impertinences, disloyalties, and presumptions, such as swelled the rage of Wilhelm to bursting, and carried away the offender in its flood. Escape before arrest was possible, too, for the braggart; and he might easily have got off scot free, but the vain fool could not recognise his danger. Nothing became him in life so much as his departure from it. From Förster's *Jugend-jahre* we extract the following paragraphs, from a paper addressed from his prison to his young master:

"IX. I again implore the Prince Royal most solemnly, in the name of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, to submit himself to his father's will, both on account of the promises contained in the fifth commandment, and also from fear of the law of retaliation, which might some day make him feel the same griefs from his own children.

"X. I beseech the Prince Royal to consider the vanity of those designs of men which are concerted without God. The Prince Royal would have wished to serve me, and to raise me to dignities and honours: see how these designs are frustrated! I therefore beseech the Prince Royal to take the law of God for the rule of all his actions, and to try them by the test of his sacred will.

"XI. The Prince Royal ought to be certain that he is deceived by those who flatter his passions, for they have only in view their own interests and not his; and he ought, on the other hand, to regard as his true friends those who tell him the truth, and oppose themselves to his inclinations.

"XII. I implore the Prince Royal to repent, and to submit his heart to God.

"XIII. Finally, I implore the Prince Royal not to believe in predestination, but to acknowledge the providence and the hand of God even in the smallest occurrences in the world."

This, it will be owned, goes far to cancel the evil of his precedents, and is not given by Carlyle, but referred to thus: "He did heartily repent and submit; left with Chaplain Müller a paper of pious considerations, admonishing the prince to submit."

The prince yielded to that counsel ere long, finding resistance in vain,

tenderness, and growling huakily something which we perceived to be real prayer. There has a business fallen out such as seldom occurred before."

But majesty, now that his prey is caught, is in the predicament of the genius who had the bear by the tail, and found equal peril in letting him go, and in holding on—for Wilhelm was puzzled what to do. This embarrassment might be relieved by the finding of a court-martial, and such was summoned on the 25th October, 1730, in the little town of Copenick, between Cüstrin and Berlin. The verdict of the court is thus given and commented on by our author:—

"Accomplices of the Crown Prince are two—first, Lieutenant Keith, actual deserter, who cannot be caught. To be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel:—good, says his majesty. Secondly, Lieutenant Katte of the gens d'armes, intended deserter, not actually deserting, and much tempted thereto. All things considered, two years of fortress arrest to Lieutenant Katte:—not good this, bad this, thinks majesty. This provokes from his majesty an angry rebuke to the too lax court-martial. Rebuke which can still be read in growling unclucid phraseology; but with a Rhadamanthine idea clear enough in it, and with a practical purpose only too clear: that Katte was a sworn soldier of the gens d'armes even, or body-guard of Prussian majesty; and did, nevertheless, in the teeth of his oath, 'worship the rising sun.' When minded to desert, did plot and colleague with foreign courts in aid of said rising sun, and of an intended high crime against the Prussian majesty itself on the rising sun's part; far from at once revealing the same as duty ordered Lieutenant Katte to do. That Katte's crime amounts to high treason (*crimen læsæ majestatis*), that the rule is, *fiat justitia, et percat mundus*; and that, in brief, Katte's doom is, and is hereby declared to be, death. Death by the gallows and hot pincers is the usual doom of traitors; but his majesty will say in this case, death by the sword and headman simply; certain circumstances moving the royal clemency to go so far, no farther. And the court-martial has straightway to apprise Katte of the same; and so doing shall say, that his majesty is sorry for Katte; but that it is better he die than that justice depart out of the world."

"On Sunday evening, 5th November, it is intimated to him (Katte), unexpectedly at the moment, that he has to go to Cüstrin, and there die;—carriage

now waiting at the gate. Katte masters the sudden flurry; signifies that all is ready then; and so, under charge of his old major and two brother officers, who, and Chaplain Müller, are in the carriage with him, a troop of his own old cavalry regiment escorting, he leaves Berlin, (rather a sudden summons) drives all night towards Cüstrin and immediate death. Words of sympathy were not wanting, to which Katte answered cheerily; grim faces wore a cloud of sorrow for the poor youth that night. Chaplain Müller's exhortations were fervent and continual; and, from time to time, there were heard, hoarsely melodious through the damp darkness, and the noise of wheels, snatches of devotional singing, led by Müller.

"It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th November, 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin garrison. He took kind leave of major and men: 'Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!' and about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the rampart of the castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress, exactly like the prince's. The prince is already brought down into a lower room to see Katte as he passes—(to see Katte die had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. Faithful Müller was in the death-car along with Katte; and he had aljoined to himself one Besserer, the chaplain of the garrison, in this sad function, since arriving.

"Here is a glimpse from Besserer, which we may take as better than nothing.

"His (Katte's) eyes were mostly directed to God; and we (Müller and I), on our part, strove to hold his heart up heavenwards, by presenting the examples of those who had died in the Lord—as of God's Son himself, and Stephen, and the thief on the cross—till, under such discoursing, we approached the castle. Here, after long, wistful looking about, he did get sight of his beloved Jonathan, Royal Highness the Crown Prince, at a window in the Castle, from whom he, with the politest and most tender expression, spoken in French, took leave, with no little emotion of sorrow."

"President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince, whose emotions one may fancy but not describe. Seldom did any prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say—"In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King." Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes, cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. 'Par-

violences and acts of ill-neighbourship; he, a just king, was sorer than any man to hear of them, and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went on again much the same, and never did end. I am sorry a just king, led astray by his hobby, answers thus what is only superficially the fact. But it seems he cannot help it; his hobby is too strong for him, regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius, mounted on so ungovernable a hobby, leaping the barriers in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps, the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, influxes of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that cannot be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his hobby, but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth—under showers of anger and ridicule, contumelious words and procedures, as it were *sara et feces*, battering round him to a heavy extent, the rider a victim of tragedy and farce both at once."

A better husband of his resources than his father with all his proverbial stinginess, Friedrich the Great dissolved this expensive array of thew and muscle on the day of his accession; contenting himself with fighting men instead of posture-masters; and, perhaps, owing these overgrown guards a secret grudge, as the innocent cause of many chagrins in early life.

Some historians profess a difficulty in ascertaining the grounds of Frederick William's alienation from his children, at least in the earlier years of their life up to maturity; but, we confess, the riddle solves itself to our mind without any strain upon our faculties of apprehension. The key to it may be found without going further than the following extract from his daughter Wilhelmina's Memoirs. Speaking of herself as a child, she says:—

"Every day I was ill-used; and the Queen constantly upbraided me for the kind attentions which the King showed me. I no longer dared to caress him without trembling, and in fear of being harshly dealt with: the case was the same with my brother; it was enough that the King ordered one thing, for the Queen to forbid it. Sometimes we were absolutely at a loss to know what to do. But as we both felt more affection for the Queen, we agreed to obey her commands. This was the source of all our misfortunes, as will be seen by the sequel of these memoirs. My heart bled, however, at not being allowed to express

the vivacity of my sentiments to the King: I sincerely loved him; he had done me a thousand kindnesses ever since I was born; but as I was to live with the Queen, I was obliged to conform to her will."

Here is evidently the train that led to the blowing up of the happiness of that family. Discordant wills at its head, and those wills equally obstinate in their resistance—the one of the passionate explosive kind, the other of the aggravating, irritant, and unslumbering-fret kind. To apply this to the case of the Prince Royal: the father wished to make a man of him, a man of camps—a hero, who was, not only to mate with men, but be their master; and to this end the instructions written by Frederick William are most express and judicious; but one can easily conceive a systematic opposition to the end in view, and a stealthy violation of all the details of the young prince's education on the part of the mamma, with, probably, no reserved expression of her determination not to allow her darling Fritz to grow up such a brute as his father. Let but the self-will of the scion of royalty be grafted upon the wrong-headedness of the mother, and we can easily understand how the whole course of the life of the youth should be one of antagonism to the gouty papa; a kind of figurative treading upon his toes, that must have been excruciation to his sensitiveness. When the young gentleman gets a little older than mere boyhood, we find him, with his sister, indulging in satirical compositions, in which the king and his ministers, were treated with sufficient freedom, and nicknames bandied about; amongst other, *Ragotin*, or Grumpy, for papa. These, of course, got wind; for a satire, buried in the drawer of a cabinet, or discussed *tete-a-tete* with its author, loses half its value; it must circulate and sting, in order to do its work. And the Queen patted them on the back for all this; for the daughter says ingenuously years after:—"I have frequently reproached myself for the errors of my youth in this respect; but the Queen, instead of chiding, encouraged us by her applause, to continue those malicious satires." The issue of such a course of perverse opposition to the father would naturally be alienation of affec-

and that the king would be obeyed in his family no less than in his kingdom. In the most appropriate terms of submission he threw himself upon his father's clemency in a week's space after the execution of his friend; and through the good offices of the clergyman Müller, his treatment received an immediate mitigation. Released from confinement, a house and establishment were assigned him at Cüstrin, and a share in the superintendence of the royal domains, whence no small part of the royal revenues was derived. After this event—the turning point in his career—by the exercise of ordinary discretion, Friedrich grew in Wilhelm's good graces, and directly he proved himself a son was at no loss in finding a father. His life, as a Crown Prince, onward, is one of scarcely interrupted prosperity—his enforced marriage with the Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick excepted, a lady whom his father chose for him, and to whom no objection on the Prince's part would be listened to. It is but too probable that Friedrich revenged upon the lady the coercion of papa. This princess never had a child. Popular opinion, confirmed by the report of the queen mother, at Berlin, is to the effect that on the first night of marriage an unfounded cry of fire was raised by the Prince's friends, on which he rushed out of his bride's bed-chamber, and never entered it again. They rarely occupied the same residence; and after his accession to the throne, Thiebault says, that Friedrich used to go to see her once a year, on her birth-day, to offer his congratulations. All this, in regard to the express hero of his memoir, Mr. Carlyle suppresses, and applies the varnish of his excessive good-nature most lavishly to the Crown Prince period of Friedrich's married life. Certainly a wedded life spent habitually apart, the lady at Schönhausen, the Prince at Ruppin, and afterwards at Rheinsberg, away from his wife for years, presents a greater incongruity than a casual

"If I should dine at Edmonton,
And he should dine at Ware,"

of a luckless London citizen and his loving spouse. Kings are "kittle cattle," but it will take a larger supply of lacquer than even Carlyle's laboratory can furnish to reconcile to our

notion of greatness, which includes goodness in a very essential degree, Frederick the Great's treatment of his pretty, unassuming, modest, and entirely respectable lady. There never was furnished so much as a shadow of a pretext for it in the deportment of that most virtuous and exemplary princess.

This was something totally unlike the homely virtue of Wilhelm, to whom his wife kept bearing children through a period of thirty years, and to his rigid fidelity to whom through life he bore his own honest testimony on a dying bed. In fact, on scarcely any one point of favourable comparison would the father yield to the son. A brave and enterprising soldier, his siege of Stralsund and Pomeranian campaign, by their prompt success attest his military talent and prowess, yet a Cincinnatus of peace, his policy throughout life was an avoidance of war. Under his paternal rule his country prospered to a singular degree; his wise, vigorous, and most liberal administration turning whole provinces into a garden which had been a desert. By his regulation of affairs Berlin became one of the most splendid capitals of Europe, rising in the sandy waste a city of palaces, like Palmyra in the wilderness. He fostered religion in a soldierly fashion, and fought the battle of toleration successfully against a whole intolerant Germany—as witness, his interference for the oppressed Protestants of Heidelberg, and the expatriated Salzburghers. To protect and establish these he dared every danger, and spared no expenditure of revenues. With him the right of asylum, too, was inviolable; on behalf of unpopular sovereigns and oppressed subjects alike. And finally, he died like a Christian, with these last words upon his lips—"Herr Jesu, to Thee I live; Herr Jesu, to Thee I die. In life and death Thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)."

Years afterwards, when writing his memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, Friedrich the Great, whom time and reflection had taught to appreciate the worth of his stern departed sire, thus spoke of Wilhelm:—"We ought to have some indulgence for the faults of his children, when reflecting on the virtues of such a father;" of all things which Friedrich ever wrote the most commendable and true.

On the truth of the penitent son's deliverance our author exhibits a profound reliance, while the pathos of such a life as that of Friedrich Wilhelm finds a full response in the bosom of one who is himself an earnest, misunderstood, and struggling worker. Our thorough belief is, notwithstanding certain random and impatient utterances of this great writer scattered here and there throughout his voluminous works, that Mr. Carlyle is unapproachably the most pathetic writer of the day. In fiction no modern novelist, be he who he may, has produced any thing one-half so moving as the inimitable pathos of the German professor's first, last, only kiss of his beloved; and the present work, like all his biographies, is brimful of sympathy with the sorrows of his species. As he looks out on the tangled maze of man's life from those fiery-lion eyes of his, he seems ever more ready to weep tears of blood over human shame, and tears of distress over human suffering, than to indulge in the scowl of disgust, or the roar of vehement denunciation. The manhood of Carlyle is a shot tissue, a veined marble, a union of opposite qualities: as all true manhood is, it partakes of womanhood, and never forgets that it has had a mother:—

“——Never yet
Knew I a whole true man of Jove-like port
But in his heart of hearts there lived and
reigned
A very woman,—sensitive and quick
To teach him tears, and laughter, born of
toys
That meaner souls make mock at. If a
man
Include not thus a woman, he is less,
I hold than man.”

Making the slightest possible abatement of commendation, on the score of the historian's style, with its unarticulated substantives, verbs without auxiliaries, and abstract nouns used in plural forms—a suit which could easily be adopted by an imitator, but which, being a coat of mail hammered out by the skill of Mr. Carlyle, is worn most effectively only by himself; and, taking the greatest exception to his ricochetting with his subject, whereby he pounces down with wearisome iteration upon striking epithet, nickname, or fact, until the matter of a single volume grows in the process tediously into two, we have sincerely to thank our author for his

otherwise magnificent production. It is full to overflowing with the fruits of unsparing research—history contributing its annals, and gossip its anecdotes, till the result is, that of no court in Europe is so comprehensive and satisfactory an account in existence as of that of Berlin. Even the French memoirs, with all their freedom of revelation, are left behind by the unapproachable lucidity and completeness—so far as it has gone—of this History of “Friedrich the Great.” We candidly avow that we know nothing comparable to it.

But, while we cheerfully accord all the praise which is due to the master-workman who has done so well, we must repeat our disapproval of the personage whose reign the historian has yet to describe. There is an incongruity between the heroes whom Mr. Carlyle selects for the laurel which is beyond our competency to reconcile. From Cromwell to Frederick the Second;—from the grand old paladin to the French *petit-maitre* and pedant;—from the Puritan, whose Bible was his law of duty, rigid and imperative as the stone-table of Sinai, to the thinker of unhallowed thoughts, with whom Revelation was but a bogie to frighten anility and childhood, is a great interval; not, indeed, from the sublime to the ridiculous, but an interval as morally wide, namely, from the worthy to the unworthy—from the admirable to the contemptible. What link of connexion has forged itself in the biographer's mind between extremes so strangely separate, as the Jephtha-judge of the British Israel, and the small unscrupulous Napoleon of Prussia, it were hard to discern, as the limits of the least fastidious *Hero-worship* scarcely span a space so extensive. There was indubitably something in the present hero of Carlyle's devotion, while the gentlemen of the royal races contemporary with Frederick were marvellously inane, destitute of king-craft and every other craft, specifically of the craft of “good living”; yet, in this last point of comparison, the monarch of Prussia claimed no superiority over his brother kings; while, on the score of achievement and successful enterprise, his laurels are tarnished to us by the grossness of his life. We can never consent to become such indiscriminate admirers

of strength without principle, or of success without desert, as to enrol in our Valhalla of worthies, the object of our historian's laudation;—that compound of ability and weakness, of grandeur and littleness, misnamed Frederick the Great. We examine his claims and decide on his merits by far other criteria than the eulogies of flatterers, or the sincere admiration of friends: our judgment is guided by the principles of truth and uprightness, extenuating nothing through partiality, and, through prejudice, setting down nought in malice. In this judicial spirit, to which we claim no exclusive adhesion, we shall sit down to weigh the deserts and demerits of this distinguished sovereign

who made the territorial and military greatness of Prussia, in the closing half of the last century, when the materials are laid before us by the author of the present portly volumes. Meanwhile, our confession of faith respecting this monarch, whose history in substance we have long known; whose steps we have followed in his residences, and his battle fields; whose relics we have gazed on with natural interest; and whose own writings are familiar to us as household words, is embodied in the words of Macaulay: "A tyrant of extraordinary military and political talents, of industry, more extraordinary still; without fear, without faith, and without mercy."

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES LEVER.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE CARDINAL AT HIS DEVOTIONS."

IF the night which followed the interview of the Pere Massoni with Carrol was one of deep anxiety, the morning did not bring any relief to his cares. His first duty was to ask after Fitzgerald. The youth had slept little, but lay tranquil and uncomplaining, and to all seeming indifferent either as to the strange place or the strange faces around him. The keen-eyed servant, Giacomo, himself an humble member of the order, quickly detected that he was suffering under some mental shock, and that the case was one where the mere physician could afford but little benefit.

"He lies there quiet as a child," said he, "never speaking nor moving, his eyelids half drooped over his eyes, and save that now and then, at long intervals, he breathes a low faint sigh, you'd scarce believe he was alive."

"I will see him," said the Pere, as he gently opened the door, and stole noiselessly across the room. A faint streak of light peering between the drawn window-curtains, fell directly

on the youth's face, showing it pale and emotionless, as Giacomo described it. As the Pere seated himself by the bedside, he purposely made a slight noise, to attract the other's attention, but Gerald did not notice him, not even turning a look towards him. Massoni laid his finger on the pulse, the action was weak but regular; nothing to denote fever or excitement, only the evidence of great exhaustion or debility.

"I have come to hear how you have rested," said the Pere, in an accent he could render soft as a woman's, "and to welcome you to Rome."

A faint, very faint smile was all the reply to this speech.

"I am aware that you have gone through much suffering and peril," continued the Pere; but with rest and kind care you will soon be well again. You are amongst friends, who are devoted to you."

A gentle movement of the brows, as if in assent, replied.

"It may be that speaking would distress you; perhaps even my own

personal chastisement of adult children was not confined to that Friedrich Wilhelm whose intemperate treatment of his offspring has made him stand a kind of parental "Remember Lot's wife" in the waste of history, ever since. After the age of sixteen, or seventeen at the outside, when, on his own confession, young Frederick was an ill-conditioned, impudent, and vexatious varlet, every thing that his father disliked, and scarcely any thing which any one else would like, the prince was exempt from the discipline of the ratan, and the back of the Benedick absolutely was never dishonoured with a blow. In this the more sober sovereign of Baireuth was even less to be commended than the rough, despotic, and often justly incensed, monarch of Prussia.

It will be seen from the above, with the more or less of weight attaching to the items of vindication, that we fully adopt the apotheotic picture of Frederick William bitten in, in his incisive way, with the burine and aqua fortis of Mr. Carlyle. The hero of the present two volumes is rough and rude enough in all conscience; nevertheless, as husband, father, and sovereign, although provoked, intrigued against, and laughed at, in the most gratuitous and outrageous manner, never without heart, never without principles, and, on some occasions, shining out from the clouds wherein circumstances environed him with the honest radiance of a gentleman and a Christian.

Mr. Carlyle very naturally expends a large share of his narrative on the attempt of the young prince to escape to England—that same attempt not being without precedent in the case of his own father, who himself had found refuge in Hanover, and a wife there, not so very long before. We think Wilhelm behaved with undue harshness in the case in question; nevertheless, the provocation to a man of his irritable temperament must have been unusually severe. What! shall I, who command veterans, not be able to control a beardless boy? Shall he consummate a course of reckless opposition to my will, by making me a laughing-stock to the world? Shall he find abettors in this disobedient course in the mother who bore him, in the sister who owes me filial respect, in the officers who have sworn faithfully to serve me? Shall he for-

get that I am his father, his commander, his sovereign, who has grieved over his faults, combated his follies, and tried for years to save him from destruction? Have I waked and slept, toiled and thought, sweated and battled, to consolidate a power, to enrich a crown, for his succession—and is this my reward? Go to! He is an ungrateful boy—a mutinous soldier—a disloyal subject. But that nature pleads at my heart, I should soon rid me of such a nuisance, and let him reap his deserts in dungeon or grave. Yet let him not carry his provocations too far, lest nature yield to the stern necessities of justice, and law claim its own, even to blood! Something like this appears the musing of the cross, disappointed disciplinarian of a papa in whom the chronic rebellion of his son had turned the current of his blood into gall and wormwood. Carlyle's view is somewhat like this, and concurs so far entirely with our own.

But as the incident itself is one of the most notable in the Crown Prince's career, it will justify a somewhat larger measure of detail. Pained by his father's undisguised resentment at his conduct and favourite recreations, Friedrich determined to make his escape to England, in the bosom of the second George's family to find an asylum from injustice, and probably a welcome as a son-in-law, through a marriage with one of the princesses. That his desperation contemplated a flight from Prussia was surmised by many, and was known to some, through the latter of whom, from duty or some other motive, it was revealed to the king. Accompanying his father in a protracted round of visits, in midsummer, 1730, the young Prince being then eighteen years of age, he hoped to effect his escape at some favourable stage of the journey, but he was closely watched, his father, upon the best of evidence, knowing his purpose as well as himself. On through Wittenberg, Leipzig, Meuselwitz, Altenberg, Gera, Saalfeld, Cobourg, Bamberg, Nürnberg, Anspach, Donauwörth, Augsburg, Ludwigsburg, proceeds the royal party, young Friedrich having taken his measures with a Lieutenant Katte, in the Prussian service, and a Lieutenant Keith, to fly at Sintzheim.

"At Sintzheim," thinks his Royal Highness; and has spoken firmly to the

page, Keith. To glide out of their quarters there in that waste, negligent old town (where post-horses can be had), in the gray of the summer's dawn. Across the Rhine to Speyer is but three hours' riding; thence to London—into France—into—Enough! Page Keith has undertaken to get horses, and the flight shall at last be. Hush!—hush! To-morrow morning, before the sparrow wake, it is our determination to be upon the road.

"On Friday morning, 4th August, 1730, usual hour of starting, 3, A.M., not being yet come, the royal party lies asleep in two clean airy barns, facing one another, in the village of Steinfurth. Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg highway and village green asleep in front between them; for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his trio of vigilances, Buddenbrook, Waldan, Rockow, lies in one barn; his Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other, apparently all still locked in sleep. Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake. The trio is, indeed, audibly asleep. Unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises, dresses, takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the barn-door, and walks out. Trio of vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing; alas, trio of vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

"Gummersback, the valet, comes to Rochow's bolster. 'Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince Royal is up, has on his top coat, and is gone out of doors,' Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on. In a minute or two Rochow is also forth in the gray of the morning, finds the young Prince actually on the green there, in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling carriages.

"*'Guten Morgen, Ihr Königliche Hoheit!'* Fancy such a salutation to the young man! Page Keith at this moment comes, with a pair of horses too. 'Whither with the nags, sirrah?' Rochow asked, with some sharpness. Keith, seeing how it was, answered, without visible embarrassment, 'Herr, they are mine, and Kunz the page's horses, (which, I suppose is true), ready at the usual hour,' Keith might add. 'His Majesty does not go till five this morning. Back to the stables,' beckoned Rochow; and according to the last accounts did not suspect any thing, or affected not to do so.

"Page Keith returned, trembling in his saddle. Friedrich strolled towards

the other barns, at least to be out of Rochow's company. Seckendorf emerges from the other barn, awake at the common hour: 'How do you like his Royal Highness, in the red roquelaure,' asks Rochow, as if nothing had happened? Was there ever such a baffled Royal Highness, or young bright spirit chained in the bear's den in this manner? Our Steinfurth project has gone to water; and it is not to-day we shall get across the Rhine! Not to-day, nor any other day, on that errand, strong as our resolutions are! For new light in a few hours afterwards pours in upon the project; and human finesse, or ulterior schemes, avail nothing henceforth. The Crown Prince's meditated flight has tried itself, and failed here; and so that long meditation ends. This at Steinfurth was all the overt act it could ever come to. In few hours more it will melt into air, and only the terrible consequences will remain.'

"Frederick Wilhelm now summons Buddenbrook and company straightway; shows, in a suppressed volcanic manner, with questions and statements—obliged to suppress oneself in foreign, hospitable serene houses—what atrocity of scandal and terror has been on the edge of happening. And you three, Rochow, Waldan, Buddenbrook, mark it, you three are responsible, and shall answer, I now tell you, with your heads. Death the penalty unless you bring him to our country again, 'living or dead,' added the suppressed volcano, in low metallic tone; and the sparkling eyes of him, the red tint, and the rustling gesture, make the words too credible to us."

About to pursue their route homewards, by barges on the Rhine:—

"Behold, at Frankfort, the trio of vigilance, Buddenbrook and Company, (horrible to think of!), signify, that we have the king's express orders not to enter the town at all with your Royal Highness. We, for our part, are to go direct into one of the royal yachts, which swing at anchor here, and to wait in the same till his majesty have done seeing Frankfort, and return to us. Here is a message for the poor young prince: detected prisoner, and a volcanic majesty, now likely to be in full play when he returns. Gilt weathercock on the Mayn bridge (which one Goethe used to look at in the next generation), this and the steeple tops of Frankfort, especially that steeple-top with the grinning skull of the mutinous malefactor on it, warning to mankind what mutiny leads to. This, then, is what we are to see at Frankfort, and with such a symphony, as our thoughts

that it had swelled into a mass visible throughout wide Europe ; further, traceable on the map of the world. With the process of its growth, from its primordial nucleus, we have nothing to do in our review, beyond simply recording the fact that it has been so ; but Mr. Carlyle, in his manner, has both fully and lucidly, and, we may add, very lengthily investigated, stage by stage, the development of an electorate into a kingdom, wit and wisdom combining in his resumé to make chronology as pleasant as a play, and the details of the antiquarian no less attractive than a romance. The disasters of the Thirty Years' War had, indeed, reduced the house of Brandenburg to the last stage of distress ; troops, commerce, alliances, resources, well-nigh annihilated, and all but totally swept away ; but the Great Elector, who received the heavy charge of his dominions in this lowest stage of inanition and ruin, retrieved the lost state of things, and bequeathed, in 1688, the year of our own great revolution, a prosperous and flourishing patrimony to his son, the first king. Frederick the First did not squander, but he did not acquire ; his special faculty being playing at kings—processionizing, and pageantry—not consolidation, imposing royalty, or vigorous soldiering.

A trait or two, drawn by his queen, will exhibit the general estimate of this sovereign held by those most familiar with his qualifications. Conversing with Leibnitz, the first President of the Berlin Academy of Science and Philosophy, the philosopher complimented the lady on her intellectual powers, and her love of investigation ; in that she desired to know the *why* of the *why* itself, and penetrate to the ultimate causes of things. The *infinitely little* was broached to her as one of the current investigations of the day, amongst other topics, when her majesty replied : "Don't talk to me of the *infinitement petit*, for I see it daily. Am I not the wife of Frederick ?"

Again, on her death-bed, the sagacious lady said she was going to give her husband a fresh occasion to indulge his fondness for *spectacle*, in the adequate furnishing of her funeral pageant.

To this prince, into whose body had evidently passed by some process of transmigration the soul of a master

of the ceremonies, succeeded the father of Frederick the Great, who with as decided a resemblance to the Greek warrior, was a huffy, passionate, ireful Achilles, with, at the bottom, all the angry Greek's real tenderness of heart.

In the present half of his memoir Mr. Carlyle has taken for his hero an entirely different person from his special subject Frederick the Great ; namely, his hero's father, Friedrich Wilhelm the First, whose career to our thinking displays more of the ideal heroic than the son's. The volumes, when the work is completed, will thus divide themselves into two distinct memoirs : the Iliad of the man of action, to be followed by the Odyssey of the man of craft. This may be an error in the publication as a work of art ; but the pleasant result to the reader is a dilogy where he only expected a drama. By a stroke of the author's pen, the reader wins a hundred per cent. The capital is doubled as the interest is divided, and biography gains all that the art of criticism loses. It is obvious too, we may urge this in apology of Carlyle's course of procedure, that in the early years of his hero, the treatment said hero received from his male parent counts for a considerable part in his training—the very rough riding-school in which he learned some of the most valuable lessons of his life. Wilhelm is thus a prominent figure for a lengthened period, but Carlyle makes him more than this, more interesting, more able, more admirable (with a thousand infirmities of temper it is true) than his successor, whose name gives a title to the memoir ; and we must confess that with ourselves he is, and always has been, the greater favourite. He had the solidity and determination of character to throw himself loose from the traditionary policy of his father's court, ere the remains of that father were cold in death, and to enter on a course of rigid economy and stern self-denial (retrieving the revenues of the monarchy and compelling the respect of his people, and of neighbouring sovereigns), such as could only be undertaken by a person of noble instincts and great persistency of purpose.

How truly he gauged the necessities of his position, and the requirements

of the times is seen, not merely in the fact that his own reign was a distinguished success, but also in this other, that it was only as the Great Friedrich his son shook himself free of the habits and inclinations of his earlier life and fell into the track his father had consistently pursued, that he acquired his title to the remembrance of posterity, and to a monument so massive and imposing as these bulky volumes, when their tale is completed, will present. Had Friedrich the Great remained only a coarse voluptuary, a dreamy doubter or infidel, and a miserable *litterateur*, all his life, he might have possibly claimed a place in the pillory of royal authority, but no better and braver distinction had been reserved for him than such questionable renown. This is all so much in favour of Wilhelm, that he knew successful king-craft did not lie in sensual intrigues, flute-playing and tagging rhymes, in essenced love-locks and soiled linen; hence he manfully abjured the same, and through life devoted himself to quite other ways—soldiering, smoking, husbanding his resources, and enlarging his estate, varied with raps of the raton upon the contumacious or the lazy about his person, who either resisted his authority or lent only sluggish help in carrying out his plans. Something very like brutality appears in the drill-sergeant tyranny of his domestic rule; but some allowance must be made for the man and his provocations, something moreover for the outspoken rudeness of those times in Prussia. In no case can we acquiesce in the terms employed by a modern historian to characterize the Great Wilhelm:

“One of the strangest beings of whom history gives us any intelligence—of a temper so violent and ungovernable that his passion almost amounted to madness—of an avarice so excessive, even in his youth, that he hardly allowed his family the means of subsistence—of a nature so insensible to the feelings of humanity, as to have twice attempted the life of his eldest son, first by his own hand, and afterwards by means of a mock trial.”

Nearly all the events of the life of Wilhelm are notoriously at odds with this extreme and unfair estimate of his character; and we heartily yield

our acquiescence to that more humane and reasonable, as well as evidently more veracious verdict, passed by our present historian on the proceedings and views of this monarch.

Frederick William was married to the lady of his choice, a princess of the house of Hanover; but had the peace of his married life, in the first instance, invaded by unfounded jealousy of his wife's virtue, and afterwards, through a long series of years, by her pertinacious meddling in the concerns of his kingdom. Into every political pie she persisted in thrusting her fingers with an infatuation almost suicidal, for they met with some serious chops in the course of her ill-advised manœuvres, and occasioned a thousand throes in the volcanic bosom of her husband, that threatened fiery destruction more than once to the whole family. Frederick William having been married seven years, while still Crown Prince came to the throne in the year 1713, in succession to his deceased father; the Princess having already presented him with four children, Friedrich the Great being the youngest, born in 1712. The accession of Wilhelm witnessed a total change in the court and the aspect of affairs. One hundred chamberlains were reduced to twelve; the academy of sciences was dismissed or discountenanced; and economy, usefulness, and hard work became the order of the day. A soldier, Wilhelm could not appreciate the worth of letters, nor, devoted to work material improvements by very material means, could he set a high value upon speculation. What he wanted to be done could only be effected by the means of money; not a farthing then was to be expended upon idleness, nor for any purpose of which a good account could not be rendered. His ostentatious father, too, had doubtless kept him bare of cash, when Wilhelm was crown prince, that the king might lavish his stores on imitating the courtly expenditure of the elder kings, as the frog in the fable might imitate the ox; and this early denial of command of money would make its possession more coveted now, and its retention more desirable, when, as monarch himself, he obtained control of the exchequer. But this was not avarice, as his daughter Wilhelmina

that it had swelled into a mass visible throughout wide Europe; further, traceable on the map of the world. With the process of its growth, from its primordial nucleus, we have nothing to do in our review, beyond simply recording the fact that it has been so; but Mr. Carlyle, in his manner, has both fully and lucidly, and, we may add, very lengthily investigated, stage by stage, the development of an electorate into a kingdom, wit and wisdom combining in his resumé to make chronology as pleasant as a play, and the details of the antiquarian no less attractive than a romance. The disasters of the Thirty Years' War had, indeed, reduced the house of Brandenburg to the last stage of distress; troops, commerce, alliances, resources, well-nigh annihilated, and all but totally swept away; but the Great Elector, who received the heavy charge of his dominions in this lowest stage of inanition and ruin, retrieved the lost state of things, and bequeathed, in 1688, the year of our own great revolution, a prosperous and flourishing patrimony to his son, the first king. Frederick the First did not squander, but he did not acquire; his special faculty being playing at kings—processionizing, and pageantry—not consolidation, imposing royalty, or vigorous soldiering.

A trait or two, drawn by his queen, will exhibit the general estimate of this sovereign held by those most familiar with his qualifications. Conversing with Leibnitz, the first President of the Berlin Academy of Science and Philosophy, the philosopher complimented the lady on her intellectual powers, and her love of investigation; in that she desired to know the *why* of the *why* itself, and penetrate to the ultimate causes of things. The *infinitely little* was broached to her as one of the current investigations of the day, amongst other topics, when her majesty replied: "Don't talk to me of the *infinitesimal petit*, for I see it daily. Am I not the wife of Frederick?"

Again, on her death-bed, the sagacious lady said she was going to give her husband a fresh occasion to indulge his fondness for *spectacle*, in the adequate furnishing of her funeral pageant.

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out England; that, having found in Rugby a low type of an English public school, he not only made it a pattern of education, but, through its influence, raised the tone of all public schools in England; that he gave a moral quality to the education of the young, which disseminated itself throughout the nation, and, at this moment has the best effects; and that he proved, in many distinguished instances, how it was possible to combine the freedom and manliness of public school life, with the obedience and gentleness of a Christian character. And, although his success as an author was not equally great, and his work at Rugby is the real monument of his fame, it must, we think, be admitted that the tendency of his writings—setting aside the merit they actually possess—is peculiarly calculated to raise the tone of thought with regard to history and political science.

It is impossible to estimate the influence of Arnold at Rugby by any detail of his method of school education. The system was nothing without the man, whose singular skill in training up the youthful mind, remarkable aptitude for imparting useful knowledge, and open, manly, and energetic character, were the reason of its peculiar success. Something, however, may be said of it, as the manoeuvres of a great general may be recorded, though we possess his pervading genius no longer. At Rugby Arnold insisted upon the principle—then very unpopular with the Reforming party—that the study of the classical languages is the best discipline for the young mind; and it is chiefly owing to his consistency in this opinion, and to the success of his application of it, that we now hear no more of the bad effects of teaching so much Greek and Latin. But he made the study of the dead languages more useful than it had been, by laying less stress upon mere scholarship than hitherto had been customary, by teaching his boys to consider language philosophically rather than verbally, by directing their attention to the mines of fruitful knowledge which are contained in the great writers of Greece and Rome, and by treating the philosophy and history of the ancients, with a constant reference to their modern successors. He also introduced mathematics, and French and

German, into the general course of study, although he assigned a subordinate place to them; and thus he succeeded to an extent hitherto thought impracticable, in reconciling the claims of classical study with the requirements of those who advocate mere learning in education. Perhaps his boys, when compared with the best specimens of Eton and Winchester, were somewhat deficient in verbal scholarship, but they usually showed a superiority in power of thought, in originality, and comprehensiveness of culture; and by degrees it became admitted, that of English public schools, Rugby was the first in giving a useful education.

It was, however, in the moral training of his school that Arnold's genius was so conspicuous. It was not only that he inspired the subordinate masters with much of his own eagerness to check vice, disobedience, and bullying; that he succeeded in identifying the youth of the sixth form with his own notions of what a school should be, and made them the conductors of a good influence through their associates; and that he managed to make all his pupils aware that they were under a just yet encouraging government which, without oppressing them, had the best effects on their natures. Arnold had a singular and most happy faculty of enlisting to his side the sympathies of the young; they felt that if they conducted themselves well he would be their sincere and real friend; he drew out that generous temper, so common in boys, which rewards trust by confidence and respect; and while he punished severely any instances of meanness and falsehood he was always ready to reward acts of an opposite kind, and always anxious to prove that his school was worthy of his esteem. Add to this a keen insight into youthful character—a manner at once commanding and affectionate—a method of teaching equally familiar and authoritative—a nature singularly manly, truthful, and earnest—and we can obtain some notions of the influence he exercised in making Rugby conform to his ideal of a Christian school. That there were many instances of irregular conduct within it—that it had its cases of profligacy, of wickedness and of insubordination, we need scarcely inform our readers; but as

a whole it was a remarkable specimen of good government, administered to a great extent by the boys themselves, and yet everywhere influenced by the head master. Perhaps the best eulogium on it is to be found in these words of Dr. Moberly—himself a rival but not the less a just critic :—

“I am sure that to Dr. Arnold’s personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying out of this improvement in our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation when they first came to college. . . . We cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their character in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which, for how many years I know not, had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.”

It was also during his tenure of Rugby that Arnold wrote the different works which form the real measure of his intellect. In 1827 he published a pamphlet on the Catholic question, which shadows forth his theory of Church and State; and this was subsequently followed by a tract upon Church Reform. His peculiar method of dealing with these subjects—the wide generalizations he brought to bear upon politics—the novel principles he introduced into his arguments—his bold departure from the beaten paths of opinion—his somewhat intolerant mode of regarding the views of others—his utter disregard for cherished or respectable prejudices—his active and uncompromising spirit of reform—and his sanguine trust in the possibility of changing institutions for the better—exposed him in these works to much adverse criticism and condemnation. About this time, also, he wrote a good deal on the social condition of England—then exulting in the fruition of the Reform Bill; and as he looked on that measure with much less complacency than was usually the case with the Liberal party, and as he thought that the real wants of the nation were moral

and social, rather than political, it is not strange that he found himself isolated from all parties, and under a kind of ostracism in opinion. He now underwent the fate of thinkers and writers on public questions, who are too profound and original for their age; he began to be denounced by the High Church party, to be distrusted by the Evangelicals, to be scoffed at by the Tories, and to be considered by the Whigs as visionary and impracticable. Many persons, also, not unfriendly to him, were of opinion that the master of a public school should never meddle with political questions; and thus about the years, 1828-1833, Arnold, on the whole, was in little account in general estimation.

Gradually, however, his authority increased, if not yet his popularity, as Rugby began to show the fruits of his teaching, and as the mind of England was influenced by that movement of thought, which, commencing about thirty years ago, and entering almost every sphere of knowledge and opinion, has wrought such changes in religious and political beliefs, and has made the intellect of this generation so much deeper and more earnest than it had been for a long antecedent period. That movement was a vigorous and happy reaction against the Toryism, the Utilitarianism, and the shallow ignorance of the age which inherited the philosophy of the last century, and yet was reduced into inaction by the terrors of the French Revolution; and although it has thwarted old opinions on almost every national question, has substituted new watchwords for antiquated shibboleths, and has introduced ideas into Church and State which rebel against our forefathers’ notions, it has had an influence, upon the whole, valuable and purifying. The symptoms of that movement, as is well known, began in the rise of the Broad Church and Newmanite parties, as distinguished from the Erastian High Church-men; in the growth of more liberal modes of thought among the Evangelicals and Dissenters; in the decline of the narrow creed of Eldon and Percival in politics; in the spread of enlarged notions as regards the mission and functions of government; and, above all, in the diffusion of a better feeling between the richer and poorer classes of

England. It was natural, as this spirit of change grew more active and productive, that Arnold's reputation should increase, and that he himself should sympathize with several of its tendencies; and, accordingly, about the year 1836, he was less isolated from all parties than hitherto he had been; he had approximated on many points to Broad Church opinions, though still by no means identified with them; and he had commenced a fierce and uncompromising opposition to the new school of Newmanite theology. To this school he always showed an invincible repugnance; he considered its teaching false and superstitious, and inconsistent with the Church of England; he perceived that, in elevating the status of the priesthood, and investing them with a supernatural dignity, it made a severance between them and their flocks which was incompatible with his ideal of Church and State, and he thought that, practically, it was an act of treachery for its professors to continue in our communion. These views, which happened to be popular, of course gained for him a better hearing than hitherto he had attained; but, on the other hand, they increased his enemies at Oxford, which had become the focus of Newmanite opinions; and this feeling was embittered by an angry article which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the occasion of the crusade against Dr. Hampden. On the whole, though in 1836-7-8, his reputation had risen, and the success of his work at Rugby was generally admitted, he was still unpopular among the majority of the clergy, was not much liked by any section of them, and was considered somewhat of a meddler and theorist in politics.

In the meantime, his edition of Thucydides had been published, and, in 1838, it had already become out of print. Other editions, even by Englishmen, show deeper scholarship; but the great historian has never had a commentator, in any language, who has so thoroughly entered into his spirit, so perfectly explained and illustrated his geography, so well developed his peculiar characteristics, and those of the age about which he wrote, or so admirably shown the applicability of his solemn wisdom to the events and politics of other periods. This work raised Arnold a

great deal in the estimation of scholars; it was felt that he had a real genius for elucidating the scenes of the classic age, and that he had considerable powers of historical description. His Thucydides was soon afterwards followed by his Roman History, a fragment of one of three important works which, in the phrase of Tacitus, "he had set apart for old age," namely, a Commentary on the New Testament, a Treatise upon Church and State, and a History of Rome from Romulus to Charlemagne. This history, as is well known, only reached three volumes, of which the last was published after his death, and did not receive his final corrections; and, as it does not conclude even the second Punic war, it cannot be considered more than a detached specimen of his genius. It attracted a great deal of attention on its appearance, and for some years was the text-book on the early centuries of Rome; and, even now, although its authority has suffered from the discovery of the errors of Niebuhr, whose theories it implicitly follows, its remarkable merits are fully appreciated. It is probably the best history in our language for the period between the death of Gibbon and the appearance of Lord Macaulay's volumes. It shows a profound and thoroughly mastered knowledge of classical times; a perfect apprehension of the tone of ancient opinion, as regards religious, political, and social problems; a clear understanding of the factions of early Rome; an extraordinary skill in reproducing the topography of its era; and great vividness of external description as regards scenery and military events. And the third volume, which restores the career of Hannibal to us, is an admirable specimen of clear and even brilliant narrative, in some points altogether equal to the subject, and only wanting, perhaps, in that creative power which is the proof of the highest historical genius. We would classify the descriptions of the passage of the Alps, and of the crowning victory of Cannæ, as among the finest military pieces in our language.

During the years between 1838 and 1842, there was a marked and sudden reaction in favour of Arnold, among many men of all opinions, and by some he was, perhaps, unduly appreciated: The boys he had educated at

Rugby were now in early manhood, and, as a body, were testifying brilliantly to his success as an instructor. The strong feeling of the mass of the nation against the Newmanite theologian, made them sympathize with one of the ablest antagonists of the party; even the majority of the High Church and Evangelical clergy, who, a few years before, had looked upon him with aversion, began now to admit they had been somewhat in error; he was claimed by the Broad Church school as one of their most powerful supporters; and, generally, the public opinion of England recognised his moral and intellectual greatness. Besides, as the strong party feeling, as respects politics, which had run so high some time before, began to collapse, or turn towards other objects, his own views on political questions became less prominent, while their general and cardinal principles were more fairly examined; and his attention was more fully directed than ever to the social condition of the poorer classes in England,—then threatened with Chartism, and undergoing much general suffering. In this pursuit he had men of all parties as his fellow-labourers; and, although his notions as regards Chartism were, perhaps, still considered visionary, his zeal, his energy, and his lofty humanity, were appreciated by persons of the most opposite opinions. This sudden popularity, however, was very remarkable; it is not easy to account entirely for it; and we may recognise in it one of those generous impulses so honourable to the free judgment of England, to make amends for past injustice by a strong reaction in favour of its object.

In 1841, Arnold was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and in Lent Term, 1842, he delivered his first course of lectures before the University. The success he obtained was at once unexpected and significant. It was a tribute to his merit, a generous welcome to a noble thinker and writer, and the expression of a deep want on the part of Oxford. A large and distinguished audience went regularly to hear him: and they who witnessed the attention and almost the reverence he commanded, can alone measure the influence he had on the University. It was not only that his ability was recognised; that

his luminous exposition of difficult principles; his clear and exhaustive analysis of periods of history; his picturesque touches of description; and his manly, chaste, and unaffected style, were generally appreciated and admired. It was not only that several of Arnold's antagonists at Oxford took pride in doing honour to his genius, and acknowledged, in attending upon him as a Professor, that a debt was due to him from past injustice. The success of Arnold proved that, although the professorial system was then almost extinct at Oxford, it could obtain general sympathy, and be of real value, if well administered by proper instruments; and it became the signal for that great academic reaction which has, by this time, restored that system at the University with noble promise of results in Church and State. It is not, therefore, too much to say—and this is not the least of his triumphs in the cause of education—that this valuable and most unexpected reform may ultimately be ascribed to the influence of Arnold.

In 1842 he was at the height of his reputation. He was meditating a second series of lectures, and a continuation of his "Roman History," and was hopefully looking forward to the time when he could devote his life to the other great subjects he had selected; when death suddenly interposed, and he was taken away. It is needless to dwell upon the regret which was felt for his loss—upon the many tributes which were paid to his memory, by men of every shade of opinion—and upon the honour in which his pupils still hold his name. In the language of his favourite Thucydides, "His country is his monument," in so far as England ever recognises worth and ability. Besides, we have no space for panegyric, and can only say a few words upon his attainments in the different spheres of theology, speculation, and history.

I.—As a theologian, Arnold may be called a Christian Rationalist. He was not deeply read in Patristic learning, and held the works of divines in somewhat too low account, considering them generally as over dogmatic, or wanting in real and discerning judgment, or unsuited to the wants of the present generation. He had a rooted aversion to the doctrines of Rome, which he thought grossly su-

perstitious, and to her polity, which he characterized as tainted with Judaism, and altogether inconsistent with a truly Christian Church ; and, as we have seen, he considered any attempt to introduce them into England as foolish, wicked, and even treacherous. And yet he had little real sympathy with the Low Church party, especially as regards their ideal of Christian duty, and their notion of the office of Christianity in the world ; and although he leaned towards the school of Copleston, Whately, and Hampden, he differed in many respects from their opinions. It would obviously not become us here to enter the sacred precincts of Theology, even to trace Arnold's position within them, and so we pass them by with decent reverence. Generally speaking, however, we may say that his reputation as a divine consists in a peculiar skill in interpreting the Scriptures—in separating their elements of history and doctrine, and distinguishing between what is of special application and what is for universal obedience ; and further, in a most successful art of reconciling the law of Conscience with that of the Gospel, and showing how Ethics and Religion run into each other, and form an harmonious system of faith for the Christian. Perhaps the best analysis of his views as a theologian is to be found in a letter from Mr. Price to Mr. Stanley on this subject, in the first volume of Arnold's life, by the latter gentleman.

II.—As a thinker, Arnold is most conspicuous for his theory of the Relation of Church and State. This theory is essentially that of Burke and Coleridge ; but as no English writer has presented it as fully as Arnold, he may be considered to have fixed it in our philosophy. He thought that as the duty of every individual is to make the moral law the rule of life, so that of a nation, or aggregate of individuals, must necessarily be exactly identical. But as the life of a nation is represented in that of its Government, he thought further that it became the duty of a Government as such to inculcate obedience to the moral law, and to try and make the nation's action conform to it. Hence he considered that the true relation of a State to its subjects is that of an educator or moral overseer ; and that, therefore, it is under an obligation to

adjust laws, institutions, opinions, and general habits to the rules laid down by the code of Ethics. But the teaching of the Gospel, when properly understood, when divested of all that is merely accidental, and laid out in moral precepts is, he declared, an exact republication of the code of Ethics, though of course supported by a Divine sanction ; and from this he inferred that the duty of a Government, as such, is to disseminate the lessons of the Gospel, and to seek to lead the nation to a Christian life. From this it followed that the business of a Church is comprised in that of a State ; that the administration of a Church is one of the functions of Government, and that all that may be termed ecclesiastical action is merely a manifestation of that which, essentially, is political, although directed to a religious purpose. Hence he laid it down that the State included the Church within itself, and furthermore was identical with it in extent ; for, as the subjects of a State should all be bound by the law of Christianity, and therefore should visibly conform to a Christian standard of doctrine, Dissenters from that standard could not be comprised within the State, could not enjoy the rights of full citizenship, and were only to be regarded as sojourners and aliens. But as *prima facie* it is unjust, and certainly it conduces to national weakness, to exclude from full citizenship any of the members of a state, Arnold lowered extremely the standard of Christian conformity which he thought the condition of complete political rights, and reduced it to little more than a general assent to the truth and obligation of the Gospel morality. Thus, in the instance of the British Empire, he would have admitted to all the privileges of the Constitution, not only all denominations of Christians, but even Unitarians and Socinians, provided they acknowledged the Gospel Ethics, while he would have excluded Jews, Infidels, Idolaters, and Mussulmen.

Such, in a few words, is Arnold's theory of Church and State ; and we shall only observe upon it, that it cannot stand the test of experience. It does not follow, because it is the duty of the individual to conform to the moral or Christian law, that therefore a Government should seek to impress

it on its subjects; and history tells us that any attempt to do so has always ended in a melancholy failure. For instance, the Governments of the middle ages, and that of the Puritans under Cromwell, tried to enforce a moral action in the State, as distinguished from mere obedience to the laws, and the result was, the prostitution of the Canon law to the purposes of lucre, and the hypocrisy and nonsense of the reign of saints, to be followed by the profligacy of the Restoration. Nor is the reason of the difference obscure; for whereas the will of the individual has power over his volitions, and conceivably could make them obedient to perfect right, the authority of Government over its subjects is so circumscribed that really it can scarcely influence their conduct at all; and thus when it sets up a high standard of moral practice, and seeks to adjust the national life to it, it fails in doing more than securing an external conformity, which soon degenerates into nullity or hypocrisy. And, therefore, while we fully admit that the State, through the medium of education and religious teaching, should indirectly promote moral ends among its subjects, we deny that it should directly attempt to obtain them, or profess to make either morality or any creed a test of citizenship. So, again, though it may be true in theory that the State might exercise the functions of a Church, it would seem that no secular administration of spiritual things, upon the principle of teaching the Gospel generally, can secure even a decent reverence for religion; that, on the whole, an ecclesiastical polity invested with something of grandeur and power, and separated from temporal affairs, is the best security for Christianity in a nation; and that under whatever conception we view a Church, its ministers should not be considered only as members of a lay congregation of Christians. Of course this is no place to enumerate the many other arguments which might be urged against the theory; but these plain considerations may show that it cannot be realized in actual politics.

At the same time there is this value in the theory, that it tends to obliterate the doctrines of Warburton and Bentham, that the objects of Government

are purely secular, or, as Sydney Smith called them, "roast mutton and police;" and that it inculcates this important truth, that if the State cannot enforce morality directly, its tendencies should be in that way; and therefore that it should act indirectly towards that end. Besides, even if it errs in basing the Church on too latitudinarian a foundation, it operates as a noble protest against the fallacies, on the one hand, that the Church is merely a priesthood, on the other, that it is a congregation, secluded from the world, and unfitted for the active duties of citizenship. From this point of view the theory has been very valuable in elevating the tone of national politics, and in bringing the Church of England more in harmony with the uses of society. Its practical results may be traced in the increase of education which recently has been achieved by the State; and in the works of writers of the school of Kingsley, whose doctrines, as regards the functions of Government, are those of Arnold, though, of course, also marked by other influences.

III.—We have already touched upon Arnold's excellencies as an historian, and so shall only add one or two remarks. He belongs to the school of Vico in his views upon history, believing that the laws of historical phenomena can generally be traced: but he is sober and cautious in his doctrines. The essays in his "Thucydides," and some passages in his "Roman History," comprehend his theories on this part of philosophy, and they will well repay a careful perusal. He is deficient in dramatic force as an historical artist, and in fine perception of individual character; but his power of analysing the elements of governments, and the nature and general relations of parties, and his skill in depicting external scenery and landscape, will keep him in a high place among our historians. And although his historical style is not quite of the highest order, it is so clear, logical, and picturesque, so simple, manly, and energetic, that we scarcely know how to particularize where it is wanting. To our taste, a little more fulness of illustration, and more richness and copiousness of language, would have been a valuable addition to it.

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JANUARY, 1859.

VOL. LIII.

DR. ARNOLD.

THE time has come for an impartial estimate of Arnold. Sixteen years have elapsed since the grave closed over him at Rugby, amidst the heart-felt grief of several generations of pupils, who had had the inestimable benefit of his teaching; the more sober, but not less sympathetic, regret of a bright array of distinguished friends, who loved his intellectual and moral greatness; the profound respect of a large circle of adversaries in opinion, who lamented the loss of a noble foe; and the mournful consciousness among many of the English nation, that a good and able man had passed away, who, whenever he touched upon public affairs, made their real interests his paramount object. This interval has not removed him from us as a contemporary, or obscured the recollections of those who witnessed his career; and yet it has placed him in that historical perspective in which his life can be seen in full completeness, and the character of his works can best be determined. In addition to this, it has dissipated a mass of prejudice against him; it has directed to other objects the currents of opinion which, some years ago, unduly elevated or depressed him; and it has brought the tendency of English thought into a closer sympathy with him than it ever displayed in his lifetime. The generation that has become mature since 1842 can better appreciate his speculations in theology than that which only heard the outbreak of the conflict between the old Erastian High Church doctrines, the Anglo-Catholicism of the school of Pusey, and the teaching of the Evangelical and Dissenting parties. At present, too, when philosophy pur-

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sues her researches among us with a singular mixture of freedom and reverence, his theory of Church and State is, perhaps, more respected than when Bentham and Paley were the oracles of our thinkers. And, although recent criticism has shown that his implicit faith in Niebuhr has led him astray in several passages of Roman History, his merits as an historian can best be appreciated since the appearance of such masters as Froude and Lord Macaulay.

Arnold was born in 1795, in the Isle of Wight. He belonged to an English family, of the middle class, outside the circle of an aristocracy, then prejudiced and exclusive, but within that accustomed to receive the highest education. At eight years old he was sent to Warminster school, and thence, in 1807, to Winchester college; but his vacations were spent in the Isle of Wight; and when there, within sight of the Piræus of England, then crowded with the trophies and armaments of the war, he acquired that fondness for sea views, and that interest in naval and military evolutions which form so marked a characteristic of his writings. At school the love of the picturesque, so evident in his history, found its natural vent in boyish verses. He was known by the name of Poet Arnold, a title since gained in manhood by his gifted son; and, as the readers of his "Roman Legends" might have expected, he had a fine sense of the beauty of our ancient ballads. But already his real studies were history and geography. He showed skill in realizing to his mind the aspect of countries, and their relations to each other; and, at the age of fourteen, he

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uses her researches among us with a singular mixture of freedom and reverence, his theory of Church and State is, perhaps, more respected than when Bentham and Paine were the oracles of our thinkers. And although recent criticism has shown that his implicit faith in Victor has set him astray in several passages of Roman History, his merits as a historian can best be appreciated since the appearance of such men as Strauss and Lord Macaulay.

Arnold was born in the Isle of Wight. He belonged to an English family, of the middle class, outside the circle of aristocracy, then preponderant in culture, but within that circle to reserve the highest rank. At eight years old he was sent to Winchester, and there, at the Winchester college, his education was spent in the classics and modern literature, within which he was a scholar of the highest rank. He was then sent to the University of Oxford, and there, at the University of Oxford, he was a scholar of the highest rank. He was then sent to the University of Oxford, and there, at the University of Oxford, he was a scholar of the highest rank.

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had detected the difference, so seldom intelligible to boyish minds, between "the modest, unaffected, and impartial narratives" of the great Greek historians, and "the scandalously exaggerated boasts of the Latin writers." At this time, too, he probably betrayed that dislike to the mere niceties of language which he carried with him into afterlife, for his scholarship was not at all at the level of his powers; and his Latin verses and attempts at English composition were somewhat crude, stiff, and ungainly.

At the age of sixteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi at Oxford, and remained there about four years in the companionship of several distinguished youths, who have since risen to eminence in Church and State. His principal friends at Corpus were Keble and Sir John Taylor Coleridge; and though all three, in manhood, took different, and often crossing, lines of life and opinion, it is touching to observe, in a letter of the Judge to Mr. Stanley, how the bond of this friendship was never severed; and how each of them regarded it as a pleasing link of memory. At Corpus the abilities of Arnold began rapidly to be developed. He gave great promise of historical criticism in his studies of Herodotus and Thucydides; he mastered those portions of Aristotle's ethics and politics which more especially relate to law and government, and showed much aptitude for social philosophy; and he already evinced that strong sympathy with actual political questions which was so distinctive a feature of his character. Already, too, his fellow collegians had learned to admire in him a nature earnest, sanguine, truthful, and manly, hating wrong and meanness in all their shapes; sincerely reverent of real greatness, and ever anxious to reach the bottom of questions; but, perhaps, somewhat intolerant of inferior minds, a little hasty and bold in forming opinions, and rather too prone to believe in the efficacy of change in ameliorating social and political institutions. At this time, also, we may remark that he had not yet supplied his deficiencies as a scholar; and that, although his real powers were already acknowledged, his undergraduate career was not as brilliant as might have been expected.

Having taken a first class in classics

in 1814, he was elected, in the next year, to a fellowship at Oriel, then, as now, the blue ribbon of an Oxford graduate. Within two years he had gained the prize for both the University Essays; but, although there is much vigour and freshness in these compositions, they are not free from unripeness of style and thought, and have certainly been surpassed by others in the series. He remained at Oriel about five years; and when there was the associate of a set of young men, several of whom were destined to influence deeply the mind of England. Among them was Pusey, already distinguished for mediæval learning, the future renovator in the Church of England of the tenets of Laud. John Henry Newman was there, full of subtle logic, destined hereafter to have an influence, perhaps still inappreciable. There, too, was Hampden, one of the founders of the Broad Church school of Theology; and Whately, eminently qualified to restore and make popular the study of the moral sciences; and Davison, too soon removed from his place on earth, but even now conspicuous for brilliant abilities; and Copleston, who, perhaps, more than any man of his day, contributed to the revival of learning at Oxford. When, in 1815, Arnold entered this high companionship, how few of its members, however conscious of great powers, could even guess the place they were to hold as leaders of opinion, or the results they were to accomplish in their generation!

With these associations, and in diligent study, Arnold spent the years between 1815 and 1820. In these years his faculties, though still growing, and happily kept back from a precocious development, took a decided turn towards theology and history, combined with what we may term the social science. Unlike most Oxford graduates, he also showed an acute and earnest sympathy with existing politics, especially as regards the condition of the poorer classes, who were then suffering from the great dislocation of employment, that was one of the consequences of the Peace. Having taken orders in 1818, he married in 1820, and, as his fellowship was held by the tenure of celibacy, he left Oxford after a residence of nearly eleven years, and betook himself to tuition at Laleham,

near Staines. He remained about eight years in this occupation; and these years, in all probability, determined the place which he was to hold in general estimation. They gave him an early opportunity for his fitting work—the education of the young—and afforded him ample experience in it, while they left him leisure for that study and reflection which were soon to produce such fruitful results. But, at the same time, by withdrawing him from the world, while still in youth, they tended to form in him those habits of inexperienced theorizing upon the most difficult problems of national life—of fixedly working out his own opinions into system without much regard to the actual state of affairs, or to the adverse beliefs of others—and of attacking existing abuses energetically, without weighing maturely the dangers of change—which in some degree impaired his intellectual usefulness. In short, these years made Arnold what he became—a great educator, a powerful thinker, a noble writer, and a bold, but hasty, Iconoclast in Church and State.

We know from the testimony of one of his pupils at Laleham, that when there Arnold showed that faculty of instruction which was destined to become so conspicuous at Rugby. Indeed, he devoted himself to this, his appointed work, with a zeal, an energy, and an affection, which recall to our minds the relations of the Greek philosophers to their charges. At the same time his intellectual progress was rapid; the views he subsequently made public were gradually formed; and some essays which he now wrote in *Encyclopedias* and *Reviews*, display the vigour and ease of his later compositions. The creed in theology and politics which he now evolved from his studies and reflections was in marked contrast with those of the different parties in Church and State. But Arnold never essentially modified it; and although it was not yet enunciated to the public, it had already separated him widely from most received opinions. He looked with peculiar dislike upon the Orthodox High Church party, whose opposition to Catholic Emancipation and to the relief of the Dissenters, he considered equally selfish and unchristian. He condemned the Tories of the

school of Eldon and Percival, as a narrow and bigoted oligarchy, who could not read the signs of the times. He had a moral sympathy with evangelical principles; but, on the whole, thought the party ignorant, and unfit for social life, and with entirely wrong views on the true relations of Church and State. So, although he agreed with the Whigs as regards the policy of Reform in Parliament, then becoming the paramount question of the day, he thought their ideas somewhat exclusive and superficial; he disliked the economic school of Bentham and Horner, as one that preferred the lesser to the greater end in politics; while he had a peculiar aversion to the Radical party, whom he considered essentially Jacobin and Destructive. Having already formed an ideal of what a Christian commonwealth should be, out of principles derived from Greek philosophy and the Bible, put together by his own intellect, and having resolved that that ideal was applicable to England, it is not surprising that, at this time, he stood in isolation from the ordinary currents of public opinion. Besides, the age was one of somewhat shallow and worn-out ideas; and since the deeper thought which had gradually been forming in England had not, as yet, had full time to influence the general mind, it was natural that one who belonged to the class of profound thinkers, should have little in common with the notions dominant in 1820–1827.

In 1827, chiefly in consequence of the recommendation of Dr. Hawkins, Arnold was elected to the head mastership of the school of Rugby. Here his public life may be said to have commenced; and from this point he becomes conspicuous as an educator and an author. He assumed the reins of government at Rugby at a time when there was a great outcry against the public schools of England, and when, unquestionably, many faults in their system were evident. They were generally denounced as behind the age, as imparting only an obsolete learning, as tending to make boys brutal and vicious, and as soon to yield to the prevalent mania for reform. Much of this clamour was undoubtedly untrue, but yet it was not altogether unfounded: and it is the peculiar glory of Arnold that he silenced it through-

out England; that, having found in Rugby a low type of an English public school, he not only made it a pattern of education, but, through its influence, raised the tone of all public schools in England; that he gave a moral quality to the education of the young, which disseminated itself throughout the nation, and, at this moment has the best effects; and that he proved, in many distinguished instances, how it was possible to combine the freedom and manliness of public school life, with the obedience and gentleness of a Christian character. And, although his success as an author was not equally great, and his work at Rugby is the real monument of his fame, it must, we think, be admitted that the tendency of his writings—setting aside the merit they actually possess—is peculiarly calculated to raise the tone of thought with regard to history and political science.

It is impossible to estimate the influence of Arnold at Rugby by any detail of his method of school education. The system was nothing without the man, whose singular skill in training up the youthful mind, remarkable aptitude for imparting useful knowledge, and open, manly, and energetic character, were the reason of its peculiar success. Something, however, may be said of it, as the manoeuvres of a great general may be recorded, though we possess his pervading genius no longer. At Rugby Arnold insisted upon the principle—then very unpopular with the Reforming party—that the study of the classical languages is the best discipline for the young mind; and it is chiefly owing to his consistency in this opinion, and to the success of his application of it, that we now hear no more of the bad effects of teaching so much Greek and Latin. But he made the study of the dead languages more useful than it had been, by laying less stress upon mere scholarship than hitherto had been customary, by teaching his boys to consider language philosophically rather than verbally, by directing their attention to the mines of fruitful knowledge which are contained in the great writers of Greece and Rome, and by treating the philosophy and history of the ancients, with a constant reference to their modern successors. He also introduced mathematics, and French and

German, into the general course of study, although he assigned a subordinate place to them; and thus he succeeded to an extent hitherto thought impracticable, in reconciling the claims of classical study with the requirements of those who advocate mere learning in education. Perhaps his boys, when compared with the best specimens of Eton and Winchester, were somewhat deficient in verbal scholarship, but they usually showed a superiority in power of thought, in originality, and comprehensiveness of culture; and by degrees it became admitted, that of English public schools, Rugby was the first in giving a useful education.

It was, however, in the moral training of his school that Arnold's genius was so conspicuous. It was not only that he inspired the subordinate masters with much of his own eagerness to check vice, disobedience, and bullying; that he succeeded in identifying the youth of the sixth form with his own notions of what a school should be, and made them the conductors of a good influence through their associates; and that he managed to make all his pupils aware that they were under a just yet encouraging government which, without oppressing them, had the best effects on their natures. Arnold had a singular and most happy faculty of enlisting to his side the sympathies of the young; they felt that if they conducted themselves well he would be their sincere and real friend; he drew out that generous temper, so common in boys, which rewards trust by confidence and respect; and while he punished severely any instances of meanness and falsehood he was always ready to reward acts of an opposite kind, and always anxious to prove that his school was worthy of his esteem. Add to this a keen insight into youthful character—a manner at once commanding and affectionate—a method of teaching equally familiar and authoritative—a nature singularly manly, truthful, and earnest—and we can obtain some notions of the influence he exercised in making Rugby conform to his ideal of a Christian school. That there were many instances of irregular conduct within it—that it had its cases of profligacy, of wickedness and of insubordination, we need scarcely inform our readers; but as

a whole it was a remarkable specimen of good government, administered to a great extent by the boys themselves, and yet everywhere influenced by the head master. Perhaps the best eulogium on it is to be found in these words of Dr. Moberly—himself a rival but not the less a just critic :—

“I am sure that to Dr. Arnold’s personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying out of this improvement in our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation when they first came to college. . . . We cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their character in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which, for how many years I know not, had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.”

It was also during his tenure of Rugby that Arnold wrote the different works which form the real measure of his intellect. In 1827 he published a pamphlet on the Catholic question, which shadows forth his theory of Church and State; and this was subsequently followed by a tract upon Church Reform. His peculiar method of dealing with these subjects—the wide generalizations he brought to bear upon politics—the novel principles he introduced into his arguments—his bold departure from the beaten paths of opinion—his somewhat intolerant mode of regarding the views of others—his utter disregard for cherished or respectable prejudices—his active and uncompromising spirit of reform—and his sanguine trust in the possibility of changing institutions for the better—exposed him in these works to much adverse criticism and condemnation. About this time, also, he wrote a good deal on the social condition of England—then exulting in the fruition of the Reform Bill; and as he looked on that measure with much less complacency than was usually the case with the Liberal party, and as he thought that the real wants of the nation were moral

and social, rather than political, it is not strange that he found himself isolated from all parties, and under a kind of ostracism in opinion. He now underwent the fate of thinkers and writers on public questions, who are too profound and original for their age; he began to be denounced by the High Church party, to be distrusted by the Evangelicals, to be scoffed at by the Tories, and to be considered by the Whigs as visionary and impracticable. Many persons, also, not unfriendly to him, were of opinion that the master of a public school should never meddle with political questions; and thus about the years, 1828-1833, Arnold, on the whole, was in little account in general estimation.

Gradually, however, his authority increased, if not yet his popularity, as Rugby began to show the fruits of his teaching, and as the mind of England was influenced by that movement of thought, which, commencing about thirty years ago, and entering almost every sphere of knowledge and opinion, has wrought such changes in religious and political beliefs, and has made the intellect of this generation so much deeper and more earnest than it had been for a long antecedent period. That movement was a vigorous and happy reaction against the Toryism, the Utilitarianism, and the shallow ignorance of the age which inherited the philosophy of the last century, and yet was reduced into inaction by the terrors of the French Revolution; and although it has thwarted old opinions on almost every national question, has substituted new watchwords for antiquated shibboleths, and has introduced ideas into Church and State which rebel against our forefathers’ notions, it has had an influence, upon the whole, valuable and purifying. The symptoms of that movement, as is well known, began in the rise of the Broad Church and Newmanite parties, as distinguished from the Erastian High Church-men; in the growth of more liberal modes of thought among the Evangelicals and Dissenters; in the decline of the narrow creed of Eldon and Percival in politics; in the spread of enlarged notions as regards the mission and functions of government; and, above all, in the diffusion of a better feeling between the richer and poorer classes of

England. It was natural, as this spirit of change grew more active and productive, that Arnold's reputation should increase, and that he himself should sympathize with several of its tendencies; and, accordingly, about the year 1836, he was less isolated from all parties than hitherto he had been; he had approximated on many points to Broad Church opinions, though still by no means identified with them; and he had commenced a fierce and uncompromising opposition to the new school of Newmanite theology. To this school he always showed an invincible repugnance; he considered its teaching false and superstitious, and inconsistent with the Church of England; he perceived that, in elevating the status of the priesthood, and investing them with a supernatural dignity, it made a severance between them and their flocks which was incompatible with his ideal of Church and State, and he thought that, practically, it was an act of treachery for its professors to continue in our communion. These views, which happened to be popular, of course gained for him a better hearing than hitherto he had attained; but, on the other hand, they increased his enemies at Oxford, which had become the focus of Newmanite opinions; and this feeling was embittered by an angry article which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the occasion of the crusade against Dr. Hampden. On the whole, though in 1836-7-8, his reputation had risen, and the success of his work at Rugby was generally admitted, he was still unpopular among the majority of the clergy, was not much liked by any section of them, and was considered somewhat of a meddler and theorist in politics.

In the meantime, his edition of Thucydides had been published, and, in 1838, it had already become out of print. Other editions, even by Englishmen, show deeper scholarship; but the great historian has never had a commentator, in any language, who has so thoroughly entered into his spirit, so perfectly explained and illustrated his geography, so well developed his peculiar characteristics, and those of the age about which he wrote, or so admirably shown the applicability of his solemn wisdom to the events and politics of other periods. This work raised Arnold a

great deal in the estimation of scholars; it was felt that he had a real genius for elucidating the scenes of the classic age, and that he had considerable powers of historical description. His Thucydides was soon afterwards followed by his Roman History, a fragment of one of three important works which, in the phrase of Tacitus, "he had set apart for old age," namely, a Commentary on the New Testament, a Treatise upon Church and State, and a History of Rome from Romulus to Charlemagne. This history, as is well known, only reached three volumes, of which the last was published after his death, and did not receive his final corrections; and, as it does not conclude even the second Punic war, it cannot be considered more than a detached specimen of his genius. It attracted a great deal of attention on its appearance, and for some years was the text-book on the early centuries of Rome; and, even now, although its authority has suffered from the discovery of the errors of Niebuhr, whose theories it implicitly follows, its remarkable merits are fully appreciated. It is probably the best history in our language for the period between the death of Gibbon and the appearance of Lord Macaulay's volumes. It shows a profound and thoroughly mastered knowledge of classical times; a perfect apprehension of the tone of ancient opinion, as regards religious, political, and social problems; a clear understanding of the factions of early Rome; an extraordinary skill in reproducing the topography of its era; and great vividness of external description as regards scenery and military events. And the third volume, which restores the career of Hannibal to us, is an admirable specimen of clear and even brilliant narrative, in some points altogether equal to the subject, and only wanting, perhaps, in that creative power which is the proof of the highest historical genius. We would classify the descriptions of the passage of the Alps, and of the crowning victory of Cannæ, as among the finest military pieces in our language.

During the years between 1838 and 1842, there was a marked and sudden reaction in favour of Arnold, among many men of all opinions, and by some he was, perhaps, unduly appreciated: The boys he had educated at

Rugby were now in early manhood, and, as a body, were testifying brilliantly to his success as an instructor. The strong feeling of the mass of the nation against the Newmanite theologian, made them sympathize with one of the ablest antagonists of the party; even the majority of the High Church and Evangelical clergy, who, a few years before, had looked upon him with aversion, began now to admit they had been somewhat in error; he was claimed by the Broad Church school as one of their most powerful supporters; and, generally, the public opinion of England recognised his moral and intellectual greatness. Besides, as the strong party feeling, as respects politics, which had run so high some time before, began to collapse, or turn towards other objects, his own views on political questions became less prominent, while their general and cardinal principles were more fairly examined; and his attention was more fully directed than ever to the social condition of the poorer classes in England,—then threatened with Chartism, and undergoing much general suffering. In this pursuit he had men of all parties as his fellow-labourers; and, although his notions as regards Chartism were, perhaps, still considered visionary, his zeal, his energy, and his lofty humanity, were appreciated by persons of the most opposite opinions. This sudden popularity, however, was very remarkable; it is not easy to account entirely for it; and we may recognise in it one of those generous impulses so honourable to the free judgment of England, to make amends for past injustice by a strong reaction in favour of its object.

In 1841, Arnold was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and in Lent Term, 1842, he delivered his first course of lectures before the University. The success he obtained was at once unexpected and significant. It was a tribute to his merit, a generous welcome to a noble thinker and writer, and the expression of a deep want on the part of Oxford. A large and distinguished audience went regularly to hear him: and they who witnessed the attention and almost the reverence he commanded, can alone measure the influence he had on the University. It was not only that his ability was recognised; that

his luminous exposition of difficult principles; his clear and exhaustive analysis of periods of history; his picturesque touches of description; and his manly, chaste, and unaffected style, were generally appreciated and admired. It was not only that several of Arnold's antagonists at Oxford took pride in doing honour to his genius, and acknowledged, in attending upon him as a Professor, that a debt was due to him from past injustice. The success of Arnold proved that, although the professorial system was then almost extinct at Oxford, it could obtain general sympathy, and be of real value, if well administered by proper instruments; and it became the signal for that great academic reaction which has, by this time, restored that system at the University with noble promise of results in Church and State. It is not, therefore, too much to say—and this is not the least of his triumphs in the cause of education—that this valuable and most unexpected reform may ultimately be ascribed to the influence of Arnold.

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I.—As a theologian, Arnold may be called a Christian Rationalist. He was not deeply read in Patristic learning, and held the works of divines in somewhat too low account, considering them generally as over dogmatic, or wanting in real and discerning judgment, or unsuited to the wants of the present generation. He had a rooted aversion to the doctrines of Rome, which he thought grossly su-

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DR. ARNOLD.

THE time has come for an impartial estimate of Arnold. Sixteen years have elapsed since the grave closed over him at Rugby, amidst the heartfelt grief of several generations of pupils, who had had the inestimable benefit of his teaching; the more sober, but not less sympathetic, regret of a bright array of distinguished friends, who loved his intellectual and moral greatness; the profound respect of a large circle of adversaries in opinion, who lamented the loss of a noble foe; and the mournful consciousness among many of the English nation, that a good and able man had passed away, who, whenever he touched upon public affairs, made their real interests his paramount object. This interval has not removed him from us as a contemporary, or obscured the recollections of those who witnessed his career; and yet it has placed him in that historical perspective in which his life can be seen in full completeness, and the character of his works can best be determined. In addition to this, it has dissipated a mass of prejudice against him; it has directed to other objects the currents of opinion which, some years ago, unduly elevated or depressed him; and it has brought the tendency of English thought into a closer sympathy with him than it ever displayed in his lifetime. The generation that has become mature since 1843 can better appreciate his speculations in theology than that which only heard the outbreak of the conflict between the old Erastian High Church doctrines, the Anglo-Catholicism of the school of Pusey, and the teaching of the Evangelical and Dissenting parties. At present, too, when philosophy pur-

sues her researches among us with a singular mixture of freedom and reverence, his theory of Church and State is, perhaps, more respected than when Bentham and Paley were the oracles of our thinkers. And, although recent criticism has shown that his implicit faith in Niebuhr has led him astray in several passages of Roman History, his merits as an historian can best be appreciated since the appearance of such masters as Froude and Lord Macaulay.

Arnold was born in 1795, in the Isle of Wight. He belonged to an English family, of the middle class, outside the circle of an aristocracy, then prejudiced and exclusive, but within that accustomed to receive the highest education. At eight years old he was sent to Warminster school, and thence, in 1807, to Winchester college; but his vacations were spent in the Isle of Wight; and when there, within sight of the Piræus of England, then crowded with the trophies and armaments of the war, he acquired that fondness for sea views, and that interest in naval and military evolutions which form so marked a characteristic of his writings. At school the love of the picturesque, so evident in his history, found its natural vent in boyish verses. He was known by the name of Poet Arnold, a title since gained in manhood by his gifted son; and, as the readers of his "Roman Legends" might have expected, he had a fine sense of the beauty of our ancient ballads. But already his real studies were history and geography. He showed skill in realizing to his mind the aspect of countries, and their relations to each other; and, at the age of fourteen, he

had detected the difference, so seldom intelligible to boyish minds, between "the modest, unaffected, and impartial narratives" of the great Greek historians, and "the scandalously exaggerated boasts of the Latin writers." At this time, too, he probably betrayed that dislike to the mere niceties of language which he carried with him into afterlife, for his scholarship was not at all at the level of his powers; and his Latin verses and attempts at English composition were somewhat crude, stiff, and ungainly.

At the age of sixteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi at Oxford, and remained there about four years in the companionship of several distinguished youths, who have since risen to eminence in Church and State. His principal friends at Corpus were Keble and Sir John Taylor Coleridge; and though all three, in manhood, took different, and often crossing, lines of life and opinion, it is touching to observe, in a letter of the Judge to Mr. Stanley, how the bond of this friendship was never severed; and how each of them regarded it as a pleasing link of memory. At Corpus the abilities of Arnold began rapidly to be developed. He gave great promise of historical criticism in his studies of Herodotus and Thucydides; he mastered those portions of Aristotle's ethics and politics which more especially relate to law and government, and showed much aptitude for social philosophy; and he already evinced that strong sympathy with actual political questions which was so distinctive a feature of his character. Already, too, his fellow collegians had learned to admire in him a nature earnest, sanguine, truthful, and manly, hating wrong and meanness in all their shapes; sincerely reverent of real greatness, and ever anxious to reach the bottom of questions; but, perhaps, somewhat intolerant of inferior minds, a little hasty and bold in forming opinions, and rather too prone to believe in the efficacy of change in ameliorating social and political institutions. At this time, also, we may remark that he had not yet supplied his deficiencies as a scholar; and that, although his real powers were already acknowledged, his undergraduate career was not as brilliant as might have been expected.

Having taken a first class in classics

in 1814, he was elected, in the next year, to a fellowship at Oriel, then, as now, the blue ribbon of an Oxford graduate. Within two years he had gained the prize for both the University Essays; but, although there is much vigour and freshness in these compositions, they are not free from unripeness of style and thought, and have certainly been surpassed by others in the series. He remained at Oriel about five years; and when there was the associate of a set of young men, several of whom were destined to influence deeply the mind of England. Among them was Pusey, already distinguished for mediæval learning, the future renovator in the Church of England of the tenets of Laud. John Henry Newman was there, full of subtle logic, destined hereafter to have an influence, perhaps still inappreciable. There, too, was Hampden, one of the founders of the Broad Church school of Theology; and Whately, eminently qualified to restore and make popular the study of the moral sciences; and Davison, too soon removed from his place on earth, but even now conspicuous for brilliant abilities; and Copleston, who, perhaps, more than any man of his day, contributed to the revival of learning at Oxford. When, in 1815, Arnold entered this high companionship, how few of its members, however conscious of great powers, could even guess the place they were to hold as leaders of opinion, or the results they were to accomplish in their generation!

With these associations, and in diligent study, Arnold spent the years between 1815 and 1820. In these years his faculties, though still growing, and happily kept back from a precocious development, took a decided turn towards theology and history, combined with what we may term the social science. Unlike most Oxford graduates, he also showed an acute and earnest sympathy with existing politics, especially as regards the condition of the poorer classes, who were then suffering from the great dislocation of employment, that was one of the consequences of the Peace. Having taken orders in 1818, he married in 1820, and, as his fellowship was held by the tenure of celibacy, he left Oxford after a residence of nearly eleven years, and betook himself to tuition at Leham,

near Staines. He remained about eight years in this occupation; and these years, in all probability, determined the place which he was to hold in general estimation. They gave him an early opportunity for his fitting work—the education of the young—and afforded him ample experience in it, while they left him leisure for that study and reflection which were soon to produce such fruitful results. But, at the same time, by withdrawing him from the world, while still in youth, they tended to form in him those habits of inexperienced theorizing upon the most difficult problems of national life—of fixedly working out his own opinions into system without much regard to the actual state of affairs, or to the adverse beliefs of others—and of attacking existing abuses energetically, without weighing maturely the dangers of change—which in some degree impaired his intellectual usefulness. In short, these years made Arnold what he became—a great educator, a powerful thinker, a noble writer, and a bold, but hasty, Iconoclast in Church and State.

We know from the testimony of one of his pupils at Laleham, that when there Arnold showed that faculty of instruction which was destined to become so conspicuous at Rugby. Indeed, he devoted himself to this, his appointed work, with a zeal, an energy, and an affection, which recall to our minds the relations of the Greek philosophers to their charges. At the same time his intellectual progress was rapid; the views he subsequently made public were gradually formed; and some essays which he now wrote in *Encyclopædias* and *Reviews*, display the vigour and ease of his later compositions. The creed in theology and politics which he now evolved from his studies and reflections was in marked contrast with those of the different parties in Church and State. But Arnold never essentially modified it; and although it was not yet enunciated to the public, it had already separated him widely from most received opinions. He looked with peculiar dislike upon the Orthodox High Church party, whose opposition to Catholic Emancipation and to the relief of the Dissenters, he considered equally selfish and unchristian. He condemned the Tories of the

school of Eldon and Percival, as a narrow and bigoted oligarchy, who could not read the signs of the times. He had a moral sympathy with evangelical principles; but, on the whole, thought the party ignorant, and unfit for social life, and with entirely wrong views on the true relations of Church and State. So, although he agreed with the Whigs as regards the policy of Reform in Parliament, then becoming the paramount question of the day, he thought their ideas somewhat exclusive and superficial; he disliked the economic school of Bentham and Horner, as one that preferred the lesser to the greater end in politics; while he had a peculiar aversion to the Radical party, whom he considered essentially Jacobin and Destructive. Having already formed an ideal of what a Christian commonwealth should be, out of principles derived from Greek philosophy and the Bible, put together by his own intellect, and having resolved that that ideal was applicable to England, it is not surprising that, at this time, he stood in isolation from the ordinary currents of public opinion. Besides, the age was one of somewhat shallow and worn-out ideas; and since the deeper thought which had gradually been forming in England had not, as yet, had full time to influence the general mind, it was natural that one who belonged to the class of profound thinkers, should have little in common with the notions dominant in 1820–1827.

In 1827, chiefly in consequence of the recommendation of Dr. Hawkins, Arnold was elected to the head mastership of the school of Rugby. Here his public life may be said to have commenced; and from this point he becomes conspicuous as an educator and an author. He assumed the reins of government at Rugby at a time when there was a great outcry against the public schools of England, and when, unquestionably, many faults in their system were evident. They were generally denounced as behind the age, as imparting only an obsolete learning, as tending to make boys brutal and vicious, and as soon to yield to the prevalent mania for reform. Much of this clamour was undoubtedly untrue, but yet it was not altogether unfounded: and it is the peculiar glory of Arnold that he silenced it through-

out England; that, having found in Rugby a low type of an English public school, he not only made it a pattern of education, but, through its influence, raised the tone of all public schools in England; that he gave a moral quality to the education of the young, which disseminated itself throughout the nation, and, at this moment has the best effects; and that he proved, in many distinguished instances, how it was possible to combine the freedom and manliness of public school life, with the obedience and gentleness of a Christian character. And, although his success as an author was not equally great, and his work at Rugby is the real monument of his fame, it must, we think, be admitted that the tendency of his writings—setting aside the merit they actually possess—is peculiarly calculated to raise the tone of thought with regard to history and political science.

It is impossible to estimate the influence of Arnold at Rugby by any detail of his method of school education. The system was nothing without the man, whose singular skill in training up the youthful mind, remarkable aptitude for imparting useful knowledge, and open, manly, and energetic character, were the reason of its peculiar success. Something, however, may be said of it, as the manoeuvres of a great general may be recorded, though we possess his pervading genius no longer. At Rugby Arnold insisted upon the principle—then very unpopular with the Reforming party—that the study of the classical languages is the best discipline for the young mind; and it is chiefly owing to his consistency in this opinion, and to the success of his application of it, that we now hear no more of the bad effects of teaching so much Greek and Latin. But he made the study of the dead languages more useful than it had been, by laying less stress upon mere scholarship than hitherto had been customary, by teaching his boys to consider language philosophically rather than verbally, by directing their attention to the mines of fruitful knowledge which are contained in the great writers of Greece and Rome, and by treating the philosophy and history of the ancients, with a constant reference to their modern successors. He also introduced mathematics, and French and

German, into the general course of study, although he assigned a subordinate place to them; and thus he succeeded to an extent hitherto thought impracticable, in reconciling the claims of classical study with the requirements of those who advocate mere learning in education. Perhaps his boys, when compared with the best specimens of Eton and Winchester, were somewhat deficient in verbal scholarship, but they usually showed a superiority in power of thought, in originality, and comprehensiveness of culture; and by degrees it became admitted, that of English public schools, Rugby was the first in giving a useful education.

It was, however, in the moral training of his school that Arnold's genius was so conspicuous. It was not only that he inspired the subordinate masters with much of his own eagerness to check vice, disobedience, and bullying; that he succeeded in identifying the youth of the sixth form with his own notions of what a school should be, and made them the conductors of a good influence through their associates; and that he managed to make all his pupils aware that they were under a just yet encouraging government which, without oppressing them, had the best effects on their natures. Arnold had a singular and most happy faculty of enlisting to his side the sympathies of the young; they felt that if they conducted themselves well he would be their sincere and real friend; he drew out that generous temper, so common in boys, which rewards trust by confidence and respect; and while he punished severely any instances of meanness and falsehood he was always ready to reward acts of an opposite kind, and always anxious to prove that his school was worthy of his esteem. Add to this a keen insight into youthful character—a manner at once commanding and affectionate—a method of teaching equally familiar and authoritative—a nature singularly manly, truthful, and earnest—and we can obtain some notions of the influence he exercised in making Rugby conform to his ideal of a Christian school. That there were many instances of irregular conduct within it—that it had its cases of profligacy, of wickedness and of insubordination, we need scarcely inform our readers; but as

a whole it was a remarkable specimen of good government, administered to a great extent by the boys themselves, and yet everywhere influenced by the head master. Perhaps the best eulogium on it is to be found in these words of Dr. Moberly—himself a rival but not the less a just critic :—

“I am sure that to Dr. Arnold’s personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying out of this improvement in our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be matter of observation to us in the University that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions; but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation when they first came to college. . . . We cordially acknowledged the immense improvement in their character in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which, for how many years I know not, had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.”

It was also during his tenure of Rugby that Arnold wrote the different works which form the real measure of his intellect. In 1827 he published a pamphlet on the Catholic question, which shadows forth his theory of Church and State; and this was subsequently followed by a tract upon Church Reform. His peculiar method of dealing with these subjects—the wide generalizations he brought to bear upon politics—the novel principles he introduced into his arguments—his bold departure from the beaten paths of opinion—his somewhat intolerant mode of regarding the views of others—his utter disregard for cherished or respectable prejudices—his active and uncompromising spirit of reform—and his sanguine trust in the possibility of changing institutions for the better—exposed him in these works to much adverse criticism and condemnation. About this time, also, he wrote a good deal on the social condition of England—then exulting in the fruition of the Reform Bill; and as he looked on that measure with much less complacency than was usually the case with the Liberal party, and as he thought that the real wants of the nation were moral

and social, rather than political, it is not strange that he found himself isolated from all parties, and under a kind of ostracism in opinion. He now underwent the fate of thinkers and writers on public questions, who are too profound and original for their age; he began to be denounced by the High Church party, to be distrusted by the Evangelicals, to be scoffed at by the Tories, and to be considered by the Whigs as visionary and impracticable. Many persons, also, not unfriendly to him, were of opinion that the master of a public school should never meddle with political questions; and thus about the years, 1828-1833, Arnold, on the whole, was in little account in general estimation.

Gradually, however, his authority increased, if not yet his popularity, as Rugby began to show the fruits of his teaching, and as the mind of England was influenced by that movement of thought, which, commencing about thirty years ago, and entering almost every sphere of knowledge and opinion, has wrought such changes in religious and political beliefs, and has made the intellect of this generation so much deeper and more earnest than it had been for a long antecedent period. That movement was a vigorous and happy reaction against the Toryism, the Utilitarianism, and the shallow ignorance of the age which inherited the philosophy of the last century, and yet was reduced into inaction by the terrors of the French Revolution; and although it has thwarted old opinions on almost every national question, has substituted new watchwords for antiquated shibboleths, and has introduced ideas into Church and State which rebel against our forefathers’ notions, it has had an influence, upon the whole, valuable and purifying. The symptoms of that movement, as is well known, began in the rise of the Broad Church and Newmanite parties, as distinguished from the Erastian High Church-men; in the growth of more liberal modes of thought among the Evangelicals and Dissenters; in the decline of the narrow creed of Eldon and Percival in politics; in the spread of enlarged notions as regards the mission and functions of government; and, above all, in the diffusion of a better feeling between the richer and poorer classes of

England. It was natural, as this spirit of change grew more active and productive, that Arnold's reputation should increase, and that he himself should sympathize with several of its tendencies; and, accordingly, about the year 1836, he was less isolated from all parties than hitherto he had been; he had approximated on many points to Broad Church opinions, though still by no means identified with them; and he had commenced a fierce and uncompromising opposition to the new school of Newmanite theology. To this school he always showed an invincible repugnance; he considered its teaching false and superstitious, and inconsistent with the Church of England; he perceived that, in elevating the status of the priesthood, and investing them with a supernatural dignity, it made a severance between them and their flocks which was incompatible with his ideal of Church and State, and he thought that, practically, it was an act of treachery for its professors to continue in our communion. These views, which happened to be popular, of course gained for him a better hearing than hitherto he had attained; but, on the other hand, they increased his enemies at Oxford, which had become the focus of Newmanite opinions; and this feeling was embittered by an angry article which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the occasion of the crusade against Dr. Hampden. On the whole, though in 1836-7-8, his reputation had risen, and the success of his work at Rugby was generally admitted, he was still unpopular among the majority of the clergy, was not much liked by any section of them, and was considered somewhat of a meddler and theorist in politics.

In the meantime, his edition of Thucydides had been published, and, in 1838, it had already become out of print. Other editions, even by Englishmen, show deeper scholarship; but the great historian has never had a commentator, in any language, who has so thoroughly entered into his spirit, so perfectly explained and illustrated his geography, so well developed his peculiar characteristics, and those of the age about which he wrote, or so admirably shown the applicability of his solemn wisdom to the events and politics of other periods. This work raised Arnold a

great deal in the estimation of scholars; it was felt that he had a real genius for elucidating the scenes of the classic age, and that he had considerable powers of historical description. His Thucydides was soon afterwards followed by his Roman History, a fragment of one of three important works which, in the phrase of Tacitus, "he had set apart for old age," namely, a Commentary on the New Testament, a Treatise upon Church and State, and a History of Rome from Romulus to Charlemagne. This history, as is well known, only reached three volumes, of which the last was published after his death, and did not receive his final corrections; and, as it does not conclude even the second Punic war, it cannot be considered more than a detached specimen of his genius. It attracted a great deal of attention on its appearance, and for some years was the text-book on the early centuries of Rome; and, even now, although its authority has suffered from the discovery of the errors of Niebuhr, whose theories it implicitly follows, its remarkable merits are fully appreciated. It is probably the best history in our language for the period between the death of Gibbon and the appearance of Lord Macaulay's volumes. It shows a profound and thoroughly mastered knowledge of classical times; a perfect apprehension of the tone of ancient opinion, as regards religious, political, and social problems; a clear understanding of the factions of early Rome; an extraordinary skill in reproducing the topography of its era; and great vividness of external description as regards scenery and military events. And the third volume, which restores the career of Hannibal to us, is an admirable specimen of clear and even brilliant narrative, in some points altogether equal to the subject, and only wanting, perhaps, in that creative power which is the proof of the highest historical genius. We would classify the descriptions of the passage of the Alps, and of the crowning victory of Cannæ, as among the finest military pieces in our language.

During the years between 1838 and 1842, there was a marked and sudden reaction in favour of Arnold, among many men of all opinions, and by some he was, perhaps, unduly appreciated. The boys he had educated at

Rugby were now in early manhood, and, as a body, were testifying brilliantly to his success as an instructor. The strong feeling of the mass of the nation against the Newmanite theologian, made them sympathize with one of the ablest antagonists of the party; even the majority of the High Church and Evangelical clergy, who, a few years before, had looked upon him with aversion, began now to admit they had been somewhat in error; he was claimed by the Broad Church school as one of their most powerful supporters; and, generally, the public opinion of England recognised his moral and intellectual greatness. Besides, as the strong party feeling, as respects politics, which had run so high some time before, began to collapse, or turn towards other objects, his own views on political questions became less prominent, while their general and cardinal principles were more fairly examined; and his attention was more fully directed than ever to the social condition of the poorer classes in England,—then threatened with Chartism, and undergoing much general suffering. In this pursuit he had men of all parties as his fellow-labourers; and, although his notions as regards Chartism were, perhaps, still considered visionary, his zeal, his energy, and his lofty humanity, were appreciated by persons of the most opposite opinions. This sudden popularity, however, was very remarkable; it is not easy to account entirely for it; and we may recognise in it one of those generous impulses so honourable to the free judgment of England, to make amends for past injustice by a strong reaction in favour of its object.

In 1841, Arnold was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and in Lent Term, 1842, he delivered his first course of lectures before the University. The success he obtained was at once unexpected and significant. It was a tribute to his merit, a generous welcome to a noble thinker and writer, and the expression of a deep want on the part of Oxford. A large and distinguished audience went regularly to hear him: and they who witnessed the attention and almost the reverence he commanded, can alone measure the influence he had on the University. It was not only that his ability was recognised; that

his luminous exposition of difficult principles; his clear and exhaustive analysis of periods of history; his picturesque touches of description; and his manly, chaste, and unaffected style, were generally appreciated and admired. It was not only that several of Arnold's antagonists at Oxford took pride in doing honour to his genius, and acknowledged, in attending upon him as a Professor, that a debt was due to him from past injustice. The success of Arnold proved that, although the professorial system was then almost extinct at Oxford, it could obtain general sympathy, and be of real value, if well administered by proper instruments; and it became the signal for that great academic reaction which has, by this time, restored that system at the University with noble promise of results in Church and State. It is not, therefore, too much to say—and this is not the least of his triumphs in the cause of education—that this valuable and most unexpected reform may ultimately be ascribed to the influence of Arnold.

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perstitious, and to her polity, which he characterized as tainted with Judaism, and altogether inconsistent with a truly Christian Church ; and, as we have seen, he considered any attempt to introduce them into England as foolish, wicked, and even treacherous. And yet he had little real sympathy with the Low Church party, especially as regards their ideal of Christian duty, and their notion of the office of Christianity in the world ; and although he leaned towards the school of Copleston, Whately, and Hampden, he differed in many respects from their opinions. It would obviously not become us here to enter the sacred precincts of Theology, even to trace Arnold's position within them, and so we pass them by with decent reverence. Generally speaking, however, we may say that his reputation as a divine consists in a peculiar skill in interpreting the Scriptures—in separating their elements of history and doctrine, and distinguishing between what is of special application and what is for universal obedience ; and further, in a most successful art of reconciling the law of Conscience with that of the Gospel, and showing how Ethics and Religion run into each other, and form an harmonious system of faith for the Christian. Perhaps the best analysis of his views as a theologian is to be found in a letter from Mr. Price to Mr. Stanley on this subject, in the first volume of Arnold's life, by the latter gentleman.

II.—As a thinker, Arnold is most conspicuous for his theory of the Relation of Church and State. This theory is essentially that of Burke and Coleridge ; but as no English writer has presented it as fully as Arnold, he may be considered to have fixed it in our philosophy. He thought that as the duty of every individual is to make the moral law the rule of life, so that of a nation, or aggregate of individuals, must necessarily be exactly identical. But as the life of a nation is represented in that of its Government, he thought further that it became the duty of a Government as such to inculcate obedience to the moral law, and to try and make the nation's action conform to it. Hence he considered that the true relation of a State to its subjects is that of an educator or moral overseer ; and that, therefore, it is under an obligation to

adjust laws, institutions, opinions, and general habits to the rules laid down by the code of Ethics. But the teaching of the Gospel, when properly understood, when divested of all that is merely accidental, and laid out in moral precepts is, he declared, an exact republication of the code of Ethics, though of course supported by a Divine sanction ; and from this he inferred that the duty of a Government, as such, is to disseminate the lessons of the Gospel, and to seek to lead the nation to a Christian life. From this it followed that the business of a Church is comprised in that of a State ; that the administration of a Church is one of the functions of Government, and that all that may be termed ecclesiastical action is merely a manifestation of that which, essentially, is political, although directed to a religious purpose. Hence he laid it down that the State included the Church within itself, and furthermore was identical with it in extent ; for, as the subjects of a State should all be bound by the law of Christianity, and therefore should visibly conform to a Christian standard of doctrine, Dissenters from that standard could not be comprised within the State, could not enjoy the rights of full citizenship, and were only to be regarded as sojourners and aliens. But as *prima facie* it is unjust, and certainly it conduces to national weakness, to exclude from full citizenship any of the members of a state, Arnold lowered extremely the standard of Christian conformity which he thought the condition of complete political rights, and reduced it to little more than a general assent to the truth and obligation of the Gospel morality. Thus, in the instance of the British Empire, he would have admitted to all the privileges of the Constitution, not only all denominations of Christians, but even Unitarians and Socinians, provided they acknowledged the Gospel Ethics, while he would have excluded Jews, Infidels, Idolaters, and Mussulmen.

Such, in a few words, is Arnold's theory of Church and State ; and we shall only observe upon it, that it cannot stand the test of experience. It does not follow, because it is the duty of the individual to conform to the moral or Christian law, that therefore a Government should seek to impress

it on its subjects; and history tells us that any attempt to do so has always ended in a melancholy failure. For instance, the Governments of the middle ages, and that of the Puritans under Cromwell, tried to enforce a moral action in the State, as distinguished from mere obedience to the laws, and the result was, the prostitution of the Canon law to the purposes of lucre, and the hypocrisy and nonsense of the reign of saints, to be followed by the profligacy of the Restoration. Nor is the reason of the difference obscure; for whereas the will of the individual has power over his volitions, and conceivably could make them obedient to perfect right, the authority of Government over its subjects is so circumscribed that really it can scarcely influence their conduct at all; and thus when it sets up a high standard of moral practice, and seeks to adjust the national life to it, it fails in doing more than securing an external conformity, which soon degenerates into nullity or hypocrisy. And, therefore, while we fully admit that the State, through the medium of education and religious teaching, should indirectly promote moral ends among its subjects, we deny that it should directly attempt to obtain them, or profess to make either morality or any creed a test of citizenship. So, again, though it may be true in theory that the State might exercise the functions of a Church, it would seem that no secular administration of spiritual things, upon the principle of teaching the Gospel generally, can secure even a decent reverence for religion; that, on the whole, an ecclesiastical polity invested with something of grandeur and power, and separated from temporal affairs, is the best security for Christianity in a nation; and that under whatever conception we view a Church, its ministers should not be considered only as members of a lay congregation of Christians. Of course this is no place to enumerate the many other arguments which might be urged against the theory; but these plain considerations may show that it cannot be realized in actual politics.

At the same time there is this value in the theory, that it tends to obliterate the doctrines of Warburton and Bentham, that the objects of Government

are purely secular, or, as Sydney Smith called them, "roast mutton and police;" and that it inculcates this important truth, that if the State cannot enforce morality directly, its tendencies should be in that way; and therefore that it should act indirectly towards that end. Besides, even if it errs in basing the Church on too latitudinarian a foundation, it operates as a noble protest against the fallacies, on the one hand, that the Church is merely a priesthood, on the other, that it is a congregation, secluded from the world, and unfitted for the active duties of citizenship. From this point of view the theory has been very valuable in elevating the tone of national politics, and in bringing the Church of England more in harmony with the uses of society. Its practical results may be traced in the increase of education which recently has been achieved by the State; and in the works of writers of the school of Kingsley, whose doctrines, as regards the functions of Government, are those of Arnold, though, of course, also marked by other influences.

III.—We have already touched upon Arnold's excellencies as an historian, and so shall only add one or two remarks. He belongs to the school of Vico in his views upon history, believing that the laws of historical phenomena can generally be traced: but he is sober and cautious in his doctrines. The essays in his "Thucydides," and some passages in his "Roman History," comprehend his theories on this part of philosophy, and they will well repay a careful perusal. He is deficient in dramatic force as an historical artist, and in fine perception of individual character; but his power of analysing the elements of governments, and the nature and general relations of parties, and his skill in depicting external scenery and landscape, will keep him in a high place among our historians. And although his historical style is not quite of the highest order, it is so clear, logical, and picturesque, so simple, manly, and energetic, that we scarcely know how to particularize where it is wanting. To our taste, a little more fulness of illustration, and more richness and copiousness of language, would have been a valuable addition to it.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT.

It is curious to observe how much our estimation of any literary work is affected by the personal intrusion of the author, and how the personality and the production blend into that common charm which genius exercises over our understanding. There is far more in the *Iliad* than the delirium of kings, and the plagues, duels, and slaughter of horse-feeding Argives and unlucky Trojans. We never read ten lines of that grand sonorous epic that the blind old man of rocky Chios does not mingle with our visions, chanting his verses "to the swelling of the voiceful sea." More in Sophocles than a king of Colone caught in the meshes of the Fates, and worsted in the struggle with inexorable destiny; there is the bard ever before us, with his habitual thoughts, and vain struggle to reconcile natural justice with the Inevitable in human life, whom oracles pronounced *σφερότατος*; and whose *Œdipus* remains to prove him possessed of the craft of the greatest workers in an age when many wrought greatly. More in the Socrates of Xenophon and Plato than the subtle dialectician and persuasive sophist; there is seen in the glass of the two different men and styles, the genial wit, the homely wisdom, the patient humour of the sage, who was content to be great in a little sphere, and made daily life a daily conquest over spleen and passion—the two anecdotists limning themselves as they sketched their subjects. More in Horace than the graceful lyrist, the distiller of Attic sweets in a Roman alembic, the denouncer of petty peccadilloes in piquant satires, the sagacious poet-philosopher of Augustus; there is the pleasant vivacity, shrewd common-sense, happy frugality of the fat, puffy, literary friend, who is the darling of all ages, and more the world's than Rome's; who, disguise himself as he will under pseudonym in ode and epistle, is still the same merry-and-wise identity under every per-

sonation. More in Shakespeare, to come to modern times, than unequalled tragedy, comedy, and farce; there is the actual Shakespeare, mumming in his clowns, and mouthing in his kings, and moralizing in his fools, laughing at us, philosophizing for us, calling out our tears and smiles, and being "himself the varied god." In reading no work of genius do we for five consecutive sentences forget the author, his pervading presence an essential part of his power; hence we venture on the heresy of a new literary axiom, namely, that that author who most vividly retains and exhibits his personality in his works, be they of what kind they will, prose or poetry, or that linsey-woolsey, which is both and neither, will maintain the deepest and firmest hold upon our sympathies and affections. It is not the *Divina Commedia* we admire in the great Florentine, though we plumb its depths and soar to its empyrean; but it is the Dante whom we accompany through these mystic regions, sorrowing as he wails, triumphing as he rejoices. When the two inspired doggies of the Ayrshire Poet "forgathered apace upon a time," to exchange their views of canine philosophy and human life, our interest is caught, not by doggish dialogue on the *kalon* and *agathon*, but by the fact of Burns speaking to us "words of truth and soberness" through the throats of his four-footed billies. In like manner, it is not Frederick the Great, or his great sire, whom we follow with regard through these portly volumes; it is Carlyle, the historian, with the antics of his noble genius, the apophthegms of his profound wisdom, the platitudes and the Dry-as-dustisms of his repetitious, and sometimes very commonplace philosophy. We never forget, in the deepest disquisition with which he favours us, or most thrilling crisis of events in which he jams us up—he never suffers us to forget—that we have to do with an eccentric, whose honest industry and

extraordinary powers provoke our admiration, but whose strange gymnastics and semi-cynical curl of nose, prove that part of his vocation is to make his admirers stare with incredulity, as well as thrill with delight. He has adopted a motley, "with purpose of heart," and he wears it at all times, like the Messer Archies of the feudal courts, ringing his bells and passing his gibes, with rare enjoyment of his own soul, yet launching his satire and pointing his wisdom from under this unseemly guise, with a power and gravity which homilists might envy, and imitators toil after in vain. We are not admirers of Carlyle's later style, which has too much of the charlatan in its predominant cants and set phrases, its "Sahara dances," and its "Sibylline frenzies," to meet our notion of the natural and apt in writing; but candour must own, that in any case it is the style of a strong man, and that the thing it covers and conveys is usually worthy of the noblest setting which language can furnish—that any metal is mostly poorer than the diamond it would help to dazzle.

But even the style, from use, as probably to the author himself, comes to have a tune in it to the reader which it had not originally; and like the barbarous *ranz des vaches* of the Swiss mountains, is preferred to more legitimate music by the ear that has learned to relish its discordant cadences. But that which never fails to please is the thorough heartiness with which the historian throws forward himself to court the gazer's observation under every mask of every hero his Clio may put upon the stage. It may be Voltaire or Luther, Cromwell or Frederick, Teufelsdröckh or Sauerteig, who struts his little hour before the footlights of our small individual auditory; but the voice, the gait, and the philosophy are undisguisedly the gifted Dumfriessian's, the unacknowledged, and perhaps indeed unconscious, ground of his popularity. Whatever some may think and avow, of a favourite author the public cannot get too much; and whether he choose fiction or history for manipulation in his workshop, the more decidedly he reflects himself, his individuality, his crotchets, his humours, in the mirror of his work,

the more decidedly does he win the approval of the public.

That Carlyle has been drawn by his compassionate *penchant* for Voltaire into his patronage of Frederick—that his apologetic leanings towards the French philosopher have formed the clue which led him through the labyrinth of thought to the entertainment of his present purpose—that Paris and Cirey have conducted the biographer to Potsdam and Cüstrin, we think beyond reasonable dispute. No author, probably, in England, knows more of Voltaire than does Mr. Carlyle—none has done more to re-establish him in the good-will of fair and indulgent men—and nothing seemed more natural than that the love-look fixed so long on the ingenious Frenchman should glance aside with some fixity of gaze upon the object of Voltaire's literary adulation. We admit, of course, the Great Frederick's other claims to distinction amid the kingly blank of the eighteenth century; but perceive, as we fancy, with sufficient clearness, that the monarch's pretensions, apart from literature, were scarcely of a nature, in themselves alone, to awaken our author's enthusiasm. We fancy, moreover, that the adoption of Frederick has led, in a partial measure, to an abatement of his veneration for Voltaire: and our belief is, that Mr. Carlyle has been induced, by the course of his more recent studies, to dethrone his quondam French idol from the place he once occupied in his regard, and, without directly putting Frederick of Prussia in the vacated seat, to look upon the soldier with more partiality than on the literary adventurer. Certainly the intercourse of these parties with each other—the crown prince and the poet of Cirey—reflects small credit upon either. We have we know not how many volumes of the correspondence of Frederick lying before us, notably, sundry letters interchanged between himself and Voltaire some years after this latter had won an equivocal reputation by his impurities and impieties—and they are undoubtedly disfigured by innumerable blemishes on both sides. Our readers may guess the kind of entertainment in store for them in this budget of stale "ca' me's, ca' thee's," when they find Voltaire near

the commencement of it dosing his Royal Highness after this fashion, and in being assured that his Royal Highness had strength of stomach to endure it, while the Prince administered doses of equal potency in return. November, 1736, Monsieur de V. writes:—

“Je suis étonné de toute maniere; vous parlez comme Trajan, vous écrivez comme Pline, et vous parlez Français comme nos meilleurs Ecrivains.”

December, 1736, Frederick addresses Voltaire in a similar strain—the poet being then in Holland:—

“La Hollande, pays qui ne m’a jamais déplu, me deviendra une terre sacrée puisqu’elle vous contient. Mes vœux vous suivront partout: et la parfaite estime que j’ai pour vous, étant fondée sur votre mérite, ne cessera que quand il plaira au Createur de mettre fin à mon existence.”

One extract more will be quite enough, in which impiety caps folly. But we shall give the paragraph in English, as, if possible, less offensive than the original.

Voltaire writes, February, 1737:—

“I have met with some persons of Berlin at Amsterdam: *Fruere famé tui Germanice*. They speak of your Royal Highness with transport. I question every body I meet concerning you. I say, ‘*Ubi est Deus meus?*’ ‘*Deus tuus*,’ they reply, ‘has the finest regiment in Europe; *Deus tuus* excels in the arts and embellishments of life; he is better educated than Alcibiades, plays the flute like Telemachus, and is accomplished beyond both of these Greeks.’ On hearing this I cry with the aged Simeon, ‘When shall mine eyes behold the Saviour of my life?’”

To this sally Frederick replies somewhat further on in the year—May, 1737:—

“I put you at the head of all thinking beings; the Creator would certainly find it difficult to produce a mind more sublime than yours.”

With which, as we find a difficulty in digesting condiments of such transcendent flavour, we must bid farewell to the correspondence of this Castor and Pollux of literature, the name of one of whom as naturally recalls the other as that of Bentley does Boyle, as that of Beaumont does Fletcher; these examples on, of course, diamet-

rically opposite grounds. Mr. Carlyle has felt the full force of the association, and has probably thrown himself into the arms of Frederick from his custom of contemplating both habitually together; just as the sight of the surviving sister recalls the image of the deceased wife, and prompts to that marriage union which the laws of England still forbid.

With the popular reputation which the monarch of Prussia bears, it would seem, however, at first sight, unlikely that he should be chosen by our author for the exercise of his pen. Nevertheless, it is by no means difficult to understand why Mr. Carlyle, beating the stream for a fish, should deem himself fortunate in meeting with one so much, after all, to his *godit* as the Great Frederick, for the veneration of the biographer for all that is German, down to the minutest particle of the dust of Fatherland, is too notorious to need proof. To him the weeds of that land are flowers—its geese, swans—and its mal-odorous Cologne the sweetest of cities and scents. As a monarch, Frederick shines by his daring and successes, winning the homage of a worshipper of manhood: and as a representative of the greatest Protestant power on the continent of Europe, he commands the sympathies of his chronicler to an extent which is remarkable in a person of our Carlyle’s unstraitlaced views. This last bond of liking between the two is much stronger than is apparent on the surface, although only due to the King of Prussia’s position; for the historian of Frederick imbibed the blood of the Covenanters with his mother’s milk, and, be his speculative views of Christian dogma what they may, can no more get rid of his sturdy Protestantism than of his skin. He would himself, perhaps, disown the soft impeachment in the broad, palpable way in which we put it, but the evidence is abundant, and the fact certain. Carlyle likes Germany because mainly Protestant, and Berlin eminently because at the head of German Protestantism.

Having found a hero who, with all his faults and blemishes, possesses a certain attraction for the biographer, it is not hard to surmise how he will treat him—enrol him amongst the demi-gods on the score of his virtues,

and use pumice, pipe-clay, stucco, and Paris-plaster to whitewash the unseemly and supply the defectuous.

Our author begins in a Herodotean style—his picture presenting us with the result of so many years of striving on the great arena of the world—and given that result, will proceed to the unravelment—with the pursuit here and there of many a stray thread—of the processes whereby the then-and-there presentment has been obtained. The picture is that of Frederick the Great in his declining years:—

“About four score years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere, at an earlier hour, riding or driving, in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert, though slightly stooping, figure; whose name among strangers was *King Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great, of Prussia; and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, Father Fred, a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown, but an old military cocked hat, generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute softness if new; no sceptre, but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick, cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings; coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dun, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

“The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed,

of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joys there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered, with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. ‘Those eyes,’ says Mirabeau, ‘which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or terror (*portaient au gré de son ame héroïque, la seduction ou la terreur*).’ Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; grey, we said—of the azure-grey colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidly resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance, springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy, clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice, ‘the clearest and most agreeable for conversation I ever heard,’ says witty Dr. Moore. ‘He speaks a great deal,’ continues the Doctor, ‘yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.’”

This fine sketch of Frederick the Great in his later years must remain in its isolation here, as it does in Carlyle's volumes, until it please the author to resume his publication, and issue the after history of his hero. For the present our attention, like Carlyle's, is devoted to his conduct as Crown Prince, under the tutelage of his stern and eccentric father.

The Electorate of Brandenburg, by means of intermarriages, inheritances, and battles, continued for hundreds of years, expanded in the year 1701 into the dignity of the Kingdom of Prussia. The boulder rolling down the channel of centuries had gathered such abundant accretions and agglomerations in its course,

that it had swelled into a mass visible throughout wide Europe ; further, traceable on the map of the world. With the process of its growth, from its primordial nucleus, we have nothing to do in our review, beyond simply recording the fact that it has been so ; but Mr. Carlyle, in his manner, has both fully and lucidly, and, we may add, very lengthily investigated, stage by stage, the development of an electorate into a kingdom, wit and wisdom combining in his resumé to make chronology as pleasant as a play, and the details of the antiquarian no less attractive than a romance. The disasters of the Thirty Years' War had, indeed, reduced the house of Brandenburg to the last stage of distress ; troops, commerce, alliances, resources, well-nigh annihilated, and all but totally swept away ; but the Great Elector, who received the heavy charge of his dominions in this lowest stage of inanition and ruin, retrieved the lost state of things, and bequeathed, in 1688, the year of our own great revolution, a prosperous and flourishing patrimony to his son, the first king. Frederick the First did not squander, but he did not acquire ; his special faculty being playing at kings—processionizing, and pageantry—not consolidation, imposing royalty, or vigorous soldiering.

A trait or two, drawn by his queen, will exhibit the general estimate of this sovereign held by those most familiar with his qualifications. Conversing with Leibnitz, the first President of the Berlin Academy of Science and Philosophy, the philosopher complimented the lady on her intellectual powers, and her love of investigation ; in that she desired to know the *why* of the *why* itself, and penetrate to the ultimate causes of things. The *infinitely little* was broached to her as one of the current investigations of the day, amongst other topics, when her majesty replied : "Don't talk to me of the *infiniment petit*, for I see it daily. Am I not the wife of Frederick ?"

Again, on her death-bed, the sagacious lady said she was going to give her husband a fresh occasion to indulge his fondness for *spectacle*, in the adequate furnishing of her funeral pageant.

To this prince, into whose body had evidently passed by some process of transmigration the soul of a master

of the ceremonies, succeeded the father of Frederick the Great, who with as decided a resemblance to the Greek warrior, was a huffy, passionate, irreful Achilles, with, at the bottom, all the angry Greek's real tenderness of heart.

In the present half of his memoir Mr. Carlyle has taken for his hero an entirely different person from his special subject Frederick the Great ; namely, his hero's father, Friedrich Wilhelm the First, whose career to our thinking displays more of the ideal heroic than the son's. The volumes, when the work is completed, will thus divide themselves into two distinct memoirs : the Iliad of the man of action, to be followed by the Odyssey of the man of craft. This may be an error in the publication as a work of art ; but the pleasant result to the reader is a dilogy where he only expected a drama. By a stroke of the author's pen, the reader wins a hundred per cent. The capital is doubled as the interest is divided, and biography gains all that the art of criticism loses. It is obvious too, we may urge this in apology of Carlyle's course of procedure, that in the early years of his hero, the treatment said hero received from his male parent counts for a considerable part in his training—the very rough riding-school in which he learned some of the most valuable lessons of his life. Wilhelm is thus a prominent figure for a lengthened period, but Carlyle makes him more than this, more interesting, more able, more admirable (with a thousand infirmities of temper it is true) than his successor, whose name gives a title to the memoir ; and we must confess that with ourselves he is, and always has been, the greater favourite. He had the solidity and determination of character to throw himself loose from the traditionary policy of his father's court, ere the remains of that father were cold in death, and to enter on a course of rigid economy and stern self-denial (retrieving the revenues of the monarchy and compelling the respect of his people, and of neighbouring sovereigns), such as could only be undertaken by a person of noble instincts and great persistency of purpose.

How truly he gauged the necessities of his position, and the requirements

of the times is seen, not merely in the fact that his own reign was a distinguished success, but also in this other, that it was only as the Great Friedrich his son shook himself free of the habits and inclinations of his earlier life and fell into the track his father had consistently pursued, that he acquired his title to the remembrance of posterity, and to a monument so massive and imposing as these bulky volumes, when their tale is completed, will present. Had Friedrich the Great remained only a coarse voluptuary, a dreamy doubter or infidel, and a miserable *littérateur*, all his life, he might have possibly claimed a place in the pillory of royal authority, but no better and braver distinction had been reserved for him than such questionable renown. This is all so much in favour of Wilhelm, that he knew successful king-craft did not lie in sensual intrigues, flute-playing and tagging rhymes, in essenced lovelocks and soiled linen; hence he manfully abjured the same, and through life devoted himself to quite other ways—soldiering, smoking, husbanding his resources, and enlarging his estate, varied with raps of the ratan upon the contumacious or the lazy about his person, who either resisted his authority or lent only sluggish help in carrying out his plans. Something very like brutality appears in the drill-sergeant tyranny of his domestic rule; but some allowance must be made for the man and his provocations, something moreover for the outspoken rudeness of those times in Prussia. In no case can we acquiesce in the terms employed by a modern historian to characterize the Great Wilhelm:

“One of the strangest beings of whom history gives us any intelligence—of a temper so violent and ungovernable that his passion almost amounted to madness—of an avarice so excessive, even in his youth, that he hardly allowed his family the means of subsistence—of a nature so insensible to the feelings of humanity, as to have twice attempted the life of his eldest son, first by his own hand, and afterwards by means of a mock trial.”

Nearly all the events of the life of Wilhelm are notoriously at odds with this extreme and unfair estimate of his character; and we heartily yield

our acquiescence to that more humane and reasonable, as well as evidently more veracious verdict, passed by our present historian on the proceedings and views of this monarch.

Frederick William was married to the lady of his choice, a princess of the house of Hanover; but had the peace of his married life, in the first instance, invaded by unfounded jealousy of his wife's virtue, and afterwards, through a long series of years, by her pertinacious meddling in the concerns of his kingdom. Into every political pie she persisted in thrusting her fingers with an infatuation almost suicidal, for they met with some serious chops in the course of her ill-advised manœuvres, and occasioned a thousand throes in the volcanic bosom of her husband, that threatened fiery destruction more than once to the whole family. Frederick William having been married seven years, while still Crown Prince came to the throne in the year 1713, in succession to his deceased father; the Princess having already presented him with four children, Friedrich the Great being the youngest, born in 1712. The accession of Wilhelm witnessed a total change in the court and the aspect of affairs. One hundred chamberlains were reduced to twelve; the academy of sciences was dismissed or discountenanced; and economy, usefulness, and hard work became the order of the day. A soldier, Wilhelm could not appreciate the worth of letters, nor, devoted to work material improvements by very material means, could he set a high value upon speculation. What he wanted to be done could only be effected by the means of money; not a farthing then was to be expended upon idleness, nor for any purpose of which a good account could not be rendered. His ostentatious father, too, had doubtless kept him bare of cash, when Wilhelm was crown prince, that the king might lavish his stores on imitating the courtly expenditure of the elder kings, as the frog in the fable might imitate the ox; and this early denial of command of money would make its possession more coveted now, and its retention more desirable, when, as monarch himself, he obtained control of the exchequer. But this was not avarice, as his daughter Wilhelmina

avows, who makes the loudest plaint of his niggardliness :—

"His excessive love of money," says the Margravine of Baireuth, in her entertaining memoirs, "has made him pass for an avaricious man. It is however only in his personal and family concerns that he can be reproached with that vice, for he liberally lavished wealth upon his favourites, and those who were zealously attached to his service."

His army was with Wilhelm his first and chief concern, and his battalion of giants, his harmless but very expensive hobby. Had Patagonia been within reach, it had been a god-send beyond any other in his mania for military procerity—a mania the more curious, as the monarch was himself a dumpy figure, and his son decidedly undersized. But he did and would gratify this passion at any expenditure of pains and cash; no inducement to enlist in his Guards being withheld if the recruit stretched upwards by a few inches more than were accorded to medium humanity. Seven or eight hundred pounds were not too much for a sizeable person, and the bill for the capture and transport of James Kirkman, the Irish Giant, far exceeds this sum. As it is a curious document, and preserved in the *Jugendjahre* of Friedrich the Great, by Förster, we present the items as they were furnished to the king, whose eyes, when they glistened with delight on the stalwart form of the tall Hibernian, must have justified to the soul of parsimony itself the unusual expenditure :—

	£	s.	d.
"To the man himself on condition of his giving up his person (the bounty), . . .	1,000	0	0
For the sending of two spies, . . .	18	18	0
The journey from Ireland to Chester, . . .	30	0	0
From Chester to London, . . .	25	12	0
To the man who accompanied him on the journey, . . .	10	10	0
To himself on his arrival, . . .	1	18	0
Three years of wages promised to him, . . .	60	0	0
To some of his acquaintances in London who helped to persuade him, . . .	18	18	0
A fortnight's allowance, . . .	1	8	0
For a uniform, shoes, &c., . . .	19	6	0
Journey from London to Berlin, . . .	21	0	0
Post-horses from Gravesend to London and back, . . .	6	6	0

	£	s.	d.
To other persons employed in the business, . . .	8	7	0
To two soldiers of the guard who assisted, . . .	15	15	0
To some persons for secrecy, Expenses at the inn at Gravesend, . . .	12	12	0
To a justice of peace, . . .	4	13	0
To a man who accompanied and watched him constantly, . . .	6	6	0
For a boat, . . .	3	3	0
For letters to Ireland and back, . . .	0	5	0
	2	10	0

The whole sum is £1,200 10s., for a single recruit, who appears to have valued himself at the full measure of his merit, when we look at the high bounty he extracted.

There would seem to have been another Irishman amongst these colossal, named Macdowal. This, in fact, was the directest way to the monarch's heart and purse. Present him a stalking man-mountain, and the king became decidedly amiable; bag him a brace of this gigantic game, and you made him yours for ever. The hunt after his giants was often diversified with ludicrous incidents, such as the story of the little wizened old woman whom he had married by mistake to his tallest grenadier, instead of the young giantess the king had meant for that honour; but some were tragic, especially to the kidnapped individuals; while neighbouring monarchs often took in high dudgeon his poaching on their preserves. The tragic finds illustration in the following from Carlyle :—

"Any number of recruits that stand well on their legs are welcome; and for a tall man there is joy in Potsdam, almost as if he were a wise man or a good man."

"The consequence is all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals—Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary; lynx-eyed, eager almost as the Jesuit hounds are, not hunting the souls of men, as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies in a merciless carnivorous manner. Better not to be too tall in any country at present! Irish Kirkman could not be protected by the ægis of the British constitution itself. In general, however, the Prussian recruiter, on British ground, reports that the people are too well off, that there is little to be done in those parts. A tall British

to disturb himself with such cares; and as the legacy lapses, in default of claimant, to the convent of St. Lazarus of Medina, he probably deems that it will be as well bestowed."

"Lazarus will have fallen upon some savoury crumbs this time," muttered Kelly, whose disposition to jest seemed beyond all his self-control.

"It was this very day Massoni hoped to have brought me some tidings of the youth," said the Cardinal, rising, "and he has not appeared. It must be as you have said, Kelly: the grave has closed over him. There is now, therefore, a great danger to guard against: substitution of some other for him—not by Massoni; he is a man of probity and honour; but he may be imposed on by others. It is a fraud which would well repay all its trouble."

"There is but one could detect the

trick—that Luke McManus, the Carthusian I have mentioned to your Eminence. He knew the boy well, and was entrusted by the Prince to take charge of him; but he is away in Ireland.

"But could be fetched, if necessary," said Caraffa, half-musing, as he moved towards the door.

Massoni did not wait to hear more, but stealthily threading his way through the copse, he gained the garden, and retracing his steps, returned to the convent. Ascending to his chamber by a private stair, he gave his servant orders to say that he was indisposed, and could not receive any one.

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CHAPTER XVII.

AN AUDIENCE.

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Massoni smiled as he prepared to obey; it amused him to think, that in a game of craft and subtlety his Eminence should dare to confront him, and yet this was evidently his policy.

The Cardinal's carriage stood ready horsed in the court-yard as the Pere passed through, and a certain air of impatience in the servants, showed that the time of departure had been inconveniently delayed.

"That thunder-storm will break over us before we are half way across the Campagna," cried one.

"We were ordered for one, and it is now past three, and though the horses were taken from their feed to get in readiness, here we are still."

"And all because a Jesuit is at his devotions?"

The look of haughty rebuke Massoni turned upon them, as he caught these words, made them shrink back abashed and terrified; and none knew when, nor in what shape, might come the punishment for this insolence.

"You have forgotten an appointment, Pere Massoni," said the Cardinal, as the other entered his chamber,

with a deep and respectful reverence, "an appointment too, of your own making. There is an opinion abroad, that we Cardinals are men of leisure, whose idle hours are at the discretion of all; I had hoped, that to this novel theory the Pere Massoni would not have been a convert."

"Nor am I, your Eminence. It would ill become one who wears such a frock as this to deny the rights of discipline and the benefits of obedience."

"But you are late, sir?"

"If I am so, your Eminence will pardon me when I give the reason. The entire of last night was passed by me, in watching for the arrival of a certain youth, who did not come till high daybreak, and even then, so ill, so worn out and exhausted, that I have been in constant care of him ever since."

"And he is come—he is actually here?" cried the Cardinal, eagerly.

"He is, at this moment, in the college."

"How have you been able to authenticate his identity; the rumour goes, that he died years ago."

"It is a somewhat entangled skein, your Eminence, but will stand the test of unravelment. Intervals there are, indeed, in his story, unfilled up; lapses of time, in which I am left to mere conjecture, but his career is

that he had long since left Rome and even Italy. The last tidings of him came from Ireland, where he was living as a dependent on some reduced family."

"There is no time to fetch him from Ireland," said his Highness; "and yet, Kelly, I'd give a thousand pounds that he were here." He then asked me if I remembered a certain boy, dressed like a collegier of the Jesuits, who came one night long ago to the palace with this same Carthusian."

"I said, yes; that though his Royal Highness believed that I was away from Rome that night, I came back post haste from Albano; and finding myself in one of the corridors, I waited till the friar came out from his interview with the boy beside him."

"True, true, Kelly; I meant you to have known nothing of this visit. So then you saw the boy. What thought you of him?"

"I saw and marked him well, for his fair hair and skin were so distinctively English, they made a deep impression upon me."

"He had the mouth, too, Kelly—a little pouting and over full-lipped. Did you mark that?"

"No, sire; I did not observe him so closely."

"How poor and ragged the child was; his very shoes were broken. Did you see his shoes?—and that frail bit of serge was all his covering against the keen blast. Oh, George! cried he, as his lip shook with emotion, 'what would you say if that poor boy, all wretched and wayworn as you saw him, were the true heir of a throne, and that the proudest in Europe. What a lesson for human greatness that! It was a scurvy trick you played me that night, sir,' said he, quickly changing, for his moods were ever thus, and you never could guess how long any theme would engage him—'a scurvy trick, sir, to pry into what your master desired you should not know. I had my own good reasons for what I did, and it ill became you to contravene them; but it was like your cloth—ay, sirrah, it was the trick of all your kind."

"Out of this he fell a weeping over the fallen fortunes of his house, asking again and again if history contained any thing its equal; and say-

ing that other dynasties had fallen through their crimes and cruelties, but that his house had been ruined by trustfulness and generosity, and so he forgot the boy and all about him."

"And think you it was to this youth that his Royal Highness bequeathed the sum mentioned in his will, together with his George, the Grand Cross of Malta, and the St. John of Jerusalem, for so the Cardinal York tells me the bequest runs?"

"As to that I can say nothing," said Kelly, boldly.

"I have heard," said the Cardinal again, "that in a sealed letter to his brother York the Prince acknowledges this boy as his son, born in wedlock, his mother being of an ancient and noble house." Then quickly changing his tone, he asked, "How are we to find him, Kelly? Do you believe that he still lives?"

"I have no means of knowing; but if I wished to trace a man, not merely in Europe, but through the globe itself, I am aware of but one police to trust to."

"And that?"—

"The Jesuits: they are everywhere; and everywhere cautious, painstaking, and trustworthy; they are well skilled in pursuits like these; and even when they fail—and they seldom fail—they never compromise such as employ them."

"Well," said the Cardinal, "they have failed here. They have been on the track of this young fellow for years back; and when I tell you that the craftiest of them all, Maassoni, has not been able to find a clew to him, what will you say?"

"Why, that he must be dead and buried, your Eminence," broke in Kelly.

"To that conclusion have I come myself, Fra Kelly. Had he been alive he had come long since to claim this costly inheritance. Seven hundred thousand Roman scudi, the Palazzo Albuquerque, at Albano, with all its splendid pictures and jewels, worth double the whole!"—

"Egad, I had come out of my grave to assert my right to such a bequest," said Kelly, laughing. "Has the Cardinal York made search for him, your Eminence," said he, hastily correcting his levity.

"The Cardinal York is not likely

to disturb himself with such cares; and as the legacy lapsed, in default of claimant, to the convent of St. Lazarus of Medina, he probably deems that it will be as well bestowed."

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traceable throughout; and I can track him from the days in which he stood an acolyte beside our altars, to the hour we now talk in."

"It is to your sanguine hopes you have been listening, rather than cold reason, Pere."

"Look at me, Eminence,—scan me well, and say, do I look like those who are slaves to their own enthusiasm."

"The strongest currents are often calm on the surface."

The Pere sighed heavily, but did not answer.

"The youth himself, too, may have aided the delusion: he is, probably, one well suited to inspire interest: in a varied and adventurous life, men of this stamp acquire, amidst their other worldly gifts, a marvellous power of persuasiveness."

The Pere smiled half sadly.

"You would tell me, by that smile, Pere Massoni, that you are not to be the victim of such seductions; that you understand mankind in a spirit that excludes such error."

"Far be it from me to indulge such boastfulness," said the other, meekly.

"At all events," said the Cardinal, half peevishly, "he who has courage and ambition enough to play this game is, doubtless, a fellow of infinite resource and readiness, and will have, at least, plausibility on his side."

"Would that it were so," exclaimed Massoni, eagerly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Would that he were one who could boldly assert his own proud cause, and vindicate his own high claims; would that he had come through the terrible years of his suffering life, with a spirit hardened by trials, and a courage matured by exercise; would, above all, that he had not come from the conflict broken in health, shattered and down-stricken. Ay, sir, this youth of bold pretensions, of winning manners, and persuasive gifts, is a poor fellow so stunned by calamity, as to be helpless!"

"Is he dying," cried the Cardinal, with intense anxiety.

"It were as well to die as live what he now is!" said the Pere, solemnly.

"Have the doctors seen him?—has Fabrichetti been with him?"

"No sir. It is no case for their as-

sistance, my own poor skill can teach me so much. His is the malady of the wounded spirit, and the injured mind."

"Is his reason affected," asked Caraffa, quickly.

"I trust not; but it is a case where time and care can be the only physicians."

"And so, therefore, falls to the ground the grand edifice you have so long been rearing. The great foundation itself is rotten."

"He may recover, sir," said Massoni, slowly.

"To what end, I ask you, to what end."

"At least to claim a princely heritage," said Massoni, boldly.

"Who says so!—of what heritage do you speak? You are surely too wise to put faith in the idle stories men repeat of this or that legacy, left by the late Prince."

"I know enough, sir, to be sure that I speak on good authority; and I repeat, that when this youth can prove his descent, he is the rightful heir to a royal fortune. It may be, that he will have higher and nobler ambitions: he may feel that a great cause is ever worthy a great effort; that the son of a prince cannot accept life on the same humble terms as other men. In short, sir, it may chance that the dream of a poor Jesuit father should become a grand reality."

"If all be but as real as the heritage, Massoni," said the Cardinal, scoffingly, "you called it by its true name, when you said 'dream.'"

"Have you, then, not heard of this legacy?"

"Heard of it! Yes: all Rome heard of it; and, for that matter, his Royal Highness may have left him St. James's, and the royal forest of Windsor."

"Your Eminence, then, doubts that there was any thing to bequeath?"

"There is no need to canvass what I doubt. I'll tell you what I know. The rent of the Altieri for the last two years is still unpaid; the servants at Albano have not received their wages, and the royal plate is at this moment pledged in the hands of the Jew Alcaico."

The Pere was silent. The sole effect this stunning tidings had on him was to speculate to what end and with what

object the Cardinal said all this. It was not the language he had used a short hour ago with Kelly. Whence, therefore, this change of tone? Why did he now disparage the prospects he had then upheld so highly? These were questions not easily solved in a moment, and Massoni pondered them deeply. The Cardinal had begun with hinting doubts of the youth's identity, and then he had scoffed at the prospect of his inheritance. Was it that by these he meant to discourage the scheme of which he should have been the head, or was it that some deeper and more subtle plan occupied his mind? And if so, what could it be?

"I see how I have grieved and disappointed you, Pere Massoni," said his Eminence, blandly; "and I regret it. Life is little else than a tale of such reverses."

The Pere's dark eyes glanced forth a gleam of intense intelligence. It was the light of a sudden thought that flashed across his brain. He remembered that when the Cardinal moralized he meant a treachery, and now he stood on his guard.

"I had many things to tell your Eminence of Ireland," he began, in a calm, subdued voice. "The priest Carrol has just come from thence, and can speak of events as he has witnessed them. The hatred to England and English rule increases every day, and the great peril is that this animosity may burst forth without guidance or direction. The utmost efforts of the leaders are required to hold the people back."

"They never can wish for a fitter moment. England has her hands full, and can scarcely spare a man to repress rebellion in Ireland."

"The Irish have not any organization amongst them. Remember, your Eminence, that they have been held like a people in slavery: the gentry discredited, the priests insulted. The first efforts of such a race cannot have the force of union or combination. They must needs be desultory and partisan, and if they cannot obtain aid from others, they will speedily be repressed."

"What sort of aid?"

"Arms and money; they have neither. Of men there is no want. Men of military knowledge and skill will also be required; but more even than these they need the force

that foreign sympathy would impart to their cause. Carrol, who knows the country well, says that the bare assurance that Rome looked on the coming struggle with interest would be better than ten thousand soldiers in their ranks. Divided, as they are, by seas from all the world, they need the encouragement of this sympathy to assure them of success."

"They are brave, are they not?"

"Their courage has never been surpassed."

"And true and faithful to each other?"

"A fidelity that cannot be shaken."

"Have they no jealousies or petty rivalries to divide them?"

"None—or next to none. The deadly hatred to the Saxon buries all discords between them."

"What want they more than this, then, to achieve independence. Surely no army that England can spare could meet a people thus united?"

"The struggle is far from an equal one, between a regular force and a mere multitude. But let us suppose that they should conquer: who is to say to what end the success may be directed? There are fatal examples abroad. Is it to establish the infidelity of France men should thus sell their lives? Is it standing here as we do now, in the city and stronghold of the church, that we can calmly contemplate a conflict that may end in worse than a heresy."

"There cannot be worse than some heresies," broke in the Cardinal.

"Be it so; but here might be the cradle of many. The sympathy long entertained towards France would flood the land with all her doctrines; and this island, where the banner of the faith should be unfurled, may become a fastness of the infidel."

"Magna est veritas et prevalebit," exclaimed the Cardinal, sententially.

"Any thing will 'prevail' if you have grape and canister to enforce it. Falsehood, as well as truth, only needs force to make it victorious."

"For a while—for a short while—holy Father."

"What is human life but a short while. But to our theme. Are we to aid these men or not? It is for our flag they are fighting now. Shall we suffer them to transfer their allegiance?"

"The storm is about to break, your Eminence," said the Cardinal's majordomo, as he presented himself, suddenly. "Shall I order the carriages back to the stables?"

"No; I am ready. I shall set out at once. You shall hear from me to-morrow or next next day, Massoni," said he, in a low whisper; "or, better still, if you could come out to Albano to see me."

The Pere bowed deeply, without speaking.

"These are not matters to be disposed of in a day, or an hour; we must have time."

The Pere bowed again, and withdrew. As he turned his steps homeward, his thoughts had but one subject. "What was the game his Eminence was bent on? What scheme was he then revolving in his mind?"

Once more beside the sick bed of young Gerald, all Massoni's fears for the future came back. What stuff was therein that poor, broken-spirited youth, whose meaningless stare now met him, of which to make the leader in a perilous enterprise. Every look, every gesture, but indicated a temperament soft, gentle, and compliant; and if by chance he uttered a stray word, it was spoken timidly and distrustfully, like one who feared to give trouble. Never did there seem a case where the material was less suited for the purpose for which it was meant; and the Pere gazed down at him, as he lay in deep and utter dependency. In the immense difficulty of the case all its interest reposed; and he felt what a triumph it would be, could he only resuscitate that dying youth, and make him the head of a great achievement. It was a task that might try all his resources, and he resolved to attempt it.

We will not weary our reader with the uneventful story of that recovery: the progress so painfully slow that its steps were imperceptible, and the change which gradually converted the state of fatuity to one of speculation, and finally brought the youth out of sickness and suffering, and made him—weak and delicate, of course—able to feel enjoyment in life and eager for its pleasures. If Gerald could never fathom the mystery of all the care bestowed upon him, nor guess why he was thus tended and watched, as little could the Pere Massoni

comprehend the strange features of that intellect which each day's experience continued to reveal to him. Through all the womanly tenderness of his character there ran a vein of romantic aspiration, undirected and unguided it is true, but which gave promise of an ambitious spirit. The some great enterprize had been the dream of his early youth—some adventurous career—seemed a fixed notion with himself; and why, and how, and wherefore its accomplishment had been interrupted, was the difficulty that often occupied his thoughts for hours. In his vain endeavour to trace back events, snatches of his early life would rise to his memory: his sick bed at the Tana—his wandering in the Maremma—the simple songs of Marietta—the spirit-stirring verses of Alfieri; and through these, as dark clouds louring over a sunny landscape, the bitter lessons of Gabriel Riquetti—his cold sarcasm and his disbelief. For all vicissitudes of the youth's life the Pere was prepared, but not for that strange discursive reading of which his memory was filled; and it was not easy to understand by what accident his mind had been stored with snatches of Jacobite songs—passages from Pascal—dreary reveries of Jean Jacques, and heroic scenes of Alfieri.

Led on to study the singular character of the youth's mind, Massoni conceived for him at length a strong affection; but though recognising how much of good and amiable there was in his disposition, he saw, too, that the intellect had been terribly disturbed, and that the dreadful scene he had gone through had left their indelible traces upon him.

Scarcely a day passed that the Pere did not change his mind about him. At one moment he would feel confident that Gerald was the very stuff they needed, bold, high-hearted, and daring; at the next, he would sink into despondency over the youth's child-like waywardness—his uncertainty, and his capriciousness. There was really no fixity of character about him; and even in his most serious moods, droll and absurd images would present themselves to his mind, and turn at once all the current of his thoughts. While weeks rolled over thus, the Pere continued to assure the Cardinal that the young man

was gradually gaining in health and strength, and that even his weakly, convalescent state gave evidence of traits that offered noble promise of a great future.

Knowing all the importance of the

first impression the youth should make on his Eminence, the Pere continued by various pretexts to defer the day of the meeting. The Cardinal, however, was peremptory; and the morning was at last fixed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A JESUIT'S STROKE OF POLICY.

ALTHOUGH the Pere Massoni desired greatly to inform Gerald on all the circumstances of his parentage and his supposed rights, he perceived all the importance of letting that communication come from the Cardinal Caraffa. It was not merely that the youth would himself be more impressed by the tidings, but that the Cardinal would be so much the more pledged to the cause in which he had so far interested himself.

To accomplish this project, the Jesuit had recourse to all his address, since his Eminence continued to maintain a policy of strict reserve, pledging himself to nothing, and simply saying, "When I have seen him, and spoken with him, it will be time enough to give an opinion as to the future."

To this Massoni objected, by alluding to the evil effect of such want of confidence.

"He will be a prince, with royal rights and belongings, one of these days; and he will not forget the cold reserve of all this policy; whereas, on the other hand, he would never cease to remember with gratitude him from whose lips he first learned his good fortune."

He urged these and similar arguments with all his zeal, but yet unsuccessfully; and it was only at last, when he said that he would appeal to the Cardinal York, that Caraffa yielded, and agreed to concede to his wishes.

The Pere had procured copies of various documents which established the marriage of Prince Charles Edward with Grace Fitzgerald of Cappa Glynn; a record of the baptism of Gerald, who was born at Marne, in Brittany; several letters in the handwriting of the Prince, acknowledging his marriage, and speaking of his child as one some day or other to enjoy a princely state; and a fragment of a letter from Grace herself, in which she speaks of the cruelty of

asking her to surrender the proofs of her marriage, and pleads in the name of her boy for its recognition. Another letter from her, evidently in answer to one from the Cardinal York, whose intercession she had entreated, gave some most touching details of her life of poverty and privation, and the straits by which she avoided the discovery of a secret which to herself would have been the source of greatness and high station. Numerous letters in the hand-writing of the Cardinal Gualterio also showed the unavailing efforts made by the Prince's family to induce her to give a formal denial to the reputed marriage: in these, frequent mention was made of the splendid compensation that would be made to Grace Fitzgerald if she relinquished her claim, and the total inutility of persisting to maintain it.

All these documents had been obtained by Carrol, either original or copied, from the Fitzgeralds of Cappa Glynn. Most of these had been in Grace's own possession, and some had been brought from Rome by Fra Luke, when he left that city for Ireland. A list of these papers, with their contents, had been furnished to the Cardinal Caraffa, accompanied by a short paper drawn up by Massoni himself. In this "memoir," the Pere had distinctly shown that the question of the youth's legitimacy was indisputable, and that even if his Eminence demurred to the project of making him the head of a great political movement, his right as heir to the Prince could not be invalidated.

The Cardinal bestowed fully three weeks over these records before he gave any reply to Massoni, and then he answered in a tone of half-careless and discouraging meaning, "that the papers were curious—interesting, too—from the high station of many of the writers, but evidently deficient as proofs of a matter so pregnant with great results." He hinted also, that

from the wayward, adventurous kind of life Charles Edward led, a charge of this nature would not be difficult to make, and even support by very plausible evidence of its truth; and lastly, he assured the Pere that the will of his Royal Highness contained no allusion to such an heir, nor any provision for him.

"You seem to make a point of my seeing the youth, to which I do not perceive there is any objection, but that you couple it with the condition of my making him the momentous communication of his birth and rank. Surely, you cannot mean that on the vague evidence now before me, I am to pledge myself to these facts, and endorse documents so unsubstantiated as these are? As to your opening any communication with the Cardinal York, I cannot listen to it. His Eminence is in the most precarious state of health, and his nervous irritability so intense, that any such step on your part would be highly indiscreet. If, therefore, it be your determination to take this course, mine is as firmly adopted—to withdraw altogether from any interest in the affair. The earlier I learn from you which line you intend to pursue, the more agreeable will it be to

"Your very true friend,

"CARAFFA, Cardinal."

Massoni returned no reply to this letter. The crafty father saw that the threat of addressing the Cardinal York had so far affrighted Caraffa, that he was sure to come to any terms that would avoid this contingency. To leave this menace to work slowly, gradually, and powerfully into his mind, Massoni at once decided.

When, therefore, after a week's silence, the Cardinal sent him a few lines to intimate that his former letter remained unanswered, the Pere simply said, that his Eminence's letter was one which, in his humility, he could only reflect over and not answer.

The day after he had despatched this, a plain carriage, without arms, and the servants in dark grey liveries, drove into the college, and the Cardinal Caraffa got out of it and asked to see the Rector.

With a cheek slightly flushed, and a haughty step, Caraffa entered the little library, where the Pere was seated at study, and though Massoni's reception was marked by every observance of respectful humility, his Eminence sharply said:

"You carry your head high, Pere Massoni. You have a haughty spirit. Is it that your familiarity with Royalty has taught you to treat Cardinals thus cavalierly."

"I am the humblest slave and servant of your Eminence," was the submissive answer, as with arms crossed upon his breast and head bent forward, Massoni stood before him.

"I should be sorry to have a whole household of such material," said the Cardinal, with a supercilious smile; then, after a moment, and in an easier, lighter tone of banter he said, "And His Royal Highness, Pere, how is he?"

"The Prince is better, your Eminence; he is able to walk about the garden, where he is at this moment."

"The cares of his estate have not, I trust, interfered with his recovery," said Caraffa, in the same accent of mockery.

"If he does not yet know them," said Massoni gravely, "it is because in my deference to your Eminence, I have waited for yourself to make the communication."

"Are you still decided, then, that he must be of royal race?"

"I see no reason why he should be robbed of his birth-right."

"Would you make him the heir of Charles Edward?"

"He is so."

"King of England, too?"

"If legitimacy mean any thing, he is that also."

"Arnulph tells us, that when a delusion gets hold of a strong intellect, it grows there like an oak that has its roots in a rock: its progress slow, its development difficult, but its tenacity irradicable."

"Your Eminence's logic would be excellent in its application, but that you have assumed the whole question at issue! Are you so perfectly sure that this is a delusion?"

"Let us talk like men of the world, Pere Massoni," said Caraffa, bluntly. "If this tale be all true, what interest has it for you or me?"

"Its truth, your Eminence," said the Pere, with a gesture of deep humility, as though by a show of respect to cover the bold rebuke of his words.

"So far, of course, it claims our sympathy and our support," said Caraffa, reddening; "but my question was addressed rather to what would

carry a more worldly signification. I meant, in short, to what object could it contribute for which we are interested."

"I have already, and at great length, explained to your Eminence, the importance of connecting the great convulsion of the day, with a movement in favour of monarchy and the church. When men wandered from the one, they deserted the other. Let us see if the beacon that lights to the throne should not show the path to the shrine also."

"You would assuredly accept a very humble instrument to begin your work with."

"A fisherman and a tent-maker sustained a grander cause against a whole world!"

The Cardinal started. He was not, for a second or two, quite satisfied that the reply was devoid of profanity. The calm seriousness of Massoni's face, however, showed that the speech was not uttered in a spirit of levity.

"Pere Massoni," said the Cardinal, seriously, "let us bethink ourselves well ere we are committed to the cause of this youth. Are we so sure that it is a charge will repay us?"

"I have given the matter the best and maturest reflection," said the Pere; "I have tested it in all ways as a question of right, of justice, and of expediency; I have weighed its influence on the present, and its consequences on the future; and I see no obstacles or difficulties, save such as present themselves where a great work is to be achieved."

"Had you lived in as close intimacy with the followers of the Stuarts as I have, Massoni, you would pause ere you linked the fortunes of an enterprise with a family so unlucky. Do you know," added he, earnestly, "there was scarcely a mishap of the last expedition not directly traceable to the Prince."

The Pere shook his head in dissent. "You have not then heard, as I have, of his rashness, his levity, his fickleness, and, worse than all these, his obstinacy."

"There is not one of these qualities without another name," said the Pere, with a sad smile; and they would read as truthfully if called bravery, high-heartedness, versatility, and resolution; but were it all as your

Eminence says, it matters not. Here is an enterprise totally different. The cause of the Stuarts appealed to the chivalry of a people, and what a mere fragment of a nation accepts or recognizes such a sympathy. The cause of the Church will appeal to all that calls itself Catholic. The great element of failure in the Jacobite cause was that it never was a religious struggle: it was the assertion of legitimacy, the rights of a dynasty; and the question of the Faith, was only an incident of the conflict. Here," he added, proudly, "it will be otherwise, and the greatest banner in the fight will be inscribed with a cross!"

"Prince Charles Edward failed, with all the aid of France to back him; and how is his son—if he be his son—to succeed, who has no ally, no wealth, and no prestige?"

"And do you not know that it was France and French treachery that wrecked the cause of the Stuarts. Did not the Cardinal Gualterio detect the secret correspondence between the Tuilleries and St. James's? Is it not on record that the expedition was delayed three days in sailing, to give time to transmit intelligence to the English government?"

"These are idle stories, Massoni; Gualterio only dreamed them."

"Mayhap it was also a dream that the Prince was ordered to quit Paris in twenty-four hours, and the soil of France within a week, at the express demand of England?"

"What you now speak of was a later policy, ignoble and mean I admit."

"But why waste time on the past. Has your Eminence read the memoir I sent you?"

"I have."

"Have you well and duly weighed the importance attached to the different character of the present scheme from all that has preceded it, and how much that character is likely to derive support from the peculiarity of the Irish temperament?"

"Yes. It is a people eminently religious—steadfast in the faith."

"Have you well considered that if this cause be not made our own it will be turned against us; that the agents of Irish independence—Tone, Teeling, Jackson, and others—are in close communication with the French government, and earnestly entreating them

donnez moi, mon cher Katte!' cried Friedrich, in a tone. 'Pardon me, my dear Katte; O that this should be what I have done for you!' 'Death is sweet for a prince I love so well,' said Katte. *La mort est douce pour un si aimable prince*; and fared on, round some angle of the fortress, it appears, not in sight of Friedrich, who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

"The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order, and was buried at night obscurely, in the common churchyard. Friends in silence took mark of the place against better times; and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred.

"'Never was such a transaction before or since, in modern history,' cries the angry reader. 'Cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under mill-stones; like —' or, indeed, like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone. This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion."

We could have wished that Katte's fate had been otherwise; but we can scarcely accord to that misguided officer the compassion which Carlyle implies to be his due. In so far as he is made a scape-goat for the Prince's offence we yield him our pity, but personally he has no claim on our regret. He belonged to that class of perverse fools who do more mischief than the deliberately wicked, and whom it is impossible to save from the consequences of their own folly. As the favourite companion of the favourite brother of the Princess Royal, his position gave him opportunities of acquaintance, at second hand, at least, with that august lady, and his imprudence laid Wilhelmina open to unfriendly rumours. He publicly exhibited in Berlin, the princess's portrait, which, nevertheless, he avowed he only copied from one in Prince Friedrich's possession; but when appealed to to give it up, at the instance of the Queen herself, he refused to surrender it. What cared he how he compromised a lady of exalted station, so he gained with the public the *eclat* of a successful royal amour! The king had heard enough of his *escapades* to prompt him, on the arrest of Katte, to charge his daughter with having borne him several children, a mere

alander, but one sufficient to provoke a father and a king to very unusual measures of severity. The provocation of Katte was, therefore, not confined to the single act of complicity in the son's design of flight, but was made up of a long series of impertinences, disloyalties, and presumptions, such as swelled the rage of Wilhelm to bursting, and carried away the offender in its flood. Escape before arrest was possible, too, for the braggart; and he might easily have got off scot free, but the vain fool could not recognise his danger. Nothing became him in life so much as his departure from it. From Förster's *Jugend-jahre* we extract the following paragraphs, from a paper addressed from his prison to his young master:

"IX. I again implore the Prince Royal most solemnly, in the name of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, to submit himself to his father's will, both on account of the promises contained in the fifth commandment, and also from fear of the law of retaliation, which might some day make him feel the same griefs from his own children.

"X. I beseech the Prince Royal to consider the vanity of those designs of men which are concerted without God. The Prince Royal would have wished to serve me, and to raise me to dignities and honours: see how these designs are frustrated! I therefore beseech the Prince Royal to take the law of God for the rule of all his actions, and to try them by the test of his sacred will.

"XI. The Prince Royal ought to be certain that he is deceived by those who flatter his passions, for they have only in view their own interests and not his; and he ought, on the other hand, to regard as his true friends those who tell him the truth, and oppose themselves to his inclinations.

"XII. I implore the Prince Royal to repent, and to submit his heart to God.

"XIII. Finally, I implore the Prince Royal not to believe in predestination, but to acknowledge the providence and the hand of God even in the smallest occurrences in the world."

This, it will be owned, goes far to cancel the evil of his precedents, and is not given by Carlyle, but referred to thus: "He did heartily repent and submit; left with Chaplain Müller a paper of pious considerations, admonishing the prince to submit."

The prince yielded to that counsel ere long, finding resistance in vain,

velvet, such as Charles Edward used to wear when a young man; a blue silk under-vest, barely appearing, gave the impression that it was the ribbon of the garter, which the young Prince rarely laid aside.

Not all the eloquence and all the subtlety of Maassoni could have accomplished the result which was in a moment effected by that apparition, and as Gerald stood half timidly, half haughtily there, Caraffa bowed low, and with all the deference he would have accorded to superior rank. For a second the dark eyes of the Jesuit flashed a gleam of triumph, but the next moment his look was calm and composed. The crafty Pere saw that the battle was won if the struggle could be but concluded at once, and so, addressing Gerald in a tone of marked deference, he said—

"I have long wished for the day when I should see this meeting; that its confidence may be unbroken and undisturbed, I will withdraw;" and with a separate reverence to each, the Pere backed to the door and retired.

Whatever suspicions might have occurred to the Cardinal's mind had he but time for reflection, there was now no opportunity to indulge. All had happened so rapidly, and above all there was still the spell over him of that resemblance, which seemed every moment to increase; such indeed was its influence, that it at once routed all the considerations of his prudent reserve, and made him forget every thing save that he stood in the presence of a Stuart.

"If I am confused, sir, and agitated," began he, "at this our first meeting, lay it to the account of the marvellous resemblance by which you recall my recollection of the Prince, your father. I knew him when he was about your own age, and when he graciously distinguished me by many marks of his favour."

"My father!" said Gerald, over whose face a deep crimson blush first spread, and then a pallor equally

great succeeded—"did you say my father?"

"Yes, sir. It was my fortune to be associated closely with his Royal Highness at St. Germain and afterwards in Auvergne."

Overcome by his feeling of amazement at what he heard, and yet unable to summon calmness to inquire further, Gerald sank into a chair, vainly trying to collect his faculties. Meanwhile Caraffa continued—

"As an old man and a priest I may be forgiven for yielding slowly to convictions, and for what almost would seem a reluctance to accept as fact the evidence of your birth and station; but your presence, sir—your features as you sit there, the image of your father—appeal to something more subtle than my reason, and I feel that I am in the presence of a Stuart. Let me, then, be the first to offer the homage that is, or at least one day will be, your right;" and so saying, the Cardinal took Gerald's hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Is this a dream?" muttered Gerald half aloud—"is my brain wandering?"

"No, sir, you are awake; the past has been the dream—the long years of sorrow and poverty—the trials and perils of your life of accident and adventure—this has been the dream; but you are now awake to learn that you are the true born descendant of a Royal House—a Prince of the Stuarts—the legitimate heir to a great throne!"

"I beseech you, sir," cried Gerald, in a voice broken by emotion, while the tears filled his eyes—"I beseech you, sir, not to trifle with the feelings of one whose heart has been so long the sport of fortune, that any, even the slightest shock, may prove too powerful for his strength."

"You are, sir, all that I have said. My age and the dress I wear may be my guarantees that I do not speak idly nor rashly."

A long-drawn sigh burst from the youth, and with it he fainted.

On the truth of the penitent son's deliverance our author exhibits a profound reliance, while the pathos of such a life as that of Friedrich Wilhelm finds a full response in the bosom of one who is himself an earnest, misunderstood, and struggling worker. Our thorough belief is, notwithstanding certain random and impatient utterances of this great writer scattered here and there throughout his voluminous works, that Mr. Carlyle is unapproachably the most pathetic writer of the day. In fiction no modern novelist, be he who he may, has produced any thing one-half so moving as the inimitable pathos of the German professor's first, last, only kiss of his beloved; and the present work, like all his biographies, is brimful of sympathy with the sorrows of his species. As he looks out on the tangled maze of man's life from those fiery-lion eyes of his, he seems ever more ready to weep tears of blood over human shames, and tears of distress over human suffering, than to indulge in the scowl of disgust, or the roar of vehement denunciation. The manhood of Carlyle is a shot tissue, a veined marble, a union of opposite qualities: as all true manhood is, it partakes of womanhood, and never forgets that it has had a mother:—

“——Never yet

Knew I a whole true man of Jove-like port
But in his heart of hearts there lived and
reigned

A very woman,—sensitive and quick
To teach him tears, and laughter, born of
toys

That meaner souls make mock at. If a
man

Include not thus a woman, he is less,
I hold than man.”

Making the slightest possible abatement of commendation, on the score of the historian's style, with its unarticulated substantives, verbs without auxiliaries, and abstract nouns used in plural forms—a suit which could easily be adopted by an imitator, but which, being a coat of mail hammered out by the skill of Mr. Carlyle, is worn most effectively only by himself; and, taking the greatest exception to his ricocheting with his subject, whereby he pounces down with wearisome iteration upon striking epithet, nickname, or fact, until the matter of a single volume grows in the process tediously into two, we have sincerely to thank our author for his

otherwise magnificent production. It is full to overflowing with the fruits of unsparing research—history contributing its annals, and gossip its anecdotes, till the result is, that of no court in Europe is so comprehensive and satisfactory an account in existence as of that of Berlin. Even the French memoirs, with all their freedom of revelation, are left behind by the unapproachable lucidity and completeness—so far as it has gone—of this *History of “Friedrich the Great.”* We candidly avow that we know nothing comparable to it.

But, while we cheerfully accord all the praise which is due to the master-workman who has done so well, we must repeat our disapproval of the personage whose reign the historian has yet to describe. There is an incongruity between the heroes whom Mr. Carlyle selects for the laurel which is beyond our competency to reconcile. From Cromwell to Frederick the Second;—from the grand old paladin to the French *petit-mâitre* and pedant;—from the Puritan, whose Bible was his law of duty, rigid and imperative as the stone-table of Sinai, to the thinker of unhallowed thoughts, with whom Revelation was but a bogie to frighten anility and childhood, is a great interval; not, indeed, from the sublime to the ridiculous, but an interval as morally wide, namely, from the worthy to the unworthy—from the admirable to the contemptible. What link of connexion has forged itself in the biographer's mind between extremes so strangely separate, as the Jephtha-judge of the British Israel, and the small unscrupulous Napoleon of Prussia, it were hard to discern, as the limits of the least fastidious *Hero-worship* scarcely span a space so extensive. There was indubitably something in the present hero of Carlyle's devotion, while the gentlemen of the royal races contemporary with Frederick were marvellously insane, destitute of kingcraft and every other craft, specifically of the craft of “good living”; yet, in this last point of comparison, the monarch of Prussia claimed no superiority over his brother kings; while, on the score of achievement and successful enterprise, his laurels are tarnished to us by the grossness of his life. We can never consent to become such indiscriminate admirers

claims:—"Now I've had great experience in this sort of thing. I know how to sit very well: Lawrence taught me. You see I keep my eyes on one spot, and then the artist always sees the same thing. If I don't keep my eyes on one spot, of course he don't see the same thing. And these gentlemen (the artists) ought to be considered, for they have a great deal to do. They have not only to observe and to imitate, but (with emphasis) to *verify* what they do; and I suppose they proceed by doing one feature first, correcting that, and then going on to another. That, indeed, is the way in which all difficult undertakings should be accomplished. *Do one thing first*; verify that, and then proceed to another."

Then turning round to the sculptor, the Duke went on:—"One thing, sir, I wish *you* particularly to observe, because Chantrey told me of it. Flat here, sir (placing his hand on his forehead); flat here, sir (placing it on his right temple); flat here, sir, (removing it to his left temple): three sides of a square. That I know, sir (lifting his finger, and speaking with emphasis), because Chantrey told me."

The sculptor shortly remarks that he should like to verify the accuracy of his bust by measurement. "Whatever is necessary, sir, while I am here." The sculptor takes advantage of the permission to make the most minute and frequent measurement by the compasses of every feature and every part of the Duke's face and head. As the sculptor and painter work simultaneously, one side of the face is seen by the sculptor in shadow. His Grace is aware of the fact, although it has not been mentioned to him; and when the sculptor wishes to examine the side of the face that is in shadow, the Duke immediately and unasked turns it round to the light for him.

A beautiful, intelligent, and sprightly little girl is present. She takes up the artist's pencils, and amuses herself by drawing upon a bit of paper some horizontal and vertical lines, which she calls "windows." When a window is finished, the little sylph pulls the Duke's sleeve. "Look here, Mr. Duke, at my windows!" "Mr. Duke" good-naturedly takes up the paper, and pretends to compare it

critically with the opposite window, of which it is said to be a representation. He then says, in a soft, deep, and gentle tone of voice, "Ah, my dear! very meritorious." The little girl then takes her paper, is busy with her lines and shading, and is soon pulling the Duke's sleeve again. The old gentleman is this time engaged in earnest conversation. He is so deaf that the child cannot make him hear: so she has to pull his sleeve more than once. "Ah, my dear! very ingenious," says the indulgent critic, after a brief survey. Again the child plies her pencil, and comes to "Mr. Duke" for praise and encouragement. This time it is "very meritorious;" then it is "very ingenious." The Duke does not trouble himself to find any other adjectives of commendation; and the interesting little sketcher is too happy at gaining the Duke's attention to find fault with the poverty of his critical vocabulary.

"Children are generally very fond of me," he says, after one of these interruptions. "I was at Lord ——'s the other day. (This nobleman was then high in the councils of his sovereign.) There is a fine little fellow there, who had been told I was coming, and who was on the look out for me. He called soldiers "rub-a-dubs," and as soon as he saw me he ran up to me and said, "they told me you were a rub-a-dub: you are not a rub-a-dub at all. You have not got a red coat." And the Duke laughed heartily at having been regarded as a distinguished impostor by the child, and no rub-a-dub at all.

"I don't always get on so well with children, though," adds the Duke; "for I was in the house of a French marquis once, and a child was brought in, in the arms of its nurse, to see me. I held out my hands for the little thing to come to me, but it seemed frightened and would not come; so I said to the little thing, '*Pourquoi?*' and she said, '*Il bat tout le monde.*' I suppose she had heard her nurse say so, and was afraid I should beat *her*. There was a large party present, and it excited a great deal of interest," the Duke modestly and naively adds.

After the sitting had lasted two hours, the Duke examines what has been done, and, to the surprise and

words fatigue you. If so, I will be satisfied to come and sit silently beside you, till you are stronger and better.

"Si—si," muttered Gerald, faintly, and at the same time he essayed to smile as it were in recognition.

A quick convulsive twitch of impatience passed across the Pere's pale face, but so rapidly that it seemed a spasm, and the features were the next moment calm as before; and now Massoni sat silently gazing on the tranquil lineaments before him. Amongst the varied studies of his laborious life medicine had not been neglected, and now he addressed himself to examine the condition and study the symptoms of the youth. The case was not of much bodily ailment, at least save in the exhaustion which previous illness had left. There was nothing like malady, but there were signs of a mischief far deeper, more subtle, and less curable than mere physical ill. The look of vacancy—the half-meaning smile—the dull languor, not alone in feature but in the way he lay—all presented matter for grave and weighty fears. The very presence of these signs, unaccompanied by ailment, gave a gloomier aspect to the case, and led the Pere to reflect whether such traits had any connexion with descent. The strong resemblance which the young man bore to the Stuarts—and there were few families where the distinctive traits were more marked—induced Massoni to consider the question with reference to *them*. They are indeed a race whose wayward impulses and rash resolves took oftentimes but little guidance of reason; but these were mere signs of eccentricity and not insanity. But might not the one be precursor to the other; might not the frail judgment, which sufficed for the every-day cares of life utterly give way in seasons of greater trial? Thus reasoning and communing with himself he sat till the hour struck which apprized him of his audience with the Cardinal.

It was not yet the season when Rome was filled by its higher classes, and Massoni could repair to the palace of the Cardinal without any of the secrecy observable at other periods. Still he deemed it more in accordance with the humility he affected, to seek admission by a small

garden gate, which opened on the Pinteau hill. The little portal admitted him into a garden such as only Italy possesses. The gardens of England are unrivalled for their peculiar excellence, and in the exquisite flavour of their fruit, and their perfection of order and neatness they stand unequalled in the world; the trim quaintness of the Dutch taste has also its special beauty, and nowhere can be seen such gorgeous colouring in flower-plots, such splendour of tulip and ranunculus: but there is in Italy a rich blending of culture and wildness—a mingled splendour and simplicity, just as in the great halls of the marble palace on the Neva, where the haughtiest noble in his diamond pelisse, stands side by side with the simple Boyard in his furs: so in the "golden Land," the cactus, and the mimosa, the orange and the pear-tree, the cedar of Lebanon and the stone-pine of the north, are commingled and interleaved; all signs of a soil which can supply nourishment to the rarest and most delicate, as well as to the hardiest of plants.

In this lovely wilderness, with many a group in marble, many a beautifully carved fountain, many an ornamental shrine, half hidden in its leafy recesses, the Pere now walked, screening his steps as he went, from that great range of windows which opened on a grand terrace—a precaution rather the result of habit than called for by the circumstance of the time. A fish-pond of some extent, with a small island, occupied the centre of the garden; the island itself being ornamented by a beautiful little shrine dedicated to our Lady of Rimini, the birth-place of the Cardinal. To this sacred spot his Eminence was accustomed to repair for secret worship each morning of his life. As a measure of respectful reverence for the great man's devotions, the place was studiously secluded from all intrusion, and even strangers—admitted as at rare intervals they were to visit the gardens—were never suffered to invade the sacred precincts of the island.

A strangely contrived piece of mechanism appended to the little wicket that formed the entrance always sufficed to show if his Eminence was engaged in prayer, and consequently removed from all pretext of interrup-

could see troops, when I was in India, with the naked eye twenty miles; distinguish the cavalry from the infantry; the troops that were in motion from those that were stationary."

With his usual honesty and candour, he hastens to add—"It is very true that I was favourably placed. The sun was shining on my back and upon the troops; but I saw them distinctly, and subsequent information proved that I was correct. I can now, when I am at Walmer, in clear weather, always tell by the naked eye when they light up on the opposite coast."

The Duke gives two hours and three-quarters to this sitting. He examines the picture (since engraved)

and approves of it, but points out that, in one particular, it is not accurate. The artist has placed a glove in his left hand, and "I never wear gloves," says the Duke; "but it is of no consequence; I don't wish it altered; I ought to have them."

The bust and picture in which the Great Duke took so much interest, were not unworthy of the unusual opportunities enjoyed by the artists—the Messrs. Weigall. The bust, verified by actual measurement, exhibits the massive proportions of the lower portion of the face, which lent so much steadfastness, determination, and force of character, to the Duke's aspect.

A BRITISH STRAW UPON AN INDIAN STREAM.

BUTTERFLIES should not be broken upon wheels. Nevertheless, it is at times allowable to run pins through their bodies, and to pin them upon corks, with wings displayed.

Then we admire their downy beauties, and the gorgeous contrast or harmonious uniformity of their tints.

Butterflies are by no means the only winged insects who are liable to this course of treatment. Other flutterers there be, less lovely and more mischievous; who have horny wing-cases, besides gauzy wings, and crusted breastplates, and back pieces, with hooked claws to their leglets. Concerning their impalement our compunction is always less acute. But if, moreover, it be their peculiarity to bore us by buzzing and droning, like black beetles when the lamps are lit; to foul the sugar, and get drowned in the milk, with a bad smell, like cockroaches; or to bite and sting, like others of the confraternity, then, indeed, there is a grim satisfaction in driving a savage pin-point into the cork, through case and carcase and all.

We have before us the second edition of a work by "Two Sisters:" a deprecatory title, if ever one was; and certainly we have no cruel thoughts of dealing too pointedly with the sisterly writers in their own persons. Let

them be butterflies; they have impaled themselves, whether cruelly or not, upon the cork of their own light literature, and have invited inspection of their winged finery.

Upon their second page we find them owning that what helped to "decide them completely" upon making their projected Indian expedition was this: "Beyond all, the extraordinary opportunities of collecting together with the greatest facility an outfit of unparalleled elegance, presented to us by the close of the French exhibition." Upon their third they tell us, with that frank minuteness for which ladies' letters are sometimes notable, that "before February arrived we found ourselves the fortunate possessors of fifty-three dresses each."

In Valetta harbour, these gay moths went boating, "prepared for the expedition by dressing in brown hats, dark skirts, and loose scarlet flannel jackets, made expressly for boating in,—what we considered the very perfection of feminine nautical costume; yet when we passed through the saloon I heard a gentleman say: 'I can't stand this. Let me away; let me away, before I get burnt up!'"

The very moths are transformed into candles, for other moths to burn their

wings at: the butterflies turned fire-flies. Indeed the two sisters must not say we do them injustice by asserting that they invite inspection of their finery.

Arrived at Dhoorgur, the metonym adopted by them for Meerut, they are invited to a dance; and, with consistent candour, disclose their "feelings during the first few moments of suspense," and claim that with such feelings "all their lady friends should sympathize." "Would our captivating toilettes be unavailing in procuring us partners; and of what kind?"

We both had the pleasure of knowing that two or three eye-glasses were steadily fixed on our white shoes, which were decorated with cherry-coloured bows. And this was the beginning of a controversy that raged long and violently, as long as we remained in the station, about these said bows. We persisted in wearing them, both because we liked them, and also had the authority of our Paris shoemaker for doing so; but the society of Dhoorgur were divided in opinion as to their merits."

The butterflies are self "incorked," impaled being too magniloquent a word, upon reflection. We therefore leave themselves aside. But their little book, like an entomologist's tin case at the end of a day's ramble, contains a variety of specimens; and we must take leave to scan, with scrutinizing eye, one or two of its black beetles, cockroaches, daddy-long-legs, and the like, happy if we do not hook out a spider or an Indian scorpion with the critical forceps.

Our impression is, that if the two sisters were following our pen-point, as we write, they would exclaim at this point, "Now for one of those 'niggers,' as brother Keith would call them, a quoted sketch from our work descriptive of a 'native!'" For, we regret to say, that throughout their two volumes, these two young ladies seem to class "natives" and "niggers" amidst the lower, if not the more nauseous and noxious developments of life. Or, at least, if the inborn kindness of their hearts, which we would grieve to question, and the considerateness of manner and expression which belong to well-bred British ladies, forbid them to be consistent in their depreciation of Hindoo humanity, yet that "Year in

Bengal," of which they record incidents, not without liveliness, been, we fear, sufficient to warp th judgment and vitiate their taste little upon such matters.

It is surely not too much to say that, to their imagination, the promise to pick out a cockroach or black beetle from their specimen case would seem to announce an approaching inspection of "a native." Witness following extract:—

"It is difficult, at first, to persuade oneself that the black from a native hand will not come off on anything white. Among our sticks was one great favourite of the dandee men (ch bearers). The handle had evidently been scorched, I suppose to straighten or otherwise improve its appearance and it was consequently quite black. Nora pointed it out to me, after it had been in use some days, saying—"The I always said the colour came off the people's hands, and now you see it do

When a collector has got a specimen safe under, it may be, an inverted wine-glass, should he be anxious to see the creature in motion, a should it, with unaccountable persistency, just then be torpid, and coil legs or antennæ, it is natural a excusable enough, perhaps, for him insert beneath the rim, carefully tilt up for its admission, a slender twig or the reed of a straw, wherewith enact the showman's part of "stirring it up with a long pole." Upon similar principle, we suppose, our two sisters held themselves justified in dealing playfully and curiously with sleepy natives, after a fashion thus facetiously described:—

"The amount of sleep natives can get through used to be a continual wonder to me. Any spare time—and they have plenty of it—is invariably passed in this manner; and it was one of our greatest amusements (think what pitch we must have been reduced to to preserve tranquillity till the calm measured sound of breathing assured that the Chuprassies in attendance were fast asleep, then, elevating my voice to its loudest tones, I would shout "Qui hye," at which I inevitably heard a series of grunts and starts, like small fire-arms going off, and a sleepy voice would reply "Missy Baba," and a limbo-looking figure, very much tumbled in appearance, would enter. I always knew from their answer if they had been very long off, by their drooping the "Missy," and simply saying "Baba

this was when considerably bewildered and startled."

If the "Chuprassees" (genus or species unknown) afforded this exquisite sport by day, the sultry night was not without its little diversion, to be got out of "Punkah-wallees."

"The night air is so dense it seems to choke you, and after two or three despairing gasps for breath, you wake to the melancholy consciousness that the punkah is stopped: the Coolie is doubtless asleep. Now, this misfortune is of such common occurrence, that many gentlemen make their punkah-man sit in the room, and keep a large store of boots, and other miscellaneous articles, beside their beds, solely for the purpose of pitching at his head whenever he forgets his duty; but as a lady's punkah is pulled by means of a rope, passed through a hole in the wall, this method of waking him is not available."

We must here break off the quotation, to express an apprehension that our "two sisters" are not wholly disinclined to consider it a pity that such a resource should fail them; but never fear, reader, they have their womanly wits about them, as you shall see.

"We had observed that our Coolies had got an empty box placed on end in the passage outside our room, on which they always mounted, when engaged in pulling our punkah. This, we remarked, was rather an unsteady seat, so, by getting up, and calculating where the rope was, then making a good jump for it, an energetic tug would pull it out of the Coolie's hands, and, a smothered sound of a general rill, would convey the intelligence to us, that box and Coolie had found their level on the ground, from which Coolie would gather himself, very much awake, and pull lustily for a few minutes, soon, of course, to relapse, and the same scene to be enacted over again, till the cooler morning hours arriving, we succeeded in getting some sleep."

But, in truth, the moral cockroaches and spiders, not to say scorpions, of these fair entomologists' beetle-case, are not the black men, but the white, in our humble judgment.

That "kind ally, Mrs. Douglas," for instance, who comes in to help the sisters in difficulties about the supper of their evening party; what shall we think of her? Surely the British "butterfly," if that term is to

stand for "lady," is not wont, when the "khansamah," or butler, proffers an ineane suggestion, "with a puzzled look," to let her "*natural* reply" run thus: "Oh, you guddah!" (i. e., you donkey)? To our mind, the speech savours somewhat of the dragon fly, and of the snapdragon variety. But the hero of the book, as it should be, in a sister's journal, is the brother of the fair and thoughtless expeditionists. Thoughtless, indeed, for otherwise it must have struck them that they were doing a dear brother a cruel injury, either by misrepresenting, or by representing too faithfully, his habit of mind and disposition towards the men of an alien and subject race, over whom his magisterial and financial position of authority conferred upon him so great, and, in many things, an almost irresponsible influence for good or evil.

Our first glimpse into this fraternal Collector's sentiments on such matters is afforded us by what, we grant, is a slight indication. The occasion is the ordering of that same evening party, for which the asinine khansamah could imagine no appropriate supper.

"We fortunately possessed a large verandah. The band of a native regiment, consisting of some thirty men, were safely stowed away in it; thus achieving a double advantage, that of dulling the sound, and putting the performers out of the way, much to Keith's satisfaction, he having an insurmountable objection to dancing in the presence of 'niggers.'"

A doubt may reasonably be admitted here as to whether the "insurmountable objection" originated in aversion for "niggers," or in a secret, unacknowledged respect for the sedateness of Indian character and manners. When Queen Victoria gave a "bal costumé," we believe that high officials and right honourable members not a few, who would have walked resignedly and dejectedly through a quadrille or two upon occasion of an ordinary state ball at Buckingham Palace, were very loth to contribute even so much to the gaieties of the evening, attired in peach-coloured slashed doublet, with sky-blue satin hose; and the Rhadamanthus of the Kutcherree may not be fairly reprehensible for a wish to conceal his saltatory performances from the bro-

thers and cousins of the Thannadars and Chowkedars of that august court. We very much fear, however, that aversion rather than latent respect for the opinions of "niggers" lay, in truth, at bottom of the magistrate's objection to capering in their presence. We are not "Indian" enough to know what caste is so highly privileged or so deeply degraded as to blow military trombones and bounce upon the big drum; but had the bandmen in the verandah chanced to be Brahmins we know with what eye they would have been looked upon by their magisterial employer. His sister has assured us that, "the Brahmins are the most idle, insolent, unmanageable people on the face of the earth. Keith held them in such intense aversion that very little would have made him quarrel with them." Indeed we learn elsewhere of "natives" generally, that "Keith had a most absurd horror of a native's coming near him: he declared he could detect the copperish smell of the colouring matter in their skins the instant they entered the room; and he would much sooner be touched by a toad than by one of their clammy hands."

And these, forsooth, are the feelings of a man whose position of magistracy—albeit tainted by connexion with that ingathering of revenue which has never caused the "publican and tax-gatherer" to be too popular a character among a conquered and tax-paying people—ought yet, in our British misapprehension of its character, to have in it a touch, at least, of patriarchal kindliness—a savour of an apostleship of the more generous and genial supremacy of welcome order, and just law! Indeed we must abandon as utterly untenable, the kinder construction we were willing to suggest for the Collector's insurmountable objection to dance before "niggers." Tenderness for native opinion was clearly no ingredient, else could the following not have been written:—

"Your Kitmutghara, being Mussulmans, have naturally an aversion to the flesh of the pig in any form. K. sometimes insisted on having fresh pork on his table, simply to show his right to have anything he chose; but always bestowed it on the dogs, never daring to eat it himself, lest the servants should

have been playing some tricks with it in cooking."

But "aversion" and "horror" and wanton contumely pass sometimes, in domestic adjudications at least, into downright oppression and injustice. We hope, indeed, most heartily that the Collector's administration of equity in the Kutcheree was ruled by other precedents than such decisions as these in the bungalow:—

"The goats were brought into the verandah and milked just as it was wanted. I, being inexperienced, could not well tell before it went into the tea whether the milk was good or bad; but K., by long practice, could discover it in an instant. . . . With the first mouthful would come an exclamation of horror and disgust. 'There's that poisonous stuff again. Here, Qui Hye, send for the goatman; take all this away; bring some more milk; and, above all, remember the goatman is fined a rupee.' All this, and much more, in a torrent of Hindostanee. Occasionally I would venture to remonstrate: 'It could not be the man's fault, as I had seen the goats milked in the verandah.' 'It did not signify—it was entirely his fault.'"

"Like master like man," runs the proverb, not falsified in the present instance. For this gentleman had as "his joint magistrate and assistant" a Scotchman, of whom the young lady writer records, in all simplicity, that:

"In his judicial capacity he, of course, was at liberty to inflict personal chastisement on his servants, which he occasionally did; and after sounds of a general scrimmage in his room, he would emerge, looking heated and languid from his exertions, when he would remark, with great simplicity, that his fool of a bearer would hand him an unbecoming waistcoat, for which dire offence he had been compelled to shy all the movables in the room at his (the bearer's) head."

When brothers and their brother officials are such, it is, perhaps, more ominous and deplorable than any way surprising that sisters also should acquire, within a twelvemonth, the habit of designating Indians as "niggers;" nay that they should become Americanized to the pitch of considering a mere infusion of "nigger" blood sufficient to debar from the ordinary civilities of society persons of mixed European and Asiatic race.

"One of the first questions of travellers to each other at these bungalows generally is, 'Can you spare me any

small change?" One requires an immense number of little coins, for the numberless backsheeshes required. This amicable intercourse, however, is strictly confined to English people; *those with the slightest taint of half-caste are ignored completely*; and in India the eye gets educated to detect the least trace with a celerity that is astonishing."

Astonishing, indeed! that the eye of an English lady should consent to an education, forsooth, so dishonouring to all kindliness and true good breeding, to say nothing of Christian charity.

One more quotation we will make, which indeed would prove nothing could we suppose it to be an instance of personal depravation of judgment and feeling, instead of that for which we fear we must take it—a parrot-like repetition of words too soon made familiar with the ear of the writer:—

"I really think, altogether, we treat the natives far too much as reasoning beings. They are so childish in mind, that, like children, they ought to be compelled to obey the orders they cannot comprehend. The benefit of the coercive system is observable in the difference between the servants and coolies in Landour and Mussoorie. At the former place, being entirely a military sanitarium, *an impertinent servant is sent with a note to the officer in charge of the barracks, and is summarily dealt with off-hand.* Consequently the Landour men, knowing what they have to expect, are civil and obliging, while the Mussoorie people are daily plagued by the insolence of their servants, because the latter know well that, before punishing them, a long and tiresome form has to be gone through, from their masters having to apply to the civil courts for redress. Gentlemen, therefore, often bear rudeness rather than take the trouble of going to law about it."

This is simply revolting: and if we are to take the passage as anything else than a caricature and a libel upon the state of Anglo-Indian society—its tone, feeling, opinion—then little wonder, say we, that Meerut, whence "two sisters" date, saw the first lurid glare of an insurrection hideous and bloody!—then, woe worth the while for our soldiers who are to keep down the "natives" of Hindostan!—then, woe worth the while for our missionaries, who are to convert them, if they can, to a belief in a Gospel which proclaims equality before God, and a

bond of genuine brotherhood in the blood of a common Redeemer!

There is certainly an air of straightforwardness and simplicity in the work of these two sisters which disposes us, at least, to give them credit for presenting us with a faithful sketch of what, in their preface, they themselves have designated, "Every-day Anglo-Indian Life." And we have noticed the work for a reason at which the title of this article points. We agree with them when, again in their preface, they say, that "at the present moment all eyes are turned with absorbing interest towards the East, and any subject relating to India seems tinged with unusual importance." Straws, and chips, and feathers upon the swirl of those tremendous eddies of event may furnish pregnant matter of thought to the observer. Would God we could reasonably indulge the hope that such indications as this little book has given us were indications of an eddy indeed upon the stream, and nothing more—no warning concerning the strong glassy sweep of the whole stream of Indo-British feeling, taste, and opinion! Had we counted it for such, we had scarcely given to these extracts the space afforded them already.

The two sisters, it must be remembered, passed the year in Bengal, during which they collected their materials for what they assure us are "both pen and pencil illustrations," "true and faithful copies from nature," *previously* to the outbreak of the great insurrection. The very title of their book is "The Timely Retreat." Now, that which we have gathered from their pages concerning the attitude assumed by Anglo-Indians, official and others, towards the natives of Hindostan—concerning the tone and temper of the rulers towards the ruled in British India, tallies but too well and ominously with the accounts sent home by Mr. Russell to the *Times*, or, we might rather say, through the *Times* to the British people.

We venture here upon an extract from one of his admirable letters:—

"There are some voices raised, but they are little heard in the tumult, against the insolence, the cruelty, and the folly to which many of our countrymen have been urged by the sanguinary

"The storm is about to break, your Eminence," said the Cardinal's majordomo, as he presented himself, suddenly. "Shall I order the carriages back to the stables?"

"No; I am ready. I shall set out at once. You shall hear from me to-morrow or next next day, Massoni," said he, in a low whisper; "or, better still, if you could come out to Albano to see me."

The Pere bowed deeply, without speaking.

"These are not matters to be disposed of in a day, or an hour; we must have time."

The Pere bowed again, and withdrew. As he turned his steps homeward, his thoughts had but one subject. "What was the game his Eminence was bent on? What scheme was he then revolving in his mind?"

Once more beside the sick bed of young Gerald, all Massoni's fears for the future came back. What stuff was therein that poor, broken-spirited youth, whose meaningless stare now met him, of which to make the leader in a perilous enterprise. Every look, every gesture, but indicated a temperament soft, gentle, and compliant; and if by chance he uttered a stray word, it was spoken timidly and distrustfully, like one who feared to give trouble. Never did there seem a case where the material was less suited for the purpose for which it was meant; and the Pere gazed down at him, as he lay in deep and utter despondency. In the immense difficulty of the case all its interest reposed; and he felt what a triumph it would be, could he only resuscitate that dying youth, and make him the head of a great achievement. It was a task that might try all his resources, and he resolved to attempt it.

We will not weary our reader with the uneventful story of that recovery: the progress so painfully slow that its steps were imperceptible, and the change which gradually converted the state of fatuity to one of speculation, and finally brought the youth out of sickness and suffering, and made him—weak and delicate, of course—able to feel enjoyment in life and eager for its pleasures. If Gerald could never fathom the mystery of all the care bestowed upon him, nor guess why he was thus tended and watched, as little could the Pere Massoni

comprehend the strange features of that intellect which each day's experience continued to reveal to him. Through all the womanly tenderness of his character there ran a vein of romantic aspiration, undirected and unguided it is true, but which gave promise of an ambitious spirit. That some great enterprise had been the dream of his early youth—some adventurous career—seemed a fixed notion with himself; and why, and how, and wherefore its accomplishment had been interrupted, was the difficulty that often occupied his thoughts for hours. In his vain endeavours to trace back events, snatches of his early life would rise to his memory: his sick bed at the Tana—his wanderings in the Maremma—the simple songs of Marietta—the spirit-stirring verses of Alfieri; and through these, as dark clouds louring over a sunny landscape, the bitter lessons of Gabriel Riquetti—his cold sarcasm and his disbelief. For all vicissitudes of the youth's life the Pere was prepared, but not for that strange discursive reading of which his memory was filled; and it was not easy to understand by what accident his mind had been stored with snatches of Jacobite songs—passages from Pascal—dreary reveries of Jean Jacques, and heroic scenes of Alfieri.

Led on to study the singular character of the youth's mind, Massoni conceived for him at length a strong affection; but though recognising how much of good and amiable there was in his disposition, he saw, too, that the intellect had been terribly disturbed, and that the dreadful scenes he had gone through had left their indelible traces upon him.

Scarcely a day passed that the Pere did not change his mind about him. At one moment he would feel confident that Gerald was the very stuff they needed, bold, high-hearted, and daring; at the next, he would sink into despondency over the youth's child-like waywardness—his uncertainty, and his capriciousness. There was really no fixity of character about him; and even in his most serious moods, droll and absurd images would present themselves to his mind, and turn at once all the current of his thoughts. While weeks rolled over thus, the Pere continued to assure the Cardinal that the young man

We answer, by the same agencies which distribute truth and civilization everywhere else,—by free communication, instruction, and publicity. Once suppose India in direct and effective connexion with this country, and what room could be left for misunderstandings and delusions?"

We by no means dispute that answer; but we desire to enforce the truth that the misunderstandings and delusions here spoken of can never be removed by any conceivable agencies, whereof the agents shall not have understood that no injuries inflict such angry wounds as benefits insolently bestowed.

In the course of that same article, the *Times* has not hesitated to say:—

"We do not see why the consummation should not be brought to pass, that Hindoos should come to regard us not only as rulers, but as benefactors too. With all the prejudice and credulity attributed to the native mind, there must needs co-exist other qualities of better promise. There must necessarily be impressibility, or we should not see such lamentable diffusion of error; and there is certainly docility, for we have found that by experience."

Impressibility! by all means! But be it remembered how sensitive impressible substances may be and are to the passage of light-footed creatures. There are more tracks of toads and snakes and lizards, rats and bats come down to us upon the once impressible surfaces which succeeding ages petrified, than of the larger, nobler mammoth and megatherium. The impressible memory of the Hindoo may preserve more traces of the social "aversions" and "absurd horrors" manifested by the British magistrate under his verandah, than of the solid and sound judgments delivered by him in his police court.

Docility there may be; there is docility as Mr. Rarey proves to us in the wildest colt that never yet was handled; but the chief secret of his horse-taming skill gives no needless lesson to them that would handle and tame the shy, startled, half-confidence of suspicious men. Impressibility and docility! yes, we doubt not the existence of both qualities; but let care be taken what stamp is impressed, and by what manner of teacher's hand. Not but what there are contrasts most refreshing and most consoling to the

Keith of the Two Sisters' narrative. We extract the portrait of such a one from Mr. Raikes' "Notes on the Revolt in the North-west Provinces of India."

"James Abbott was instructed to reduce the revenue of Huzara to something nominal, as the only way of re-peopling and purifying the country. He did so: going from valley to valley with his mission of hope, and won the confidence of the tribes. He remained among them afterwards as coadjutor of the Sikh governor, Sirdar Chuttur Singh, the father-in-law of Maharajah Duleep Singh. In 1848, the Sirdar headed the Sikh insurrection, and James Abbott found himself placed, like others of Sir Henry's assistants, in the strange position of raising the Mahomedan subjects of the Sikhs against the rebel Sikh chiefs, to preserve, if possible, the Sikh raj, of which the British Government was guardian.

"The mountaineers of Huzara could not contend with the Sikh brigades, but they remained faithful to James Abbott, and protected him for many months, till the battle of Goojerat ended the campaign. Then followed annexation, and the introduction of a system of civil administration throughout the Punjab. James Abbott became Deputy Commissioner of the Huzara, and remained so till 1853, when he resigned the charge. Thus, he was six years in Huzara, and he left it amidst the unfeigned regrets of the people. During his rule, exiles driven out by the Sikhs, ten, twenty, thirty, forty years before, had flocked back again from beyond the border, and here resettled on their paternal lands. Huzara had passed from a desolation to a smiling prosperity; it was *he* who had worked the change—a single Englishman: he had literally lived among them as their patriarch—an out-of-door, under-tree-life; every man, woman, and child in the country knew him personally, and hastened from their occupations to welcome and salute him as he came their way. The children, especially, were his favourites; they used to go to "Kākā Abbott" (Uncle Abbott) whenever their mouths watered for fruit or sugar plums. He never moved out without sweetmeats in his pocket, for the chance children who might meet him, and as plentiful a supply of money for the poor. He literally spent all his substance on the people, and left Huzara, it is believed, with only his month's pay. His last act was to invite the country, not the neighbours, but all Huzara, to a farewell feast on the Nāvā hill; and there for three days and nights, might be seen, with long grey beard over his breast,

and grey locks far down his shoulders, walking about among the group of guests, and hecatombs of pots and cauldrons, the kind and courteous host of a whole people.

"What is the result?"

"The district of Huzara, which was notorious for its long continued struggles with the Sikhs, is now about the quietest, happiest, and most loyal in the Punjab."

Prejudice and credulity would find it hard to hold their own in "native minds," we take it, against the influence of men, whose tone and temper should be such as this. But we are at a loss, we will confess, to perceive what prejudice and credulity have to do with preventing those who live under the rule of a Collector Keith, from "regarding us, not only as rulers, but as benefactors." There is a keen perception of truth, and a nice discriminating good sense on such a topic, in a book, of which, if Mr. Russell and Two Sisters are to be credited, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge might advantageously send out a ship-load to Calcutta now and then: we mean that popular work of fiction, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"But, Topsy," said Eva, sadly, 'if you'd only try to be good, you might'—

"Couldn't never be nothing but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. 'If I could be skinned, and 'come white, I'd try then.'

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

"Topsy gave the short blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—She'd soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle."

"St. Clare, at this instant dropped the curtain. 'It puts me in mind of mother,' he said to Miss Ophelia. 'It is true what she told me: 'If we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and put our hands on them.'"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia; 'and, it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it.'

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; 'there's no keeping it from them. But, I believe, that all the

trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favours you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; its a queer kind of fact—but so it is.'

It was no "prejudiced or credulous" Hindoo mind, but the keen intellect and generous moral sense of a spirit whose lungs had found free play in the bracing atmosphere of Athenian independence, which conceived and expressed the profound political and social maxim, that "insolence is the begetter of tyrants." Sophocles penned the line: and the men who yesterday had debated in the Pnyx, and to-morrow would debate there again, applauded its utterance to the echo—

ἔβρις φρεσὶν τράανον·

And that conviction which acuteness of reasoning taught the free Greek, may not acuteness of observation have brought home to the apprehension of a servile Hindoo? We cannot be content to break off the quotation; the axiom has too valuable a corollary appended:—

ἔβρις φρεσὶν τράανον·

ἔβρις, εἰ πολλὰν ὑπερπλησθὲ μάταια

ἂ μὴ τίκαρια μὲδ συμπέροντα,

ἀ κέρτατον εἰσαναβάς

• • • ἀπότομον ἄρουρον εἰς ἀναγκαν,

ἐνθ'οὐ ποδὶ χροσίμῃ,

χρῆται . . .

which, poorly Englished as it is by Mr. Potter, we yet submit, in his translation, for benefit of Greekless griffs:

"The tyrant Pride engenders,—Pride

With wealth o'erfilled, with greatness vain,

Mounting with outrage at her side,

The splendid summit if she gain,

Falls headlong from the dangerous brew,

Down dash'd to ruin's gulf below."

But let those Greekless remember as they read, that ἔβρις is not "Pride" in truth. It is that insolence whereby the hateful passion, thinking to show its loftiness, betrays its baseness most effectually.

Before dismissing the book under our notice, we will say this of it again, that if its portraiture of Anglo-Indian society be not a libellous daub, we seem to recognise in the features of it, as thus displayed, a confirmation of the force and truth of their argument who now are urging upon their fellow-countrymen, with commendable zeal, the extension of missionary enterprise

as one great salve for the sores of Hindostan.

And we are not going to suggest, as one is obviously tempted to do, that such missionaries as shall go forth should be specially sent to shame Christians into something more like a Christian demeanour and tone. We are not now going to advocate a mission for the conversion of Collectors, such as Brother Keith, to something of the fraternal spirit of our holy religion, but simply to say this—that, granted the truth and lifelikeness of the picture inspected, we may take it for a demonstrated necessity that we should seek to cover India with as close a network as may be of missionary households—households whereof the unwritten law of domestic life shall be felt and understood to be grounded on such saving, transforming truths as these, that “God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” and that, again, whosoever “Christ is all in all . . . there is neither Greek nor Jew . . . neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free.” Ay! a demonstrated necessity, if not for the propagation of the Gospel, at least for preventing the propagation of a too just hatred, contempt, and indignation against the Christian name! Talk of suppressing caste, indeed, whilst caste of colour is to make a Pariah of the Brahmin!

And we have written down, advisedly, the words “missionary households.” There are those who tell us, with all sincerity of zeal and good intention, that our ordinary married Protestant missionary is not the man to do the mission work which India requires. They tell us that for the rough work of missions, savouring of martyrdom, men are needed who shall be bound by no earthly ties—men fired by the consuming energy of a zeal which has burnt up the fuel of gentler home affections in the breast. Well, it may be so, at certain times, in certain cases: we will concede no more. And that, not because we think refusal of concession might endanger the “Honour of y^e married clergie,” for which of old good Bishop Hall stood up so manfully; but because we fear that by such concession we should be stultifying ourselves in forgetting or in denying the latest conclusions of actual experience. He

should have a long and weary turn of inspection to take, up and down the ranks of any celibate clergy, mustered under any Church banner that you will, who should have set himself to pick out thence a model-missionary, whose standard of physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual growth combined should much surpass the stature of that married clergyman, George, Bishop of New Zealand. Nor do we cite an instance which is solitary. When apprehensions of a Caffre war, some short time back, had forced cruel apprehensions upon the friends and supporters of missions in the diocese of Cape Town; and when it was urged upon the Bishop of that see that he should call in from a neighbourhood of hostile savage population his endangered missionaries, he resolved at once, with the quiet resolution that stamps the man, to gain a personal acquaintance with the real state of things before taking so serious and, for the spiritual interest of his missions, so compromising a step. “I therefore rode, myself,” said he—we heard him say it with the most manly simplicity—“I therefore rode, myself, throughout the threatened district, and my wife went with me.” Admirable on either side! True pastor, and pastor’s true wife! If the Caffres have in them any particle of that nobler spirit which, for all their savagery, has often been assigned to them by those that have known them well, we will avouch it, the presence of that gentle, strong-hearted lady by the side of Bishop Grey, on his venturesome tour, will not be forgotten soon in their estimate of what the true missionary character may be. There is no little force of truth and reason in such a passage as we will here quote from a recent article in the *Saturday Review*:—

“The married state of its ministers is an incalculable gain to Protestantism, in its relations with the heathen. It is not only that women are taken to co-operate in the pious work, but that the women taken are married. It is because she is a wife among wives, and a mother among mothers, that the missionary’s companion wins her way to the heart of those who have the care of the young, and thus secures a footing where it is most needed.”

And if there be force and truth in these words generally, there must be more than general force and truth in

their application to the missions of Hindostan.

We will waive the question whether for mission to Bheels and Santhals, and other wild, untamed races, the unfettered, unwedded mission priest may not be needed, albeit the quotation we have made occurs in the consideration of the admirable assistance derived by missionaries from their wives, in the successful planting of religion amongst a ferocious tribe of man-eaters in Polynesia. But the civilization of India exists, exists of old, exists in antiquated form, is based upon, and, in some respects, is almost bounded by, the family life. It is a civilization in which the state and condition of the female in that family life, whether among idolaters or Mahometans, offers the most serious obstacle to its purification and regener-

ation. And, therefore, we cannot keep ourselves from thinking that his imagination must have outrun his judgment, who cannot understand of what advantage it may be, by God's good blessing, to plant among the long settled habitations of British India, in its populous cities, its crowded cantonments, its agricultural villages, its hill stations and sanitary resorts, just such simple, well-ordered, godly, pastoral households as the married clergy preside over for the more part; households wherein the "nigger" shall soon discover this at least—that the grasp of the Christian brother's and father's hand, nay, the gentle touch of a hand, sisterly or motherly, shrinks not with "intense aversion," or "an absurd horror," from "the clammy touch of a native, as from the touch of a toad."

PERIWIGS AND PETTICOATS.

BY T. IRWIN.

As through the Hall Sir Topaz paced,
 With brow of conquest smooth and calm,
 Arranged his toupée curl, and placed
 A guinea in the porter's palm.
 Within the rich saloon above
 His mistress o'er her lap-dog bent,
 Now swayed by pride, now sunned by love,
 And half regretting her consent:
 For she had been through seasons past
 The envied charm of court and town;
 All hearts before her altar cast,
 All homage yielded for her crown.
 The loftiest lords, strait-laced and curbed
 With ceremonious state and care,
 Whose marked obeisance ne'er disturbed
 One grain of powder in their hair:
 Lord Treasurers and mighty Earls
 In her soft presence lost their sway,
 And stooping their heads of haughty curls
 Smiled 'mid their dusty disarray;
 While every wit beneath the skies
 That watch St. James' or Hampton's chase,
 Had thronged to praise those beauteous eyes,
 And sparkle fancies on her face:
 Nay, if one lord outshone his foe,
 And earned her laughing lip's awards,
 The vanquished beckoned him below,
 To end the wrong with measured swords:—

Heigh ho! and must these glories cease,
 And marriage mould her darling days,
 Contented with domestic peace,
 And in a husband's lonely praise;

Shall birth-day bards no longer sing
 Her charms when once the altar's past,
 And must the kiss upon the ring
 Proclaim her life of triumph past;
 Shall Lady Bab become a prize,
 And bend upon the courtly train
 The light of long eclipsed eyes
 Exultant o'er her closing reign?—
 With crimson indignation blown,
 She rises, drops her fan, and then
 Retires to one sweet friend alone,
 For comfort from the ways of men.

Within a neighbouring chamber where
 A casement shows the garden's green,
 And votive nosegays scent the air,
 A round and polished disk is seen;
 A wondrous sphere across whose glass
 A shifting sibyl-lustre flies;
 And through whose sky the spirits pass
 That reign o'er human destinies :—
 Around this mystic world of light
 All treasures of the east are strewn;
 Rich caskets, urns of water bright,
 And vases, silver as the moon;
 There meteoric opals glow
 By jacinth jewels that restrain
 The airy scarf's fantastic flow,
 Or swelling shawl of Persian grain:
 Bright buckles too, that wink if stirred,
 And pearly drops, pale with the fear
 Of hurried whisperings being heard
 By other than *their* rosy ear:
 And watches foreordained to keep
 Sweet time with hearts whereon they lie,—
 Gems that from laughing ribbons peep,
 And rings, with mottoes like a sigh.

Before this shrine, with blossoms decked,
 The thoughtful priestess many an hour,
 Was wont in silence to reflect
 Upon the secret springs of power;
 What colours best in love-knots blow?
 How far the bodice may allow
 The charmed bosom to outsnow
 The whiteness of the fragrant brow.
 What jewels suit the pensive face,
 Or how, to catch a morning eye,
 The cherry ribboned cap may grace
 One cheek in sidelong coquetry.
 So now she comes as oftentimes
 Before she sought this pensive shade,
 'Mid tinkets tinkling golden chimes
 And rustling sounds of rich brocade:
 With quick white hand she bolts the door;
 Then toward the chamber's lustrous end
 Draws a gilt chair along the floor,
 And swift confronts her mystic friend.

Lo! sweet as summer rainbows rise,
 From clouds that pale in partial night,
 Within the mirror's silver skies
 A beauteous vision meets her sight;

Through glossy braids the noonlights win
 A shining path, until they swerve
 Down to the dimple on the chin,
 And round the proud lip's vermeil curve :
 Like grains of joyous gold that lie
 Within some azure fountain's brim
 Rich flecks of laughter in her eye,
 Glow from the depths of violet dim.
 And gleamy graces softly play
 O'er rosy mouth, and finger fine,
 Like airy drops of sunny spray,
 Or bubbles on a vase of wine ;
 But though around the forehead's height
 Beam sparkling wit and fair finesse,
 As little can they drown its light
 Of sweet entrancing tenderness,
 As can the snows that flush awhile
 In Persia's westerling deeps of day,
 Or roses pale that faintly smile
 In lonely fields of calm Cathay
 Outparagon the human hues,
 That flush the rounded neck, and break
 In tender colours, soft as dew,
 From balmy ambush in her cheek.

In studious peruse thus awhile,
 O'er that sweet face she bends, and tries
 Its varied lights of scorn and smile,
 And all her blue orbs' archeries ;
 Until at length a pride supreme
 Along the imperial forehead breaks,
 And, as from out some sumptuous dream
 Rich music undulates, she speaks :—

'Ah! must she now for ever move
 Secure from pleasure's dear alarms,
 Leave triumphs, toasts, the wit and love
 That glowed like stars around her charms ;
 Now fold within a homely hive
 Her wings, resigning drearily,
 Those wandering flights 'mid flowers that give
 To maiden days their sweet esprit :—
 The whispers sighed through vaporous scents
 Of tea boards decked with rich japan,
 The kisses blown for compliments
 From cover of the pictured fan ;
 Charmed chat in antichambers lone,
 Delicious dangers on the stair,
 When guardians for a space had gone
 To seek and call the distant chair ;
 Swift meanings shot from eye to eye,
 Light pressures, glossed with parting bow,
 And sweet adieus, masked in a high
 Deceptive seriousness of brow ;
 Still hours at church when Queensborough's Grace,
 Presents his open book of prayer,
 Which she regarding, finds her face
 Reflected in the mirror there ;
 And all the scenes of freak and wit,
 As when the matron coterie
 Collect with closed doors, and quit
 For cordials strong their tedious tea ;

When every jewell'd bosom shakes,
 As Myrra loses brooch and ring;
 Her watch, and Negro page, and stakes
 Her husband's title on the King,
 While Lady Betty with a glass
 Of citron waters held on high,
 Toasts pretty fellows as they pass
 Her window from the tavern nigh :
 Psha ! who's Sir Topaz, that her eyes
 Should ever droop to his rebuke,
 When she, with half a dozen sighs,
 Could win the hearts of Earl and Duke !
 What maid or dame at rout or court,
 Shows courage such as she pretends ?
 Has she not turned her foes to sport,
 And made her very rivals, friends ?
 Nor heeded satirists who sneer
 In pointed sentence when they mark
 The patch displaced, and hint the dear
 Undrapes her prudery in the dark ;
 But still would deal her dainty tricks,
 If bilious Pope were by, or though
 Calm Addison himself should fix
 His grey glance on her furbelow ;
 Well conscious that a smile or sigh
 Would rout an army of such folk,
 And resting on her coquetry
 To kill the gravest with a joke."

Thus reasoning with her glass, an hour
 Concentred in a minute, flies :
 Self knowledge gravitates in power ;
 The beauteous logic of her eyes
 Dispels his claim ; rich blushes still
 Flame forth to negative his suit ;
 A smile but seems to make her will
 Unalterably resolute ;
 And if his image crossed her trance,
 Resentful as some injured ghost,
 Her favourite dimple caught her glance,
 And in its ripple, he was lost.
 But hark ! upon the panelled frame,
 A knuckle taps, and o'er and o'er,
 Impatiently her serving dame
 Cries—"Madam, madam, ope the door !
 Oh ! what a man Sir Topaz is !
 The brightest, best of lovers he ;
 The town has not his match, I wis,
 For riches, truth, and constancy ;
 Oh ! hasten, hasten, for I bear
 A jewel box and billet-doux
 Scented with amber—or I err,
 And both, sweet mistress, both for you."

Scarce were the diamonds and the wit,
 In box and billet ope'd and read,
 When 'mid the fancies love relit,
 Disdain, and Pride, and Reason fled ;
 And with a pensive musing smile
 That far outshone her jewels' ray,
 She views in fancied dreams awhile
 The splendours of the nuptial day :—

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When robed in clouds of richest lace,
 'Mid bridesmaid vassals, line on line,
 Along admiring aisles she'll pace—
 The bounteous priestess of the shrine :
 Before the altar rails shall press
 The loftiest peers that king has crowned ;
 Confusions of rich carriages
 Shall fill the streets for miles around.
 At night the brazier streaming flames,
 Shall mark the bridegroom's festal house,
 Where London's brightest wits and dames
 Shall join in dances and carouse ;
 Where some great Duke shall rise and stand
 'Mid listening lords, and swear that he
 Had rather own her snowy hand
 Than win an Orient empery ;
 Then, bending with a grace sublime,
 Shall press his star, and call her name
 'Mid tankards raised o'erhead, and time
 The bursts of jubilant acclaim,
 Whose echoes through St. James' shall ring,
 And o'er the slumbering city drift
 The while that, westward hurrying
 The bridal chariot sure and swift,
 By rows of elm, and hostels old,
 And peaked gables o'er the park,
 And wide green down with fire and fold,
 And glassy stream and forest dark
 Rolls Castleward, as glimmering day
 Tinctures the east with rosy air,
 And sets the vestal crescent's ray,
 Beyond the full-leaved woodlands there.

WILHELM TELL.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERRICOUR.

It would be difficult to find in history an episode more popular than that relating to Wilhelm Tell. The myriads of tourists, who now more than ever, since steam-power brings them to the very foot of the Swiss mountains, annually flock to give a hasty glance on the same passes and valleys, return, elated with their rapid travelling, before all the chapels erected to the memory of Tell. With the great majority of them, Tell is the deliverer of his country—a Swiss hero, who roused his countrymen to a successful insurrection, because he had been ordered by a brutal governor to bow before a hat ; and on his refusing to do so, to shoot an apple on the head of his son, in consequence of being celebrated for his skill with the cross-bow. Yet, there are few events in history more clouded over by legendary exaggerations than those connected with the

deeds of Wilhelm Tell. On the other hand, the tradition, such as it is accepted by the generality of tourists and by the great mass of the Swiss people, harmonizes with the characteristics of Alpine poetry, as well as the rude chivalric spirit of its people ; and the restoration of the real facts on the subject, through historical researches, if it strips Tell of his historical importance, leaves untouched the pure heroism of the men who effected the revolution of 1308. History shows the Swiss people of that age—at the cradle of their liberty—such as they have proved themselves through the course of times, through a variety of vicissitudes and aggressions, to this very day. Their characteristics have never changed ; their love of liberty, their attachment to the fatherland, their pride of their Alps, are unalterable.

And, is there anything more ma-

jestic than the chain of central Alps, rising in the heart of Europe, like a barrier destined to separate the vast regions inhabited by the Germanic and Romanic races? There, the Swiss people have established their homes. In the thousand ramifications of the chain, on its sloping and valleys, has grown and flourished a civilization which has covered with rich harvests the soil conquered. Thriving cities have arisen, and innumerable villages, in affluent circumstances, round which industry and commerce prosper, sheltered by the noblest political liberties. The Alps are to a great degree the influencing source of the condition of the historical and political life, as well as of the physical and moral character, of the Swiss people. Their love for their lakes and mountains is an instinctive sentiment. The purest faculties of the human soul, the love of nature and of liberty, in their full development, are the links which attach the Swiss so deeply to his country; when he is far away from it, his hopes, his remembrance, transfer him to the foot of his dear mountains; he yearns for them—he languishes in gloom—he is a prey to the *heimweh*, when he is absent from them.

Pastoral life—the contemplation of a sublime nature—the struggles with its awful grandeur—have renovated among the democratical populations of Switzerland the two sentiments which more especially characterize them, love of liberty and love of religion. When the Swiss in the higher Alps, king of the land, utters his guttural song, in watching over his flock, or, when his audacity rivals the flight of the eagle and the agility of the chamois, the expression, *as free as air*, seems to have been created for him. His soul expanding in freedom, impressed daily with the majesty of nature, and the goodness of God, is moved to the adoration of the Creator of all. Liberty descended from heaven on those mountains in the days of Tell; and the Alpine chain has ever since been, as it were, an altar, on which the most sacred rights of man have been worshipped. The religion of faith, of hope, and charity has ever mingled with all the affections of the Alpine democracy. They have ever remained faithful to the ancestral custom of invoking God before the

dangers of a battle, and at the opening of their popular assemblies. Their manners and habits have remained purer than those of any other people in Europe. The most unfrequented and unvisited cantons have preserved the ancestral honesty and purity of manners.

Although the climate and nature of the country have had a powerful influence over the character of its inhabitants, and their democratical tendencies, we do not imply that the Swiss owe their liberty to their mountains. The nature of the soil, however, obliged them to be industrious. A laborious existence, a general poverty, engendered a natural equality. Such a state was highly favourable to a republican form of government. One must have dwelt in Switzerland to have an idea of the tragic events that take place round the throne of the Alps, and which have contributed to invest its children with that indomitable nature so celebrated in history. The mountaineer beholds the sudden crash of the cloud-capped heights, and a fertile soil is rapidly covered with ruin. What labours must be lavished for the recovery of the field! It is but too often lost for ever. In the crevasses—on the snowy heaps—roaring thunders are heard, and announce the awful, destructive avalanche. What terror awaits the shepherd, when, on those innumerable meadows, bordered by dark unfathomable precipices, he is surprised by one of those terrific sudden Alpine storms: his cattle maddened with terror by the convulsions of the elements, blinded by the lightning, rush reckless towards the abyss: the man follows to save them; but too often his efforts are of no avail—they all roll down, shattered to pieces. Such an existence of perpetual struggle has been the foundation of the character and condition of the Swiss. The Alpine republics have never exhibited anything like the splendours and general éclat of the republics of Southern Europe; but they have never ceased to prove themselves grave and majestic, like their fatherland. They undoubtedly have had also their political storms and civil dissensions; but the principles of union and liberty have emerged from them untouched, unalloyed, pure, like their Alpine summits that remain unmovable in

their majesty whilst the clouds that surround them are convulsed by the tempest. Switzerland is the only country in which the republican principle has gained an absolute, complete victory over feudalism.

Conflicts between the municipalities and feudalism were almost general in Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but nowhere, we believe, were their results so deeply and permanently marked as in Switzerland. In 1308, a handful of peasants, among whom was Wilhelm Tell, formed a conspiracy to resist oppression. The results of that insurrection had a duration of 170 years, and it was only terminated by the annihilation of the most powerful empire that was then in Europe. And of what importance could be to the Dukes of Austria the small tribute of three poor cantons? Why should the Swiss have proved so long indomitable in their resistance? The historical truth is, that the principal cause of that mighty struggle was the antagonism between feudalism and the municipalities: it was a long war of principles. Hence the greater interest that belongs to the Swiss Revolution, if compared to the other insurrections of the fourteenth century. Its history has been related in various chronicles, all of which had been thrown into the shade, or fallen into utter oblivion, when, at the commencement of this century, the extensive and graphic *History of the Federal States*, by Johann Von Muller, the Thucydides of Switzerland, made its appearance. His genius, patriotism, and eloquence, the abundance of his researches, the mass of documents which, by his industry, have been made to contribute to his work, justly place him among the most illustrious historians, and deservedly entitle him to the admiration and gratitude of the Swiss, his countrymen, to whose history he has raised so noble a monument. Although no historian can be wholly without blemishes, although the course of time often reveals documents which change the aspect of facts and events, Johann Von Muller is, nevertheless, the highest authority on Swiss history, and we naturally have recourse to him for our sketch of the events which preceded the revolution of 1308.

The pastoral districts round the

southern portion of the lake of Luc were under the suzerainty of Rudolph of Hapsburg, himself a Swiss nobleman of the canton of Aarau, before he was elected Emperor of Germany. The inhabitants of those valleys were bound by a federal tie. When they received the news of the death of Emperor Rudolf, they felt some uneasiness as to the disturbances that might follow, in consequence of the succession to the imperial throne. A document forgotten in the archives, and published at Basle in 1760, consists of an account of their meeting on this occasion. Its tenor is interesting because it testifies the degree of allegiance which bound them to the empire. It states that the men of the valley of Uri had the pre-eminence in consequence, no doubt, of the information in which the *Freiherrn* of Nidinghausen was held—that these came along with those of Schwitz, Unterwalden, and, in expectation of bad times, bound themselves to encourage each other at any cost, with their power and means, if any of them was exposed to violence or injustice. The articles of this primitive confederacy are as follows:—"Whoever has a master, must obey him fully. The object of their union is to receive in their valleys no master who is not their countryman, or any one who has purchased his functions. Among the confederates, every contention must be adjusted through the wisest. Whoever will kill, or rob, or act treacherously, will be judged by his crime, and whoever protects him will be banished. All must obey the judge in the valley, or the confederates will take compensation for his obstinacy. If in internal dissensions, one party will not accept of submission to justice, all the others must help the adverse party. These are the chances for the general good, though God wills it, to be eternal."

In the meantime, Albert had been elected to succeed his father on the imperial throne, and was exerting the utmost efforts in Germany, in order to force back to the imperial standard the rebellious feudal states. He could not brook any limit to his authority, and was little disposed to recognize any freedom among the people who owed allegiance to his house. When his attention was drawn to the western districts, the Waldstetten we have

spoken of, he sent Von Ochsenstein and Von Lichtenberg to them, with expressions of esteem for their bravery and honesty, and propositions of protection for themselves and their posterity, if they would abandon and make over to his royal house their lands, abbays, and cities; adding that they could never resist the powerful arms of his Majesty, son of the great Rudolf; stating also, that it was not from a desire of taking away their flocks or obtaining money from them, but that the great Rudolf had impressed the Emperor with their worth and bravery, and that he would lead them to victory, and enrich them with booty.

The *Freiherren* and people of the Waldstetten replied, that they knew well and would ever remember how much the late emperor had been a good sovereign and governor, and that they would always think well of his race; but that they loved the state of things in their valleys such as it had been with their fathers,—would persist in continuing it; and that the Emperor was requested to confirm it, as his father had done. After this protestation, they sent Werner, Landmann of the men of Uri, to the imperial court, in order to obtain the confirmation of their liberties. Albert was engaged in a distant war, and his affairs left in the hands of subordinates. Werner obtained nothing satisfactory. The Valley of Schwitz, therefore, made an alliance of ten years with Graf Honberg, who was hostile to the imperial ascendancy. Subsequently, however, there was another meeting of the *Freiherren* and men of the Waldstetten. Unwilling to break their allegiance, and wishing to remain obedient to Austria, according to their constitution, they sent an envoy to Albert, requesting him to give them an imperial governor. The Emperor immediately despatched to the Waldstetten, Herman Gessler and Bernger 'n von Landenberg, knights of ancient houses. Both were notorious for their coarseness. The valleys were given up to men whose oppression could not avoid leading to a revolt. There is every appearance that their appointment was made with that intention. Albert was determined to annul the liberties and privileges of the mountaineers, and his proceedings were in accordance with

his policy in other circumstances in other lands. The governors were ordered to inhabit the country; Landenberg took his quarters at Sarnem, in Unterwalden, at the Castle of Rosenberg, beautifully situated on the hill, close to the town; and Gessler built a fortress, a *Twinghof*, at Altorf, in Uri.

The imperial governors exercised great severity. They laid a heavy toll on importation, forbidding exportation in the neighbouring districts. The inhabitants of those peaceful valleys suffered much, such restrictive measures violating their old rights. They resolved to send messengers to the Emperor, with respectful expressions of their grievances. These envoys did not see the sovereign, whose representatives gave them no hope of obtaining justice, nor a word of consolation. It was evident that Albert's intention was to rouse the spirit of the Waldstetten, in order to be justified in afterwards crushing them. The Swiss had ever, hitherto, lived in a state of calmness—passing tranquilly their days with their flocks, in the blessed enjoyment of peace; they had ever met with favour, justice, and honour, at the hands of the Emperor, but they now became agitated by gloomy forebodings. The Herr of Attinghausen, Walter Furst, was distinguished among these simple populations for his wisdom, experience, his wealth and noble blood, and also for his devotedness to his country. He was highly respected in his valley, as well as Werner Stauffacher, in Schwitz, and several others equally devoted to the freedom of their native land. The people, dwelling in numerous villages, most houses of which, like those of the ancient Germans, stood on rich meadows, or on beautiful hills, by the side of lovely murmuring springs, were deeply attached to the habits, manners, ideas of their fathers. They felt an instinctive repugnance to every novelty, accustomed, as they were, to a great uniformity of existence in their rural pursuits. They were generally silent and solitary, remaining in their cottages in calm repose after their labours. On feast or holy days only did they mix and communicate with each other, when all the people of the mountain assembled at church. Now, whisperings about their grievances,

and the injustice they were exposed to, passed from mouth to mouth. They looked up in vain to their venerated patriarchs, in their keen sense of the wrong sustained, and in their hope of justice.

The persecutions continued. The ambition or wants of the Emperor rendered new taxations necessary; nevertheless, the people of the Waldstetten remained within the limits of legal right. In their simmering indignation, they still respected their liege lord, the son of the great Rudolf. But, as it is ever the case with worthless men in possession of unusual authority, the pride of the imperial governors grew daily more insolent. Their words and manners insulted the whole people. They spared no manifestation of their scorn. To them, the aged, respected heads of families were nothing more than a low set of peasant-nobles. One day, as Gessler was passing by the house of Stauffacher, and beheld a comfortable dwelling, well-built in wood, and painted outside, as was the custom, with mottoes, names, or sentences—brilliant with glazed windows,—he exclaimed before Stauffacher—“Can one allow these peasants to live in such fine houses?” In Schwitz, near the Lowerzer See, a sub-governor, Burgvogt, outraged the daughter of a man of Art; the brothers of the victim killed the Burgvogt and fled. One morning, one of the German chiefs, Wolfenschiess, came from Engelberg, passing on the Alzellen, near the many cottages on the brow of that mountain, he beheld on the flowery meadow the beautiful wife of Konrad vom Baumgarten, who was absent. The licentious conduct of the rude German filled her with shame and anguish; she fled, sought her husband, who hastening back in a paroxysm of indignation, struck down Wolfenschiess dead with his axe. Baumgarten fled also; Gessler assembled his men to avenge the death of his companions. In the meantime, Stauffacher was brooding over the envious words of the governor about his house; his wife also, with the antique energy which gave to the *Housefrauen* manly sentiments, anxiously foreboding, urged him to anticipate the threatening misfortune.

Stauffacher went over the lake to

his friend Walter Furst, in Uri, there found concealed, a young man whose sad adventure was related to him with deep emotion, by Walter Furst. This young man was related to him; his name was Erni, transferred of late into Arnold. He dwelt in the Melchthal, valley of the Melch in Unterwalden. The Melch followed down the whole length of this swampy spot, along with other warlike streamlets, that run from the mountains in the winter the sun only cheers during three hours. There is no misery in the district, no rich harvest, but it is a heavenly spot in nature inhabited by a noble race. Landenberg passing through the Melchthal beheld Erni and his father with a pair of fine oxen at work; the Governor observed, that those peasants could very well draw the plough themselves. Erni making a remark which gave offence, Landenberg ordered the fine oxen to be taken away; the father complained with vehemence of this act of outlawry; the blood of the young man warming up, with a stick he broke a finger of one of the rude spoliators. Erni fled, but was heard, at Attinghausen, that the Governor had ordered his old father's eyes to be plucked out. Stauffacher and Furst now deplored, with sorrow that all right and justice was trodden under foot. At the same time, they believed that resistance could not consist of bringing a cruel vengeance over Waldstetten. But death was preferable to submission to an ignominious yoke. They concluded that each must sift and consult his friends and relations; and they resolved to meet secretly, not to give umbrage, on Grütli (ground where bush and wood has been cleared) a little solitary meadow, advancing into the lake of Vierwaldstetten, accessible by water only, and over which frowns the high steep Mythenstein. There, in the stillness of night, they discussed the means of delivering their country; they communicated to each other the opinion of their friends, and the progress of their project. There, subsequently, Walter Furst brought his friends, Stauffacher, the son of his sister, Von Rudenz, of Unterwalden and Melchthal, to whom the tradition has left the name of his native valley instead of his family name, came accompanied by some trustworth

patriots. In the meantime, the stern, silent, subdued demeanour of the people, was observed by the Governors. They had some suspicions of the meetings of the men of the different valleys; but, the more the position of the confederates of the Grütli became dangerous, the higher rose the vigour of their hearts, and their resolute determination to be free.

One night, before Saint Martin's day (1307), Furst, Melchtal, and Stauffacher, each came, accompanied by ten adjuncts from their valley. These thirty stout-hearted men, to whom the project of resistance to tyranny had been revealed, were deeply attached to their ancient liberty and to the bonds of brotherhood. The thirty-three patriots, thus assembled at the Grütli, fearless of the imperial power, pressed each other's hands, with beating hearts, and swore, in the face of God and heaven, to live and die in sacred friendship!—to protect, in their valley, the innocent, oppressed people, and not to estrange any of the rights of the house of Hapsburg, to endeavour that the Governors with their men and soldiers should leave the mountains without the shedding of a drop of blood, and to leave to their posterity, pure and untouched, the liberty which they had inherited from their ancestors. These noble men proclaimed that the peasant had equal claims to the unalterable rights of man, as the Emperor. Their principle of union was, *each for all, all for each*. Such was their democracy; they did not understand the name of it, but practised its spirit. Such were the men of Uri, Schwitz and Unterwalden—brothers in heart, before they could form a political family. The patriot-mountaineers, after their sacred oath, unanimously came to their final resolution. The first day of the January following (1308) was fixed upon for the expulsion of the tyrants. In consequence of the extreme difficulties of communication, it was agreed that each district would light a blazing fire on the Alpine summit the nearest to it, as a signal of the success of the enterprise. Then, all returned to their homes, and calmly resumed their rural labours, remaining in tranquil expectation of the solemn day, on which, ere many weeks, they would break their chains.

However, the space of time that

was to elapse between the meeting of the Grütli and the first of January, intended to be a state of lulling torpor and apparent resignation, became deeply agitated by a most unexpected and tragical event: Governor Gessler was killed by Wilhelm Tell, a man from Burglen, near Altorf, in Uri, Walter Furst's son-in-law, and one of the ten whom he had brought to the Grütli. Gessler, from a capricious tyranny, it has been believed, but more probably, informed of a menacing agitation among the people, resolved to discover those who were disposed to resist his domination. He had recourse to a measure not unusual in those ages. He ordered a hat, representing the ducal dignity of Austria, to be fixed in the square of Altorf. This hat, or some other head garb, bearing the crest or arms of the Prince, was to be honoured and saluted by all. It would thus be easy, from their demeanour, to discern the rebelliously disposed. Tell, then about forty-seven years of age, scorned to honour the insignia of despotism, and the hasty, abrupt expression of his feelings, induced the Governor to have him seized. The tyrant knowing him to be celebrated for his skill with the cross-bow, ordered him to shoot an apple placed on the head of his son, stipulating that both he and the boy would be put to death in the case of a refusal. The anguish of the father need not be described: his supplications were in vain, but he collected all the powers of his soul, and successfully struck the apple. In the exultation of his excitement, he exclaimed that God was with him, and that the worst would have happened to the Governor if he had killed his boy. Gessler, already uneasy, on beholding the excitement of the people and of Tell's numerous friends, resolved to keep him a prisoner in Küssnacht, at the other extremity of the lake. Accordingly, the Governor, with his guards, the prisoner in fetters, proceeded to the barge and embarked. They had reached the portion of the lake not very distant from the Grütli, when suddenly arose the dreaded Föhn; a southern wind of an extraordinary violence, that passes over the Gothard, and which, if, in the spring, it thaws beneficently deep snows in one night, is, on the other hand, terrible in its fury, when, enclosed between the

excesses of the contest, in which they have been engaged. The 'griff' will now be indoctrinated in a school, whose lessons are very different from those taught in Anglo-Indian society before the mutiny and rebellion. He will hear natives spoken of almost universally as 'niggers,' with prefixes of strong adjectives, referring to the supposed future state of 'darkies' and 'pandies.' He will be taught that the height of his ambition should be 'to make a good bag,' which is the specific name used, on all occasions, for killing a good many of the enemy—that mercy is 'snivelling white pandyism,' and that 'potting a pandy' is one of the highest and purest enjoyments of which Christians are or ought to be capable. He will learn that the 'nigger' is a being incapable of feeling either gratitude or affection, that it is preposterous to speak of him as a fellow-man, that he is not entitled to participate in the equal administration of justice, that he ought to have a distinct code of his own framed, it is to be presumed, on different principles, and that the argumentum baculum is the only ratiocinatory process he can appreciate."

It were surely bad enough if the evil so generously and fearlessly denounced by Mr. Russell were, as he seems to imagine, a new portent. But if the two sisters have not belied their own kinsfolk and acquaintance, we cannot admit that this portent, which is of monstrous, is also of novel birth. Were it so, we might incline to think that with the subsidence of that agonized excitement whence it sprung, itself would fall back into nothingness and disappear. But the sad and shameful fact would seem to be that it is no new school, in which the "griff" shall now be indoctrinated with the lessons of "insolence and folly," supposing that we may fairly scratch the "cruelty" out of Mr. Russell's sentence. It is an old established school, reformed a little—and that for the worse.

No one, we think, save such as would accuse a Russell of "snivelling white pandyism," will venture to accuse us of "Irish Sepoyism;" and yet, we will declare it loudly, we hold it as a sacred duty for the organs of British publicity to do their best to rouse the attention of Great Britain, and to fix it upon such things as these.

If the late changes in the mode of governing our Indian dependencies are to effect a tithe even of that for which so many of our countrymen

look, they will have the effect of bringing into nearer contact with home the men of our race and tongue who administer the Indian empire. As these men are brought under more direct and immediate control of home authorities, so will they become more amenable to the verdict of home thought and feeling. It is at once more necessary and more feasible than ever to submit them to the pressure of the public opinion and sentiment of their fellow-countrymen. Now we strangely misapprehend the drift and purport of these, if they are likely to tolerate the growth and development of that hateful spirit of arrogant insolence against which we are now protesting. Let it be clearly understood that its indulgence is to brand with infamy at home the men who shall have belied and slandered abroad by their misconduct, that character of Britain of which they should have been the representatives, and of which they have made themselves the traducers. Let it be laid down, without ambiguity, that Britain will have her sons to understand and acknowledge, not in word only, but in the consistent practice and usage of daily life, that there is to be a manner no less than a measure worthy of herself and of her great free, noble, motherly heart, in distributing to her meanest subjects her magnificent bounties of impartial justice and considerate equity. Yes! let them whom she has sent out already, and them whom she shall send hereafter, know that they forfeit their sonship, and all their claim to brotherhood with those that sit by the great parent's hearth, in the day when they shall thus disfigure in outlandish eyes the moral lineaments of the mother's countenance.

It was but the other day the *Times* was asking:—

"How are we to exert such general influence and produce such general impression upon the people of India as will leave them convinced of our good intentions, and relieve us from the chance of wanton and unreasoning insurrections? We, ourselves, are satisfied, and Europe appears to share the opinion, that we have a mission in the East; that our rule is a positive benefit to India, and that the country would relapse into the most deplorable anarchy if we were to withdraw. How are Hindoos to be brought to the same way of thinking?"

did meteors, blazed on every accessible Alpine mountain, announcing to the inhabitants of every hill and dale of the Waldstetten, that they were free. The greetings and rejoicings were boundless. Stauffacher opened his house to all his companions. Melchtal was hailed with enthusiasm in his valley, while his old blind father thanked God that he was still living; Walter Furst returned to his home where the Uri men flocked in high glee, when, says Muller, he especially and openly honoured the husband of his daughter, Wilhelm Tell. In the explosion of their exultation, however, these men respected every right and every property! not a drop of blood was shed. The foreign oppressors were made to swear never to return, and ordered to go back to their own country. From that time the Waldstetten received the appellation of *Schweizerland*, in honour to Schwitz, because it had been the most prominent in patriotism, decision, and energy on the occasion. The following Sunday all the Swiss assembled and swore solemnly to remain eternally allied.

For several months the Swiss remained without any tidings from the land of their former tyrants. The Emperor Albert, however, was preparing plans of vengeance when he was assassinated by his nephew, in Argau, at the foot of the hill on which still frown the ruins of the castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of his family. The day came, 1315, when his heir, the Duke of Austria, was in a position to claim the apanage of his race, and force the Swiss to a terrible reckoning for past outrages. The Duke, proud and brave, assembled a brilliant chivalry; he headed his host with confidence; he had round him a Gessler and Landenberg, both thirsting for revenge, and many of the most valorous knights of Germany. In the mean time the confederates were not slumbering: 400 men from Uri—300 from Unterwalden—500 from Schwitz, placed themselves on a hill between Einsiedeln and Schwitz, facing the plain, towards which the Duke and his host were bending their way. The brilliant army, dazzling with steel and plumes, beheld with scorn the mountaineers, closely serried in solemn silence—the silence of prayer, when fervently swearing to conquer or die.

The enemy rashly and disorderly rushed upon the Swiss, and their horses soon becoming entangled in the mud and reeds, the patriots fell upon them like an avalanche. Nothing could resist their fury. In a few hours the Duke had scarcely a man left, and took to an ignoble flight from the immortal field of Morgarten—the Marathon of Switzerland. The battle of Morgarten, when the Swiss were not yet organized as a nation, when they were unskilled in warfare, rolled back the Germanic aggressions for a length of time. Had it been lost, Germany and Germanism might have absorbed that fair land, and annihilated its nationality. It was, therefore, a decisive battle, as much so as the battle of Marathon; and we cannot explain the reasons which induced the industrious author of the fifteen decisive battles (Professor Creasy), to refuse to it the honour of being included in his work, whilst we believe that a few of those which he introduces were not wholly decisive, and one of them especially (Karl Martel), so little so, that there are very fair grounds mentioned by Michelet and Sismondi, which would justify the belief that this decisive battle has never been fought.

One of the most instructive and interesting objects of study in history, is the simultaneous idea or principle which, at the same period, agitate, and transform into heroic bands, whole populations, distant from, and unknown to, each other. Popular insurrections form the characteristic feature of the fourteenth century; and, whilst the Swiss were proclaiming their freedom, and consecrating it for ever, at Morgarten, the Scotch, with their Bruce, were repelling the ferocious aggression of Edward the First, with an invincible perseverance. After Bruce and his force had been decimated, the Scottish hero, although in a state of languor from fatigue and privations, emerged from the desolate Isle of Ràchrin, on the northern coast of Ireland, where he had taken refuge—attacked and defeated the English twice in the spring of 1307; again, on a memorable day, in 1308, and finally in June, 1313, at Bannockburn. Undoubtedly the Scottish war cannot be called, strictly speaking, a popular insurrection, since the Scotch were repelling an invasion; nevertheless, they were animated, as well as the Swiss, by the

and grey locks far down his shoulders, walking about among the group of guests, and hecatombs of pots and cauldrons, the kind and courteous host of a whole people.

"What is the result?"

"The district of Huzara, which was notorious for its long continued struggles with the Sikhs, is now about the quietest, happiest, and most loyal in the Punjab."

Prejudice and credulity would find it hard to hold their own in "native minds," we take it, against the influence of men, whose tone and temper should be such as this. But we are at a loss, we will confess, to perceive what prejudice and credulity have to do with preventing those who live under the rule of a Collector Keith, from "regarding us, not only as rulers, but as benefactors." There is a keen perception of truth, and a nice discriminating good sense on such a topic, in a book, of which, if Mr. Russell and Two Sisters are to be credited, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge might advantageously send out a ship-load to Calcutta now and then: we mean that popular work of fiction, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"But, Topsy," said Eva, sadly, "if you'd only try to be good, you might!"

"Couldn't never be nothing but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and 'come white, I'd try them."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

"Topsy gave the short blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—She'd's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle."

"St. Clare, at this instant dropped the curtain. 'It puts me in mind of mother,' he said to Miss Ophelia. 'It is true what she told me: "If we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and put our hands on them."'

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia; "and, it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there's no keeping it from them. But, I believe, that all the

trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favours you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; its a queer kind of fact—but so it is."

It was no "prejudiced or credulous" Hindoo mind, but the keen intellect and generous moral sense of a spirit whose lungs had found free play in the bracing atmosphere of Athenian independence, which conceived and expressed the profound political and social maxim, that "insolence is the begetter of tyrants." Sophocles penned the line: and the men who yesterday had debated in the Pnyx, and to-morrow would debate there again, applauded its utterance to the echo—

ἔβρις φτερεῖ τράνανον·

And that conviction which acuteness of reasoning taught the free Greek, may not acuteness of observation have brought home to the apprehension of a servile Hindoo? We cannot be content to break off the quotation; the axiom has too valuable a corollary appended:—

ἔβρις φτερεῖ τράνανον·

ἔβρις, εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῇ μάται

ἂ μὴ πικαῖρια μὴδὲ συμμέροντα,

ἀ κρόταρον εἰσαναβᾷς

* * ἀπότρομον ὠροῦσαν εἰς ἀναγκαν,

ἐνθ'οὐ ποδὶ χρησίμῃ,

κρήται . . .

which, poorly Englished as it is by Mr. Potter, we yet submit, in his translation, for benefit of Greekless griffs:

"The tyrant Pride engenders,—Pride

With wealth o'erfilled, with greatness vain,

Mounting with outrage at her side,

The splendid summit if she gain,

Falls headlong from the dangerous brow,

Down dash'd to ruin's gulf below."

But let those Greekless remember as they read, that ἔβρις is not "Pride" in truth. It is that insolence whereby the hateful passion, thinking to show its loftiness, betrays its baseness most effectually.

Before dismissing the book under our notice, we will say this of it again, that if its portraiture of Anglo-Indian society be not a libellous daub, we seem to recognise in the features of it, as thus displayed, a confirmation of the force and truth of their argument who now are urging upon their fellow-countrymen, with commendable zeal, the extension of missionary enterprise

as one great salve for the sores of Hindostan.

And we are not going to suggest, as one is obviously tempted to do, that such missionaries as shall go forth should be specially sent to shame Christians into something more like a Christian demeanour and tone. We are not now going to advocate a mission for the conversion of Collectors, such as Brother Keith, to something of the fraternal spirit of our holy religion, but simply to say this—that, granted the truth and lifelikeness of the picture inspected, we may take it for a demonstrated necessity that we should seek to cover India with as close a network as may be of missionary households—households whereof the unwritten law of domestic life shall be felt and understood to be grounded on such saving, transforming truths as these, that “God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” and that, again, wheresoever “Christ is all in all . . . there is neither Greek nor Jew . . . neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free.” Ay! a demonstrated necessity, if not for the propagation of the Gospel, at least for preventing the propagation of a too just hatred, contempt, and indignation against the Christian name! Talk of suppressing caste, indeed, whilst caste of colour is to make a Pariah of the Brahmin!

And we have written down, advisedly, the words “missionary households.” There are those who tell us, with all sincerity of zeal and good intention, that our ordinary married Protestant missionary is not the man to do the mission work which India requires. They tell us that for the rough work of missions, savouring of martyrdom, men are needed who shall be bound by no earthly ties—men fired by the consuming energy of a zeal which has burnt up the fuel of gentler home affections in the breast. Well, it may be so, at certain times, in certain cases: we will concede no more. And that, not because we think refusal of concession might endanger the “Honour of y^e married clergy,” for which of old good Bishop Hall stood up so manfully; but because we fear that by such concession we should be stultifying ourselves in forgetting or in denying the latest conclusions of actual experience. He

should have a long and weary turn of inspection to take, up and down the ranks of any calibate clergy, mustered under any Church banner that you will, who should have set himself to pick out thence a model-missionary, whose standard of physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual growth combined should much surpass the stature of that married clergyman, George, Bishop of New Zealand. Nor do we cite an instance which is solitary. When apprehensions of a Caffre war, some short time back, had forced cruel apprehensions upon the friends and supporters of missions in the diocese of Cape Town; and when it was urged upon the Bishop of that see that he should call in from a neighbourhood of hostile savage population his endangered missionaries, he resolved at once, with the quiet resolution that stamps the man, to gain a personal acquaintance with the real state of things before taking so serious and, for the spiritual interest of his missions, so compromising a step. “I therefore rode, myself,” said he—we heard him say it with the most manly simplicity—“I therefore rode, myself, throughout the threatened district, and my wife went with me.” Admirable on either side! True pastor, and pastor’s true wife! If the Caffres have in them any particle of that nobler spirit which, for all their savagery, has often been assigned to them by those that have known them well, we will avouch it, the presence of that gentle, strong-hearted lady by the side of Bishop Grey, on his venturous tour, will not be forgotten soon in their estimate of what the true missionary character may be. There is no little force of truth and reason in such a passage as we will here quote from a recent article in the *Saturday Review*:—

“The married state of its ministers is an incalculable gain to Protestantism, in its relations with the heathen. It is not only that women are taken to co-operate in the pious work, but that the women taken are married. It is because she is a wife among wives, and a mother among mothers, that the missionary’s companion wins her way to the heart of those who have the care of the young, and thus secures a footing where it is most needed.”

And if there be force and truth in these words generally, there must be more than general force and truth in

their application to the missions of Hindostan.

We will waive the question whether for mission to Bheels and Santhals, and other wild, untamed races, the unfettered, unwedded mission priest may not be needed, albeit the quotation we have made occurs in the consideration of the admirable assistance derived by missionaries from their wives, in the successful planting of religion amongst a ferocious tribe of man-eaters in Polynesia. But the civilization of India exists, exists of old, exists in antiquated form, is based upon, and, in some respects, is almost bounded by, the family life. It is a civilization in which the state and condition of the female in that family life, whether among idolaters or Mahometans, offers the most serious obstacle to its purification and regener-

ation. And, therefore, we cannot keep ourselves from thinking that his imagination must have outrun his judgment, who cannot understand of what advantage it may be, by God's good blessing, to plant among the long settled habitations of British India, in its populous cities, its crowded cantonments, its agricultural villages, its hill stations and sanitary resorts, just such simple, well-ordered, godly, pastoral households as the married clergy preside over for the more part; households wherein the "nigger" shall soon discover this at least—that the grasp of the Christian brother's and father's hand, nay, the gentle touch of a hand, sisterly or motherly, shrinks not with "intense aversion," or "an absurd horror," from "the clammy touch of a native, as from the touch of a toad."

PERIWIGS AND PETTICOATS.

BY T. IRWIN.

As through the Hall Sir Topaz paced,
 With brow of conquest smooth and calm,
 Arranged his toupee curl, and placed
 A guinea in the porter's palm.
 Within the rich saloon above
 His mistress o'er her lap-dog bent,
 Now swayed by pride, now sunned by love,
 And half regretting her consent:
 For she had been through seasons past
 The envied charm of court and town;
 All hearts before her altar cast,
 All homage yielded for her crown.
 The loftiest lords, strait-laced and curbed
 With ceremonious state and care,
 Whose marked obeisance ne'er disturbed
 One grain of powder in their hair:
 Lord Treasurers and mighty Earls
 In her soft presence lost their sway,
 And stooping their heads of haughty curls
 Smiled 'mid their dusty disarray;
 While every wit beneath the skies
 That watch St. James' or Hampton's chase,
 Had thronged to praise those beauteous eyes,
 And sparkle fancies on her face:
 Nay, if one lord outshone his foe,
 And earned her laughing lip's awards,
 The vanquished beckoned him below,
 To end the wrong with measured swords:—

Heigh ho! and must these glories cease,
 And marriage mould her darling days,
 Contented with domestic peace,
 And in a husband's lonely praise;

Shall birth-day bards no longer sing
 Her charms when once the altar's past,
 And must the kiss upon the ring
 Proclaim her life of triumph past ;
 Shall Lady Bab become a prize,
 And bend upon the courtly train
 The light of long eclipsed eyes
 Exultant o'er her closing reign ?—
 With crimson indignation blown,
 She rises, drops her fan, and then
 Retires to one sweet friend alone,
 For comfort from the ways of men.

Within a neighbouring chamber where
 A casement shows the garden's green,
 And votive nosegays scent the air,
 A round and polished disk is seen ;
 A wondrous sphere across whose glass
 A shifting sibil-lustre flies ;
 And through whose sky the spirits pass
 That reign o'er human destinies :—
 Around this mystic world of light
 All treasures of the east are strewn ;
 Rich caskets, urns of water bright,
 And vases, silver as the moon ;
 There meteoric opals glow
 By jacinth jewels that restrain
 The airy scarf's fantastic flow,
 Or swelling shawl of Persian grain :
 Bright buckles too, that wink if stirred,
 And pearly drops, pale with the fear
 Of hurried whisperings being heard
 By other than *their* rosy ear :
 And watches foreordained to keep
 Sweet time with hearts whereon they lie,—
 Gems that from laughing ribbons peep,
 And rings, with mottoes like a sigh.

Before this shrine, with blossoms decked,
 The thoughtful priestess many an hour,
 Was wont in silence to reflect
 Upon the secret springs of power ;
 What colours best in love-knots blow ?
 How far the bodice may allow
 The charmed bosom to outsnow
 The whiteness of the fragrant brow.
 What jewels suit the pensive face,
 Or how, to catch a morning eye,
 The cherry ribboned cap may grace
 One cheek in sidelong coquetry.
 So now she comes as oftentimes
 Before she sought this pensive shade,
 'Mid trinkets tinkling golden chimes
 And rustling sounds of rich brocade :
 With quick white hand she bolts the door ;
 Then toward the chamber's lustrous end
 Draws a gilt chair along the floor,
 And swift confronts her mystic friend.

Lo ! sweet as summer rainbows rise,
 From clouds that pale in partial night,
 Within the mirror's silver skies
 A beauteous vision meets her sight ;

Through glossy braids the noonlights win
 A shining path, until they swerve
 Down to the dimple on the chin,
 And round the proud lip's vermeil curve :
 Like grains of joyous gold that lie
 Within some azure fountain's brim
 Rich flecks of laughter in her eye,
 Glow from the depths of violet dim.
 And gleamy graces softly play
 O'er rosy mouth, and finger fine,
 Like airy drops of sunny spray,
 Or bubbles on a vase of wine ;
 But though around the forehead's height
 Beam sparkling wit and fair finesse,
 As little can they drown its light
 Of sweet entrancing tenderness,
 As can the snows that flush awhile
 In Persia's westerling deeps of day,
 Or roses pale that faintly smile
 In lonely fields of calm Cathay
 Outparagon the human hues,
 That flush the rounded neck, and break
 In tender colours, soft as dew,
 From balmy ambush in her cheek.

In studious peruse thus awhile,
 O'er that sweet face she bends, and tries
 Its varied lights of scorn and smile,
 And all her blue orbs' archeries ;
 Until at length a pride supreme
 Along the imperial forehead breaks,
 And, as from out some sumptuous dream
 Rich music undulates, she speaks :—

'Ah! must she now for ever move
 Secure from pleasure's dear alarms,
 Leave triumphs, toasts, the wit and love
 That glowed like stars around her charms ;
 Now fold within a homely hive
 Her wings, resigning drearily,
 Those wandering flights 'mid flowers that give
 To maiden days their sweet esprit :—
 The whispers sighed through vaporous scents
 Of tea boards decked with rich japan,
 The kisses blown for compliments
 From cover of the pictured fan ;
 Charmed chat in antichambers lone,
 Delicious dangers on the stair,
 When guardians for a space had gone
 To seek and call the distant chair ;
 Swift meanings shot from eye to eye,
 Light pressures, glossed with parting bow,
 And sweet adieus, masked in a high
 Deceptive seriousness of brow ;
 Still hours at church when Queensborough's Grace,
 Presents his open book of prayer,
 Which she regarding, finds her face
 Reflected in the mirror there ;
 And all the scenes of freak and wit,
 As when the matron coterie
 Collect with closed doors, and quit
 For cordials strong their tedious tea ;

When every jewell'd bosom shakes,
 As Myrra loses brooch and ring;
 Her watch, and Negro page, and stakes
 Her husband's title on the King,
 While Lady Betty with a glass
 Of citron waters held on high,
 Toasts pretty fellows as they pass
 Her window from the tavern nigh:
 Paha! who's Sir Topaz, that her eyes
 Should ever droop to his rebuke,
 When she, with half a dozen sighs,
 Could win the hearts of Earl and Duke!
 What maid or dame at rout or court,
 Shows courage such as she pretends?
 Has she not turned her foes to sport,
 And made her very rivals, friends?
 Nor heeded satirists who sneer
 In pointed sentence when they mark
 The patch displaced, and hint the dear
 Undrapes her prudery in the dark;
 But still would deal her dainty tricks,
 If bilious Pope were by, or though
 Calm Addison himself should fix
 His grey glance on her furbelow;
 Well conscious that a smile or sigh
 Would rout an army of such folk,
 And resting on her coquetry
 To kill the gravest with a joke."

Thus reasoning with her glass, an hour
 Concentred in a minute, flies:
 Self knowledge gravitates in power;
 The beauteous logic of her eyes
 Dispers his claim; rich blushes still
 Flame forth to negative his suit;
 A smile but seems to make her will
 Unalterably resolute;
 And if his image crossed her trance,
 Resentful as some injured ghost,
 Her favourite dimple caught her glance,
 And in its ripple, he was lost.
 But hark! upon the panelled frame,
 A knuckle taps, and o'er and o'er,
 Impatiently her serving dame
 Cries—"Madam, madam, ope the door!"
 Oh! what a man Sir Topaz is!
 The brightest, best of lovers he;
 The town has not his match, I wis,
 For riches, truth, and constancy;
 Oh! hasten, hasten, for I bear
 A jewel box and billet-doux
 Scented with amber—or I err,
 And both, sweet mistress, both for you."

Scarce were the diamonds and the wit,
 In box and billet ope'd and read,
 When 'mid the fancies love relit,
 Disdain, and Pride, and Reason fled;
 And with a pensive musing smile
 That far outshone her jewels' ray,
 She views in fancied dreams awhile
 The splendours of the nuptial day:—

When robed in clouds of richest lace,
 'Mid bridesmaid vassals, line on line,
 Along admiring aisles she'll pace—
 The bounteous priestess of the shrine:
 Before the altar rails shall press
 The loftiest peers that king has crowned;
 Confusions of rich carriages
 Shall fill the streets for miles around.
 At night the brazier streaming flames,
 Shall mark the bridegroom's festal house,
 Where London's brightest wits and dames
 Shall join in dances and carouse;
 Where some great Duke shall rise and stand
 'Mid listening lords, and swear that he
 Had rather own her snowy hand
 Than win an Orient empery;
 Then, bending with a grace sublime,
 Shall press his star, and call her name
 'Mid tankards raised o'erhead, and time
 The bursts of jubilant acclaim,
 Whose echoes through St. James' shall ring,
 And o'er the slumbering city drift
 The while that, westward hurrying
 The bridal chariot sure and swift,
 By rows of elm, and hostels old,
 And peaked gables o'er the park,
 And wide green down with fire and fold,
 And glassy stream and forest dark
 Rolls Castleward, as glimmering day
 Tinctures the east with rosy air,
 And sets the vestal crescent's ray,
 Beyond the full-leaved woodlands there.

WILHELM TELL.

BY PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR.

It would be difficult to find in history an episode more popular than that relating to Wilhelm Tell. The myriads of tourists, who now more than ever, since steam-power brings them to the very foot of the Swiss mountains, annually flock to give a hasty glance on the same passes and valleys, return, elated with their rapid travelling, before all the chapels erected to the memory of Tell. With the great majority of them, Tell is the deliverer of his country—a Swiss hero, who roused his countrymen to a successful insurrection, because he had been ordered by a brutal governor to bow before a hat; and on his refusing to do so, to shoot an apple on the head of his son, in consequence of being celebrated for his skill with the cross-bow. Yet, there are few events in history more clouded over by legendary exaggerations than those connected with the

deeds of Wilhelm Tell. On the other hand, the tradition, such as it is accepted by the generality of tourists and by the great mass of the Swiss people, harmonizes with the characteristics of Alpine poetry, as well as the rude chivalric spirit of its people; and the restoration of the real facts on the subject, through historical researches, if it strips Tell of his historical importance, leaves untouched the pure heroism of the men who effected the revolution of 1308. History shows the Swiss people of that age—at the cradle of their liberty—such as they have proved themselves through the course of times, through a variety of vicissitudes and aggressions, to this very day. Their characteristics have never changed; their love of liberty, their attachment to the fatherland, their pride of their Alps, are unalterable.

And, is there anything more ma-

rection of a few pastoral valleys. The belief in Tell has been so excessive among the Swiss—so much a fact they had at heart—that any one among them who would have dared to express a doubt as to its truth, would have been considered as traitor to his country. On the other hand, the adversaries of Tell's tradition abandon themselves to a sweeping denial, because the same adventure is related by Saxo, in his *Scandinavian Chronicle*, without thinking that a similarity in the traditions may exist among different nations without plagiarism on either side—that the two stories are not precisely similar. They forget that the Swiss story was widely spread and had taken deep root in the Alpine regions long before the appearance of the Danish narrative, and that such a coincidence does not justify the rejection of other decisive grounds and documents. Oral traditions are the only records of the origin and cradle of nations; their traditions must subsequently traverse the religious and poetical effusions of an infant people, by whom their truth, blended with mythical embellishments, are saved from oblivion. In the course, movements, and progress of time, when a people emerge from infancy and become an organized nation, they manifest a yearning for something positive about their history; they no longer feel satisfied with tame traditions, uncertain legends; they endeavour to construct for themselves a brilliant historical origin, and earnestly seek among their early traditions the materials for an historical edifice. Such was the case with the people of Switzerland. When, by their undaunted heroism, their fatherland had attained a lofty position, they commenced, through chronicles and documents, to lay the foundation of their history, but at a time when it was not easy to establish a clear distinction between the poetical tradition and the historical facts, and when it was almost impossible not to mix both. It has, therefore, been difficult to separate the two elements, legend and history, in the case of *Wilhelm Tell*, as material divergences exist in the chronicles. For instance, it is not an insignificant fact that those of the fourteenth century are silent on many events and actions described by the writers of a subsequent age; there are, however,

circumstances that may explain this anomaly. Let us cast a glance on the sources of Swiss history, namely, Rüsch, Etterlin, Stumpf and Tschudi, which have been admirably analysed by Kopp. It will be seen with what facility they—and the latter especially—accept the various traditions, and what difference there exists between their statements and others—namely, the most ancient documents, two of which, being the most ancient and respectable, claim our first attention: they are the "*Special History of Berne*" by Konrad Justinger, and a general chronicle of Johannes, a monk of Winterthur.

Justinger, a native of Berne, was appointed, in 1391, secretary to the great council, and in 1411, one of the writers of the city. He died in 1426, so that he lived during a considerable portion of the fourteenth century, and, may be considered as a very near contemporary of Tell. In 1420, he was desired by the Republic of Berne to write a history of his native country, and executed his task in the form of a chronicle, which he brings down to the year 1420. He is not free from the defects of a chronicler, namely, the absence of criticism, as well as of the investigation of events, with a great simplicity; but his work is of importance in the annals of the Swiss Confederation. He must have been held in much estimation to be intrusted by his native city with such an honourable charge; he had the advantage of participating in all public affairs, which gives weight to his narrative, while the majority of mediæval chroniclers were ecclesiastics, living in monastic cells, from which they seldom stirred, and could not, therefore, have a clear, free, practical comprehension of the agitations and movements of the world. Justinger, on the contrary, mixed all his life with state and political transactions, and evinces much judgment and clearness of conception. G. E. Haller (*Biblioth. der Schweizergeschichte*) and Kopp, in his collection of documents (Lucerne, 1835), consider him as one of the most trustworthy, valuable authorities in history. Now, Justinger gives, in his terse, old German style, a brief account of the Revolution of 1308, and of the battle of Morgarten, but is silent upon Tell. A contemporary does not mention the

their majesty whilst the clouds that surround them are convulsed by the tempest. Switzerland is the only country in which the republican principle has gained an absolute, complete victory over feudalism.

Conflicts between the municipalities and feudalism were almost general in Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but nowhere, we believe, were their results so deeply and permanently marked as in Switzerland. In 1308, a handful of peasants, among whom was Wilhelm Tell, formed a conspiracy to resist oppression. The results of that insurrection had a duration of 170 years, and it was only terminated by the annihilation of the most powerful empire that was then in Europe. And of what importance could be to the Dukes of Austria the small tribute of three poor cantons? Why should the Swiss have proved so long indomitable in their resistance? The historical truth is, that the principal cause of that mighty struggle was the antagonism between feudalism and the municipalities: it was a long war of principles. Hence the greater interest that belongs to the Swiss Revolution, if compared to the other insurrections of the fourteenth century. Its history has been related in various chronicles, all of which had been thrown into the shade, or fallen into utter oblivion, when, at the commencement of this century, the extensive and graphic History of the Federal States, by Johann Von Muller, the Thucydides of Switzerland, made its appearance. His genius, patriotism, and eloquence, the abundance of his researches, the mass of documents which, by his industry, have been made to contribute to his work, justly place him among the most illustrious historians, and deservedly entitle him to the admiration and gratitude of the Swiss, his countrymen, to whose history he has raised so noble a monument. Although no historian can be wholly without blemishes, although the course of time often reveals documents which change the aspect of facts and events, Johann Von Muller is, nevertheless, the highest authority on Swiss history, and we naturally have recourse to him for our sketch of the events which preceded the revolution of 1308.

The pastoral districts round the

southern portion of the lake of Lucern were under the suzerainty of Rudolf of Hapsburg, himself a Swiss nobleman of the canton of Aarau, before he was elected Emperor of Germany. The inhabitants of those valleys were bound by a federal tie. When they received the news of the death of the Emperor Rudolf, they felt some misgivings as to the disturbances that might follow, in consequence of the succession to the imperial throne. A document forgotten in the archives, and published at Basle in 1760, consists of an account of their meeting on this occasion. Its tenor is interesting, because it testifies the degree of allegiance which bound them to the empire. It states that the men of the valley of Uri had the pre-eminence, in consequence, no doubt, of the estimation in which the *Freiherrn* of Attinghausen was held—that these men came along with those of Schwitz and Unterwalden, and, in expectation of bad times, bound themselves to succour each other at any cost, with all their power and means, if any of them was exposed to violence or injustice. The articles of this primitive federacy are as follows:—"Whoever has a master, must obey him dutifully. The object of their union is to receive in their valleys no master who is not their countryman, or any one who has purchased his functions. Among the confederates, every contention must be adjusted through the wisest. Whoever will kill, or rob, or act treacherously, will be judged for his crime, and whoever protects him will be banished. All must obey the judge in the valley, or the confederates will take compensation for his obstinacy. If in internal dissensions, one party will not accept and submit to justice, all the others must help the adverse party. These ordinances for the general good, ought, if God wills it, to be eternal."

In the meantime, Albert had been elected to succeed his father on the imperial throne, and was exerting his utmost efforts in Germany, in order to force back to the imperial sway the rebellious feudal states. He could not brook any limit to his authority, and was little disposed to recognise any freedom among the people who owed allegiance to his house. When his attention was drawn to the woody districts, the Waldstetten we have

spoken of, he sent Von Ochsenstein and Von Lichtenberg to them, with expressions of esteem for their bravery and honesty, and propositions of protection for themselves and their posterity, if they would abandon and make over to his royal house their lands, abbeys, and cities; adding that they could never resist the powerful arms of his Majesty, son of the great Rudolf; stating also, that it was not from a desire of taking away their flocks or obtaining money from them, but that the great Rudolf had impressed the Emperor with their worth and bravery, and that he would lead them to victory, and enrich them with booty.

The *Freiherren* and people of the Waldstetten replied, that they knew well and would ever remember how much the late emperor had been a good sovereign and governor, and that they would always think well of his race; but that they loved the state of things in their valleys such as it had been with their fathers,—would persist in continuing it; and that the Emperor was requested to confirm it, as his father had done. After this protestation, they sent Werner, Landmann of the men of Uri, to the imperial court, in order to obtain the confirmation of their liberties. Albert was engaged in a distant war, and his affairs left in the hands of subordinates. Werner obtained nothing satisfactory. The Valley of Schwitz, therefore, made an alliance of ten years with Graf Honberg, who was hostile to the imperial ascendancy. Subsequently, however, there was another meeting of the *Freiherren* and men of the Waldstetten. Unwilling to break their allegiance, and wishing to remain obedient to Austria, according to their constitution, they sent an envoy to Albert, requesting him to give them an imperial governor. The Emperor immediately despatched to the Waldstetten, Herman Gessler and Berminger 'n von Landenberg, knights of ancient houses. Both were notorious for their coarseness. The valleys were given up to men whose oppression could not avoid leading to a revolt. There is every appearance that their appointment was made with that intention. Albert was determined to annul the liberties and privileges of the mountaineers, and his proceedings were in accordance with

his policy in other circumstances in other lands. The governors were ordered to inhabit the country; Landenberg took his quarters at Sarnem, in Unterwalden, at the Castle of Rorberg, beautifully situated on the hill, close to the town; and Gessler built a fortress, a *Twinghof*, at Altorf, in Uri.

The imperial governors exercised great severity. They laid a heavy toll on importation, forbidding exportation in the neighbouring districts. The inhabitants of those peaceful valleys suffered much, such restrictive measures violating their old rights. They resolved to send messengers to the Emperor, with respectful expressions of their grievances. These envoys did not see the sovereign, whose representatives gave them no hope of obtaining justice, nor a word of consolation. It was evident that Albert's intention was to rouse the spirit of the Waldstetten, in order to be justified in afterwards crushing them. The Swiss had ever, hitherto, lived in a state of calmness—passing tranquilly their days with their flocks, in the blessed enjoyment of peace; they had ever met with favour, justice, and honour, at the hands of the Emperor, but they now became agitated by gloomy forebodings. The Herr of Attinghausen, Walter Furst, was distinguished among these simple populations for his wisdom, experience, his wealth and noble blood, and also for his devotedness to his country. He was highly respected in his valley, as well as Werner Stauffacher, in Schwitz, and several others equally devoted to the freedom of their native land. The people, dwelling in numerous villages, most houses of which, like those of the ancient Germans, stood on rich meadows, or on beautiful hills, by the side of lovely murmuring springs, were deeply attached to the habits, manners, ideas of their fathers. They felt an instinctive repugnance to every novelty, accustomed, as they were, to a great uniformity of existence in their rural pursuits. They were generally silent and solitary, remaining in their cottages in calm repose after their labours. On feast or holy days only did they mix and communicate with each other, when all the people of the mountain assembled at church. Now, whisperings about their grievances,

and the injustice they were exposed to, passed from mouth to mouth. They looked up in vain to their venerated patriarchs, in their keen sense of the wrong sustained, and in their hope of justice.

The persecutions continued. The ambition or wants of the Emperor rendered new taxations necessary; nevertheless, the people of the Waldstetten remained within the limits of legal right. In their simmering indignation, they still respected their liege lord, the son of the great Rudolf. But, as it is ever the case with worthless men in possession of unusual authority, the pride of the imperial governors grew daily more insolent. Their words and manners insulted the whole people. They spared no manifestation of their scorn. To them, the aged, respected heads of families were nothing more than a low set of peasant-nobles. One day, as Gessler was passing by the house of Stauffacher, and beheld a comfortable dwelling, well-built in wood, and painted outside, as was the custom, with mottoes, names, or sentences—brilliant with glazed windows,—he exclaimed before Stauffacher—“Can one allow these peasants to live in such fine houses.” In Schwitz, near the Lowerzer See, a sub-governor, Burgvogt, outraged the daughter of a man of Art; the brothers of the victim killed the Burgvogt and fled. One morning, one of the German chiefs, Wolfenschiess, came from Engelberg, passing on the Alzellen, near the many cottages on the brow of that mountain, he beheld on the flowery meadow the beautiful wife of Konrad vom Baumgarten, who was absent. The licentious conduct of the rude German filled her with shame and anguish; she fled, sought her husband, who hastening back in a paroxysm of indignation, struck down Wolfenschiess dead with his axe. Baumgarten fled also; Gessler assembled his men to avenge the death of his companions. In the meantime, Stauffacher was brooding over the envious words of the governor about his house; his wife also, with the antique energy which gave to the *Housefrauen* manly sentiments, anxiously foreboding, urged him to anticipate the threatening misfortune.

Stauffacher went over the lake to

his friend Walter Furst, in Uri. He there found concealed, a young man whose sad adventure was related to him with deep emotion, by Walter Furst. This young man was related to him; his name was Erni, transformed of late into Arnold. He dwelt in the Melchthal, valley of the Melch, in Unterwalden. The Melch flows down the whole length of this sweet spot, along with other warbling streams, that run from the mountains; in the winter the sun only cheers it during three hours. There is no masonry in the district, no rich harvest, but, it is a heavenly spot in nature, inhabited by a noble race. Landerberg passing through the Melchthal, beheld Erni and his father with a pair of fine oxen at work; the Governor observed, that those peasants could very well draw the plough themselves. Erni making a reply which gave offence, Landerberg ordered the fine oxen to be taken away; the father complained with vehemence of this act of outlawry; the blood of the young man warming up, with his stick he broke a finger of one of the rude spoliators. Erni fled, but soon heard, at Attinghausen, that the Governor had ordered his old father's eyes to be plucked out. Stauffacher and Furst now deplored, with sorrow, that all right and justice was trodden under foot. At the same time, they believed that resistance could not fail of bringing a cruel vengeance over the Waldstetten. But death was preferable to submission to an ignominious yoke. They concluded that each must sift and consult his friends and relations; and they resolved to meet secretly, not to give umbrage, on the Grütli (ground where bush and wood has been cleared) a little solitary meadow, advancing into the lake of the Vierwaldstetten, accessible by water only, and over which frowns the huge, steep Mytenstein. There, in the stillness of night, they discussed the means of delivering their country; they communicated to each other the opinion of their friends, and the progress of their project. There, subsequently, Walter Furst brought his friends, Stauffacher, the son of his sister, Von Rudenz, of Unterwalden, and Melchthal, to whom the tradition has left the name of his native valley instead of his family name, came also accompanied by some trustworthy

patriots. In the meantime, the stern, silent, subdued demeanour of the people, was observed by the Governors. They had some suspicions of the meetings of the men of the different valleys; but, the more the position of the confederates of the Grütli became dangerous, the higher rose the vigour of their hearts, and their resolute determination to be free.

One night, before Saint Martin's day (1307), Furst, Melchtal, and Stauffacher, each came, accompanied by ten adjuncts from their valley. These thirty stout-hearted men, to whom the project of resistance to tyranny had been revealed, were deeply attached to their ancient liberty and to the bonds of brotherhood. The thirty-three patriots, thus assembled at the Grütli, fearless of the imperial power, pressed each other's hands, with beating hearts, and swore, in the face of God and heaven, to live and die in sacred friendship!—to protect, in their valley, the innocent, oppressed people, and not to estrange any of the rights of the house of Hapsburg, to endeavour that the Governors with their men and soldiers should leave the mountains without the shedding of a drop of blood, and to leave to their posterity, pure and untouched, the liberty which they had inherited from their ancestors. These noble men proclaimed that the peasant had equal claims to the unalterable rights of man, as the Emperor. Their principle of union was, *each for all, all for each*. Such was their democracy; they did not understand the name of it, but practised its spirit. Such were the men of Uri, Schwitz and Unterwalden—brothers in heart, before they could form a political family. The patriot-mountaineers, after their sacred oath, unanimously came to their final resolution. The first day of the January following (1308) was fixed upon for the expulsion of the tyrants. In consequence of the extreme difficulties of communication, it was agreed that each district would light a blazing fire on the Alpine summit the nearest to it, as a signal of the success of the enterprise. Then, all returned to their homes, and calmly resumed their rural labours, remaining in tranquil expectation of the solemn day, on which, ere many weeks, they would break their chains.

However, the space of time that
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was to elapse between the meeting of the Grütli and the first of January, intended to be a state of lulling torpor and apparent resignation, became deeply agitated by a most unexpected and tragical event: Governor Gessler was killed by Wilhelm Tell, a man from Burglen, near Altorf, in Uri, Walter Furst's son-in-law, and one of the ten whom he had brought to the Grütli. Gessler, from a capricious tyranny, it has been believed, but more probably, informed of a menacing agitation among the people, resolved to discover those who were disposed to resist his domination. He had recourse to a measure not unusual in those ages. He ordered a hat, representing the ducal dignity of Austria, to be fixed in the square of Altorf. This hat, or some other head garb, bearing the crest or arms of the Prince, was to be honoured and saluted by all. It would thus be easy, from their demeanour, to discern the rebelliously disposed. Tell, then about forty-seven years of age, scorned to honour the insignia of despotism, and the hasty, abrupt expression of his feelings, induced the Governor to have him seized. The tyrant knowing him to be celebrated for his skill with the cross-bow, ordered him to shoot an apple placed on the head of his son, stipulating that both he and the boy would be put to death in the case of a refusal. The anguish of the father need not be described: his supplications were in vain, but he collected all the powers of his soul, and successfully struck the apple. In the exultation of his excitement, he exclaimed that God was with him, and that the worst would have happened to the Governor if he had killed his boy. Gessler, already uneasy, on beholding the excitement of the people and of Tell's numerous friends, resolved to keep him a prisoner in Küssnacht, at the other extremity of the lake. Accordingly, the Governor, with his guards, the prisoner in fetters, proceeded to the barge and embarked. They had reached the portion of the lake not very distant from the Grütli, when suddenly arose the dreaded Föhn; a southern wind of an extraordinary violence, that passes over the Gothard, and which, if, in the spring, it thaws beneficently deep snows in one night, is, on the other hand, terrible in its fury, when, enclosed between the

mountains, it throws the waves of the narrow lake, high and deep, creating liquid mountains and abysses, echoing fiercely through the rocks. Formerly, the night watches were doubled when the Föhn began to blow; a law forbade fires in houses; in the valleys, huge stones were placed on the roofs. Gessler and his men were terror-struck and bewildered; but Tell was known to be most skilful in the management of a boat on such emergencies, while he was thoroughly acquainted with every corner of the lake, and gifted with great muscular strength. His fetters, therefore, were taken away, and he was ordered to take the government of the boat. He directed it skilfully towards the *platten fels*, a flat surface of rocks, since called *Tell's platten*, close to which was afterwards erected a chapel. When near to the spot, he darted upon it with the rapidity of lightning, and hurled back the boat in the swelling waves. Gessler and his men long remained bounding to and fro the shore; the storm subsiding, they finally reached the extremity of the lake, and taking their horses, bent their way towards the castle of Küssnacht, on the circuitous road that leads to it.

Wilhelm Tell, after his escape, climbed over the mountain, wandered in Schwitz, and finally placed himself behind a bush or large tree, on the elevated part of the ascending road to Küssnacht, over which Gessler must pass, called, from its declivity, the hollow road. There he awaited his victim, and the latter advancing up slowly, fell mortally wounded. The arrow of a free man, says Zschokke, struck the heart of a tyrant. Johann von Müller observes, that Hermann Gessler died before the hour fixed for the freedom of the country; but that no one who feels how intolerable must have been to a fiery soul the scorn of the ancient liberties of the fatherland, will disapprove the deed—that it was not according to established laws, but that similar actions at Athens, and Rome, and among the ancient Hebrews, have been celebrated—that, in the same way, in these times, when a tyrannical power over the ancient freedom of a peaceful people cannot be borne any longer, such men become the instruments of retribution. Müller

affirms that the deed of Wilhelm Tell, gave greater courage to the men of the Grütli, while the cruel authority and vigilance of Landenberg and other chieftains, became naturally fiercer. The former assertion is scarcely admissible. The league of the patriots must have been greatly endangered by the unexpected murder of Gessler, unless it could have been anticipated, and the conspiracy could have broken out at the same time, by a sudden explosion. But no! all remained tranquil; nothing stirred in the villages and valleys; and, the last day of 1307 was attained with unruffled calm, throughout the country. At the dawn of the first day of 1308, however, a young man of Unterwalden, one of the thirty of the Grütli, obtained admittance into the castle of Rozberg by the means of a rope, hung from a window, through the connivance of a girl to whom he was betrothed, and who had employment and a room in that castle: (this is the episode celebrated by the people of Unterwalden, when they sing about Joggeli and Anneli.) The youth afterwards drew up, by the same means, twenty friends who were waiting in the ditch. They instantly surprised and silently seized the commander of the tower, with his guards and servants, whom they imprisoned; every thing remaining outwardly quiet and undisturbed, in expectation of other events. Some hours after, as Landenberg emerged from the castle of Rozberg to go to mass, he was met by a number of people, who brought their offering of hares, calves, and fowls, as a new year's gift, according to the old custom. The Governor welcoming it, ordered the men to bring them into the castle: in the mean time, one of those who were concealed in the tower blew a horn; it was the signal agreed upon, whereon each having fixed hastily a blade at the end of his stick, rushed on Landenberg and all the inhabitants of the castle, and made them prisoners. The whole Unterwalden was soon in commotion, and every agent of tyranny was captured. During the same day, the Twinghof was surprised and taken by the men of Uri, and Stauffacher having assembled all the people of Schwitz at Lowerzer, they swarmed round the fort of Schwanau, which offered but a feeble resistance. On the evening immense fires, like splen-

did meteors, blazed on every accessible Alpine mountain, announcing to the inhabitants of every hill and dale of the Waldstetten, that they were free. The greetings and rejoicings were boundless. Stauffacher opened his house to all his companions. Melchtal was hailed with enthusiasm in his valley, while his old blind father thanked God that he was still living; Walter Furst returned to his home where the Uri men flocked in high glee, when, says Muller, he especially and openly honoured the husband of his daughter, Wilhelm Tell. In the explosion of their exultation, however, these men respected every right and every property! not a drop of blood was shed. The foreign oppressors were made to swear never to return, and ordered to go back to their own country. From that time the Waldstetten received the appellation of *Schweizerland*, in honour to Schwitz, because it had been the most prominent in patriotism, decision, and energy on the occasion. The following Sunday all the Swiss assembled and swore solemnly to remain eternally allied.

For several months the Swiss remained without any tidings from the land of their former tyrants. The Emperor Albert, however, was preparing plans of vengeance when he was assassinated by his nephew, in Argau, at the foot of the hill on which still frown the ruins of the castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of his family. The day came, 1315, when his heir, the Duke of Austria, was in a position to claim the apanage of his race, and force the Swiss to a terrible reckoning for past outrages. The Duke, proud and brave, assembled a brilliant chivalry; he headed his host with confidence; he had round him a Gessler and Landenberg, both thirsting for revenge, and many of the most valorous knights of Germany. In the mean time the confederates were not slumbering: 400 men from Uri—300 from Unterwalden—500 from Schwitz, placed themselves on a hill between Einsiedlen and Schwitz, facing the plain, towards which the Duke and his host were bending their way. The brilliant army, dazzling with steel and plumes, beheld with scorn the mountaineers, closely serried in solemn silence—the silence of prayer, when fervently swearing to conquer or die.

The enemy rashly and disorderly rushed upon the Swiss, and their horses soon becoming entangled in the mud and reeds, the patriots fell upon them like an avalanche. Nothing could resist their fury. In a few hours the Duke had scarcely a man left, and took to an ignoble flight from the immortal field of Morgarten—the Marathon of Switzerland. The battle of Morgarten, when the Swiss were not yet organized as a nation, when they were unskilled in warfare, rolled back the Germanic aggressions for a length of time. Had it been lost, Germany and Germanism might have absorbed that fair land, and annihilated its nationality. It was, therefore, a decisive battle, as much so as the battle of Marathon; and we cannot explain the reasons which induced the industrious author of the fifteen decisive battles (Professor Creasy), to refuse to it the honour of being included in his work, whilst we believe that a few of those which he introduces were not wholly decisive, and one of them especially (Karl Martel), so little so, that there are very fair grounds mentioned by Michelet and Sismondi, which would justify the belief that this decisive battle has never been fought.

One of the most instructive and interesting objects of study in history, is the simultaneous idea or principle which, at the same period, agitate, and transform into heroic bands, whole populations, distant from, and unknown to, each other. Popular insurrections form the characteristic feature of the fourteenth century; and, whilst the Swiss were proclaiming their freedom, and consecrating it for ever, at Morgarten, the Scotch, with their Bruce, were repelling the ferocious aggression of Edward the First, with an invincible perseverance. After Bruce and his force had been decimated, the Scottish hero, although in a state of languor from fatigue and privations, emerged from the desolate Isle of Ràchra, on the northern coast of Ireland, where he had taken refuge—attacked and defeated the English twice in the spring of 1307; again, on a memorable day, in 1308, and finally in June, 1313, at Bannockburn. Undoubtedly the Scottish war cannot be called, strictly speaking, a popular insurrection, since the Scotch were repelling an invasion; nevertheless, they were animated, as well as the Swiss, by the

same hatred of foreign masters, and deep love for their nationality.

Johann von Muller, in his brief narrative of the Swiss revolution, and of the adventures of Wilhelm Tell, establishes the authenticity of all his statements on the subject. In sundry notes, he adds that Tell belonged to a respectable family of Burglen; that he had two sons; that the hero's posterity ceased in 1684, in the male line, and with a certain Verena, in the female line, in 1720; still, that it is impossible to decide with precision in what relationship he stood with regard to Walter Furst; that Tell, fought at Morgarten, and lost his life, in 1354, in endeavouring to save a child from a flood at Burglen, stating as an indisputable testimony of all he advances, that in 1388, when the chapel raised on Tell's platte was inaugurated, and an annual divine service established at the Landgemeind, near Altorf, 114 persons, then living, solemnly affirmed that they had known Wilhelm Tell. When the Scandinavian Chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus was printed for the first time in 1486, containing the adventure of the Dane Tocco, condemned also by the king to shoot an apple on the head of his son, clamorous voices were heard asserting that the person and adventure of Tell were a mere importation from the north, devoid of truth. The Swiss historian indignantly repels such an audacious, heartless scepticism, on the ground that similar circumstances may take place in another country and another age. He adduces the testimony of the Chronicle of Klingenberg, which brings its narrative to the close of the fourteenth century; that of Russ, a Lucerner, who closes his book in 1480, with a Tellensied; that of the Lucerne state writer, Etterling, who, during the first moiety of the fifteenth century, found the memory of Tell living in every valley; Freudenberg's Danish fable; Balthazar's Defence of Tell, 1760; Emanuel von Haller's Lecture at Berne, in 1772; and finally the testimony of the 114 persons mentioned—all of which he considers as irrefragable proofs of the truth of his narrative and statements about Wilhelm Tell, concluding enthusiastically—"Most truly hath this hero lived, and hath God been thanked for his deed against the oppressor of the Waldstette; through him the fatherland

hath thrived so that he deserves the gratitude of posterity."

There is scarcely any event in history so interwoven with the popular feelings as the traditional records relating to Wilhelm Tell; on the other hand, there has ever existed a class of sceptics who readily reject as a myth every traditional testimony, however irrefragable and convincing it may appear; and, moreover, political passions, either of an excessive democratical patriotism, or devotion to absolutism, have made the story of Tell an instrument of their animosity. We must endeavour to exhibit the pure truth in this history, irrespective of an exaggerated, romantic patriotism, as well as of an unreasonable scepticism. We must separate the tradition from history, and see how far—as it has happened so often in the history of the world—circumstances of little import, when they take place, gradually expand in narration with the course of time, are often transformed into mere fables, while they penetrate slowly into the domain of history, contradictory facts becoming embodied in one sole person. It is already more than a century since the question has often been asked, especially in Germany, what was really the part taken by Tell in the insurrection of Switzerland in 1308? The genius and noble soul of Schiller have been inspired by the subject; his tragic muse gave a new impulse to the curiosity of the public, a vast majority of which accepted the play as pure history, whilst it awoke the curiosity of the learned about the story.

The Swiss have always been attached to the memory of their Tell; he is to them the hero of their liberty; and a man thus honoured during ages, whose glory received incessant additions, through the poetry and imagination of the people, becomes unassailable; the strangest illusions about his person and actions ensue. The Swiss, for instance, forget that Tell, according to their version, must have murdered Gessler from behind a bush, and without any danger to his own person; but they defend their hero with an over-ardent zeal, arising perhaps from their anxiety of attributing a brilliant chivalric commencement to their revolution, which, however great in its consequences, was, after all, little more than a bloodless, quiet insur-

rejection of a few pastoral valleys. The belief in Tell has been so excessive among the Swiss—so much a fact they had at heart—that any one among them who would have dared to express a doubt as to its truth, would have been considered as traitor to his country. On the other hand, the adversaries of Tell's tradition abandon themselves to a sweeping denial, because the same adventure is related by Saxo, in his Scandinavian Chronicle, without thinking that a similarity in the traditions may exist among different nations without plagiarism on either side—that the two stories are not precisely similar. They forget that the Swiss story was widely spread and had taken deep root in the Alpine regions long before the appearance of the Danish narrative, and that such a coincidence does not justify the rejection of other decisive grounds and documents. Oral traditions are the only records of the origin and cradle of nations; their traditions must subsequently traverse the religious and poetical effusions of an infant people, by whom their truth, blended with mythical embellishments, are saved from oblivion. In the course, movements, and progress of time, when a people emerge from infancy and become an organized nation, they manifest a yearning for something positive about their history; they no longer feel satisfied with tame traditions, uncertain legends; they endeavour to construct for themselves a brilliant historical origin, and earnestly seek among their early traditions the materials for an historical edifice. Such was the case with the people of Switzerland. When, by their undaunted heroism, their fatherland had attained a lofty position, they commenced, through chronicles and documents, to lay the foundation of their history, but at a time when it was not easy to establish a clear distinction between the poetical tradition and the historical facts, and when it was almost impossible not to mix both. It has, therefore, been difficult to separate the two elements, legend and history, in the case of Wilhelm Tell, as material divergences exist in the chronicles. For instance, it is not an insignificant fact that those of the fourteenth century are silent on many events and actions described by the writers of a subsequent age; there are, however,

circumstances that may explain this anomaly. Let us cast a glance on the sources of Swiss history, namely, Rüsch, Etterlin, Stumpf and Tschudi, which have been admirably analysed by Kopp. It will be seen with what facility they—and the latter especially—accept the various traditions, and what difference there exists between their statements and others—namely, the most ancient documents, two of which, being the most ancient and respectable, claim our first attention: they are the "Special History of Berne," by Konrad Justinger, and a general chronicle of Johannes, a monk of Winterthur.

Justinger, a native of Berne, was appointed, in 1391, secretary to the great council, and in 1411, one of the writers of the city. He died in 1426, so that he lived during a considerable portion of the fourteenth century, and, may be considered as a very near contemporary of Tell. In 1420, he was desired by the Republic of Berne to write a history of his native country, and executed his task in the form of a chronicle, which he brings down to the year 1420. He is not free from the defects of a chronicler, namely, the absence of criticism, as well as of the investigation of events, with a great simplicity; but his work is of importance in the annals of the Swiss Confederation. He must have been held in much estimation to be intrusted by his native city with such an honourable charge; he had the advantage of participating in all public affairs, which gives weight to his narrative, while the majority of mediæval chroniclers were ecclesiastics, living in monastic cells, from which they seldom stirred, and could not, therefore, have a clear, free, practical comprehension of the agitations and movements of the world. Justinger, on the contrary, mixed all his life with state and political transactions, and evinces much judgment and clearness of conception. G. E. Haller (Biblioth. der Schweizergeschichte) and Kopp, in his collection of documents (Lucerne, 1835), consider him as one of the most trustworthy, valuable authorities in history. Now, Justinger gives, in his terse, old German style, a brief account of the Revolution of 1308, and of the battle of Morgarten, but is silent upon Tell. A contemporary does not mention the

name of the hero, who, at a later period, is considered as the deliverer of his country, and as having given the first blow which led to the freedom and glory of the Waldstetten. It may be observed that the details of the events of 1308 had little interest for the chronicler of the city of Berne, which Republic only joined the Confederacy in 1353; but the history could not have passed over the name of a man whose heroism was of so recent a date—to whom the Confederation was indebted for its liberty and glory; it was in the natural course of things that he should mention the glorious services of the hero of Uri, in the course of his narrative, and endeavour to link the history of his city more intimately with that of the primitive cantons, with whom Berne had formed an eternal bond. Moreover, Berne had long been hostile to Austria. It was an opportunity for rendering the Austrian domination still more hateful. Could the silence of Justinger be the result of a jealousy of the glory of another canton? It is scarcely admissible, as the relations between Berne and the Waldstetten were of the most friendly nature. We must conclude that the adventures of Tell had not that importance which was attributed to them afterwards, and were not considered as having any weight in history. Had it been otherwise, his name must have appeared in a chronicle relating the events of the Waldstetten and the Austrian war; and it was in the spirit, according to the custom of the chroniclers of all times, not to allow individual and personal actions to interrupt the general history, unless they were characterized by a surpassing *eclat*. The chronicle of Justinger was published for the first time at Berne in 1818.

Johannes von Winterthur is the other contemporary testimony of the Swiss history during the fourteenth century. He says that he was at school at the time of the battle of Morgarten, and saw the Duke of Austria as he passed through Winterthur in his flight. Nothing very certain is known about the life of this Johannes, excepting that he was a monk, dwelling in a convent, where, it is conjectured, he died in 1348 or 1349. He left a chronicle, in bad Latin, which consists of the History of the Emperor Frederick II., to the

time of the death of the writer. consequence of the wider field it embraces, it has claims to a more general interest than the work of Justinger. He made a judicious use of the documents then existing, and of the testimony and conversation of the elder people who were still living, and has entitled one-third of his chronicle as being gathered from contemporaries and eye-witnesses. Johannes can be free from the weaknesses of time and of his position. Retired in a convent he has not a clear notion of the events then passing at a distance of the Germanic affairs, for instance at that time, very complicated; his statements on the subject of the country, and of the confederates, evince great honesty and a fair degree of intellectual culture; they have never been doubted, and are considered deserving of esteem and confidence. Haller, Eccard, and others. He relates, but briefly, the Revolution, as well as the battle of Morgarten, and says nothing of Wilhelm Tell. His silence is perhaps more significant than that of Justinger. He is a contemporary of Tell; he must have heard of him; his convent was not very distant from the Waldstetten. Why has he not touched, at least, on the remarkable events which must have taken place in the neighbouring mountains? How could he, with the general plan of his work, pass over a man who was supposed to be the author of so great a change? He describes the cause of the struggle with Austria, and does not mention the name of a man who must then have held a conspicuous position among the insurgents! On the other hand, it must be remembered that the chronicle of Johannes is a collection of oral news, of popular report, and that the adventures of Tell, not yet, perhaps, penetrated widely into the mass of materials for popular gossip. The silence of this chronicle, however, on the subject of Tell, is a proof that he was not a man of the importance which posterity has attributed to him; and that whatever action or deed he may have performed, it could, by no means, have any influence on the insurrection and success of the three cantons.

The mediæval annalists of Germany are also silent on the subject of Tell. It may be objected that the com-

nications between Germany and Switzerland were then rare and difficult; still, one of the latest German chroniclers, Mutius, who lived and wrote at the commencement of the sixteenth century, whose narrative is founded on respectable sources and documents, relates the insurrection of the Waldstetten—describes forcibly the excesses and crimes of the Governors, as well as the battle of Morgarten, and the name of Wilhelm Tell is not once to be met with. With respect to the Austrian chronicles, it may be naturally inferred that their omission of every thing concerning Tell arose from a strong feeling of political antipathy and wounded pride; even the modern Austrian historians pass lightly over the Revolution of 1308, and scornfully reject, without the slightest investigation, the Swiss traditions as mere fables.

We now come to the subsequent writers on Swiss history. A whole century separates them from those we have mentioned. The latter, it has been seen, were contemporaries and eye-witnesses of the events they relate. They were simple, honest, sensible chroniclers. The images of their times lives in them. They do not endeavour to give exaggerated fabulous colours to their descriptions and statements. Not a shadow of romantic tendency is to be found in them. They did not think of the future, but merely of the past. They were not influenced by the late splendid fame of their fatherland, when, after the glorious victories of Granson and Morat, the name of Switzerland became formidable to every European State. It is quite different with the later writers. Animated by patriotism and national enthusiasm, they attribute great importance to events relatively insignificant; they invest with brilliant colours, and an exaggerated significance, the modest origin of their country, and reject whatever circumstances might throw a shade of doubt on their cherished convictions. They could not admit that the glorious history of their country could be devoid of some noble and chivalrous traits at its commencement. It is well known that such a tendency is frequently detected among the most talented and estimable historians. In this respect Tschudi is the most par-

tial among the later Swiss chroniclers; they are: Melchior Russ, Etterlin, Stumpf, and Tschudi. All subsequent chroniclers or historians of Switzerland, Stettler, Grasser, Simler, and a host of others, have only drawn from them all their materials.

The late chroniclers just named differ from those of the fourteenth century, already mentioned, for, they all relate the adventure of Tell, such as it is generally believed in our time, and such as we have given it, with insignificant divergences in some of the details. The course of time, the popular imagination have invested with romantic colours, the distant events which now reappear with them, presenting a mixture of historical facts, with popular traditions, that had received a variety of embellishments during their long verbal existence.

Melchior Russ belonged to a patrician family of Lucerne, and lived during the latter half of the fifteenth century. He was secretary to the legal council in his native city, and wrote a chronicle of the Confederacy, which extends to the year 1414. It was printed for the first time at Berne in 1836. There is no trace in him of careful accuracy and diligent research. His work is a rough compilation of discordant elements, devoid of judgment in the selection of documents, containing, sometimes, the grossest errors in history and chronology. It is, moreover, chiefly devoted to the history of his native city. Kopp has observed that no reliance can be placed upon him.

Johann Stumpf, born at Bruchsal in 1500, studied in the Universities of Strasburg and Heidelberg, entered the church; but soon after, yielding to the influence of Zwingli, he became a reformer. He entered the Protestant Church, and died in 1566. His chronicle (Zurich, 1548), extends to the year 1545. It is one of the most estimable fruits of conscientious historical labours, and has enjoyed, most deservedly, as it is affirmed by Haller, the most extraordinary publicity; but it is a composition more topographical and statistical than historical. It commences with an excellent description of Switzerland, and is remarkable for the picture of the political and statistical relations of the time. The historical portion of the work, there-

fore, is the least important. With reference to the story of Tell, he seems to have been led away by his sentiments, with the best intentions to remain truthful.

Peterman Etterlin, of Lucerne, lived at the close of the fifteenth century, and the commencement of the sixteenth. His chronicle relates the history from 863 to 1503. It was printed at Basle in 1752. The work bears evident traces of great zeal, despite his having borrowed almost too abundantly from his predecessors. Haller has no confidence in him on several points, and accuses him of credulity, as well as of mixing the true with the false, which was more excusable with the chroniclers of the fourteenth century. Etterlin cannot be considered as having penetrated deep into historical truth, nor in his being invested with the dignity of an historical authority.

But let us pause before the most pre-eminent among the chroniclers of Switzerland. Tschudi, born in 1505, was Governor of Rorschach and Baden, later Landammann, of Glaris, afterwards ennobled by the Emperor, Ferdinand I., and died in 1572. His chronicle of Switzerland (Basle, 1734), not only deserves the first place among all those who have treated the same subject, but it would be difficult to find its equal in other lands. He is the Froissard of Switzerland, and, on the whole, more generally accurate and dispassionate than the chronicler of Valenciennes. Tschudi was the first to bring order among the then existing documents. He was indefatigable in the research of new, original sources of history; he was in communication with many of the most important men of his time; and his work may be considered, by the care brought into its composition, and the classification, to have attained the point when a chronicle becomes history. He gives a fresh artistical life to the shapeless materials of former ages, and a most attractive literary form to every portion of his subject. As it breathes the most glowing patriotism, the chronicle has naturally become a national work. Is it faultless?—Certainly not. Tschudi often fails in the intelligence of historical facts; he evinces little political depth, and an excess of *naïveté*; he often attaches great importance to events

which have none, and at times verges on romance. He is too often rhetorical, and at times sacrifices truth to outward beauty. His patriotism inflames his soul with hatred for Austria; and he is too anxious to find, and enhance the cases in which he can indulge in his aversion. The story of Tell is an instance of it. He falls into a singular contradiction in his narrative. He sees but one aspect in the history of the old confederates, and avoids the testimonies that might counteract his point of view. He is too often disposed to cut the Gordian knot. Like Livy, he is an historian who has a system of his own, towards which every thing must converge. The defects of Tschudi are the more to be regretted, as Johannes Von Muller has proclaimed his unlimited admiration for him, and sometimes follows him but too blindly. The chronicler is the less excusable in overstepping the limits of truth, to gratify his inclinations and political passion, since he had every opportunity of ascertaining the truth—for instance, in the case of Tell. It is impossible that he could not have found the irrefragable testimonies clearly opposed to the supposition of his influence over the Swiss Revolution; but no! it would have been too painful to him to discover the proofs of the popular exaggerations, which would have crushed his ideal of dramatic chivalry. Whatever may be the real merits of Tschudi, and the services he certainly has rendered to history, his assertions must, on several occasions, be accepted with reserve.

Now, that we know something of the Swiss chroniclers, we must see how they differ in their account of Wilhelm Tell. Stumpf, Etterlin, and Tschudi, relate that he was loaded with chains, after having struck the apple, because of the second arrow with which he threatened the Governor. Russ says, that it was in consequence of the agitation of the assembled people. Russ says also, that on the stormy lake, Tell pushed the boat behind the rocks, having seized his cross-bow, and sprang immediately after from behind the bank, and killed the Governor. In this version, the action of Tell, however improbable, is more heroic than the others, in which he waylays his victim, and de-

liberately commits the murder. In Russ and the elder chroniclers the story is mentioned very briefly, whilst in Etterlin, and especially in Tschudi, it is related with new details. The latter, especially, invests it with a dramatic form. He knows what Gessler thought and said—the age of Tell's boy. He says there was not yet any snow on the ground. Again, Etterlin relates that Tell excused himself of not having bowed before the Austrian hat, on the ground of his heedlessness, adding that if it were not so—if he were not giddy and heedless, he would not be called *der Tell* (from *talen*, saucy, boyish), which was evidently his surname. Tschudi omits this detail; it would have impaired the manly boldness of his hero. He represents him also as one of the acting chiefs of the men of the Grütli, whilst no such assertion is to be found any where else. Stumpf, who is judicious and favourable to the tradition, observes that the only object of Gessler in his cruelty, was to force Tell to reveal the secret of the suspected conspiracy, and that the latter by his imprudence augmented the suspicions of the Governor. The chroniclers of the sixteenth century are not in accordance on the pre-eminent facts. With respect to the divergence to be met with among all, as to the name or the orthography of the Governor's name, as well as slight differences in the date, it cannot be of great importance. Such differences are to be met with, in all historians, even those relating recent events. But the most certain and singular circumstance is that the contemporaries of the fourteenth century are silent on Tell, and that the writers who lived 150 or 200 years after him take possession of the rough traditions, and relate them with abundant details, giving the names and dates, describing the localities, and a variety of conversations and persons, very little known before them. They evidently considered it as a duty of a zealous patriot to extend, analyze, embellish such traditions, and raise them to a historical basis of the history of their country. With Russ, Tell is no political character, but an isolated individual merged into the mass; with Simler and Tschudi he is invested with a dramatic and political character, and one of the leaders of the Grütli. It is

inexplicable how Muller, who had studied all the original sources with discrimination in other cases, can have adopted so many events and traditions, with their exaggerations, and have transmitted them to posterity, sheltered under the authority of his name. He follows Tschudi blindly; but what were the sources where the latter, along with Russ and others, could have drawn from? It appears evident that they trusted implicitly the popular verbal traditions—the people's ditties—the *Volksliedern*. The mass of the favourite beliefs of the people, on their own history, are always more or less thrown into the mould of songs, in which the tradition appears and lives, with varied shades and changes. They become the guiding stars of the chronicler before they pass into the domain of historical writings. The great number and variety of such songs engender a variety of forms, as well as of construction. Thus, the chroniclers often differ from each other in their narrative of the same events. Each population gives to his song the colours and turn of its own taste; there is no check, no limit; and it is an arduous task for the historian to discriminate the real tradition among so many. Indeed, at times it is impossible. He adopts that which seems to him the most probable, the most plausible, often the most suitable; and so it happens that, in the course of time, a tradition, which had originally appeared with a variety of forms and interpretations, is beheld in history as an irrefragable fact, endowed with unity and authority and accepted as such by the public.

There is no certainty as to the epoch when the story of Tell was embodied in songs and ditties; but there is no doubt that the divergences of the chronicles on the subject must be ascribed to them. The details given by Russ and Tschudi are to be met with in the popular songs. Several of them have been preserved and are still sung in the Alpine valleys. One of them consists of a poetical dialogue between father and son, during the scene of the apple. Another, —with many particulars on the Revolution, on Tell and Morgarten, very nearly such as they are in Tschudi,—is in stanzas, and in very good German of the time; it was published for the

first time in 1633. A third song, especially noticed by Haller and Kopp, is entitled *Urner Spiel*; it was very popular, and appeared in print in 1740. Here the name of the Governor is not to be found, nor that of Walter Fürst. Tell occupies the principal place in it, but devoid of the audacity attributed to him by Müller. He says to the Governor—"If I were sensible and rational, my name would not be Tell." Which feature of timidity is preserved by Etterlin and Tschudi, and adopted by Schiller with the intention of adding to the innocence of Tell and the justice of his cause. In this *Lied* also, Tell and the confederates unite and proclaim their freedom, after the murder of the tyrant.

These songs, and others less important, more local, which we will not mention, bear evident traces of their ancient genuineness, whatever little modifications and polish they must have been subject to, especially when they were published. No doubt such songs could not be the only materials for the narratives of the chronicles we are speaking of; but it is very probable that the writers of the sixteenth century eagerly adopted the old popular songs with the events they extolled, considering, perhaps, these ditties and the popular traditions, doing justice to facts, overlooked by the dry, isolated, inexperienced chronicler of the fourteenth century; and the variety of colouring of the *Madern*, subjected to the varied local influences, can explain the divergences so flagrant in Russ, Etterlin, and Tschudi.

Generally, when a tradition is established on an historical basis and forms part of history, the following age accepts it as truth. It has been quite the reverse with the story of Tell. Already during the century in which Tell lived, doubts must have existed about his person and deeds; for, the meeting of the 114 persons had an official character, the object of which was to place them definitely in history; and the object has even been more than fulfilled, since the meeting, as the testimony of the 114 has been a handle to protect the exaggerations, and a weapon to silence those who hesitated in accepting the whole story of Tell. The first doubt publicly manifested on the subject is found in a

letter of Guillimanus, in 1607. The next learned sceptic in the case Tell was Iselin, who flatly denies the truth of the whole, because there is no mention of it in the old histories and because the same is related Tocco, under the Danish king, Harde, and that it must have been known to them long before the Austrian domination, as the Swiss are of Scandinavian origin. Those denials passed unnoticed; but now came an attack on Tell that could not remain unanswered. In 1760 appeared the publication titled, "Wilhelm Tell, a Danish Fable by H. Freudenberger. The author notes the contradictions of the chroniclers,—the silence of the older ones; his having examined the spot where Tell and the boy stood, who must have been too distant from each other to admit the possibility of the arrow being struck; finally, that the Swiss are descendants of the Swedes, and that they must have brought the tradition with them. This publication created great indignation in Switzerland. The effigy of the author and the work itself were officially and solemnly burned by the heads of the state. This novel mode of refutation, doubtless deterred others from publishing openly their opinions on the question, which had taken such deep roots in the hearts of the people. A great number of defences of the story of Wilhelm Tell appeared subsequently in French or German. They are all founded, more or less, on the following grounds: The meeting of 114 persons in 1388 (but this is merely Tell's existence; they say having known him, nothing more); his race having long lived after the local traditions; the character raised to his memory; the yearly festivals; the old manuscripts of the pictures and the tree on the square of Altorf; the testimony of many respectable men; and, finally, the punishment of those who denied the truth of the tradition. The majority of those arguments are feeble, and have already been explained. Who will ever consider a chapel as a testimony in favour of historical truth? What is said in the Uri manuscripts is a puerile tale we have searched and inquired vainly. But, above all, who will consider as an argument, highly favourable to the truth of the story

Tell, the persecuting, as heretics, those who doubt it, burning their works, from a political and religious enthusiasm.

Emmanuel Von Haller, deeply versed in Swiss history, found himself accused of being the author of the publication of Freudenberger. He was menaced with persecution, and in order to pacify his countrymen was obliged to put himself on the side of the defenders of Tell. He delivered a lecture on the subject at Berne (1773). It was a concession on his part. The arguments in favour of Tell are every where the same. Zurlauben is the only one who adds that the tree under which stood the boy, was still to be seen in 1567, and that Tell fought at Morgarten. Among all the apologists of the story of Tell, Johannes Von Muller has more than all contributed to disseminate the tradition with all its exaggerations and fabulous embellishments. He has yielded to the false patriotism and vanity of his countrymen, and has done the greater injury to truth, as his genius and authority are of the highest order.

If the romantic adventures attributed to Tell, are characterized by great popular exaggerations, verging upon the limits of fable, the doubts and denials expressed about his existence must, on the other hand, appear inadmissible. We have ascribed a reason for the silence of his contemporaries. If it is not true that his posterity lived long after him, as asserted, it is no proof that such a man has never existed. The chapels, coins, processions in his honour, must have a certain weight in favour of a real Tell; although several of them, it appears, originally intended for the commemoration of the battle of Morgarten, were gradually changed in their object, and became memorials of his heroism. It would seem impossible for a whole population to rise like one man, and invest one sole individual with so much glory, if that individual had never existed, and if he had not performed some striking action. Of this truth, the testimony of the 114 persons of Uri, who officially assembled in 1388, and declared that they all had known a Wilhelm Tell, is sufficient. It cannot be supposed that so many people would come and state solemnly a falsehood; and their honesty, as well as the truth of the cir-

cumstance, have never been contested. Tell must, therefore, have been perhaps a local hero, or done something unusual and bold, which struck the imagination of his countrymen of Uri, but some action or other divested, of any importance or any significance with reference to the Revolution of 1308, which would explain the silence of the contemporaries of Berne and Zurich, whilst most of the chroniclers who came 200 years after, collected the popular tales and ditties that were then scattered throughout the land; whilst, also, Tschudi, from his enthusiastic patriotism and hatred to Austria, adopts eagerly both the written documents and all the local tales. What must have been the deed performed by Tell, it is not easy to decide. Undoubtedly he must have taken part in the insurrection of the three cantons, and done something which harmonized with the general feeling of wrath against the Governor, more than against Austria, which was not, after all, so very guilty as represented by Muller, and with whom the confederates were by no means disposed to come to an open rupture. Their hatred was against the Governors. Their success against them, led subsequently to the resolution of shaking off entirely the Austrian yoke. These Governors inspired great terror. A hat, with the arms of Austria, being planted in the public square to test the fidelity of the people, Tell was the likely man to avoid the homage required. He did not brave the Governor, but took another direction, and pretended not having seen the hat. So far, there is nothing improbable in all this; but it was enough for his name becoming noted and his person admired. He was spoken of in Altorf, and afterwards in the neighbouring valleys, although whatever his deed may have been, it exercised no influence on the Revolution, although he took no distinguished part in the events that followed. Had he been to Switzerland, something like Hofer in Tyrol, his name would not have been passed over and forgotten, whilst those of Walter Furst, his father-in-law, Stauffacher and Arnold, from the Melchtal, appear in so many circumstances. The deed of Tell was a small episode in a great drama, in the action and success of which he had no personal influence, and which would have been

precisely the same in its action and glorious results, had he never lived. We have explained how Tell must have become the symbol of Swiss heroism and of their love for liberty. Every detail became a new feature of his heroism ; others were added. Even the close of his life became marked by greatness of soul. The tradition asserts that he perished in saving a child from a flood. Every trait of his history is described with glowing colours,—of course, the cruelty of the Governor, especially. Tell was a good marksman. Gessler orders him to strike the apple, or kill his son. Perhaps the vague remembrance of the Scandinavian story, introduced the episode of Tocco, the Swiss (*Suevi*) being, as observed before, of Swedish descent. Thus, the people of Uri transformed their unimportant local hero into a great national hero ; and the creations of their enthusiasm, vanity, and imagination, penetrated into the chronicles, and afterwards into the graver domain of history.

We have more than once alluded to the Scandinavian chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus, in which a Danish king orders Toko to shoot an apple on the head of his son. The story resembles very much that of Tell, although they both differ in several details. The Danish chronicle being published in 1515, and the Swiss story of the apple being narrated by Ruas in 1480, evidently the former could not suggest the latter. The difference in the minor details also, for instance, in the answers of the heroes, in the number of arrows they possessed, &c., are sufficient testimonies that the Swiss had not before them, or any knowledge of, the Northern story, when they indulged in the exaltation of their Tell. But it is possible that the writers of the sixteenth century, as well as Muller, who must have known the Danish chronicle, in short, all who are the most abundant in their details about Tell, may have been influenced by the Scandinavian narrative. It is possible, also, that the Swiss having emigrated into the Alps from Sweden, which was about the tenth century, the age of Toko, the story may have been floating vaguely among some of the tribes, and found its way, afterwards, in the history of Tell in the fourteenth century. But after all, such a story as that of the apple, in the histories of

Denmark and Switzerland, is not confined to them ; similar ones have been found in the traditions of the East.

The great philologist, T. Grimm, compares the name of Tell with those of *Bell*, *Bellerophon*, with the Greek *belos*, *tele* ; he gives to them the same root as to *Clough*, *Cloudesley*, of the English ballads, and subjects to the same etymology and origin *Toko*, considering both Toko and Tell as mere allegories—mere appellations signifying an arrow, and having nothing historical about them. The passion for etymologies and symbols has often thrown into the shade real human events, and we consider this to be a striking instance of it. It is our conviction that the belief in the existence of a man called Wilhelm Tell is founded on abundant and satisfactory grounds, and that no etymology can annul the truth of a real historical fact. Although Tell was not a family name, the origin of this surname has always been considered as indisputable and very natural. In conclusion, we must add, that our efforts have tended to establish the historical truth about Wilhelm Tell, the results of which can be summed up in a few words : Tell was not the deliverer of his country, and is of no historical importance ; but the existence of a man named Tell cannot be doubted, and it appears also certain, that he performed some action or other which, however insignificant in itself, had great importance in his own circle, and afterwards expanded greatly. His name became the symbol of Swiss heroism, and of the Swiss love of liberty ; it became embellished with other plumes and flowers, some of which may have been Scandinavian ; it embodied every idea of greatness, and all the honours paid to his memory have rooted still deeper into the hearts of the people, all the deeds attributed to their dead hero, whilst the work of Muller, by its eloquence and historical worth, has conduced to the same results among the educated and intellectual classes.

And, let us add that, whatever may be the uncertainty on the subject of the deeds and character of Wilhelm Tell, the ideal and the sentiments that invested him with so much heroism, are the vital, lofty, immortal spirit that animates a whole people, and has brought them glorious and triumphant through all the vicissi-

tudes of time. Such a spirit has never ceased to breathe in the mountains and valleys of Switzerland ; it has inspired other Swiss heroes, as in the Appenzel, for instance, in the fifteenth century ; it kindled the genius of Schiller, whose masterpiece, *Wilhelm Tell*, was the song of the Germanic Swan, expressing the purest aspirations and the sentiments which ennobled his soul. It inspired Rossini with the Alpine sublimities, expressed marvellously in his magnificent opera. And it is impossible to contemplate, without emotion, the nobler vibrations of the human soul, created by that Divine Spirit, whenever Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* is performed in that blessed land, or whenever an assembly of Swiss patriots or

legislators, is inaugurated by Rossini's overture of his *Tell*, and its members proclaiming enthusiastically that their sentiments and history are embodied in that splendid harmony ; thus the human soul lives in the arts. But as the love of liberty is nothing more than a transient effervescence, when devoid of the religious sentiments, the confederation of the Swiss hearts is immortal, because the people of Switzerland, from their industrious cities—from their wooded and snowy mountains—from their grassy valleys—from the shades of the plain, ever contemplate, on the old soil of Helvetia, the deep vault of Heaven, above the social sphere, and Him, the universal Benefactor, Creator of all.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

THESE Thoughts which I present to you, my reader, I call "New and Old." Yet I should find it hard to say which were New, or which were Old. Each thought is nearly wholly new to me, wrought out in the mind for itself. You, doubtless, will have worked your way to many for yourself : perhaps even you will have met them long since in books that I have never seen. Let that be : we are not now contending for prior possession, we are not wrangling over patents. Let who will have the honour, if so be I help you, though [ever so little, in your journey towards the goal of Truth.

There are some men who believe, that though God lives, He has ceased to reign ; though a *King de jure, de facto* He is deposed and utterly without power. The earth is not the Lord's, they say ; some devil's, rather ; and though the everlasting doors should unfold, no King of Glory would come in. To such men all devotion is impossible ; all religious service a dreary tale, Lauds and litanies are equally heartless. A public benefactor would they deem him who should introduce and render fashionable the praying-machines of Japan, improved by all the modern appliances of steam-power.

Some men, called authors, have an

eye to business even in the deepest sorrow. They put out their griefs to interest, by making them known to the whole world. They melt down the gold and silver statues which they once worshipped, and coin them into current money.

Style is the body ; thought is the soul. As there are persons in whom the animal portion of their nature predominates, so are there sensuous writers who think only of the graces, and neglect the subject of composition. On the other hand there are authors who profess to disregard style, literary spiritualists, who are ever repeating that "the letter killeth."

Each of these errs. The error of the former is manifest. The fault of the latter is not so obvious, and deserves a word of comment.

Setting aside the fact that beauty in itself is good, without respect to ulterior effects, it should be remembered that beauty of style is to a book what beauty of face is to a woman. For both beauty is the master of ceremonies who introduces them to the world. A woman may not claim attention from those around her ; a book cannot. The one trusts to personal grace and attractiveness of form and feature to win the admiration, the respect, the love, which she must not seek. The latter, if heavy, though

good, will not commend a general notice, for the public, unaware of the goodness, soon become sensible of the heaviness, and decline further acquaintance. The public is not compelled to read books however good they may be. It must be allured by the enticement of clear and vigorous thought, simple sentences austere graceful; words that are always strong, and never redundant.

But this is not all. As beauty with women will lead to nothing more than an introduction, if there be only beauty; so, mere elegance of style will cause the reader to lay aside the book, if he do not find the sense corresponding to the words. Mere grace fails, when the more substantial qualities are absent. On the other hand, there are books, even as there are women, which will make themselves known by their own intrinsic merits, in spite of such disadvantages as the want of beauty or elegance. Straightway the style is forgotten in the thought. Nay, even as in course of time we become actually attached to the physical defects of a woman endowed with all bright gifts of mind and spirit; so the very cumbersomeness and awkwardness of a great and powerful book become endeared to us by the sentiment of long association. We would not change the ungraceful face for the cheeks of a Helen, or the bust of an Aphrodite: we would not barter the ungainly style for all the smoothly flowing periods of an Addison or a Chesterfield.

Two negatives in theology do not make an affirmative, but, as in Greek, only make the negative stronger. Protests against false doctrine are no substitutes for a right belief; and Anti-Anti-Christ is not the true Christ.

"The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love," says the Latin grammar. In this case the parties concerned fall out, in order that they may experience the bliss of reconciliation. Quite different is it with some people: these will make up an ancient difference for the sake of creating a new one. To heal up old wounds, for the pleasure of cutting them open again, is their "*Religio Medici*."

The caricaturist holds the very

lowest rank in literature. He is a witness to the existence of men with sense so dull, that they can perceive only the magnified and the distorted object. He takes it for granted, that those for whom he writes will fail to appreciate the real measure of character, and, therefore, he dwells exclusively on some prominent, though quite unimportant and superficial traits. Dickens pays his reader a poor compliment, when he makes the individuality of his characters depend upon some physical peculiarity, as, for instance, the possession of prominent teeth; the habit of snorting like a steam-engine; and other such like accidentals. But, while the author of "*Dombey and Son*" and "*Little Dorrit*" is thus too prone to imitate the schoolboy making a rude sketch of his preceptor, by means of slate and pencil, the author of "*The New-combes*" is a true artist, faithfully sketching every feature in its true proportion; aiming at the perfect delineation of the men and women that pass before him. In a word, the one writer is an artist, the other only a caricaturist.

It seems as if, in this world, thought and action were ever to be separated. The most practical man is almost invariably the one-sided;—the narrow-minded, he who walks by the faith of prejudice, rather than by the sight of reason; he, who having once formed his opinions, is never moved from them, either because he cannot understand opposing arguments, or because he obstinately shuts his eyes against all reason.

The many-sided man is always fearful of being over-hasty or illogical in his decisions. He must have made acquaintance with and have thoroughly answered all possible objections before he will accept any proposition as a principle of action. Too late he learns that Art is long and Life is short, and that inaction is a worse evil than illogic. The man of thought is open to another danger. When he comes to converse upon disputed points with those who are not oppressed with too much brains, he is often disgusted to find that they have made up their minds without having studied the points at issue. True, they have arrived at a right decision. But this is not enough; the

goal should have been reached by the right path. If the logical man endeavours to show that there are strong and weighty arguments on the other side of the question, he is sure to be met by a storm of indignant reproaches from men who have never learnt that "it is lawful to be taught by an enemy." Instinctively he shrinks from association with such narrow-minded sectaries. He hates the profane vulgar, which, says Sir Thomas Brown, "is opener to rhetoric than to logic," and delights itself in the tawdry tinsel of platform oratory. Unwittingly he sympathizes with an error that has been slandered, and is proportionably estranged from a truth that has borne false witness.

Is such a man, therefore, wholly truthful, or even merely useless? By no means. Were he merely a safety-drag upon the chariot-wheels of society, he would fulfil a necessary purpose. But he is more than this; for while by *doing*, is commonly meant the active, bustling, vigorous exertion of life, such as delights in velocity of motion, variety of occupation, frequent change of place, there is another species of action, unobtrusive, quiet, and often invisible. Such is the action of the student, who devotes himself to the study of nature's laws, deduces from thence their effects, and so attains to certain sure rules of action by which the "active" man is the first to be benefited, but for which he is the last to be thankful.

Let those who honestly believe and avow their conviction that man ought to give up his reason to God and His church, consider that the Almighty hath never delighted in maimed sacrifices. The work that He has created He would see perfectly acting, not shattered in one part that the other may act more easily. He would not have man destroy his intellect, under pretence of doing sacrifice, but would rather that it should be devoted to His service in its perfect entirety.

So likewise, as regards man's social position. The chosen saints of God have not been the most recluse, but the heads of families, of armies, of nations. The most perfect man, considered socially, is he whose relations are most diverse and numerous. The

brother is a more perfect man than the brotherless; he who has a friend, than the friendless; the husband, than the celibate; the father than he without offspring. All these relationships afford scope for the performance of duties; and therefore give room for trials and temptations, and therefore furnish a field for battle and for victory. To the man who feels that there is danger in thus joining himself to the world, duty is plain. Let him flee from it; only let him always bear in mind that he is inferior, and not superior to his fellow-man, who discharges all the manifold duties of husband, father, friend. The hermit ranks very far below the hero, for, if the truth be spoken, he has run away from the field of battle wisely, if he cannot fight, but certainly not gloriously, since, though discretion is a part of valour, only Sir John Falstaff would call it the better part.

Total abstinence, celibacy, seclusion, though virtues, are by no means the highest virtues; except, indeed, they be practised, not for our own safety, but for the good of others. Viewed from one stand-point they are manifestations of cowardice, and of the bondage that engendereth fear. Always (excepting as above) they are contrary to the "perfect liberty" wherewith the God-Man came to set us free.

Man is never so afflicted as when he does not feel his sorrows. Want of feeling is want of life. Corruption sets in when pain has ceased.

All approach towards political perfection must be made by means of steady adherence to and improvement on principles already established, rather than by the adoption of new theories. Talleyrand declared that he had "sworn 'eternal allegiance' to eleven constitutions." And had he lived a few years longer, he would have had opportunity for vowing loyalty to well-nigh the square of eleven. Systems of government, French polished, "warranted sound," beautiful-looking Pantisocracies, somehow do not answer. The great truth that what is to endure must have a gradual growth, a truth, which Nature herself teaches in her living monument, the

thousand-year-old oak, cannot be violated. Well said Sterling:—

"How slowly ripen powers ordained to last,
The old may die, but must have lived before.

So Moses in the vale an acorn cast,
And Christ was shadowed by the tree it bore."

It has been affirmed again and again, and it is a lesson hardly learnt through many a sad experience, that every civilized country contains in its laws and constitution the seed and germ of its own advancement; and that every violent revolution not only does not hasten on the consummation, but seriously retards it, and even in some cases endangers it altogether. As when the child impatient that the seed does not at once become a plant, digs it up, ere it has laid hold of the ground, in order to see if it is growing.

The gradual growth of English liberties through Plantagenet strifes, Tudor despotism, Stuart impotence, and Hanoverian stupidity, is a trite illustration of this principle. The last seventy years of French history would form another illustration *e converso* no less obvious.

Laymen should be very cautious how they undertake matters which are usually conducted by regularly authorized individuals. This proposition involves the very important principle of "*division of labour*." In a world where there is so much to be done, and so many people to do it, let each choose his own part, thoroughly master that, and then, when he comes to give the world the benefit of his experience and knowledge, he can speak with the authority necessary not only to support his own claims to proficiency, but to put down the pretensions of presumptuous and ignorant upstarts. Nevertheless, though based on an elementary principle of political economy, our proposition will sound narrow and exclusive to those who love to sneer at "state-craft," "priest-craft," and all other "crafts."

Most illogical are such people in their objections. The very word which they use as a term of reproach should teach them better manners. For what is *craft* but *power* or *skill*? And, therefore, state-craft is merely a practical knowledge of state affairs;

priest-craft, skill in all matters that relate to the priestly office. The craftsmen of mediæval times were the men trained to one or other of the various crafts, and who, having been tried and found able, were admitted to the fellowship of those who had gone through the same education, and were thus endowed with authority to reject or accept fresh candidates. You say that there are often men not recognised by the craftsmen who are quite as skilled and competent as the most venerable member of the guild. It may be so. If it be so, it is the "outlanders" own fault or misfortune that they have not obtained recognition from those who alone can issue the royal letters patent of orthodoxy. Certain it is that for one case where the community suffer from refusing to avail themselves of the skill of a competent though unauthorized practitioner, there are twenty cases where the public, deluded by loud vaunts of omnipotence, receives great injury from resorting to ignorant quacks. The advantage of a corporation that possesses powers to examine and approve or reject candidates is too great, viewed as a precaution, to justify any person in resorting to the services of those who have not been thus approved, however skilful they may be.

The sharpest pain which we feel at the loss of a friend, springs from the thought that in a short time this very sorrow will have ceased to be. We cannot bear to think that our love, which we deem boundless and infinite, should be outlived by time and space, the finite. Our grief becomes selfish, for it is mingled with self-contempt; we would nurse and strengthen it, in order that we might attain to something of the heroic. Our sorrow is not the anguish of a Constance, mourning for her murdered Arthur, who could truly say—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

We must do more than plead guilty to Philip's charge. We are *fonder* of our grief than of him for whom we grieve. "So was it with me," says

St. Augustine, when his friend was taken from him by early death; "I wept most bitterly, and found my repose in bitterness. Thus was I wretched; and that wretched life I held dearer than my friend."

What, then, do we learn from this? That even in our purest and most "disinterested" affections self is the base and crown of all. Cæsar gathered his robes around him that he might fall as became Cæsar. We, when we grieve, would grieve for ever, that so the intensity of our passion might be worthy of—our friend?—nay, rather of ourselves.

It is a very common error to suppose that love and friendship are based upon identity of dispositions and ideas. Similar minds, like parallel lines, never meet. There must be divergence if there would be convergence; and then the two lines meeting make a right angle.

How comes it to pass that perverts are always the bitterest of opponents? Is this rancour a partially assumed hatred, to be paraded before the world as an excuse for desertion? Or is it a natural antipathy, which is always felt to a cause which we have betrayed? Each supposition may be partially true. Certain it is that we never like to look upon the party that we

have abandoned. It seems as if they might justly accuse and condemn us; and we hate the accuser and the judge. But charity suggests another hypothesis, which is probably the most correct. It should be remembered that when change of opinions is honest, and proceeds from deep conviction, there must have been a painful struggle between the conscience and old ties, old predilections, old associations, old prejudices, old friendships. Especially hard to overcome must have been the feeling of dislike to the confession that hitherto we have been in error. To vanquish all these strong objections, the force of truth must have been great indeed. Men do not lightly turn their backs upon their kindred; nor easily forget their father's home. Not for the sake of any vain caprice will they encounter fearful entreaties, bitter reproaches. No foolish whim would ever induce them to acknowledge that they are so very fallible. If, in spite of all these deterring circumstances, the honest man becomes converted, or perverted, or what you will, must we not infer that conviction must have been very, very deep? And if so, no marvel that for the future, the convert is fierce in defence. Most marvellous would it be did he not thus treasure that pearl of great price, for which he has sold all he once had.

THE LILLIPUT OF THE CORNICHE.

MONACO has turned up again, like a bad halfpenny!

Should this meet the eye of the Sovereign of that Principality, he would feel at once, what we fear will fail to penetrate the thicker hide of the general reader,—the barbed sting of this appropriate exordium.

Doubtful halfpence—O pachydermatous reader!—pachydermatous, by reason of a crass, if excusable, ignorance. Doubtful "sous," we should rather have written, and suspicious two-sous pieces having been, within memory of man, a prime product of, and chief export from, that Lilliputian empire.

We remember those sous. Not seldom, in our nonage, they have passed in Parisian streets from our pupillary pocket to the apron-pouch of the ven-

dor of roasted chestnuts; or to his, whose culinary skill prepared for the taste of young gentlemen attending the classes of the "College Bourbon,"—they call it "Lyceé Napoleon" now-a-days,—those savoury penn'orths of "pommes de terre frites," of potatoes, sliced lengthwise, angularly, fried in powerful lard, which then delighted digestive organs in the heyday of hungry boyhood. There was nothing amiss in those "gros sous de Monaco" that we could see, though schoolboys are wont to be nice numismatists in respect of the copper circulating medium.

Nevertheless, the day came when the chestnut-roaster, with gravity, and the potato-frier, with sarcasm, refused to accept the tendered effigy of

Prince Honoré, or Prince Florestan, (we forget which; but the monarchs of Monaco are always called by the one name or the other), in return for the "sac de marrons," or the "cornet de pommes-de-terre frites." Readers who know their Paris, will be conciliated, and won to grant us our full measure of *πιστις* *ἠθικῆς*, moral confidence, by the graphic accuracy of these latter details—a brown paper bag being given with roast chestnuts; a spiral twist of paper (cut-up copy-books) enveloping the ration of fried potatoes, when these delicacies are purchased in the streets of the French metropolis.

Observe the advantage of having studied Aristotle's Rhetoric, O reader, who longest in time to become a writer!

Imagine our indignation—two sous pieces were wont to be solitary in our juvenile pocket—at this dismal depreciation of the unique coin, upon which we had counted to solace the severities of that raw morning's academical exercises! By virtue of what authority did these capricious financiers of the street-corner venture to "demonetise" the coins of a sovereign and allied prince upon a sudden? Alas! an answer was at hand, sufficient, if not satisfactory; peremptory, if unpleasing; and the street-corner itself was voucher for their stringent measure. Against it was stuck a placard, signed, if we mistake not, "Gabriel Delessert, Préfet de Police," cautioning his "administrés," the good Parisian fingerers of coppers, one and all, to beware of those insidious and insufficient halfpence. The coinage of Monaco would not satisfy, as it would seem, the requirements of the French mint, *tempore* Louis Philippe. The alloy was excessive, or the weight short, or the milled edges monstrous, or some other numismatic condition abnormal. As mere medals our Monaco sous might yet avail us; but chestnuts and potatoes we must needs forego.

Who, that notes coincidences, will not understand that we were thenceforth destined, at some future day, to enlighten Europe, through the pages of *Maga*, on the too-much-neglected subject of the archæology, history, geography, and politics of the state of Monaco?

But first of all, we desire to justify

our assertion, that Monaco has just now "turned up again;" and this we consider ourselves to have done fully, by simply transcribing a paragraph which, within the last month, has been going the round of the papers:

"THE MONACO STORY.—A correspondent has sent us the following from Monaco. 'In noticing an article of the *Presse* on the contemplated sale of the principality of Monaco to Russia, you most judiciously threw strong doubts on the whole story. In fact, a more absurd statement could not have been hazarded, and complete ignorance of the locality could alone have inspired it. This is the second time in the course of six months that the rumoured sale of Monaco to Russia has been circulated by certain of your contemporaries, and the story is a mere repetition of the *canard* of last year, when, however, the United States, and not the Russian Government, figured as the intended purchasers. It is not true that "rumours of the contemplated sale are current in Piedmont," for the inhabitants of that country are aware that the Prince of Monaco has constantly declined to entertain the pecuniary offers made by the Government of Turin, and they are, moreover, sufficiently acquainted with the resources of the principality to know that its possession would be utterly worthless to Russia, or to any other Government but their own. Sardinia has a great interest in the possession of Monaco, for this petty State not only breaks the geographical unity of the kingdom, but it is also a source of annoyance on account of the smuggling carried on across the frontiers. The Princes of Monaco have, however, for the last four generations refused to abdicate a sovereignty that millions cannot purchase; and the present ruler clings with energy to the possession of the rock of Monaco, which alone remains to him of the former dominions of his house, and which, though of no intrinsic value, enables him to take his place among the reigning sovereigns of Europe. The French journal represented the port of Monaco as one of the best in the Mediterranean, and added that with a few fortifications it might be rendered "almost impregnable." This is ludicrous. The port is a petty retreat in which no frigate could turn, while the whole principality—which, by-the-by, might be conveniently stowed away in the Regent's park—is commanded by a semicircle of heights in the possession of Sardinia. Before the age of gunpowder, Monaco was one of the important positions of Europe, and it occupied a prominent part in the sanguinary events which characterized the "good old times;"

but since the introduction of cannon, and particularly since the revolt of the towns of Mentone and Rocquebrune, which in 1648 shook off the rule of the Prince, has descended to the lowest stage of insignificance, and if it contrives to keep its head above water, it is thanks to a *rouge-et-noir* bank, which adds to the personal resources of the Prince, and causes a few stray napoleons to be circulated among the population. Admitting that the natural advantages of Monaco surpassed those of Gibraltar, the idea of their falling into the hands of Russia by purchase would not be the less unreasonable. The principality is guaranteed by the first and second treaty of Paris, and it could not be ceded to a foreign power without the authorization of Europe. Were all the powers of the Continent, along with England, to approve of the bargain, the realization of the latter would, nevertheless, fail before the decided opposition of France and Sardinia. The Turin Cabinet has never abandoned the idea of obtaining possession of this independent State, which is a perfect eyesore to its statesmen; while the traditions of the French Foreign office justify the secret hope entertained there of some day regaining possession of this portion of the Mediterranean coast. As for Russia, she enjoys at Villafranca every advantage that she could desire. In that splendid bay her war vessels find shelter in stormy weather, and a port for repairs; and in time of war they would enjoy the privilege of being under the protection of a neutral flag. What more could she desire? With respect, then, to Monaco, I may conclude by assuring you that this interesting State is not for the moment in the market."

The non-discovery of iron boat-building at an early epoch of human invention, is a standing reproach to its ingenuity. The hint, and a pretty broad one, had been early given by Hercules, that hero, as is well known, having put across from Portmahon to Cadiz (Erythia to Tartessus, vide best authorities passim), in a golden cup lent him by the Sun-god. Clipper though the good ship Golden Cup may have been, she could not have been over crank, and must have been roomy. For Hercules shipped the "short-horns" aboard of her, to steal which from Geryon had been the object of his cruise. There was a trifle of spoil, moreover, we have understood, and the skin of the two-headed dog named Orthrus. The short horns having been sea-sick, he landed them on the Spanish coast,

and driving them overland, *vid* Perpignan, Narbonne, and Marseilles, came, in due course of time, to the precipitous cliffs where the Apennines dip into the blue Mediterranean. There, saith that gossiping historian, Ammianus Marcellinus (lib. xv., cap. 10), he, lounging along (*lenius gradiens*), made a track-road on the edge of the Maritime Alps, and consecrated to his own "perennial memory," the citadel and port of Monæcus. Certain it is that the temple of the "Lone-dwelling Hercules" (*Ἡρακλῆους Μονοικῶν*) has fixed to the latest posterity the name of his resting place. Strabo (lib. iv.), in his dull, positive, geographical way, leaves out the legend, when touching upon description of those parts, and offers the matter-of-fact suggestion that the Greek name proves the port to have been connected with the Massilian coasting trade. But we cling to the Mythua. Was not Heracles, indeed, subject to "temporary insanity?" Every consistent myth avers it. Why not then to moody fits of it at times, when he would naturally sulk out on a nook of this sort, and play at a sort of primeval "Tom-all-alones?" We can fancy that hulking hero, perched on the rocky neck of land, his heels dangling in the white spray of the blue water. What a subject, now, for a cameo! We dare say there is one in the "Museo Borbonico," if the collection were well looked up. Our old rude Northern Epos of the giant gives the scene in bold relief:

"His hook was baited with a dragon's tail"—

Just so, a caudal cut from the Lernean Hydra:

"And he sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale."

Any fastidious classical stickler has our leave to substitute "dolphin" for whale, if it seemeth him good, and to turn the couplet, should he object to rhyme, into hypercatalectic iambics. There now! And don't let those captious sneerers insinuate that he would have been at a loss for a fishing-rod, by reason of the stunted growth of timber trees upon the "Riviera di Ponente." There were handsome twigs to be cut there in those earlier times, and, indeed, so late as those of our unimaginative Strabo, who deposeth that "the Ligurians, whose mountains come down in lofty rocky

Prince Honoré, or Prince Florestan, (we forget which; but the monarchs of Monaco are always called by the one name or the other), in return for the "sac de marrons," or the "cornet de pommes-de-terre frites." Readers who know their Paris, will be conciliated, and won to grant us our full measure of *πλοῦς ἡθικῆς*, moral confidence, by the graphic accuracy of these latter details—a brown paper bag being given with roast chestnuts; a spiral twist of paper (cut-up copy-books) enveloping the ration of fried potatoes, when these delicacies are purchased in the streets of the French metropolis.

Observe the advantage of having studied Aristotle's Rhetoric, O reader, who longest in time to become a writer!

Imagine our indignation—two sous pieces were wont to be solitary in our juvenile pocket—at this dismal depreciation of the unique coin, upon which we had counted to solace the severities of that raw morning's academical exercises! By virtue of what authority did these capricious financiers of the street-corner venture to "demonetise" the coins of a sovereign and allied prince upon a sudden! Alas! an answer was at hand, sufficient, if not satisfactory; peremptory, if unpleasing: and the street-corner itself was voucher for their stringent measure. Against it was stuck a placard, signed, if we mistake not, "Gabriel Delessert, Préfet de Police," cautioning his "administrés," the good Parisian fingerers of coppers, one and all, to beware of those insidious and insufficient halfpence. The coinage of Monaco would not satisfy, as it would seem, the requirements of the French mint, *tempore* Louis Philippe. The alloy was excessive, or the weight short, or the milled edges monstrous, or some other numismatic condition abnormal. As mere medals our Monaco sous might yet avail us; but chestnuts and potatoes we must needs forego.

Who, that notes coincidences, will not understand that we were thenceforth destined, at some future day, to enlighten Europe, through the pages of *Maga*, on the too-much-neglected subject of the archæology, history, geography, and politics of the state of Monaco?

But first of all, we desire to justify

our assertion, that Monaco has just now "turned up again;" and this we consider ourselves to have done fully, by simply transcribing a paragraph which, within the last month, has been going the round of the papers:

"THE MONACO STORY.—A correspondent has sent us the following from Monaco. 'In noticing an article of the *Presse* on the contemplated sale of the principality of Monaco to Russia, you most judiciously threw strong doubts on the whole story. In fact, a more absurd statement could not have been hazarded, and complete ignorance of the locality could alone have inspired it. This is the second time in the course of six months that the rumoured sale of Monaco to Russia has been circulated by certain of your contemporaries, and the story is a mere repetition of the *canard* of last year, when, however, the United States, and not the Russian Government, figured as the intended purchasers. It is not true that "rumours of the contemplated sale are current in Piedmont," for the inhabitants of that country are aware that the Prince of Monaco has constantly declined to entertain the pecuniary offers made by the Government of Turin, and they are, moreover, sufficiently acquainted with the resources of the principality to know that its possession would be utterly worthless to Russia, or to any other Government but their own. Sardinia has a great interest in the possession of Monaco, for this petty State not only breaks the geographical unity of the kingdom, but it is also a source of annoyance on account of the smuggling carried on across the frontiers. The Princes of Monaco have, however, for the last four generations refused to abdicate a sovereignty that millions cannot purchase; and the present ruler clings with energy to the possession of the rock of Monaco, which alone remains to him of the former dominions of his house, and which, though of no intrinsic value, enables him to take his place among the reigning sovereigns of Europe. The French journal represented the port of Monaco as one of the best in the Mediterranean, and added that with a few fortifications it might be rendered "almost impregnable." This is ludicrous. The port is a petty retreat in which no frigate could turn, while the whole principality—which, by-the-by, might be conveniently stowed away in the Regent's park—is commanded by a semi-circle of heights in the possession of Sardinia. Before the age of gunpowder, Monaco was one of the important positions of Europe, and it occupied a prominent part in the sanguinary events which characterized the "good old times;"

Whatever may be thought of the prodigy, we suppose the fact of Manacinus intended embarkation at Monaco may be taken for granted as historical. If not, here is an undoubted historical mention of the port from the great prince of ancient, or of all historians, Tacitus, (lib. iii.)

Cremona had been stormed, sacked, and burnt by the soldiers of Vespasian. The news of the disaster had reached the Vitellian general, Fabius Valens, the same who, worthy of the hog in purple under whom he was holding command, had been dawdling along on his march to Ravenna, with a seraglio and attendant eunuchs in herds. The fleet, under Lucius Bassus, had fraternized with the Flavian party; and all that was left for him was to dash across Italy, when he could dawdle no longer, and take ship for Provence, to rouse, if possible, Gaul and its garrisons, with the German tribesmen beyond; and so divert the triumphant march of Vespasian's soldiers from Rome itself. He sailed from the mouth of the Arno; and in stress of weather, put into the port of Hercules Monæcus, whence he sailed again, upon hearing that his enterprise was desperate. Driven into the Hyères group of islets by the continued gales, he there fell into the hands of Valerius Paulinus, who held Fréjus for Vespasian, and his calamity seems to have been the crisis in that quarter of the fortunes of his master: Spain, Gaul, Britain declaring for the Flavians.

The ninth century brings, if not Monaco by name, yet its environs, and itself, indeed, beyond any reasonable doubt, into sight again on the historic field of view. That was the season of the daring, restless, successful enterprise of the Arab seafarers under the Ommiades of Spain, and the Aglabites of the north-western African coast. Sicily, Malta, Sardinia, Corsica, the Balearic Isles, owned the dominion of Islam. Brindisi and Bari, on the mainland of southern Italy, were in Saracen hands. Gaëta and Amalfi, by superhuman heroism, had scarcely beaten off from their walls the children of Ishmaël. The very suburbs of Rome had been burnt and sacked, up to the basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura, which shared this fate; the plunderers, in their retreat, leveling with the ground the fortifications of Civita Vecchia.

From the Spanish and Balearic ports Moorish pirate vessels ravaged the coasts of Provence and of ancient Liguria; and at last, emboldened by impunity, seize and fortify strongholds along the shore and inland. About this time they established their garrison at Fraxinetum, Garde-Fresnet in the Département du Var, blocking and commanding the lower passes by the sea from France into Italy; rendering impassable, save at their good pleasure, the Esterel mountain, as may be read in doleful detail in the chronicles of Luitprand. The local tradition cannot be far wrong, which fixes in the tenth century the building of their stronghold upon the rock of Eza, which barred the land passage to the present principality of Monaco, and that of the loftier and more commanding mountain fortress of Santa Agnese, which, from its crested amphitheatre of rock, overlooks it all. Arab historians may, perhaps, speak in precise terms of the fate of Monaco during those days of Islam; their memory lives only in legends in the minds of its present people. One such there is, which gilds a maidenly and then a saintly widow's name. The patience of our readers will, perhaps, forgive its introduction here.

More than one shrine, such as Wordsworth calls—

“—A chapel far withdrawn
Lurking by lonely ways,”

peep out from venerable woods of olives, old as the Phæacians, or from the more gorgeous greenery of orange-bearing trees, on this most lovely coast. Santa Anna is among them a favourite name. Search out its origin, and you shall find it not to be that obvious one which commemorates so frequently, in southern lands, the traditional name of the mother of the Virgin.

This Anna, of the shores of Monaco, was the daughter of a rich and noble Christian house. Fair as the lemon-blossom in beauty, as fragrant for the charms of all gentle maiden worth and modesty. Her birthplace is unknown; but this at least befell, that the ship which was bearing her somewhere on the bosom of the Mediterranean, was boarded and captured by the galleys which Hayreddin, the Moorish chieftain, launched from the beach of Mentone, when he came down from his castled height of Sta

Agnese, and put out to sea. Young, noble, daring, handsome, wise beyond his fellows, he was the pride of Islam and the terror of the Christian coast. Zarifa, of the lightning glance, was queen of his heart, and sovereign lady of all that he called his.

They brought poor Anna to the castle, an orphan, now, and brotherless; for her mother had long since passed away from earth, and her noble father and his two brave sons were tangled in the coral reefs, perhaps, down among which their corpses, pierced with many wounds, had sunk when the Saracen pirates had heaved them overboard. Zarifa's quick eye noted the girl and her beauty, through all the tears and dejection, as they brought her in. A pang of apprehension, and of possible hate, darted through her own passionate heart; but her dark eyes flashed scorn into the mirror, wherein they sought for consolation and reassurance against misgivings. If Anna's hair were of bright gold, and might brook no disparagement beside her own rich dark tresses, those eyes of pale watery blue could never reflect the love-light from Hayreddin's eyes as did her own. Nevertheless, she could not bear, as the days went on, that he should be so desirous to look into their blue depths, which she termed shallows. And yet her pride forbade her growing hate to give a sign by word or deed.

She did not know, by some strange hap, of all Hayreddin's repeated interviews with his disconsolate captive; nor how he had passed from command to entreaty that she should look upon him; nor of the spell which the simple shaking of that golden-tressed head, in answer to such entreaties, had cast upon the heart of the chieftain.

But she knew or suspected something; and the fierceness, which she could not veil, in her dark eye, when at last she spake of the Christian girl, contemptuously, set Hayreddin on his guard. He dared not trust Anna with her in his absence; and so gave orders that she, with other captives, should be embarked upon his galley when next, in command of his rovers, he launched them for a cruise. "Zarifa," thought he, "will imagine that she is taken for sale in the slave-bazaar of Gibraltar or of Tetuan."

Anna sat upon the deck, in the

moonlight; the gentle breeze just causing the ship which carried them to glide on through the water. She looked upon the silvery plain, and sighed to think of the dear ones in the deep; then on the little cross of gold, fastened to the gold links on her wrist; and then, admonished thereby that the deep shall give up the dead, she raises her downcast eyes, and they are fixed in upward gaze upon the sky.

Hayreddin, unobserved, devours her with his look of awestricken admiration. There is a stamp of loveliness and of unknown nobility in woman on her features, which his heathenish Zarifa's beauty never bare. And as the thought crosses his mind, Zarifa's jealous glance has caught it; for she is there, crouching under an Arab haik's folds, in the shadow of the great lateen sail. Ah, what a spring she gives! and Hayreddin, as she falls, tangled in the folds of the heavy haik, sees the gleam of the dagger which should have struck home into the heart of the infidel maiden.

It is no use now to deal a stroke, for to reach the golden-haired girl Zarifa must strike right through the breast of Hayreddin; so with a wild shriek of love, hate, and despair, she has sprung overboard—and the round ripples widen their silver rings on the surface, where she went down.

Anna heard the shriek and the splash, but knew not what they signified. She had covered and hidden her face with trembling hands when she had seen the pirate chief spring to her side. His lawless love was all her fear. Lawless in truth, but fated to take law from her dear lips. The very love itself with which the Christian girl inspired him, was new love for the Moslem. It was a spiritual loveliness which had won his love, and unless she could love him with a willing mind he had no will to call her his.

She therefore learnt in time—how could she fail to do so—that she had nothing to fear from him; nay, that some inexplicable reverent fear of her held his mind fast. Then she took courage to speak with him face to face and eye to eye, and to tell him fearlessly what a Christian maid might think of a wooing by a wooer whose hand was red with innocent blood, the stains whereof the eye of her he

woody saw with a shudder upon every costly gift a pirate lover wished to lay at her dear feet.

Ali Abou Habseh said, in a whisper, one night upon the rampart at Monaco, to Hassabou-Ebn-Omar, "Three ships from Genoa went by last week unnoticed, and one, deep laden, from Amalfi, by her rig, this blessed afternoon. Six weeks have past since Hayreddin has been to sea. The daughters of burnt fathers are a defilement, by times, to true believers. Two inches of my handjar in the white neck of the pasty-faced girl, up in the fort upon the mountain, would do good to the spirit of the Rais, I take it."

"The words of wisdom," quoth Hassabou, "love to lurk in the whisper of secrecy."

But even that whisper grew by degrees so loud that it could not be kept from the ear of Hayreddin. Long and fierce were his inward struggles; and at last he found it in his once proud but conquered heart to tell all the circumstance of the conflict to the maiden.

"At her bidding, and for her sake, he would give up all. Yes! they might call him coward and renegade: they could not make a coward of him though. And as for renegade, it was nobler, surely, to renounce what he no longer revered. But it was hard to give up all for nothing. One word of hope from Anna. But no! that were unworthy of her, and of him who had learned to love her. He would exact no pledge. Did she dare to run the risk with him, would she trust herself to him of her own free will: he would contrive escape for both, and restore her, if not to kinsmen, at least to men of kindred race and faith."

Anna signified assent. In a dark night, noiselessly, a little fisher boat put out from underneath the sheltering wing of the promontory which faces Monaco. All through the darkness it steered south-west; and in the morning light the steersman hailed a merchant ship, bearing on a more westerly course, bound to Marseilles.

William Duke of Aquitaine, and all his court, were there when the wished-for haven was reached in safety. A noble and free welcome he gave to him that had been a well-known and formidable foeman. He was of Norman blood, that William, and if he could

bring himself to forgive the pirate for piracies at his, Duke William's, expense, was not as squeamish perhaps, as Anna, about taking, in the abstract, friendly hold of a pirate's hand.

The Bishop of Narbonne, we believe, who baptized Hayreddin, married him also, with great pomp, to his dear Anna, in the cathedral of the diocese, when some few months were past.

The noble counts, and other soldier-lords, of Aquitaine and Provence, were forced to admit, indeed, that the Moorish convert was no flincher in the field. But he was overthoughtful and moping, they said, for a comrade, and too much tied to the sleeve of "Châtelaine Anne." He was a short-lived man, the legend runs, and she a young wife yet, when she became his widow. We suppose that fortune of war must have declared against Ali Abou Habseh, and the discreet Hassabou, in the years which followed the defection of their chief. For had they and their fellows still held Esa, Sant Agnese, Monaco, and Mentone, it seems hard to think they should have suffered Anna to return in peace to the beach, whither they first brought her a tearful captive in Zarifa's days,—whence she had fled, a happy fugitive, in later time with her noble Hayreddin.

But this is certain, that bereaved of him, she returned to the spot where she had won him so unwittingly; and during a long and saintly widowhood, her virtues, her alms-deeds, her charitable zeal, won for her a respect, affection, and veneration, of which all traces are not yet effaced, as you may learn from the legend of the chapels of "Sainte Anne."

Anyhow, there was no Saracen garrison in the vicinity in A.D. 1157, when, according to the Annals of the Republic of Genoa, compiled by Giorgio Stella, Guido Guerra, Count of Ventimiglia, gave Roquebrune in free gift to the superb city. And probably in the process of dislodging the followers of "Mahomed," the elder castle and town of Monaco must have been mauled and mishandled grievously. For, in 1191, the ambassadors of "Henry, Emperor of the Romans," saith the annalist—that is Henry the Cruel, son of Frederick Redbeard—"gave"—though it don't appear how he came by them—"the port of Monaco, and the mountain and the land

adjoining thereunto, to the Genoese Republic, for the building and fortifying of a borough and camp," "ad Castrum et Burgum edificandum."

There were, as all men know, few nobler houses, nor of prouder lineage, in all proud Genoa, than that of the Grimaldi. There was no little to be said in favour of their claim to be descended in direct line from that Grimoald who was son to Pepin, king of Austrasia, brother to the thunder-bolt who smote the Saracen, valiant Charles Martel. If that claim were just, there was a sort of fitness in the circumstance that a Grimaldi should hold for the Republic, from the earliest days, strongholds whence Christian arms had previously dispossessed the Saracen. Nor is it marvellous that, true to the sovereign instincts of their race, the Grimaldi should have bethought themselves early of holding such possession, if it might be, for themselves. An early indication of their sentiments on this score was given in 1353. That was the year in which befell the strange event which Matteo Villani comments upon as follows :

"We must here recount a great and memorable thing, proving what rapid change chance will at times bring round in the affairs of states. The noble city of Genoa, its rich and powerful citizens, lords of our sea-board, of Romania and the high seas, men, beyond others, skilful, experienced, of great heart in sea-fights, famous so long for splendid victories, owners at all times of great ships, wont to bring into their city countless spoils, fruit of their daring, dreaded and feared by all folk which dwell by the shores of the Tuscan and its neighbouring seas, freer, besides, than any people of all Italy—the Genoese, for the rout lately undergone off Sardinia in battle with the Venetians and the Catalonians—a rout wherein their loss was not such as might not be repaired—are fallen into such discord and confusion of their city, and into so craven a fear, that, crest-fallen and downcast as silly women, they have exchanged their bold pride for base cowardice; it never bethought them they could help themselves. Far otherwise. The Commonwealth of Florence having sent ambassadors to comfort them, and to offer them of generous love, help, advice, and free favour, to win back and uphold their independence and "good estate," their minds be so disordered by this defeat and their own discords, that they can find them no healing for their woe, than to put themselves

in thrall to that mighty tyrant, John Visconti, Archbishop of Milan. They are agreed to create him signor of them, giving up into his lordship the city of Genoa, Savona, all the Riviera, east and west, and other the lands to them belonging, *save only Monaco, Mentone, and Roccambruna, the which Messer Carlo Grimaldi would by no means put into their hand.*"

It was a Grimaldi, by the way, though we are not sure whether it were this same "Messer Carlo," who had commanded the fifty-two Genoese galleys on the disastrous day when the seventy of the Venetian and Catalonian fleet, aided by three large round vessels termed *cocche*, manned each by four hundred Catalans, the whole commanded by Pisani, bore down upon him off Loiera, on the Sardinian coast. The day was calm; the Genoese trusted that the three great vessels, whose motion depended on the wind alone, would be unable to move; and courageously lashing all their galleys together, except a few to protect the wings of their line, they slowly rowed towards the enemy. The allies followed their example, and the two mighty masses were closing, when a breeze suddenly sprang up and filled the sails of the "*cocche*," which were lying becalmed. These great vessels then steered towards the Genoese flank, and at once determined the event of the day. After an obstinate defence, in which they lost 2,000 men, the Genoese were utterly defeated. Part of their fleet, casting off from the line, fled under Grimaldi himself, but thirty galleys, with 3,500 men, the flower of the republic, surrendered to the victors.

Again, in 1401, when Genoa had given herself to the French monarchy, the French governor in the king's name was that *Maréchal de Boucicault* whose own life is an epitome of his times; who was trained to war under Duguesclin; fought at *Roebeck*; went a crusade against *Bajazet*; was taken prisoner by the Turks at *Nicopolis*; served again in the armies of the Greek Emperor, *Manuel*; and ended his life in captivity in England, whither he was carried prisoner from the field of *Agincourt*. This governor did summon *Ludovico di Grimaldi* to admit into his castle of *Monaco* a garrison for the French king. *Ludovico*, true to the family tradition, refused and held out. But his opponent was

a wily soldier no less than a brave; and "taking cautious order," saith Giorgio Stella, "whereby he caused the aforesaid Ludovico di Grimaldi occupying Monaco, to be deceived, he did gain mastery of the said place, and put therein a garrison. Nevertheless, the said Ludovico did he suffer to depart freely, taking with him his household goods."

But turning a Grimaldi out of Monaco was one thing; keeping one long out of it another. Wherefore, we are by no means astonished, as we read the accomplished Florentine Guicciardini's account of the wars of Italy, to find that, in 1506 again, matters stand thus.

Louis the Twelfth is king of France, and still supposed to be Suzerain of Genoa. His ensigns, Guicciardini tells us expressly, are still seen in the public places and on the public buildings of the city. Philip of Ravestein is governor in his name, but has no sufficient force in hand to quell the frequent and threatening disturbances. The king is much concerned at the Genoese uneasiness, but is conciliatory, much fearing the influence of "Cæsar," that is, of course, Maximilian of Germany, who had wrought grievous mischief to the conquests of France in Italy, in the reign of Charles the Eighth. He sends to them one Doctor Michele Riccio, a Neapolitan exile, and an accomplished diplomat, to persuade cession of towns on the Riviera, and other due compliances. But all in vain. Far from ceding any thing to the French king just now, the democracy of Genoa have set their hearts upon a little conquest on their own account, that of Monaco namely, where one Luciano Grimaldi is now snugly intrenched, and will hear of no surrender.

Guicciardini speaks of their blindness of mind in resolving on the expedition, and ponders their motives. Malice to the nobles generally, he puts in the foreground; the lordly Grimaldi holding, of course, with the aristocrats. Next, the importance of the seaport for maritime and commercial reasons, to Genoa. And lastly, he insinuates a reason, which seems to cast a ray of intelligence on all the unrecorded history of the little harbour and its castle all through the centuries bygone. It seems the Saracens had inoculated the community

with a virus five centuries had not expelled entirely from the system. "For," saith he, "the true motive might be merely private resentment, as it is well known that he who is in possession of that town, being tempted by the convenience of its situation, can hardly abstain from exercising himself in piracy." Whatever the motives, the actual proceedings of the Genoese citizens were these: They freighted a goodly number of ships, and marched aboard of them a force in which were but few trained soldiers—the bulk of the 6,000 men embarked being mechanics and others of the city militia. There were a few regular Pisan troops among them, however; and the command was given to a good soldier, Tarlatino, a Pisan general, with Piero Gambacorta, of that same city, as his second in command. The place was invested by land and by sea; but as Luciano showed no signs of giving in, and as the weary labours of a siege were little to the taste of Tarlatino's town heroes, no sooner did the rumour reach his camp of the advance to relief of the French General Algère with the exiled nobles of Genoa, and the auxiliary force of the Duke of Savoy, than he thought it prudent to withdraw forthwith. The return of his men to Genoa was the signal for renewed civic disturbances; in the course of which the French king's arms and ensigns were torn down and trampled under foot; and Paolo di Nove, silk-dyer, was elected democratic Doge, who put forth a proclamation to declare that Genoa was not, nor would be, subject to any suzerainty or protectorate whatsoever.

In the great subsequent contest between the French power and Charles the Fifth, the Monaco Grimaldi of the day, who is known by the title of Honoré the First, espoused the cause of Spain. As a reward he received from Charles the Marquisate of Campagna and the Count's Fief of Canosa, in the kingdom of Naples. This potentate died in 1581, leaving two sons, Charles and Hercules. The elder dying childless, the old adage came true again: "There is nothing new under the sun;" and once more did Hercules rule undisputed over the Ligurian Tom-all-alones. But the evil destiny of the old Greek hero cleaved to the Spanish grandee. He perished by assassination, and was succeeded by

his son, Honoré II. This prince fell out at last with his Spanish friends, watched his opportunity, and expelled their garrison in 1641; and, to avoid the probable consequences of the step, transferred his qualified princely allegiance to the crown of France, under Louis the Thirteenth.

In the very dull and prolix, but curious and minute, history of that monarch, written by "Messire Charles Bernard, Conseiller du Roy en ses Conseils d'Etat et Privé, Lecteur ordinaire de la Chambre de la Majesté et Historiographe de France," may be seen, at full length, the reasons set forth by Prince Honoré the Second for this transfer; the pith of them being that the conditions of the treaty made at Bruges on the 7th of June, 1524, between his ancestor and Charles the Fifth, had been ill observed by the Spaniards; that his father's assassination had been but slightly avenged; that difficulties had been thrown in his own way, in respect of taking possession of his principality, by the Spanish Viceroy of Milan; and that the Spanish troops were exacting and insolent at Monaco. He sent back to the Spanish king, however, as became a fine gentleman, the insignia of the Golden Fleece, being anxious to distinguish, he said, between such honours and dignities as he held by favour of the Spanish crown, and such as were rightfully his own by free and uninterrupted inheritance. French troops garrisoned the town; some few royal French galleys occupied the port. "The prince of Monaco," saith the courtly historiographer, "was very well received at court; and in compensation for his principality, was made Duke of Valentinois. His letters patent were solemnly verified by the Parliament of Paris; and he was in due time put in possession of his duchy." He does not add, that which other contemporary memoirs have recorded, that the collar of the "Saint-Esprit" was given him for a decoration, in lieu of the "Golden Fleece" resigned.

It is at the court of France henceforward, and more often under their title in the French peerage, as "Ducs de Valentinois," that the princes of Monaco find mention in modern history. One of them, if we mistake not, was ambassador at the Court of Rome for the "Grand Monarque," and

affected an ostentatious pomp, of which we may judge from his causing the horses of his state coach, when entering the Pontifical city, to be shod with silver. Saint Simon, in his sarcastic memoirs, has mention of one member of the family. In 1731, the last direct male descendant of the famous line of Grimaldi expired, in the person of Prince Antoine. But his sole heiress, Louise Hippolyte de Grimaldi, Duchesse de Valentinois, on her marriage, in 1715, with François de Matignon, Comte de Thorigny, had laid upon her consort the obligation to adopt the arms and name of her great Genoese princely house; and it was to the descendants of the Grimaldi-Matignon that the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle confirmed succession in the sovereignty of Monaco; a sovereignty engulfed, as were so many grander thrones, by the French Republic and the First Empire; but which revived again, unharmed, under the treaties of 1815.

But enough, too much, perhaps, of historical and legendary lore. Will the reader deign to cast, with us, an eye, familiar in our own case, over the present aspect of the tiny principality?

We have breakfasted at Nice, and left that Ligurian Brighton, where signboards and advertisements are displayed in our own mother tongue, with a profusion almost Brightonian, if with an orthography more reckless. Great Britons, and amiable Great Britonesses walk to and fro upon its sunny esplanades, and along the quays of the *Paglione*. The British baby, in its perambulator, haunts the streets. From the shop windows, parti-coloured cards have glared upon us, announcing Arrow-root Biscuits, Anchovy Sauce, Dalby's Carminative, and Henry's Calcined Magnesia; Hard's Farinaceous Food, and Barry's Revalenta, were quite as procurable as polenta or macaroni. But we have gone up, olive, fig, and aloe climbing with us, almost an Alpine pass. We have looked back upon the town, with its villas terraced upon the hills and dotted upon the sea-board. We are so high, that the Franciscan Monastery, at Cimiers, seems to sit on a flat pavement; and the needles of its pointed cypresses have dwindled down to flat lozenges of green in the bird's-eye view; but we go up and along. Those cockboats inside the mole, at Villa

Franca there, on the right, are the Russian liners and frigates all the fuss is about just now. Above us, sternness and barrenness overhang the kindly sunny beauties of the lower scenery. Now and then a shadow from a passing cloud will fall; and on the higher ledges a misty veil, hanging downwards, will receive us into its fringes. Silius Italicus (i. 585) apparently came by on such a day as this—

"*Herculei ponto cospere existere colles,
Et nebulosa magis attollere saxa Monaci.*"

"Sheer up from out the deep Herculean cliffs arise;
Monæcus' rocky head is veiled in misty skies."

La Testa del Can, or Dog's head, the peasants call the lofty grim grey rock, which is grand enough, in its couchant attitude, to have been called by a nobler name, being lion-like. But we have first passed by the "Castled Crag" of Esa, detached from the surrounding precipices, a vantage ground in the old times of Barbary pirates and Sallee rovers, long fortified against them; but fortified by themselves first of all, as the old country legends tell. We have gone up, and up, till we have reached La Turbia, the Trophæa of Augustus, the site of a great monument, once inscribed by him with the names of all the Alpine tribes he had subdued, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. The ravages of time, and the gunpowder of French invaders have left of it no more than a shapeless mass of masonry. To the right of it, seaward, crouches the great Stone Dog. He looks right down on Monaco; and, we take it, that a couple of howitzers, judiciously disposed on the sloping forearm of his colossal paws would effectually dispel, in a couple of hours, the notion of the "impregnable" strength of the fortress, whatever new resources of the art of fortification might be lavished on it. It looks like a toy town from here, or like a child's boat down upon the blue sea which belts it. It is hard to believe that it sits upon a steep. Virgil's word "Arx" for it appears, from up here, singularly inappropriate. Yet, it occurs in the course of a fine and well known passage, in the sixth book (826), where Æneas, in company of Anchises and the Sibyl, sees

the long line of the future heroes of Roman history file past the mound, on which they are standing, in the shadowy land:—

*Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgère cernis in
armis,
Concordes animæ nunc, et dum nocte pre-
mentur
Heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt!
Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monaci
Descendens; gener adversis instructus Eois.*

Seest thou where yonder shades in kindred
armour gleam,
Twin souls, till human life dispel the quiet
dream?
Alas! when they behold the garish light of
day,
How shall they clash in bloodstained war's
affray!
Down swoops from towering Alps and lone
Monæcus' height
Kinsman 'gainst kinsman armed, Western
'gainst Eastern might.

At all events, *we* must descend, like Cæsar, from the lofty eminences, down upon the Arx itself.

Our old friend, the Bishop of Nebbio states it to be—and so it may be—two miles down from La Turbia to the Castle of Monaco, "built," saith he, "on a rock very strong by nature and art, with a little townlet (*piccolo Borghetto*) of perhaps a hundred houses." We certainly did not count them ourselves, but we should think they must be more in number now-a-days: although the present number of inhabitants, under 1,500, might, without cramping, be stowed into that number of habitations. Indeed, were we to refer to our personal impressions, exclusive of guide-books or census returns, we should say, the printer might have left out the two noughts after the fifteen, the brace of numerals which would remain being sufficient for the population beheld by us upon our visit to the capital. At first entering its streets we were astonished at their silence and desertion: after an hour's sojourn we were still more astonished if the voice and person of a passer-by should light upon eye or ear. There is a castle or palace fronting a piazza, of no such mean proportions, but, over which the sense of stillness and solitude broods. Not so much as a solitary "gamin" turned out, so far as we recollect, to stare or gibe at us, when we drew up at the door of the "Hotel des Etrangers." There were, it is true, three semi-military officials at the castle

gate, in uniforms of blue, with red facings and stripes. There was a grey-coated Sardinian sentry pacing to and fro, and a few children playing, but hushedly and without noise, among a few heaps of piled cannon balls. Nay, there were two Sardinian officers walking backwards and forwards to enliven the scene; but we noted that they kept well apart from each other, and never exchanged a word, as if gregariousness, or communicative intercourse were treason to the genius of the place. As for the Castello,—composed of half a modern Italian palazzo, a fragment of an older one, with vaulted balcony, or “loggia,” two or three starvelling stucco towers, and the gateway of a German schloss, over which were impanelled the chequers, which are the Grimaldi cognizance;—it struck us as amazingly like the palace in the fairy tale, wherein, when the prince came, all the inmates had been fast asleep these ninety-nine years or so. San Nicolo, the cathedral church, spacious within, having quaint round Romanesque pillars and arches, possesses a gateway of marble, evidently antique, for the sun has burnt a bronze tint well into its original white grain. The local antiquarians contend stoutly for its identity with the whilom portico of the Herculean Tom-all-alones. There is a “false air” of Malta, as the French say, about the seaward defences of the place, with its bastions, turrets, and cavaliers. Though by no means wholly dismantled, Time seems to be working his will upon them. As we drive out, and, indeed, as we drive in,—for Monaco stands upon a promontory, and is entered and left by one road, which leads no whither else, as becomes a Tom-all-alones highway—we are pleased with the manner in which the platform of approach is laid out. The vacant space between the ramparts and the town houses is planted, gardenwise, with shrubs and flowers, intersected by the drive and winding sanded footwalks. Aloe and cacti form the borders; graceful cypress cones abound; the geranium grows in bushes, and far on in December, so mild is the air, bright scarlet flowers abound amidst their greenery. A broad steep zigzag brings us down to the beach of the harbour, tenanted in our day, as in that of Strabo, by

“few ships, and small.” Not having at hand, as we write, an Admiralty chart, with soundings, we will not venture to pronounce whether depth of water in certain places might not render the whole port worth deepening. One more quotation, dear reader, forgive us for making—we verily do believe and trust it is our last. But it is too good and exact to be dispensed with. Lucan shall furnish it, describing the harbour admirably.

“Quaque sub Herculeo sacratu nomine
portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in
illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: solus sua littora
turbat
Circius et tutâ prohibet statione Monsci.”
(*Phars.* i. 405).

This passage we should have delighted to put into verses as admirably classical as those which have graced our quotations hitherto; but for a trifling disagreement or indistinctness in such dictionaries as sit on our shelf.

Corus and Zephyrus are nor'-west and west winds plain enough; but Circius seems more doubtful of interpretation. One authority assures us that it signifies “a rapid and tempestuous wind, frequent in Gallia Narbonensis, and unknown in any other country.” This fails to command our entire confidence. Another, that it is “a vehement southern wind, blowing out of France through Italy;” which, seeing Italy lies south of France in most maps, seems queerer still. Ourselves opine that a sou'-sou east by east wind, called “Grego” by the fisherman of the Riviera, is the windy malignant aimed at by Lucan; and consequently feel a difficulty in giving other than Hudibrastic translation of his stately verse:—

“A port it is, whose sacred name,
Doth witness Hercules his fame:
There vainly, 'gainst a hollow rock,
Each bounding wave must break its shock.
There batter'd ships find welcome rest
Should West wind bluster or Nor'-west:
But should Sou'-East by East wind roar,
Tremendous breakers bowl ashore;
And shorebound ships have narrow squeak
To 'scape the Grego's angry freak.”

Having thus happily disposed of our difficulty, we resume our upward course; olives and carobs, in vigorous and luxuriant beauty, shading the road from above and clothing the

rock terraces beneath. Lemon plantations are not wanting, nor frequent cypresses, nor even occasional palms. At the foot of Roquebrune, the nature and colour of whose soil the name at once indicates, we turn back once more into the great Corniche road.

It is a tiny town belonging to our principality, perched in the prettiest way conceivable, upon great tumbled masses of puddingstone. Plum-puddingstone too, if we may credit the rich brown colour, stuck all over, not with green holly, but with lemon trees, whose leaves are as glossy green as that leafy Christmas ornament, and whose pale golden fruit are by no means out of place in such proximity, being suggestive either of candied peel for that inimitable pudding, or of flavours for its genial concomitant, punch. It was within the principality, by the way, at Mentone, which we shall reach presently, that a Milanese waiter, of cosmopolite experience, suggested that for our delectation or rather that of our children, the cook of the Hotel de Turin (mind you put up there, reader), should compound "*un plopodino Inglese*," one "*giorno di festa*." The chambermaid was Benedetta, a strapping, dark-eyed, dark haired, Italian-speaking "*Contadina*," from San Remo. Her astonishment at that compounding we shall not soon forget, nor the exclamations with which she expatiated on the fact that "the Padrones were to have *such* a cake for dinner that day; oh, *such an incredible* cake, made all of oranges, and raisins, and grease!"

But so long as Monaco is yet in sight, you cannot see Mentone, by reason of the projecting rounded promontory of San Martino. Its whole expanse is a waving wood of olives, noble trees of great age and knotted growth. Their verdure covers the whole promontory as with a dark velvet cloak, which changes to a grey silk tissue, merely shot with green, as the rustling breeze runs along the tree tops and turns the glaucous under-leaf towards the eye. Italian pines skirt the shore, and underneath them grow rosemary, lavender, and a variety of the myrtle bush. Down we plunge into the olive wood, where the telegraph wire has danced down before us. The formal line of painted posts which skirts the road all along does in truth sit somewhat against the picturesque.

Nevertheless we would be just. It is admirable to see, when the road must needs turn inwards, and hug the re-entering angles of the huge rocky buttresses, how the magical wires leap with a bold graceful curve right across the precipice, and catch the road again towards the salient. Who does not ever see with wonder and with pleasure the daring skill which hangs a tiny spiderweb between two widely-sundered branches? So, in all fairness here, let us be content to take the happy audacity of these hanging spiderwebs of science in compensation for the ugly uprightness of her yellow posts. Out of the shady wood of San Martino we emerge into a long avenue of stately plane trees, between which oleanders grow. It leads us into Mentone, the rich fragrance of whose lemon groves and olive gardens gives greeting of strange sweetness. Two or three torrent beds are crossed, that of the Boirigo, for instance, and that of the Carei; the latter spanned by a suspension bridge, with pilasters of gay white stone, at whose base aloes, rosebushes, cactus, and tall cane-reeds, form groups of inimitable contrasts and graces. Up the torrent course lofty mountain peaks close in the view; downwards the waves are seen plashing and rippling on the beach. So we drive into the town. The plane trees, too, cross the torrent and find their way almost into the busiest part of the street; a few of them forcing themselves into a little piazzetta on the right of it. This lower street, which is in fact the main road, flanked by houses, is the modern town. The elder, streams upwards in narrow streetlets, where no wheeled carriage may climb, where the tall houses, not wholly destitute of architectural beauties, run so high and stand so close, that a vertical sun can scarcely prevent a cool slip of shadow from being cast at mid-day, right across from door to door. But not shadows only are cast from house to house. At intervals, all up the street, stone arches spring from one wall to its opposite, and bind the town together, one might think by their intercommunication. This is an observable feature of the street architecture of all the older towns on the Riviera; telling, it would seem, of contemplated desperate defence, and last resource of refuge, in the good old times of endless war and

perpetual piracy. Half way down the brow of the hill these steep and tortuous streetlets are cut at right angles by what was, until of late years, the main road; it still keeps as a misnomer its old name, Rue Neuve. Along it passed Pius VII., on his return from exile to Rome, when the Great Napoleon first fell. A tablet in the wall bears this commemorative inscription:—

" Pius vii. p.m.
Lutetiâ Romam Redux
Hinc
Cœlestern populo supplici
undique coacto
Benedictionem impertibat.
Die xi Mensis Februarii,
Ann. Dom. MDCCCXIII."

The same street has another tablet, and we will venture to give its inscription also, because it gives a key to much of the present political mind of the Mentonians, as we shall show presently. It stands over the doorway of an old family mansion, and is in the French language:—

" Au Général de Bréa.
Né à Menton le 23 Avril, 1790:
Mort à Paris le 24 Juin, 1848,
Pour la défense de l'ordre et de la patrie.
Par décret du Grand Conseil des villes libres
de Menton et Roquebrune du 23 Septembre,
1848."

But we will leave politics till by-and-by: we want, if possible, to make first of all our topography clear.

To do so, we will climb again some of the loftier heights which overhang Mentone; thence we shall see what we have not been able to behold as yet, the boundaries of the Lilliputian Principality.

Look back upon the left, there is the Grande Can, and Monaco itself, like a diver bird on the water underneath: the eastern horn of its little bay runs far out; it is the wooded cape of San Martino spoken of already. East again of the olive-clad cape, a bolder curve begins to sweep, and with the blue sea line on the horizon would describe an unbroken segment, were it not for the suppressed projection of the land—it is scarcely a promontory—on which Mentone stands. Under lee of San Martino, the smooth water was known to ancient mariners as the Sinus Pacis. Then, on the right, the marble cliffs come down abruptly; but they are beyond the frontier of the tiny state. That may be seen down there; a third of the way between

them and Mentone, where on the beach, by the hamlet of Garovano, the little custom-house stands, white-washed pink, if we may say it, "more Hibernico." If there be a breeze, the sea shows like a turquoise fringed with pearls. If very still, under a glorious sunshine, like a sapphire set with small diamonds. There is the little fort out on the projecting reef at Mentone, one of that chain of watch-towers and towers of fence, which fear of the sea rovers, in times by-gone, was built, in almost unbroken succession, from the mouth of the Var to that of Arno, and beyond. The fisherboats and the feluccas are hauled up on the beach, for Mentone has neither fort, nor mall, nor quay. There are the clustering roofs of its houses, and the fantastic towers of its two churches, stuccoed and painted, yet far from offensive to picturesque taste, in such scenery and under such a sky as this. The old upper castle is dismantled, and its platform become a burial ground. The white building on the lofty wooded knoll to the right, where the row of cypresses stands, is a deserted convent; but its chapel of the Annunziata is still in reverence. When we shall visit it, we shall find a lamp burning before its altar, whose rails are of marble mosaic, and votive tablets in plenty hung on the sacred walls. Look upwards now, and around: rocky mountain crests shut in an amphitheatre of lower hills. On the right there, you can see the ruins of the old Saracenic fort, now called of Sant' Agnese; and the double-peaked mountain head here, on the left, behind us, with the smooth slope between the crags, is called *La Bresse*, the "patois" for a cradle. But none of those crags are within the principality, they are Sardinian without question. The boundary line lies lower, just there, where the pine trees grow, under which peep out from olive trees, the white cottages of Cabruaré. That hamlet was the Prince's once. You see the circular basins narrowing into gorges; they and the narrowing valleys looking southward, are all terraced with lemon groves and orange gardens. No wind blights them here; and, from the rocky concave above, the summer sunbeams are concentrated on them. But they must have moisture no less than heat; and that accounts for those long formal zigzags

down the hills; they are channels and runlets from the tanks and cemented reservoirs, built where mountain springs gush, or where the water-shed is favourable for collecting the showers that fall. Admirable is the patient care and industry bestowed upon those beautiful and preciously fruitful trees. Branch by branch, almost leaf by leaf, they are tended. We have seen the women sponging individual leaves, when any mildew or fungoid blight had shown itself upon the twig. "What nights we pass in February, sir!" said one lemon-grower to us on one occasion; "if the thermometer shall chance to sink near to the dread zero. One night's sharp frost, not slight, but really sharp frost, can do us mischief far beyond the loss of a single crop. Five-and-twenty years does the lemon sapling require to be a noble fruit-bearing tree; and too keen a frost may kill. Oh, those February nights! it's a wonder we don't catch our deaths of cold ourselves, jumping out from under the quilted coverlets, to open the window and read off the degrees upon the thermometer, hung up outside the window, in the clear moonlight."

The orange is a trifle hardier, gives less anxiety, but not equal pride. It scents the air with its wondrous perfume, pungent, yet heavy. It strews the garden ground beneath with fallen white petals in May, like an unseasonable snowdrift. The distiller collects them, and extracts oils and essences. Its red-gold apples hang over every garden-wall in clusters, worthy the Hesperides. Hercules should have looked in here on his way out, instead of home, and half his journey had been spared. Boat-load after boat-load of the luscious fruit is shipped in those feluccas for Marseilles, when the gathering time is come. The Mentonese is not indifferent nor ungrateful to his orange-tree. But the lemon is the glory of those valleys on the strand. Twice a-year it yields its delicate savour in the fragrant, paler, golden rind. There is scarce need to ship the fruit in the feluccas. Schooner and brig, all the way from Norway, nay, sometimes from North America, will lie at anchor off the roads to take the precious cargo aboard. Be it the secret of the soil, or of the nicely balanced temperature in these lovely sea-board nooks, this one thing is cer-

tain, that not even the lemon trees of the world-renowned Conca d'Oro, the plain of the Golden Shell, at the lip of which Palermo faces the Sicilian sea, can bear away the palm of excellence from the lemons of Mentone. See the girls of the town here, coming at picking time from the gardens; how proud and stately they tread, poising upon their heads full baskets, two hands can scarcely lift! They walk unconscious of the weight, with lithe upright figure, exultingly. Yes! and you should hear a Mentonese discuss the question of superior climate with a Nizzard. Proximity, we know, knits friendliness, but kindles rivalry withal.

"Just so, dear sir—just so. The climate of Nice, I grant, is *not* so *very* severe. Oranges do well enough, I know. There are at Nice, sometimes, some very tolerable oranges. But there—I know you love your joke, and never *really* thought of naming in one breath your Nizzard climate over there with ours. No! no! You look upon *my* standard lemon trees, '*mes citronniers en pleine terre, monsieur*,' and you remember what it cost *you*, in nails or trellis-work, to train a lemon bush, at Nice, against a wall!"

Whether, indeed, the vines, which grow upon such lower sunny slopes as lemon trees do not occupy, deserve the reputation which the dwellers in this favoured region assign to them, we can hardly say. There was not a bottle of the choicer growths to be gotten when we were last at Mentone. The cruel oidium had reigned too many years—one peasant proprietor alone inviting us, as all did often so cordially, to take refreshment at his table on a feast-day—produced his last bottle of home-made, and even thence we conceived, perforce, no mean opinion of the vintage in the Principality. Let us not forget the flower gardens, wherein the sweet-scented Oriental acacia, the jessamine, the double violet, the rose, are grown in wild profusion, not so much for ornament and delight, as for the still of the cunning extractor of choice perfume. Far on in November you may gather of all these, and heighten the colour of the bouquet with scarlet geranium, salvias, and fine carnations.

There is another avenue of plane trees besides that one which brought

us by the main road into the town of Mentone. It strikes up at right angles to it, when from the town you have strolled over the bridge. It leads right up the beautiful valley of the Carei, the broadest and the longest of those down which the torrent courses here make their way to the sea. Let us walk up it, reader, even farther than the plane trees grow, all the way to the great many-storied building, where three or four huge water-wheels revolve.

Here is a fitting spot whereon to discourse of modern politics; for this is the signiorial olive-mill, and the exactions, just or unjust—non nostrum tantas componere lites!—connected with its rights and customs, had no little to do, if the native accounts are to be credited, with the dire events which hurled Prince Florestan from his throne.

Yes! the olive-crushing question, and the great corn-law grievance, too, these were the levers wherewith the malcontents of the principality, in the eventful year of 1848, upheaved the fabric of that empire, which, spite of Saracens, and Spanish and French garrisons, had outlived the shock of centuries.

"Italy," said Prince Metternich, "is now no more than a geographical expression." The same may be said of Monaco. The careful reader would not fail to notice, in the inscription to General Bréa's memory, the ominous words, "*Les villes libres de Menton et de Roquebrune*. Of the 7,000 souls which owned the sway of the Grimaldi-Matignon, those 1,500 only, which perch upon the rock of Monaco, render their allegiance still; and, as we have shown, Sardinian sentries pace up and down the ramparts even there.

Who can tell amid the clamour of distracting factions, what may be the simple truth? It may be slander, and no more, which now avers that under Florestan, the corn monopoly was an iniquity no longer to be borne. When, however, not only the monopoly is condemned as such—a condemnation in which, as stanch Free-traders, we cannot but concur—but when it is stated further that the favoured contractor from Marseilles, was, with princely connivance and sanction, permitted to import cheap damaged wheat for privileged and exclusive sale, we hope that popular denunci-

ation exaggerates the ill. Oil poured upon the waves of popular commotion should produce a calm, we allow; but the oil in question—the oil from the exclusively privileged crushing-mill—here was poured, apparently, upon the flames of faction, and they flared up the fiercer.

The long and the short of it is, Prince Florestan was forced to flee; and a frenzied mob of five-and-twenty persons, at least, sacked the house of an obnoxious gendarme and game-keeper, outside the town, which still remains unroofed, an awful monument of civic strife, containing two rooms if we remember right, about seven foot three by five.

What game the gamekeeper kept, it has baffled our penetration to divine; thrushes, who grow dainty fat on olives in Autumn, and cock-robins being the only game we ever beheld at table in the principality. Save once, indeed, when a Sardinian woodcock came down over the frontier to avoid a snow-storm on the mountain; and being slaughtered by a keen Mentonese sportsman, was secured for our epicurean delectation, regardless of expense, by Mr. Velliano, of the grand Hôtel de Turin.

Such, however, seriously, was the hubbub and excitement of this revolutionary tempest in a teacup, that the Sardinian authorities from Nice, in the name of law and order, invaded the territory with a whole company, detached from a regiment of the line. Some fifty or sixty men garrisoned the fortress of the Rock of Hercules, and an odd fifteen or twenty, with a serjeant-major, occupied militarily the guard-house at Mentone. No one was killed, that we could hear of, in these political cataclysms, nor any one much wounded. Though, some time after the first excitement, a poor fellow called Otto, whose cousin gave us that single bottle of country-grown wine we spoke of, was stabbed outside the café, and as he was a "Principist," the crime is laid to the door of the "Liberals" by the partisans of the ancient rule.

The Sardinians, wisely enough, contented themselves with keeping matters quiet, and threw no impediment in the way of the Declaration of Independence manfully put forth by the popular majorities of the towns of Roquebrune and Mentone, any more

than in the adhesion of the pure Monagasques to the cause of their hereditary sovereign. Since we were last at Monaco, that potentate has revisited his ancestral capital, and was, we understand, enthusiastically received; previously to which, however, he had made a "descent à la Louis Napoléon" upon the piazzetta of Mentone, at a time when the attention of Europe was concentrated upon the Crimean campaign. An eye-witness thus described the event to us, and its issue:

"There drew up, sir, to the hotel door, a travelling carriage, early one morning. Few persons only were then upon the place. I saw inside a gentleman, wearing a French colonel's képi, and I took him for an officer on his way to embarkation at Genoa for the East. Many such had passed this way. Some five or six persons then, in concert, approached the carriage, and waved their hats, and shouted, 'Viva! Viva! C'est Monsieur le Prince!' The carriage door was opened, and as he stepped out, I recognised Mr. le Duc de Valentinois, beyond a doubt. I felt it was a counter revolution! There was sensation, emotion, noise. People came flocking out, and there were counter-cries 'Abas le Prince! abas le Duc de Valentinois!' Some ran to the guard-house. A serjeant soon came down with five or six rank and file. Then came the two carabinieri, gendarmes as they say in French. More noise, some hustling, and Mr. le Duc was seized and marched off to the guard-house. A la bonne heure! Reaction was defeated—the counter revolution crushed!"

All that befell Monsieur le Duc was that the carabinieri took him, in the travelling carriage, back to Nice, whence, in due time, the authorities received their orders from Turin to send him, with a passport, over the Var again, into France.

Mentone and Roquebrune continue, we believe, "villes libres" until the present day, though the former is at heart Sardinian, as it showed by the frantic enthusiasm with which it received Victor Emmanuel, on his way back from London and Paris to Turin. No town in all his own dominions, on all his triumphal journey, gave him a warmer or a heartier welcome.

We fear we have been trespassing unconscionably upon the patience of

our readers; but we must beg of them to bear with us a moment longer. As for the rumoured sale of the puny principality to Russians, Yankees, or others, there are two insuperable difficulties. The one, that, ill defined as have been hitherto the political consequences of the acts of 1848, it would be hard to say *what sovereign rights* remain, if sovereign rights be saleable, for Monsieur le Duc de Valentinois to sell. The other, that guaranteed as these rights are by European treaties, far more potent voices than that of the prince and of his subjects, loyal or revolted, must decide upon their transfer. That he himself feels this, the following extract from a recent number of the *Times* will testify:

"The official *Journal de Monaco* contains a declaration which deserves special notice. The Prince confesses that he has had 'splendid' offers made him for his possessions, but he was obliged to decline them on account of certain difficulties which presented themselves. His highness, however, thinks the difficulties—'like those about Montenegro'—may be removed by negotiations. During the Russian war—either in 1854 or 1855—the needy descendant of the Grimaldis ceded his principality to the United States. The circumstance is not known to the public, but it is morally certain that a convention was concluded on the subject between the Washington government and the Prince of Monaco. 'The convention was never ratified,' says my informant, 'because some of the European governments entered a protest against the transaction.' There is reason to believe that General Cass, who was then the representative of the United States at one of the Italian courts, carried on the negotiations with the Prince and his official advisers. Some years ago the place of rendezvous for the American cruisers in the Mediterranean was Port Mahon, in the Island of Minorca, but, for some reason which is unknown to me, they received notice from the Spanish government that their presence was not agreeable. They afterwards went to Spezzia, and while cruising about in the neighbourhood, the 'cute Yankee captains were greatly struck by the 'capabilities of the port of Monaco.'

But small as the whole principality, "villes libres" and all, may seem, we are not exaggerating when we declare that a continuance of its anomalous condition is another of those little clouds—and they be too many—which hang big with threat above the hori-

zon of European peace. We cannot forget with what malignant eagerness the Austrian ambassador, at the great Paris peace conferences, retorted upon Monsieur de Cavour when reproached with Austrian occupation in the Romagna, the charge of unwarrantable interference in the affairs of minor Italian states. "Sardinia," said he, "must remember that she, too, has garrisons in a neighbouring sovereign state; her sentries take post at Mentone and in Monaco."

But there is more than this not quite unworthy notice. The inscription of General Bréa's tablet at Mentone runs:—"Mort pour la défense de l'ordre et de la patrie." Yet the General was born of Mentonese parents, and at Mentone, before the date when the "République une et indivisible," had crossed the maritime Alps. But the old connexion with France has left the profoundest traces in the language, manners, thoughts, and feelings of many influential families in all the three tiny towns. Five or six general officers of Napoleon's great armies were natives of the Principality, and his rule was neither disadvantageous nor disagreeable to its inhabitants at large. Intermarriages with French families were the rule of society for years. Italian is now taught in the schools: but the very patois of the country is rather Provençal than Genoese, and French is the language of all the educated ranks. When Louis Napoleon, yet President, came on a visit of inspection to the fleet and dockyards of Toulon, the "villes libres de Menton et de Roquebrune" sent him a deputation with cordial

compliments, to which he responded by "generous and sympathetic words." And though we believe that the majority of all classes in those towns are willing and anxious to cast in their lot with constitutional Sardinia, yet there is a party in them which reasons thus, apart from personal French prepossessions: "Sardinia will give us the conscription—worse luck! So will France. But with the conscription, France will give us the Marseilles market free for our lemons, oranges, and oils, and share in all her coasting trade, from Antibes to the Spanish frontier. Sardinia can do nothing for us such as this."

Now, we do not wish to have Maga unnecessarily seized at the Paris post-office on the *Jour de l'an*, but we must in all honesty declare, that should the Emperor at any time *not* prove to Sardinia all that could be wished for in an ally, he might "put in his thumb, and pull out a plum," from the pie of the Principality, in the way of a pretty pretext for a wolf and lamb quarrel some fine day. If the Prince of Monaco must needs sell his political title for what it will fetch in the market of saleable sovereignties, let the Great Powers appoint a fair arbitrator to fix that amount of compensation which Sardinia, and Sardinia only, shall be suffered to pay: and thenceforth let her, as it becomes her geographical and political position, have an undisputed title to incorporate in her dominion the ancient and modern Principality of the Grimaldi.

OUR FOREIGN COURIER.—NO. VII.

AT the commencement of a new year—which we trust may be fraught with real happiness to all our readers—it may not be amiss to state, for the benefit of those who now make their first acquaintance with our *Foreign Courier*, what are the objects proposed in these pages, and what the method by which they are attained. Be it known, then, by these presents, that alone, of all the monthly periodicals of the United Kingdom, the *Dublin University Magazine* professes at least—for

it is not for us to speak of our performances—to furnish the public with a succinct resumé of all the more important publications which come under the head of foreign, and more especially of French, literature. We feared, indeed, a few weeks ago, that our occupation was gone. We read with some alarm, in the columns of the *Times*, that French literature was defunct; that the prosecution of M. de Montalembert had dealt it a mortal blow; and that critics had nothing

to do but to chant its requiem. But, as we laid the journal down, our eye fell upon shelves groaning beneath works which had something more than novelty to recommend them, and we asked ourselves whether such were the signs and symptoms of a moribund literature. The fact is, that the statement in question is mere newspaper rhetoric, and to be valued accordingly. We should be sorry to say any thing which could be construed into sympathy with imperial or any despotism; but, at the same time, it would be childish to deny that for nearly all the standard works which, ever since the *coup d'état*, have adorned the literature of France, we are indebted to that very system which has silenced the echoes of the tribune, and gagged the freedom of the press. The reason of this is obvious. Articles in newspapers and periodicals find readier access to the lower strata of society in France, and thus exercise an influence on the masses which the government deems fatal to its interests, and hastens to counteract by *avertissements*, suppression, and prosecution. If M. de Montalembert had embodied his views in a ponderous octavo, we have no hesitation in saying that he would have been denied the satisfaction of martyrdom. We should have no difficulty whatever in producing from the writings of Villemain, Duvergier de Hauranne, and other champions of parliamentary government, passages quite as full of withering sarcasm as any that are to be found in the famous article of the *Correspondant*—passages, too, it must be remembered, extracted from works which it may be believed would never have been written at all if their authors had not been compelled by the force of circumstances to adopt that form for the sake of giving vent to their aspirations, and reminding the world of their existence. Ever since the *attentat* of the 14th January, the Emperor has been so assiduous in courting perdition, that it is impossible to foresee to what lengths his infatuation or his apathy, or both, may sooner or later carry him; but for the present it should be distinctly understood that

the book literature, as distinguished from the *periodical literature*, of France, is exempt from that system of surveillance and censorship which hem in on every side less fortunate and more ephemeral publications. Having thus disposed, *en parenthèse*, of the racy exaggerations of Printing House Square, we proceed to state the plan on which our *Foreign Courier* is conducted. Dividing our subject into the five heads of—I. *Religion and Philosophy*; II. *Politics and Education*; III. *Science*; IV. *History, Biography, and Travels*; V. *Belles Lettres*, we make a survey every two months of all the works which, under each of these departments, appear to us most worthy of being submitted to the attention of our readers, and most calculated to give a tolerably complete idea of the condition of French literature. What a small proportion such works bear to the entire number of productions which figure in the *Journal de Librairie*, may be inferred from the fact that from the 1st of January last year up to the present time more than thirteen thousand publications, great and small, from a pamphlet to a folio, have been thrown off by the printing presses of France. *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.

I. There are probably few of our readers to whom the name, at least, of the Reverend Père Felix is unknown. As the preacher on whom has fallen the mantle of a Lacordaire and a Ravignan, he may be said to be the *facile princeps* of the pulpit orators of France. Ever since the year 1853, the Père Felix has been charged with the famous *conférences* during Lent, at Notre Dame, which were instituted in 1837. The choice was a wise one, if the crowds which came, and came again to hear him, may be taken as a test. A test of a different kind is at the disposal of the reader in the shape of two volumes,* now before us, which comprise the *conférences* of 1856 and 1857. These sermons must not be judged by the ordinary standard of pulpit ministrations. The nature of the congregation, composed as it is of men, and above all the traditions attached to the institution of

* *Le Progrès par le Christianisme. Conférences de Notre-Dame de Paris.* Par Le R. P. Felix. 2 vols. Paris: 1858. Adrian Le Clerc. London: Jeffs.

the *conférences*, rendered necessary an exceptional subject and style. Nothing, perhaps, could give a better idea of the vast differences which prevail in the general atmosphere of thought in this country and in France, than the perusal of these two volumes. The Spurgeonism of Paris would lose much of its popularity if it came to London. The subject chosen by the Père Felix is Progress; his object is to show that Christianity is the great Progresista, that all other advancement is a delusion and a snare. In the first conference he discusses generally "la question du Progrès," showing that it is the great question of the day, the watchword of the age, which calls itself emphatically an "age of progress." In England we should say there was a vast amount of platitude in this introductory sermon, but in Paris it was drunk in by men of education with great zest. Harrowed by revolutions, France looks with serious alarm at evils which we should ridicule as chimerical. Progress, or, as the Yankees call it, *go-a-head-ism*, of a pernicious kind, has been advocated with eloquence by Mr. Bright; but St. Paul's would shake its sides with laughter if Dr. Tait, or any of the Sunday evening preachers, were to fulminate against the said Bright in gorgeous periods, rattling as they fell, or to denounce him as "génie de la décadence," or as a meteor spreading panic in its course. If then (the Père Felix goes on to say) progress be the leading idea of the age, it is of the last importance a right direction should be given to it. For this purpose we should consider its beginning and its end, its origin and its destiny, its starting point and its goal, its *whence?* and its *whither?* Such are the subjects of the second and third *conférences*. In reply, on the one hand, to those who affirm that man is but the last link in a chain of development which reaches from the mineral, through the vegetable, to the animal kingdom, and on the other hand, to those who speak of man as being *ab initio* in a savage condition, the preacher sets forth the doctrine of the creation and of the fall with an ability and eloquence, which we doubt not produced their due effect on his audience. In like manner he sets forth the great truth, that to know God even as we are known, to see Him

face to face, is the end of all right progress. Having disposed of the *whence?* and the *whither?* he proceeds to inquire into the *way*. This brings him into the heart of the question. He has a great fact before him—the nineteenth century teems with evidence of the most astounding progress in all material arts and appliances—how is he to deal with this fact? how estimate the value of this progress? Such are the problems which the preacher solves in the fourth and fifth *conférence*; while the sixth or last of the course for 1856 is devoted to showing the cardinal importance of moral advancement. The whole volume is curious, as presenting a picture of the diagnosis which an able and accomplished Jesuit takes of the condition of French society. The *conférences* for 1857 take up the subject where the preacher left it in the previous year; and then come a masterly series of philippics, full of true eloquence, against the retrograde influences of the age—influences, that is, which interfere with true progress. These are concupiscence, sensuality, cupidity, pride, luxury, to each of which a *conférence* is devoted. We can only say, that if France do but deserve a tithe of the invectives which the preacher launches on the morals of her people, heavy is the responsibility which rests upon the despotism of the empire for having done so much to foster gross and material tastes, and to suppress all generous aspirations and healthy political activity; and heavier still the burden of shame which rests upon Frenchmen themselves—whom one of their own countrymen declared to be "non pas le plus esclave mais le plus valet de tous les peuples"—for having so allowed liberty to degenerate into licence and anarchy as to go far to justify the saying of De Maistre, that every nation has but the government it deserves. On the whole, these two volumes will amply repay perusal, less perhaps as specimens of pulpit oratory than as affording a picture of the social condition of France under the Empire. The reader will do well, if he finds himself in Paris during the ensuing Lent, to turn his steps to Notre Dame, that he may judge for himself of the merits of Le Père Felix. We answer for it he will not return empty away.

We have mentioned the name of

Ravignan. The death of this illustrious Jesuit, which took place last spring, deprived France of one who, in religious circles, was held to be one of the greatest ornaments of the French Church. With pious respect for his memory, M. Poujoulat* has conferred upon him the honours of martyrdom—by writing his life! A kind of curse seems to hang over all religious biography. It lives but in an atmosphere of twaddle. And yet, Xavier de Ravignan deserved a different fate. One of the most interesting portions of the volume—interesting in spite of M. Poujoulat—is that in which we read the account of Ravignan's throwing up his brilliant position as *Substitut du Procureur* at Paris for what at the time must have appeared the more obscure career of a priest. We observe, however, that the biographer makes no mention of a circumstance which we have been assured on excellent authority was, if not the cause, yet the occasion of what we suppose must be called his conversion. The story runs, that Ravignan was one evening compelled by indisposition to quit a card-table at which he had been risking stakes which greatly exceeded the limits of his purse. On going to his room he had a kind of fainting fit; and on coming round, fancied he heard his mother beseeching him to abandon such courses for the future. This, it is alleged by our informant, was the operating motive which led him to form his determination of quitting a profession to which he had devoted himself with eminent success; and to profit by a warning which seemed to him to be in a degree providential, from the peculiar circumstances in which his imagination clothed it. The reader may take the story for what it is worth. We can only reiterate that we place implicit confidence in the author of the statement. M. Poujoulat's silence does not in the slightest degree invalidate its truth; for nothing, we are persuaded, would have induced him to divulge the fact that M. Ravignan ever handled a pack of cards. The leading epochs in Ravignan's career are those in which he figur-

ed as the eloquent orator of Notre Dame, the able advocate of the Jesuits, and the instrument of the conversion of excited Anglicans. The Clifton lawyer and the Bristol parson, who came to Paris expressly for the purpose of seeing whether Ravignan was like Manning, heighten the comic effect which is often produced by M. Poujoulat's most unctuous pages. We also read that a man of "superior merit," an M.P. and a P.C., who was in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, "had Ravignan for his spiritual master in that inward travail which brings to the birth great religious resolutions"—unfortunately we are left in doubt as to whether this travail ended in an abortion. Meanwhile, who was this interloper in the Cabinet? Perhaps we may set the Protestant inquisitor on the right scent, if we add that M. Poujoulat informs us, that "a lord who was a relative of his (*scilicet*, of the M.P. and P.C.), had the same good fortune." The names of Allies and of Robert Wilberforce figure among those who at Paris visited the cell of the illustrious Jesuit. His influence in the conversion of our countrymen was all the more extraordinary as he could not speak a word of English; and as we are expressly informed that many of those who went to him were equally ignorant of French; our imagination would have been left to conjecture the nature of the pantomime which ensued, if M. Poujoulat had not informed us with a propriety which our readers will appreciate, that "Our Lord seems to have bequeathed to living holiness something of that virtue which was communicated by the mere touch of His garment"—p. 451. We are persuaded that the implied comparison is one which Xavier de Ravignan would have read with indignation and disgust.

II. Fathers Felix and Ravignan have so encroached on our limits that we are compelled to reserve for a future occasion one or two works on Philosophy which have recently reached us. With regard to our second section, we are happy in being able to call the attention of our readers to a work† which, at the present junct-

* *Le Père de Ravignan. Sa vie, ses œuvres.* Par M. Poujoulat. Paris: Douniol.

† *France et Angleterre. Etude sociale et politique.* Par Ch. Menche de Loinsé. Paris: Dentu. London: Jeffs. 1858. 8vo.

ture, will excite no inconsiderable interest. The French and English alliance is so much a question of the day, and of the hour, that any work which tends to throw light on the relative positions of the two countries will meet with a welcome reception. The author of "*France et Angleterre*" is in some sense a phenomenon. It will be found that a great majority of those French writers who indulge in eulogies of English institutions merely do so for the purpose of giving the Empire a slap in the face. On the other hand, those who wield the pen in the service of Imperialism work themselves, for the most part, into a state of indignation verging on apoplexy, whenever parliamentary government, or government à l'Anglaise, comes in their way, and exult with fiendish delight over all the gigantic dangers which, we are told, menace the existence, and the gross improprieties which accompany the working of the constitutional system. Instances of these two classes of publicists will readily occur to the recollection of our readers. M. Menche de Loigne, however, occupies the exceptional position of being at once an advocate of the Empire and an admirer of parliamentary government—so long as the latter does not attempt to cross the channel. And why this prohibition? Because reason tells him, that no government can work which is not the embodiment of the traditions, the passions, the interests, and the habits of thought of the people it professes to keep in sway; and because the study of history—the comparative history, if we may so speak—of England and France, leads him to what he believes to be the irresistible conclusion that, while parliamentary government possesses in England the elements of strength and stability above insisted on, in France those same elements are utterly wanting. What M. de Rémusat declares to be the "dream of his life," *scilicet*, "le gouvernement Anglais dans la société Française," M. Menche de Loigne considers a delusion fraught with cruel disappointment, and at variance with history. To make good this view of the rationale of a government, is the object which our author has proposed to himself in writing this book, which we trust may, ere long, make

its appearance in an English dress. It not only betrays a mastery of English history, not commonly met with in a foreigner, but also a familiarity with, and, above all, a warm attachment to, our national character, which entitles him to a cordial welcome at our hands. It would be well if those of his countrymen who share his sympathies with the Empire, would withhold their crude diatribes against the ally of their Emperor, till they had devoted the same vigorous mind and kindly feelings to the study of our institutions that we meet with in every page of the work before us. This may best be described as a running parallel between the histories of France and England, from the earliest times down to the revolutions of 1789 and 1688 respectively. It is divided into three books, which bear the following headings: Book I., Ancient Times, Chap. 1, On the Conquest of Gaul. Chap. 2, On the Conquest of England. Chap. 3, Capets and Plantagenets. Book II., Modern Times. Chap. 1, The Tudors and the Valois. Chap. 2, The Bourbons and the Stuarts. Book III., The Revolution of 1688. The Revolution of 1789. We cannot, we think, do better than endeavour to give our readers a hasty analysis of these three books in order. Book I., Chap. 1. What was the condition of France in the eleventh century, at the time when William of Normandy was bent upon an invasion of England? "Of France," did we say? Why it can scarcely be said to exist. Peoples differing in customs, laws, traditions, language, parcel out its territory from north to south and from east to west. These territorial divisions correspond with the great fiefs, which derive from thence, as our author well remarks, a national force and a legal independent existence, which it is well to bear in mind. Everywhere we see marks of division, and worse, of disunion. A king indeed there is, but his power is hemmed in, and his authority every moment disputed by the great feudatories, some of whom are more than his equals, while all of them exercise in their own fiefs absolute rule, independently of the crown. Widely different was the condition of England after the Norman conquest. For there we have no Dukes of Burgundy and Guyenne, no Counts of Flanders to make a stand against the

king, backed by men bound to them by something stronger than a feudal oath, by the close-knit tie of a distinct nationality: in England, none of the nobles was sufficient of himself to cope with the power of the crown, no one family rose to pre-eminence on the waves of civil war at the expense of the rest; the overwhelming power of the crown, from whom they hold their titles and their lands obliges them not only to make common cause themselves in their own class, but to unite with the commons, and take counsel together in general national assemblies on all points affecting the public weal. From this weakness in isolation, this strength in union, of the great feudatories of England arose in tract of time our parliaments, our charters, and our liberties. Whereas in France, the feebleness of the crown as worn by the Duke of the *Ile de France*, so disarmed suspicion on the part of the nobles who felt themselves, many of them, alone sufficient to bring him to terms, that slowly and unawares there came to pass that fusion of the crown with the bourgeoisie, which ended in the pre-eminence of the royal authority. Chap. 3. To show how the sequel of the history of the two nations was after this beginning, is the object of the third chapter. The author begins by remarking on the different attitude of the clergy at this epoch in the two countries. In France the clergy was for the most part Gallo-Roman, and looked on with distrust and hatred by the aristocracy. This drove them to rally round the crown. In England the clergy was Norman, and united with the nobles, partly to resist the crown, and partly to keep under the Anglo-Saxons. We regret that we cannot follow M. Menche de Loisme as he recounts the tragic story of A'Becket, traces the vicissitudes of *Magna Charta*, assists at the birth of the House of Commons, and the growth of that aristocratic and constitutional government under which England thrived and prospered. In France, on the other hand, all is discord and strife. The first attempts at a national assembly in the meetings of the States-General ended in nothing but the preponderance of Paris. If any thing were wanting to strengthen the hands of royalty, the "parlement" supplied the deficiency. It arrogated to itself all the rights which ought to

have been exercised by a national assembly, and fostered as far as in it lay two things most hostile to a free government, equality and centralization. During five centuries (from 1302 to 1787), the "parlement" taught France to recognise only two sources of power, the king and itself; during five centuries it usurped the national will, spoke in its name, and instilled throughout all the towns and villages of France, a passion for equality, a spirit of democracy, and a habit of submission to the will of the king, when that will was registered by itself. Book II., chap. 1. At first sight it might appear that the reign of the Tudors gave the lie to the author's theory of the purely aristocratic character of the government in England. What tyrants more cruel than they? But Menche de Loisme shows that when this tyranny was overpast, the privileges extorted in the plains of Runnymede were found to be conserved, consolidated, and extended. For when the Stuarts came to the throne, it was not merely with the nobles they had to do, but with the whole nation. In France the divisions produced by the States-General, and the intrigues of the Ligne almost brought the country to the verge of dismemberment, while everything that betokened progress, or furthered the liberties of the humbler classes, was due to the power of the Crown. Chapter 2. This is one of the most interesting, as it is also one of the longest chapters in the volume. We regret that we cannot allow ourselves space to analyse it at length. Henri IV., Richelieu, and the Fronde, figure in the first part; the Stuarts, the Revolution of 1649, and Cromwell, and the Revolution of 1688, in the second. We would call particular attention to M. Menche de Loisme's sagacious remarks on the parallel so often drawn between Napoleon I. and Cromwell. Book III. This concluding book on the two Revolutions of 1688 and 1789, is the gem of the volume. The author betrays a rare insight—rare for a Frenchman—into the workings of our government machinery; and a genial appreciation, rarer still, of all that is best in our character as a nation. If we had space to make extracts, we should suffer from an *embarras du choix*. The glowing pages on the power and popularity of the English aristocracy, the shrewd remarks on

the aristocratic composition of our army, and on the field opened to democracy in the colonies, divide our attention with pages not less masterly on the degradation of the nobles in France, under Louis XIV., on the political influence exercised in that country by the *genus homines de lettres*, on the sources of that influence, and on its connexion with the undue preponderance of the city of Paris: a connexion which we never remember to have seen pointed out with so much force and truth. We must here break off our analysis which has already betrayed us beyond our limits. We think we have said enough to show that "*France et Angleterre*" is no ordinary book. Perhaps the best proof of this is the praise which it extorted the other day from the *Journal des Débats*, though in its conclusions, and, indeed, in a vast number of details, it was diametrically opposed to the tenets of the great Coryphæus of Orleanist and constitutional principles. No one, we think, who looks at the matter impartially, can rise from its perusal without feeling that, however odious the existing form of government must needs be to every subject of Queen Victoria, it is in unison with the traditions of France from the earliest times. The episodes of liberty which we meet with in her history have always been succeeded by anarchy, have never been anything but a parenthesis in the life of the nation. Nothing can be easier than to write fizzing, fulminating articles against despotism in general, and Louis Napoleon in particular; and it is, indeed, well that the foul perjury which blots his escutcheon, should not be lightly condoned. But are the French people to be let off with impunity? Are we to draw a veil of oblivion over the mischievous intrigues by which the leaders of parties—Orleanists, Republicans, Legitimists—rendered throne after throne insecure? Are we to ignore altogether the damning fact, that the men who now fire off impotent epigrams against the Empire, were among the first to upset the government of Louis Philippe, and to fraternize with anarchy, that they might gratify their own ambition.

Gross as are the iniquities which are perpetrated under the present reign, grinding as is the tyranny under which Frenchmen are crushed, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they have only got what they deserved, that they have only reaped what they have sown.

If sociology, as it is called, be comprised under the head of politics, and hygiene, under the head of sociology, this is the place to call attention to an excellent little work on the sanitary condition of the working classes, which has recently been *couronné* by the Imperial Society of Medicine at Lyons.* The object which the society had in proposing the subject for a prize, was to furnish the large working population of Lyons with a book, in moderate compass, containing succinct advice on all questions affecting their welfare in a material and moral point of view—regard being had more especially to the removal of those prejudices which expose the workman to the charlatanism of designing knaves. The all-important desiderata, pure air, fit dwellings, cleanliness, and proper clothing, are insisted on in the first chapter. The author, we think, will reach his aim, precisely because he does not attempt to go beyond it. The surest way of accomplishing nothing in such matters is to expect to leave nothing unaccomplished. Next comes the question of food, which the author treats at considerable length, showing the workman what to eat, drink, and avoid. The ensuing chapter, on labour, contains some useful suggestions with reference to the peculiar dangers to which particular trades and avocations are exposed. This is one of the most interesting portions of the volume. There is something melancholy in the reflection that, in ministering not only to the luxuries, but to the necessities of life, so many of our fellow-creatures are exposed to the ravages of disease, and the premature advent of death. With one of the author's statements we are not disposed to agree. He says that shoemakers and engravers are in danger of injuring their eyesight by placing a globe of water between them and their lamp. To obviate the incon-

* *Hygiène physique et morale de l'ouvrier*. Par A. L. Fonteret. Paris: Victor Masson. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858. 8vo.

venience he recommends tinting the water with a blue or green liquid, so as to soften the light. Now by a singular coincidence, it was only the very day before we read this passage, that one of the most distinguished oculists recommended the practice which Dr. Fonteret pronounces to be deleterious, as an excellent means of obviating the injury resulting from the use of a lamp. It is not so much the rays of light as the rays of heat which are noxious to the sight; and these last, our informant assured us, are completely neutralized in their passage through the water. We may add that the same view of the subject is taken by an eminent oculist of London, whose name we cannot now recall. Passing over the chapter on marriage, which is full of excellent advice, we come to one on maladies, in which the author endeavours to convince his readers of the humbug of quack doctors of both sexes. The volume is fitly wound up by an appeal to the working classes on behalf of the principles of morality. We cannot but believe, that a good service would be rendered by any one, who taking this book for his model, should compose a manual of hygiene for circulation in our great manufacturing districts.

III. We had some difficulty in deciding under what section we ought to class the *Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires** of the veteran Biot. A member both of the *Académie des Sciences* and of the *Académie Française*, he unites to such an unequal degree, pre-eminence both in Science and in Belles-Lettres, that each may with justice claim him as her favoured son. As Science, however, has the priority in the title of the work, we have placed him at the head of our third section. These three volumes are full of most interesting matter, as will readily appear from the analysis we are about to give of their contents. These are of so varied a nature, that they may be said to present a picture of the ideas which have agitated the scientific world during the first half of the present century. For M. Biot is now eighty-four years of age, and the Scientific Memoirs in these volumes

range from 1807 to 1858. As we open the first volume, we meet with a most interesting anecdote respecting Laplace, which dates, as M. Biot wittily puts it, from the "mois de Brumaire an VIII. de la République Française, première édition." It does the highest honour to the disinterested generosity of Laplace, who kept secret a discovery he had made in mathematics many years before young Biot brought him his manuscript in triumph, in order that the rising savant might win his spurs at the *Académie des Sciences*. We then come to a very learned *rapport* read before the Institute fifty years ago, on a curious fall of meteoric stones (some two thousand in number) preceded by a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes, and was audible seventy miles round. The phenomenon took place in the department de l'Orne, not far from Caen, and Biot was sent by the Institute to inquire into the facts of the case. So many fabulous versions of similar falls of meteoric stones had imposed upon the credulity of the public, that it was resolved on this occasion not to attach credence on light grounds. The *rapport* is a perfect model of luminous sifting of evidence, and logical deduction of facts. "In doubtful points," says M. Biot, "the ignorant man believes, the sciolist decides, the true savant examines." The whole account is as good as a novel, as the phrase goes. Some of these stones weighed nearly eighteen pounds. As we proceed, we find two more *rapports* read before the Institute in the years 1810 and 1818, and stating the results of two missions, on which Biot was sent, for the purpose of determining the triangulation of the meridian in Spain (where Mechain's death had left it incomplete), and in Scotland. The latter of these gives a very prepossessing picture of life in the Shetlands. These *Rapports* do not exhaust the subject any more than the reader. They are followed by a narrative of another expedition to Spain for the same purpose, in the years 1824 and 1825, and by an "Exposé," read in 1857 before the *Académie des Sciences*, on the steps which it might

* *Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires*. Par J. B. Biot. Membre de l'Acad. des Sciences et de l'Acad. Française. 3 vols. 8vo. 1858.

be well to take, in the present advanced state of science, for determining, with greater precision, the conformation of the earth. The remaining 336 pages of this first volume are headed "*Études sur Newton*." When we consider who their author is, we need scarcely recommend them to the diligent perusal of the reader. Richly, indeed, will they be relished by all—by all, except Sir David Brewster, on whose Memoirs of Newton M. Biot is extremely severe. At page 440 will be found some excellent remarks on the spirit in which the biography of men of science ought to be written. Sir David Brewster, he seems to consider, has taught us by his example how it ought not. The second volume opens with a very neat essay on the influence of exact ideas on literature. By some this influence has been declared pernicious;—science, it has been maintained, dries up the imagination, and renders it insensible to the attractions of the marvellous, and the fictions of poesy. M. Biot sets himself to prove the reverse of this, and asserts, that in all truly great writers, the more narrowly you sift and examine, and analyse their writings, the more is their transcendent excellence made manifest. He then takes Bernardin de St. Pierre and Chateaubriand, and proves from the *Harmonies* of the one, and the *Génie du Christianisme* of the other, what miserable rubbish men as gifted as they could write, from the very absence of those exact notions, which are considered obstacles to the achievement of literary beauties. M. Biot's own writings are the best answer which could be given to these calumnious imputations on the exact sciences. Witness, for example, the Essay next following, on Montaigne, which won the second prize from the *Académie Française*, in 1812; Villemain having carried off the first. The reader will be struck with the parallel there drawn between Rousseau and Montaigne, from whom Rousseau so largely borrowed, and will, probably, hesitate (with M. Suard, the Secretary of the Academy) to endorse the charge of egotism brought by M. Biot against the author of the *Essays*. We must hasten rapidly, though reluctantly, through this second volume, which is chiefly filled with articles from the *Mercure de France*, and the *Journal des Sa-*

vans. The most remarkable are those on Charlatanism; on the spirit in which scientific researches should be conducted; on System-makers; and on the Antiquity of the Chinese Empire. M. Biot's son, it will be remembered, was an eminent sinologue. The *Etude* which heads the third volume has a very attractive title, "*La Vérité sur le Procès de Galilée*." It does not belie the reader's expectations. Numerous errors in the popular version are pointed out, and fresh light is thrown on the whole story, by the disclosure of some personal antipathy towards Galileo, on the part of Pope Urban VIII. This is followed by a series of biographical sketches of scientific men, taken for the most part from the *Biographie Universelle*. Out of the three articles on Social Economy, the reader will turn more especially to that on Ireland, which consists of a very temperate review of M. de Beaumont's well-known work, published twenty years ago. Thanks be to God! things are changed since then, whatever Lord Eglinton's proclamations may imply to the contrary. The volume closes with some reviews of voyages of discovery, which are valuable as records of the progress of science. Among these is inserted the protest against the scheme of erecting meteorological observatories, by which M. Biot drew down upon himself so much obloquy three years ago. We think he makes good his case, which is, that we are not yet sufficiently advanced to be able to raise meteorology to the position of a science properly so called. A vast number of preliminary problems have yet to be solved. We fear that in our remarks on these volumes, we have more than once wandered beyond the confines of our scientific section; but it was difficult to avoid the digression without making a double notice. It would be presumption on our part to offer any opinion on the scientific value of these or of any other of the writings of such a man as M. Biot; but we may at least be permitted to acknowledge with gratitude the very great entertainment and profit we have derived from the perusal of the *Mélanges*, and to express a hope that he may yet be spared to add some more volumes to those now before us. This is the first thought that occurs to us as we lay them down.

M. Louis Gossin, Professor at the Normal Agricultural Institute of Beauvais, has recently published a work* which creates an epoch in the literature of Agriculture. It is nothing short of an Encyclopædia of Agriculture, applicable to the whole of France, and comprising all the principles which appeared to the author essential elements of a normal course of instruction in agriculture. The author is no mere theorist. He has literally put his hands to the plough. In other words, during eight years he and his brother took as active a part in the manual labour of a farm as any of their farm-servants. The only fault we can find with this sumptuous book will seem a testy piece of hypercriticism. We mean that it is fitter for a drawing-room table than for a farmer's parlour. This will readily appear when we mention that the forty plates representing various breeds of horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, goats, &c., are drawn by Isidore Bonheur, and his famous sister, Rosa Bonheur. The remaining 185 plates, representing all kinds of agricultural products (trees excepted, which along with poultry, bees, and the like, will probably form the matter of another volume), are drawn from nature, with singular felicity by M. Rouyer. The work thus addresses itself to two classes of readers, or at least of purchasers. The dilettante, the artist, and the bibliophile will indulge their several tastes by getting one of the handsomest works which has ever issued from the French press, illustrated by one of the greatest artists that ever adorned the French nation; while the more practical tiller of the soil, will seek to gather from the text some of that shrewd advice and accurate information which the author seems thoroughly capable of imparting. There is something peculiarly gratifying in the elegance of thought and the cultivated mind which M. Gossin betrays throughout the

volume, and especially in the first or introductory part, where agriculture is considered in a moral, social, and religious point of view. The work is certainly deserving of a more extensive notice than it seems hitherto to have met with in this country.

Those who do not know German, may be glad to learn that there has recently been published in France,† a well executed translation of Moleschott's "*Lehrer der Nahrungsmittel für das Volk*," which was first published in 1850, and has since gone through three editions. The work is an abridgement in a popular form of the author's more learned treatise on the Physiology of Food. The name of Moleschott will be familiar to our readers as one of the great champions, along with Vogt, of the materialist school of German physiologists, so ably opposed by Wagner. Let us say parenthetically, that a book was published at Hamburg two years ago, under the title of "*Zum Streit über Leben und Seele*," which presents a picture of the feud between the two schools. Moleschott advocated his views at Heidelberg with such vehemence, that he was obliged to abandon his professorship. He now occupies the chair of physiology at Zurich. The book is instructive enough, but there is something chilling, not to say repulsive, in the cold materialist tendencies of its author. The first book treats of the changes undergone by matter in the functions of the human frame, and gives a popular explanation of digestion, blood, chyle, and the formation and transformation of the solids and fluids of the body. The second book is headed "food," and is divided into "solid food," "drinks," and "seasoning." If a man wishes to make himself thoroughly wretched, we advise him to follow carefully all the instructions here given on the more or less nutritive qualities of particular kinds of food. The third and concluding book is on "Diet," as

* *L'Agriculture Française. Principes d'Agriculture appliqués aux diverses parties de la France.* Par. M. Louis Gossin, cultivateur, professeur d'agriculture à l'Institut normal agricole de Beauvais. Ouvrage orné d'une carte agricole de la France, de 225 Planches, dessinées, par M. M. Isidore Bonheur, Rouyer, Milhan, Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. 4to. Paris: Lacroix et Baudry. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *De l'Alimentation et du Régime.* Par M. Jacques Moleschott. Traduit de l'Allemand, par M. F. Flocon. 12mo. Paris: Victor Masson. 1856. London: Williams and Norgate.

suited to different ages, sexes, and professions. If we may judge from a passage at page 246, the author holds that when we commit a body to the ground, it comes up again in cowslips. By a happy inconsistency the heart to some extent redeems the blasphemies of the head. The author of this novel theory of a resurrection prefaces his book by a touching address to the memory of his deceased father. We read at page 67, that tears are a rarefied solution of kitchen salt.

Let us close our third section by calling attention to a pamphlet* containing a most violent tirade against M. Flourens, the secretary of the *Académie des Sciences*, well known for his popular treatises on *The Instinct of Animals*, on *Length of Life*, on the *Nervous System*, on the *Formation and Growth of Bones*, to say nothing of his *Eloges Scientifiques* and his edition of Buffon. This same Flourens is pronounced by the author of the pamphlet before us to be the most arrant humbug that ever crammed the most impudent falsehoods down the gaping throats of a too credulous public. Dr. Periergopoulos accuses him of dressing himself up in borrowed feathers, arrogating experiments and discoveries as novelties of his own, which had been made already by previous or contemporary physiologists. We do not venture to say a word on the merits of the case. *Ju-dicent peritiores*.

IV. In our last *Foreign Courier* we noticed the second and third volumes of the *Memoirs of Prince Eugène*. The fourth has since reached us.† We wish we could persuade M. Du Casse to hurry somewhat more rapidly over the ground, and to be less ambitious of completeness. The present volume only occupies little more than a year: January, 1808, to April, 1809—the eve of the outbreak of hostilities with Austria. It is with the preparations for those hostilities, and with squabbles with the pontifical government, that the correspondence

is principally filled. Napoleon's letters are highly characteristic. The grasp of mind with which he mastered and marshalled minutest details of civil and military administration is perfectly marvellous. Miollis who commanded the troops, French and Papal, at Rome, is instructed in a letter of Napoleon's to Prince Eugène, to acquaint the pontifical government that if it ventures to publish anything hostile to France, he has orders to send off to France the governors or agents who authorize the publication, and to hang the bookseller who printed it. This is sharp and decisive. All the Emperor's instructions are in the same style. A riot is expected at Rome: Miollis is ordered to keep his troops in hand, and if there be the smallest disturbance to put it down with grape. The Emperor adds:—"les bons procédés enhardissent les lâches." In this respect Napoleon III. is true to the traditions of his uncle. There was no imprudent excess of "*bons procédés*" on the 2nd of December. M. Du Casse is at pains to show that it was in consequence of the reiterated assurances on the part of the Emperor that war with Austria was not so imminent as was supposed, that Eugène was behindhand in his preparations when the war broke out, and unable to retaliate the first offensive operations in April, 1809.

M. François Combes is too modest (like all men of merit) when he styles his excellent work on the *Princesse des Ursins* an *Essai*.‡ Both from its proportions and from the praiseworthy conscientiousness with which it is executed, this memoir of the "*femme célèbre qui a si longtemps et si publiquement gouverné la cour et toute la monarchie d'Espagne et qui a fait tant de bruit dans le monde par son règne et par sa chute*" (we quote her friend (!) and contemporary, Saint-Simon) is nothing less than a most valuable contribution to historical literature. The *Princesse des*

* *Eloge de Marie-Jean-Pierre Flourens, Membre de l'Académie Française et secrétaire perpétuel de l'Acad. des Sciences*. Par le docteur Periergopoulos. Paris: Labé. 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Memoires et Correspondance du Prince Eugène*. Tome IV. 8vo. Paris: Michel Levy. 1858. London: Jeffs.

‡ *La Princesse des Ursins. Essai sur sa vie et son caractère politique d'après de nombreux documents inédits*. Par M. François Combes. 8vo. Paris: Didier. 1858. London: Jeffs.

Ursins, Anne Marie de la Tremouille, daughter of the Marquis de Noirmoutiers, was the widow (at the time she commenced what we may call her public career) of her second husband, the Duc de Bracciano, the representative of the house of Ursins or Orsini. There is little reason to doubt, as M. Combes, we think, has proved, that the office of Camerara Mayor, which she filled for thirteen years at the court of Philip V. of Spain, on the occasion of his marriage with Marie-Louise of Savoie, was in reality a mission of which she had to render an account at the Court of Versailles. She was the Maintenon of Spain, but the great disparity of age which existed between her and Philip V., who was forty years her junior, rendered her hold on the Spanish monarch far more precarious than that of the widow of Scarron on Louis XIV. The judgment which most historians have formed of her has been inspired by the sarcastic and censorious opinion given of her in the *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon, which was itself prompted by the blunders and intrigues which brought about her downfall and disgrace. M. Combes, however, is of opinion that the distinguished qualities she displayed in the earlier portion of her séjour at the court of Spain should be admitted in extenuation of the errors which marked its close. At any rate he has Saint-Simon's own authority for the statement, which no reader of this volume will be disposed to gainsay: "Que sa vie mériterait d'être écrite, et tiendrait place parmi les plus curieux morceaux d'histoire des temps où elle a vécu." In fact, this is the only work we know which gives us something more than an outline of the *internal* history of Spain during the War of the Succession. "L'opposition et les complots des grands, l'hostilité des moines, l'agitation et les antipathies réciproques des anciens royaumes de cette péninsule, les *fueros* et la centralisation, les institutions de la France à côté des institutions Espagnoles, les commencements des idées Françaises en Espagne, leurs tâtonnements et leurs combats, la conduite enfin de l'Inquisition, sé-

vère gardienne du génie national, qui était son premier principe et son plus sûr garant : tout est là, et sous l'œil ferme, vigilant et dominateur d'une femme!"—p. 7. That the Princesse des Ursins was a woman of no ordinary mettle may be inferred from the fact that she ventured to put lance in tilt against the great palladium of the Spanish religion, against a body which for centuries had been deemed inviolable; and whose mysterious terrors cast an uneasy gloom over every Spanish heart. It is needless to state that we allude to the Inquisition. Aided by the Spanish minister, Orry (the father of Marmontel's friend and Voltaire's protector), she all but compassed the abolition of that dread tribunal, which, during the forty years of Philip's reign, had consigned to the stake 1,574 human beings, burned 782 in effigy, and inflicted the punishments of a rigorous penance on 11,730. This was no contemptible adversary; but the Princesse des Ursins was only prevented from accomplishing her design by the timorous misgivings which at the last moment induced Philip V. to refuse his signature to a decree of abolition. The struggle, however, was not barren of results. It was through our heroine's exertions that the English Embassy at Madrid, and all English ships in the ports of Spain, acquired the right of asylum against the proceedings of the Inquisition. This was a severe blow; but it recoiled upon its author. In the circumstances which attended, and the causes which brought about, the disgrace of the Princesse des Ursins, we can trace the machinations of that spirit of retaliation which has ever been familiar to the Most Holy Inquisition. We do not know whether this be the first work which M. François Combes has given to the world. We can only hope, on behalf of the public, that it may not be his last.

The two last published volumes of Didot's *Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France pendant le 18e siècle*, are entitled "*Mémoires du Maréchal Duc de Richelieu*."* We do not propose giving any account of their contents. However valuable and interesting as a picture

* *Mémoires du Maréchal Duc de Richelieu*. 2 vols. 12mo. Paris: Didot. 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

of the times, the *histoires scandaleuses* with which page after page abounds, are not such as would admit of being transferred to our columns. It would be as reasonable to make a *delectus* out of the Sixth Satire of Juvenal. We have, however, a word to say as to their authenticity, a point of paramount importance; and we can only express our astonishment that the authors of the *avertissement* and of the *avant propos* should not have said it for us. Between the years 1790 and 1793 the Abbé Soulavie, a renegade priest, published nine volumes of *Mémoires du Duc de Richelieu*. Let us acknowledge at once our gratitude to M. Barrière for having cut down these volumes to two. We should never have had the courage to attack the nine. We have read with interest the two. This interest, however, would have been greatly enhanced by some reliable evidence as to their authenticity. This, we repeat, the editor does not furnish us with. It has been so much the habit in France to cook up suppositious memoirs, that we are obliged to look pretty closely into the credentials of their assumed authors and avowed editors. Assuredly the character and conduct of the Abbé Soulavie were not such as to guarantee him immunity from such an inquisition. The fact is, that Soulavie's publication has always laboured under strong suspicions; and these are in our judgment corroborated by the statements contained in a note to the tenth volume (p. 101) of M. Sta. Beuve's "*Causeries du Lundi*," which apparently has escaped the attention of M. Barrière and the authors of the *avertissement*. M. Sta. Beuve, we there learn, has in his possession the prospectus and preface of nine volumes of *Mémoires du Duc de Richelieu*, which were to appear under the auspices of a man of a very different stamp from the Abbé Soulavie—namely, the able and worthy Sénac de Meilhan. To this preface is appended a letter from the son of the Maréchal, bearing date, September, 1790, and addressed to Sénac de Meilhan, which seems expressly in-

tended to warn the public against attaching to Soulavie's ill-digested volumes the value which belonged to Sénac's alone. He tells his friend: "You must not be uneasy because some stray, isolated bits, which came out of my father's portefeuilles, will possibly appear in print: they will never do for working up into history, and will present no connexion with each other. You, too, have got these documents in your possession; and you have all the despatches, all the memoirs, written in my father's own hand, and all the original letters." It seems only fair to infer from this letter that Soulavie's publication would have been disavowed by the Maréchal's son: Sénac's never saw the light. Unless M. Barrière is in a position to show that the documents in the possession of the latter passed into the hands of the Abbé, we shall continue to look with the same distrust as heretofore on the "*Mémoires du Maréchal Duc de Richelieu*."

We have before us another volume of memoirs, of which, alas! the authenticity is sufficiently certain.* For the credit of human nature we could wish it were otherwise. The *Mémoires du Duc de Laursun* (1747-1783), as M. St. Beuve has well remarked, *justify the Revolution*. We have never read anything more sickening than the details they contain respecting the gross immorality—incest included—of the cream, or as we ought rather to call it, the scum of French society in the eighteenth century. So gross are these details, that we find the police have seized the book as an outrage against morals. *Dat veniam corvis, verat censura columbas*. If we are to assume that such measures can further the cause of morality, it would have been more to the purpose to have seized *Fanny*, which we hold to be far more dangerous reading of the two, and which we castigated in our last "*Foreign Courier*." But the fact is, that in either case the only effect of the measure would be to increase a thousand-fold the avidity of the public for reading it, and the profits of the editor in selling it "on the

* *Mémoires du Duc de Laursun* (1747-1783). Publiés entièrement conformes au manuscrit, avec une étude sur la vie de l'auteur. Seconde édition. Sans suppressions et augmentée d'une préface et de notes nouvelles. Par Louis Lacour. Paris: Poulet-Malassis. 1838. London: Jeffs.

ally." We confess we are not much concerned at this, as far as the *Memoires de Lausun*. They certainly cannot take for their motto, "Virginibus puerisque;" but, on the other hand, the excellent spirit in which the *Introduction* is written is sufficient, we think, to put the reader into the proper frame of mind for the perusal of the *Memoirs* themselves; that frame we need scarcely say must be one of loathing and indignation. The book is beautifully "got up," and reflects credit both upon M. Lacour and upon his publisher. He seems to have suffered no small amount of persecution before he could bring the *Memoirs* before the world. All this is detailed in a laughable *avant propos*, called the "The Tribulations of an Editor."

We must not close this section without inviting the reader's special attention to a most useful work,* which the enterprise of M. Hachette has recently published. We allude to a *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, in one huge volume of nearly two thousand double-columned pages, and containing the matter of sixteen octavos. It is a gigantic undertaking, and is inevitably exposed to a considerable number of errors. The publishers, however, at an enormous sacrifice of type, have taken the best means in their power for remedying this inconvenience. The work is kept "set up," and any error is corrected as soon as its existence is made known. The Dictionary is therefore perpetually undergoing a new edition, and we are informed in the preface that "Supplements" will from time to time be issued, embodying these corrections, and making such additions as the progress of time may have rendered necessary. The reader will mark the word *universel* in the title. The dictionary comprises all the nations of the world. As we turn over its pages our eye stumbles on several notable Irish names, which show that the worthies of Ireland are not forgotten. The literary editor is M. Vapereau, about whom the

reader will find full particulars in the Dictionary itself. He has been aided by a numerous staff, whose names are withheld, M. Vapereau taking upon himself the somewhat onerous responsibility of all the twelve thousand articles. We can only say that this Dictionary has never left our table since it reached us a few weeks ago, and that we have found it extremely useful, and by no means dull.

V. We feel somewhat embarrassed to know what to say concerning M. Michelet's new volume, entitled *L'Amour*,† and yet we cannot pass it over in silence, as it is one of the great *succès* of the day, and will probably be sold by thousands throughout France on the day these pages meet the reader's eye. Let us hasten to add that this *succès* has not been purchased at the expense of decency, nothing can be more chaste, and pure, and beautiful than the whole volume from beginning to end; and yet—here lies our embarrassment—we should shrink with dismay from putting it into the hands of a modest woman. We shall be understood when we state that the subject matter of *L'Amour* is the Physiology of Marriage, and that the *Carte du Tendre* is here metamorphosed into Coste's Atlas of Ovology.

We are happy in having to announce the publication of a new volume by our old friend M. J. T. de Saint-Germain, the author of those charming *Légendes*, *De L'Épingle*, *L'Art d'être Malheureux*, and *Mignon*, of which we have had occasion to record our admiration in former numbers. The title of the one now before us‡ will remind the reader of the beautiful ballad by Tennyson, and the coincidence does not lie merely on the surface. The ballad in question forms the nucleus round which M. J. T. de Saint-Germain has gathered the incidents of this *Légende*. Among the modifications introduced, we may mention an exquisite creation in the person of Jemmy, a young protégé of Lady Clare's, a kind of familiar sprite, to

* *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*. Par M. Vapereau. Paris. svo. Hachette. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Michelet. L'Amour*. 12mo. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Lady Clare*. Par J. T. de Saint-Germain. Paris: Jules Tardieu. 1858.

whom gratitude lends a force beyond his size, and an intelligence beyond his years. Many are the dilemmas from which his nimble limbs, and yet nimbler wit, extricates Lady Clare, in the hour of her adverse fortunes. Amid the disgust which every right-thinking man must feel at the *furor* caused by such works as *Fanny*, it is consoling to know that these *Légendes* of M. J. T. de Saint-Germain have met with a reception at the hands of the public which, in one respect, is even warmer than any *Fanny* can boast of. For, while no publisher in this country would think of translating the beastly performance to which we allude, any more than its worthy associate, *Madame Bovary*, the *Légende de l'Épingle* has been translated into English, German, Danish, Swedish, &c. It is not often that triumphs such as these are achieved. We sincerely congratulate M. J. T. de Saint-Germain, and hope he may be encouraged to go on in the same path, never forgetting that "succès oblige," and that in each new publication he must rise from high to higher.

M. Cousin has published two more volumes* in illustration of an epoch to which he has for years devoted a homage little removed from idolatry. The *Grand Cyrus* of Mademoiselle de Scudéry has furnished the occasion of this new *Etude* on the *Dix-septième siècle*. Of that *siècle* the *Grand Cyrus* is a "*histoire en portraits*." Such, at least, is the theory which M. Cousin endeavours to establish in these volumes. Some years ago he ferreted out, in the *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal*, a key to the *Grand Cyrus*, which gradually transformed the semi-mythical heroes and heroines of romance into living men and women of the seventeenth century. Once set upon the track by the key in question, the disguise in which Mademoiselle de Scudéry had enveloped her personages became too flimsy and transparent to admit of a moment's doubt. *Cyrus* himself turned out to be the Grand Condé; *Maudane* was Madame de Longueville; the Asiatic warriors who accompanied the Persian monarch through flood and field, were the aides-

de-camp and lieutenants of the French hero, such as the Maréchal de Grammont, the Maréchal de Gaisson, Villequier, the Marquis de Noirmoutier (father aforesaid of the Princesse des Ursins), the Duc de Rohan-Chabot, the Duc de Châtillon, and so on. Draw aside the veil, and the siege of Cumæ becomes the siege of Dunkerque; for the battle of Thybarra we must read the battle of Sens; and in the victory over the Massagetsæ, we have no difficulty in recognising the exploits of the battle of Rocroy. If we turn to more peaceful themes, our curiosity is aroused at finding that the ladies who figured at Ecbatana, Sardis, and Babylon, are none other than the noble dames who adorned the court of Anne of Austria. The Hotel de Cléomire is the Hotel de Rambouillet; and under the uncouth names of those who meet beneath its roof lurk such well-known personages as the Marquise and her two daughters, Madame de Grignan, Madame de Sablé, and Angélique Paulet, on the one side; on the other, Montausier, Voiture, Chapelain, and Arnauld de Corbeville, &c. Sapho, we should add, is Mademoiselle de Scudéry herself. Stimulated by this piquant discovery, our readers may possibly muster courage to attack the ten volumes of the *Grand Cyrus*, an act of heroism worthy of the Victoria Cross. We think, however, they would act more prudently if they confined themselves to M. Cousin's two volumes, the rather as the long extracts which the author makes from the *Grand Cyrus* will prove an ample substitute for the perusal of the entire work.

Madame Tastu has done well, we think, in collecting together in one volume† the numerous volumes of poems which she has published at different periods of a life no longer in its prime. Many of the pieces it contains deserve to live, for they are the unaffected expression, in chaste, and elegant language, of warm and truthful emotions. We think she would have better consulted the interests of her reputation if she had reduced the volume to a smaller compass, by weeding out sundry compositions,

* *La Société Française au dix-septième siècle d'après le Grand Cyrus de Mlle. de Scudéry*. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

† *Madame A. Tastu. Poésies Complètes*. 12mo. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs.

which are evidently beyond the reach of her powers and betray too ambitious a flight. Such are the *Chroniques de France*, a series of tales and dramatic scenes in illustration of the fourth, six, fourteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries. The gem of the volume, in our estimation, is a poem called *L'Ange Gardien*. The angel to whom God has given charge over us, to keep us in all our ways, is represented as ministering counsel, consolation, and support, to every age from the cradle to the grave. The most pleasing feature in these poems is the spirit of quietness and self-possession, which we so seldom meet with in the productions of French authoresses.

The well-known Paris publisher, Charpentier, has commenced a new publication called the *Magasin de la Librairie*, which is to appear once a fortnight, and does not seem to differ very materially from the magazines with which we have long been familiar in this country, but which are unknown in France. The three first *livraisons* are now before us. An unedited play and two poems by Alfred de Musset, some exquisite pages by M. St. Marc Girardin, on "l'Amour ingénu," are among the most remarkable of their contents. M. Gérusez's history of French literature, during the Revolution, is a

very poor performance. The memoirs of the Baron de Brétueil are amusing enough as a picture of men and manners under Louis XIV. Each livraison costs tenpence, and is composed of one hundred and sixty pages of the same dimensions as the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

The "Collection Hetzel" comprises, *inter alia*, as our readers are probably aware, a goodly number of tempting thirty-two-mos, filled with short extracts, after the fashion of aphorisms, on one subject or another, but chiefly on those two inexhaustible themes, Love and Woman.* One of the latest which has reached us is filled with remarks from all manner of authors on the fidelity and infidelity of womankind. We believe that if all French women were to become once and for ever perfect, Frenchmen would go into mourning for their departed frailties, were it only because they would lose the opportunity of saying something smart on the sex. We doubt whether such publications can be productive of any good. Even where they do not foster a habit of treating with levity those frailties which are fraught with so much misery to the domestic hearth, they are apt to disturb the spontaneity even of the purest affections by making them depend on considerations of mere worldly prudence.

MUSIC.

GIVE music—music ! Faintly o'er the sea
The night wind wanders free,
And curls the inky wave, and seems to moan
In a half-human tone.
Ah, from the shores of earth
Beauty for ever fades, and ruddy mirth :
Nor aught but grief returns
Incessant, as the stars refill their golden urns.

To the low murmur of the distant surge,
O, breathe a plaintive dirge,
Soft as the rustle of the summer breeze
Amid great forest-trees,
Or as the far-heard flight
Of myriad seabirds in the quiet night,
When mournful Autumn dyes
An amber hue green earth and th' o'erarching skies.

M. C.

* *Ce qu'on a dit de la Fidélité et de l'Infidélité.* Par Larcher et Jullien. Paris : Michel Levy. 32mo. 1858.

A DAY AT BAHIA.

ON the 20th of November last, the barque "Spartan" came to anchor in the Bay of Bahia, close by the city of the same name, in the Empire of the Brazils.

The bay is an extensive one, well sheltered, fortified, and beautiful; it is called the "Bay of All Saints," and is frequented by canoes, boats of varied shape and rig, coasters, and merchant vessels of many a nation, with an occasional ship of war: for the place was once the capital of the Brazils, and is still important, exporting a large quantity of sugar and cotton, with coffee, cocoa-wood, and hides, and receiving in return the manufactures of Europe; the custom house revenue amounts, indeed, to upwards of a million sterling per annum. By day, therefore, its waters present a busy scene; and at night, the evening gun, the glittering lights, and the vesper chimes, have their own charms to the weary seafarer.

The province of Bahia, in which both city and bay are situated, is of enormous extent—bigger than the whole of France; but a very small part of it is under cultivation, and the entire population does not exceed a million and a quarter. The bay lies about north-east and south-west, and as you round the eastern arm of it, and pass the lighthouse and fort adjoining, villa after villa opens to the view, surrounded by pleasure-grounds, gardens, and trees—the palm and the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the banana, and the mango—delighting the eye, and filling the air with perfume; the very earth is redolent with sweet odours; and it is no wonder that the Portuguese should have fought and struggled for the place. The villas are half Moorish, half Italian, in their style of architecture, built of brick or painted stone (yellow, white, and grey), in height several stories, and very deep, with roofs of red tile (rather flattish), and numerous but narrow windows, gay balconies and verandas, and many a dome and turret. Here and there, these villas cluster into hamlets; and all along the ridge of the hill on which the city stands there is a line of them, at either approach,

catching every breath from the sea, and commanding a fine view of the bay beneath, and of the opposite Island of Itaparica. There are also a number of detached and enviable looking houses, with some pretty hamlets, too, skirting the sea; but field and tree, lawn and grove, are the principal objects till you gain Bahia itself, and even in the very heart of the city, the palm or the plantain springs from the genial soil, and spreads to the sun its plummy head or long green leaves.

The city (protected by a second and very strong fort) is about a mile from the entrance to the bay, from which it takes its name—the word Bahia signifying *bay* in the Portuguese tongue. It lies chiefly on the margin of the water, and upon the crest of the hill behind, the soil of which, and in the immediate neighbourhood, to either side, is of a deep red, but at some distance to the left there is a long belt of yellow sand. The principal streets are at the base of the hill; there are thoroughfares and paths leading to the upper regions, but so steep, circuitous, and narrow, that scarcely a house is built upon them, and a sedan chair is the only *vehicle* that can be used on many. Most of the business streets—indeed of all the streets—are also crooked and narrow; the lanes are about four feet wide, and put a man upon his mettle at once, they are so dark and suspicious looking. The majority of the larger houses are five or six stories high, some of them seven, and the shade which they afford is very grateful; but, side by side with a huge pile, you will often see a diminutive cottage or shed, for the buildings are as incongruous as the people—slave and freeman. They are constructed of the same materials as the adjoining villas, and gaudily coloured—orange or saffron, blue or green, pink, white, or red. Some of the private houses are very elegant in their structure. There are two or three squares or open places (one of them grand, with a fine fountain), a public garden, and several theatres, which are well supported. There are also several bazaars, and

shops, or rather stores, without end ; these have rather a plain appearance from the outside, for the windows are either small or covered with shutters to insure shade and coolness ; but the interiors are well stocked, and many of them tastefully arranged with European goods. The country has no manufactures of its own worth speaking of.

Some of the chapels are immense edifices, with rich and splendid interiors ; the floors, pillars, and altars, of pure or variegated marbles ; the walls hung with pictures, damask, and embroidered cloths, or graced with sculptured forms of martyrs, saints, prophets, and apostles ; and the great domes or huge roofs, glittering with golden ornaments, or embellished with frescoes, and lighted from silver lamps or by the softened beams that stream through windows long and deep, and stained with many a tint. There are also a great number of convents scattered through the city and its vicinity ; and it is here that the famed "feather work" is mostly executed. The nuns, of course, live in seclusion ; but the priests and friars are conspicuous persons, clad in long cloaks and wide hats, and bearing themselves like men who belong to a privileged class.

Two-thirds of the population are "persons of colour"—Africans, or the descendants of Africans: about eighty are British subjects—the rest are native Brazilians, Portuguese, Spaniards, North Americans, Germans, &c. The first-mentioned are all called "*blacks*," though they are of every shade and tribe, from the sable Numidian to the mulatto of the third or fourth generation. And a large proportion are slaves. The porters and "sedan men" (nearly all of whom are bondsmen) are a host in themselves ; they are ticketed and labelled like so many beasts. The other occupations and trades required by so large a city devolve upon slaves almost exclusively : add to these their wives and children ; and bear in mind that you cannot walk a couple of yards through the streets without meeting a slave, sometimes a whole gang of them. You can then, good reader, form some idea of the fearful extent to which slavery prevails in Bahia. The sale of slaves here is permitted, and it is the *right* of the

master, established by law and sanctioned by government, which says that man *can* hold property in man ! The relations of parent and child, husband and wife, are of as little moment in the Brazils as in New Orleans. The cost of an able-bodied man is about £200 at present, that of a woman about £80 ; but a worthy *owner* told the writer that "prices are horribly high since the last sickness," which swept the poor creatures off in thousands. He was a planter, and a German born ; talked of "*his blacks*" with the coolness of a philosopher, and thought that a fresh importation would be a very good thing. It is stated, however, that nothing of the kind is now permitted, that the treaties against it are observed, and that slavery is confined to the original stock and their descendants. But there is reason to doubt this ; "common fama" is the other way, and seafaring men believe in the continuance of the horrid traffic between Africa and the Brazils. The temptation is great, and the countries are within a fortnight's sail ; the feelings and habits of the Brazilian people are favourable to it ; and a slave is seldom taken that is not manned with them, more or less. The Englishmen of Bahia have alone kept themselves free from the pollution of slavery : all the other inhabitants—natives, Europeans, and Americans—have plunged into it. Twenty human beings are considered a small gang for one master. On some of the estates there are from 400 to 500 ; and from the moment a child is born of a slave woman, the brand is upon it : their lot is the same, and slavery the common portion. But here, as elsewhere, slaves are frequently allowed a measure of freedom, in being permitted to work for themselves, and retain the *balance* of their earnings, after paying to their owners so much a day or week for the privilege ; and there are instances of slaves having purchased their liberty out of that balance, and gathered wealth afterwards.

The slaves of Bahia are a tall, active, and well-formed race ; the women are particularly graceful, and most of them have a good and intelligent expression ; but to an European eye, the thick projecting lips and large nostril, sooty hair, a shaven head, which belong to all, deprive

them of claim to the beautiful. The men are half naked at times, and they seldom wear any thing but trousers and smock shirts, with straw hats (some of them are of huge dimensions in the brim), or little caps, like "Glen-garies." All these are of the coarsest materials, and their hats are often converted into fruit or vegetable baskets; shoes are unknown to either sex; owing to the nature of the streets neither waggons nor carts of any kind are employed in the traffic of the city; and, with the exception of what is borne by mules or oxen, the bales of cotton, the casks of sugar, and the other merchandise of which it consists, are all carried by the slaves on poles attached to the goods, and passed to their shoulders. Frequently, half-a-dozen of the poor fellows are required to carry a single bale or cask; and as they come staggering on, they cheer each other by the most unearthly yells and whoops; but in performing their tasks there is no appearance of severity imposed beyond the task itself; no *drivers*, no whips employed. Indeed, the law prohibits a master from even beating a slave. Be his offence what it may, it should be reported to the authorities, who administer what *they* conceive to be the just correction; and it is right that this, too, should be known; but whether the law is observed in that respect or not, is another matter; and the almost inevitable tendency of slavery is to place the "black" at the mercy of the owner, body and bones—ay, and soul to boot. In fact, to a thinking, feeling man, there is something in the very sight of a slave that sickens the heart and makes the blood boil.

The women dress with great neatness, often with elegance. They usually wear cotton skirts, bright and lively, with white chemises, trimmed with lace, or decked with trinkets, and turbans of various hues; but the neck, part of the breast, and one of the arms are left bare; and the rounded forms and soft glossy skin, brown, copper, or black, have nothing to fear in consequence. It would be difficult, in truth, to find anywhere more perfect models of the human figure than are to be seen here; and the painter would have a rich field for his art in the lithe porter, struggling under his load, the swarthy boatman,

leaning on his long oar, or bending to it with might and main; or the young girl, balancing on her turbaned head a great basket filled with luscious fruits. It is on the head that the women carry every thing; they never think of bearing a burden upon the back, or in the hands, as a European would, except when they sling a child; and even then the youngster is suspended from the small of the back, with his head turned outwards. In general, the girls and young women wear their hair short and as crisp as can be, but crowned with the turban; while the elderly ladies, and many of the men, shave their skulls as bare as poles; and hosts of these also dispense with every sort of head-gear, which has a queer enough appearance under a broiling sun. But the white-haired old gentlemen are entitled to the palm of oddity, by a long figure, and receive unbounded respect from the other *sables*. The little children are quite naked; they dodge about like rabbits, popping into every hole, and showing great aptitude in sucking sugar; they are, therefore, in "excellent case," and, as chips of the old block, they are of every shade in the dusky line. The soles of the feet and palms of the hands of the whole race are much whiter, however, than the rest of their bodies (these, they say, being the only parts of the first "darkie" that some good man had time to dip in the Jordan.) They pass for Roman Catholics, and demean themselves very devoutly in the chapels, but scarcely one of them can read or write. Portuguese is the language which they all speak, and we may back them against the world for proficiency in jabber and freedom of gesture. The quays and markets, which they chiefly frequent, are a perfect Babel; and one would think that they are every moment about to tear each other's eyes out (the ancient dames especially). But they are really a peaceful people, in spite of their flourishes, and as industrious as slaves can or ought to be.

The native Brazilians are the next most numerous class; but it is hard (to an inexperienced eye, at least,) to distinguish these from the resident Portuguese; the Spaniards are more easily known; the Germans can scarcely be mistaken; and the English (of whom there are only about ninety) are

English the world over. But there is no distinctive national trait in the dress of any of these—the costume of all is sufficiently general and comprehensive—in colours, white and black, yellow, blue, green, and buff; and in textures, linen cotton, alpaca, and woollen; and these varied garbs lend to the streets and public places an exceedingly gay and animated appearance—the more so, as nearly every gentleman carries an umbrella, to shield him from the sun, and the most of these are of bright hues. The straw hat is generally worn; but the villanous European hat is also common. Every man of them smokes (many of the darkie girls do the same); and “the faculty” recommend good living—advice that is willingly followed. Indeed, they are sumptuous and indolent in most of their ways: thus, they walk upon the level places, and are carried up the steep ones, in sedan chairs, supported by slaves.

The ladies of Bahia are entitled to a separate paragraph; though, it can only be said of them, that they adopt the French fashions to the full; do not appear to be remarkable for beauty; and are eager competitors with their lords for the sedan chairs, and all other enjoyments. We had the honour of being present at a marriage celebrated by the British Consul (in the absence of the English clergyman), between a Scotch physician and the daughter of a Brazilian merchant. The stairs that led to the Consulate were strewn with roses: the bride and her maidens were arrayed after the last pattern from Paris—hoops and all. The doctor and his “friend” were equally orthodox; the Consul (a fine looking man, in “ducks” and blue coat) treated them, by special request, to the greater part of the Protestant service (though mutual declarations of their taking each other as partners for life, would have been equally sufficient in law). The husband embraced his wife, and her maidens, too; the best man followed suit; and then they kissed all round, and went their way rejoicing.

As to climate, Bahia has a bad name. The heat is great the year round—in January and February particularly so: there is also a rainy season. With narrow streets and bad ventilation always, fever and

yellow fever have, therefore, a strong-hold; and cholera has made sad havoc at times. But the place was free from sickness during our visit, and it is invariably clean and well kept. It has also many advantages in point of situation; and if the entire province were in the hands of the English, or any other nation of Saxon stock, and slavery abolished, a noble empire could be made of it. The dismemberment of the Brazil is only a question of time and population: with Bahia, larger than France, and three other provinces, about the same size, it cannot hold together much longer. Government is little better than a farce in such a country; it only signifies taxation; and the Brazilian rulers are pretty sharp at that—eighty per cent. is not an unusual rate at the custom-house; other impositions are on a like scale, and the expenses of life are excessive. The rent of an office, on the third floor, is £80 a-year; beef (such as it is), a shilling per lb.; a pair of fowls, eight shillings; a cabbage, six-pence; grapes, two shillings per lb.; a bottle of port, seven shillings; and the hire of a carriage for a couple of hours, about £2: and this in a realm which the Portuguese have held, in one shape or form, for upwards of 350 years; and where there are millions upon millions of the richest acres, waste and uncultivated, so rich that the mere soil and sun will, of themselves, produce almost any crop, fruit, or plant, whose seed shall touch it! But the proprietors have neither the energy nor the capacity to avail themselves of these great gifts. To this hour there is hardly a road of a dozen miles in the province of Bahia; and, with all its fruits, and the means of supplying the whole world with grapes, not a cask of wine is exported from it. Nature has done every thing for Bahia, and man has done nothing; except what the clumsy labour of the slave can accomplish. And there is no real hope for it (no matter who shall possess it) while a fraction of the community holds the rest in bonds. The curse will cling to both: the one slaves in law and fact; the other, slaves in mind, indolence, and passions—worthless drones, baser far than the poor wretches whose liberty they have invaded, and by whose sweat they live.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT ON THE INDIAN DEBATE.

AN examination of the pamphlet with whose fame Europe has been ringing for some weeks may possibly appear to be both late and superfluous. The voice of Berryer has escaped through the crevices and key-holes of the petty chamber in which that caricature of justice was transacted. The pencil of the short-hand writer has been more effectually supplied by the burning characters which the great orator of France traced upon the memories and the imaginations of his auditors. The involuntary applause which rose from the little knots of one hundred and fifty listeners has been caught up and re-echoed in every civilized country, in spite of Jesuit spies and the disguised policemen of absolutism. With the exception of Sir F. Head's letters, and the ominous silence of a certain Palmerstonian organ, lost in admiration of the mediæval mummings of Compiègne, and in anger at the severe invectives against Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, "imperious to the weak and cowering before the strong, superlatively imprudent and unfaithful to all the great traditions of his country," which form the only drawback in M. de Montalembert's panegyric of England—the leaders of the English press, especially the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, have spoken out with a masculine vigour and a fearless eloquence, which will hereafter be recorded to their immortal honour.

It is not, then, with the expectation of inventing new arguments or of contributing new information that we address ourselves to our task; but we are unwilling that the cause of order and freedom should be left without the expression of our sympathy. We wish also to give to our readers, in a somewhat more permanent form than the columns of a newspaper can supply, a summary of a pamphlet which has achieved an European reputation. We propose to present a brief analysis of its contents, accompanied by a running commentary. The subject may naturally lead us to express a general opinion upon the foreign and domestic policy of the Emperor Napoleon III.

Before commencing our analysis we

may just glance at the point of view under which M. de Montalembert is contemplated by some stupid, but respectable organs of the extreme retrograde party, who profess to enjoy a peculiar monopoly of Protestantism. These gentlemen go about the world with a pair of extremely green theological spectacles, and are constantly exclaiming "Jesuitism" in a hollow whisper. Of anything in print, from a sentimental poem to a market gardener's list, they ask whether the writer is sound upon Catholic emancipation; whether it is safe to follow him as an expositor of the number of the beast. Before they repose their heads upon their pillows, beside those respectable matrons, their wives, they search carefully behind the curtains, and under the beds, lest a Jesuit should be concealed for the purpose of stenographing their connubial confidences. They live in constant alarm, lest Plush, the footman, should be an emissary of the *Propaganda*, with thumbscrews and indulgences thrust into the breeches pocket of his flagrant orange inexpressibles. A very few organs of this school have told us that we have no business to sympathize with M. de Montalembert. He is a Roman Catholic, and wishes for the extension of his Church, and that is enough. If he is the advocate of liberty, it is because he considers liberty best adapted to the promotion of Popery. Now, we will not yield to any in our attachment to Protestantism. We are Protestant in our intense conviction of the rightfulness of the Reformation; Protestant, at once in our dislike of Jesuitism, and in our love of that great English constitution, which Mr. Bright tells us he has never seen or handled; but whose beneficent influence we feel in every breath of our moral, social, and intellectual life. But we consider it of the essence of Protestantism that it is more Catholic than Romanism. It recognises truth and virtue wherever they are to be found. It does not need the Episcopal admonition which M. de Montalembert quotes to the ultramontane press: "Would it not be a good thing to address to many Catholics a

course of instruction upon the virtues of the natural order; upon the respect due to one's neighbour; upon truth even to one's opponents; upon the spirit of equity and of charity? The virtues of the natural order are essential virtues, with which even the Church herself cannot dispense." We are, therefore, unable to gird our admiration of genius and true nobility within the narrow rim of any sect or denomination. We have never been able to exclude A' Kempis and Pascal from our libraries; and we cannot exclude the author of "*Un Debat sur l'Inde*" from our admiration. The truth is, that as Bishop Butler has, from a theological point of view, drawn a distinction between the *superstition* and the *Christianity* of Romanists, so, from a social and political point of view, we must learn to discriminate Romanists into two classes—the *Roman Catholics* and the *Papists*. If this shade of distinction is intelligible in the abstract, but too nice for the rough handling of affairs, we see nothing before Christendom in the long run but a religious war. For our own part, we believe that much uncharitableness as to the character of the professors of certain dogmas, arises from the fact that men will leave no margin, in their calculations of human conduct, for that happy inconsistency which is the antidote to half the speculative errors in the world. Take, for instance, extreme Calvinists and Jesuits. The views of Calvin—which are also those of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas—lead to a belief in the absolute, integral, universal corruption of humanity; in the irremediable fall of the affections, the reason, the will of man. These views would logically lead their professors to hide with the most complete tyranny the most repulsive absolutism in government. The Jesuits, again, stand at the antipodes to this theological pessimism. They push their speculations to the advanced outposts of Pelagianism. "Of all Christians," says M. de Remusat, "the Jesuits are, perhaps, those who think best of human nature, to judge by their theology; and who seem to think worst of it, if we take them by their politics." Yet something interferes in both these cases to transfer the respective conclusions to their

logical contradictories. The spirit of liberty has ever sprung up rankly and richly from the seemingly uncongenial soil of Calvinism. Witness the Puritans of England, and the Calvinism of North America, characterized by Burke as "a refinement on the principle of resistance; the dissidence of dissent; the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." Jesuitism, on the other hand, has ever been the ally of despotism. With hasty observers such instances as these are overlooked. Human nature is, in their estimation, not a complicated system, full of subtle pulleys and delicate cross works. It is not a noble maze, where the most diverse and variegated colours set each other off. It has a straight up-and-down pump-handle action. It is a great blotch of green; or an unmitigated flare of yellow. It is a machine always grinding out irreproachable syllogisms, in

"Barbara, Celarent, Darrii, Feinoque, prioris;
Cesare, Camestres, Festini, Baroko, secundæ,"

without the slightest possibility of a happy heart-mistake, a single deflection of passion or of imagination from the tram-road between the premises and the conclusion. So, if the Comte de Montalembert is a Roman Catholic—if, believing his religion to be true, he jumps with a splendid inconsistency from Romish antecedents to the great Protestant consequence, that truth can best be served by the freedom of investigation, discussion, and action, which are only to be found under the beneficent shadow of a regulated liberty—if he comes to us, with Count Joseph de Maistre's book *du Pape* in the one hand, and Locke and Burke in the other—as a theologian, invoking the theory of development; as a politician, that of the social compact—we are, forsooth, to maintain that he is, at least, one-half of him a deliberate lie; and, unless he will drop De Maistre and take up the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Westminster Confession, we are to devote him to present excommunication and future ignominy. Then, too, his earlier admiration of O'Connell has been paraded against him, an objection which would apply with equal force to the present Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer. We would advise those who have discovered this mare's nest, to read the long note in the present pamphlet, where the "*révérénd Fitzgerald*," and the "*révérénd Kenyon*" are gibbeted; and such ample recognition is made of the justice of Protestant England to Roman Catholic Ireland. For our own part, we cannot join in attempting to silence the rising gale of freedom with this *soi-disant* Protestant whistle: we cannot afford to join in throwing suspicion upon so powerful a champion of constitutional Government. Every one recollects the picture in Peter Plymly, of a captain in a battle, rushing through blood and brains, with a catechism in one hand, and a cat-o'-nine-tails in the other, examining whether the views of his gunners were correct upon the Thirty-nine Articles, and the second chapter of second Timothy. There is not much less absurdity, when the professed friends of liberty would dismiss a man like M. de Montalembert upon a narrow polemical test.

Let us proceed with our analysis. There are some unfortunate dispositions to whom repose and silence are not precisely the supreme blessings of existence, who prefer the danger and freshness of the ocean to the safety and stagnation of the pond. Of these the author ingenuously confesses that he is one. When his ears are hot with the adulation of the snobs and flunkies of the antechamber, with the "din of fanatics, who think themselves our masters, and of hypocrites who believe that we are their dupes;" when he is suffocating in a heavy atmosphere, cloyed with the miasma of servility and corruption; he hastens to breathe a purer air, and to refresh himself by a plunge into the life-bath of English liberty. His last visit to England was happily timed, as it made him the spectator of one of those magnificent party struggles which strain to its utmost tension every nerve of a great and a free people. But why write it? Truly, there is nothing parallel in France or in existing French institutions. Oh! he writes for his own satisfaction, for that of a handful of invalids, of a few inquirers, of maniacs, if you will, like himself. "Possibly," he adds, with bitter allusion to the degrada-

tion of the *Institut*, and *Académie*, "this investigation into a piece of contemporary archæology may be as agreeable an occupation for leisure hours as a commentary upon the comedies of Plautus, or the account of an exploration of the sources of the Nile."

At the close of last spring, England was looking with intensity of expectation to Bengal. He was deeply disgusted with the attitude assumed by the so-called Conservative and religious press towards the awful struggle between Christian England and Pagan and Mussulman rebels. All the more loyally did he turn to her, in view of that great fact which is her immortal glory. All apologists of ancient or modern absolutism, monarchic or democratic, are against her; for her, on the contrary, are all those who are yet faithful to that regulated liberty, of which she has been the cradle, and of which to the present day she remains the impregnable bulwark. But still the writer defends himself from the charge of being the indiscriminate panegyrist of England. He alleges his special antipathy to the alternately cringing and bullying foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. It is not, however, the general—it is simply the colonial—policy of England of which he now speaks:—

"And it is exactly there that the genius of Britain shines in all its splendour, not certainly that it has been always and everywhere irreproachable, but everywhere and always it has equalled, if not surpassed, in wisdom, in justice, and humanity, the other European nations who have attempted the same enterprises. We must confess that the history of the relations of Christian Europe with the rest of the world, since the Crusades, has not been a fine one. Unfortunately, it was neither the virtues nor the truths of Christianity that presided over the successive conquests of the powerful nations of the west, in Asia and America. After that first noble and pious impulse, which, in the fifteenth century, produced the great and holy Christopher Columbus, and all that chivalry of the colonial and maritime history of Portugal, worthy to rival in the too ungrateful memory of man the heroes of ancient Greece; we see all the vices of modern civilization take the place of the spirit of faith and self-sacrifice, here to exterminate savage races, there to succumb to the en-

ervating influence of the corrupting civilization of the East, instead of regenerating or replacing it. It is impossible not to acknowledge that England, especially since she has gloriously expiated her participation in the transport of Negroes, and colonial slavery, may pride herself in having escaped most of these lamentable aberrations. To the historian, who shall ask her to render an account of the results of her maritime and commercial efforts for two centuries, she has a right to reply '*Si quisris monumentum circumspice.*' Is there in history a greater or more extraordinary spectacle, one more fit to do honour to modern civilization, than that of the company of English merchants, which has existed two centuries and a-half, and which ruled, but yesterday, at two thousand leagues distance from the metropolis, near two hundred millions of souls, by means of eight hundred civil servants, and from fifteen to twenty thousand soldiers. But England has done better; she has formed not only colonies but people. She has created the United States; she has made of them one of the great powers of the present time, and of futurity, by endowing them with those personal and provincial liberties which put them in a condition to emancipate themselves from the yoke, light enough, of the mother country. 'Our free institutions,' said, in 1852, the annual message of the President of that great republic, 'are not the fruits of the Revolution, they existed beforehand. They had their roots in the free charters, under whose regime the colonies of England grew up. At present England is in process of creating in Australia a new United States, which will soon detach themselves in their turn from the maternal stem to become a great nation, imbued from the cradle with the masculine virtues and the glorious liberties, which are everywhere the heir-loom of the Anglo-Celtic blood, and which, let us affirm it once again, are more favourable to the propagation of Catholic truth, and to the dignity of the priesthood, than any other government under the sun.'

The obligations of the French Canadians to England are then stated, and anti-English Catholics and Royalists are severely handled. The sanguinary expressions of sympathy with the Sepoys, inserted in specially clerical journals—between accounts of apparitions of the Virgin, and of the consecration of some church to the God of mercy and of love—suggest a happy and novel image. "One

seems to hear in an oriental night, the cry of the jackall between the cooings of the dove, and the pleasant bubbling of the waters."

The passage which follows is very eloquent and striking. Catholic colonization does not contrast favourably with that of Protestant England. The French failure on the banks of the Mississippi and St. Laurence, and again, in the East Indies, is cited with patriotic grief. Spain comes in for fierce denunciation. History cries to her, "where is thy brother?" What has become of the millions of Indians who peopled the isles and the continent? One governor of Mexico alone exterminated two millions of Indians in seventeen years. The Anglican clergy have been blamed for not raising a voice of indignation against the exactions of Olive and the injustice of Hastings; but what is to be thought of the orthodox nations, who have depopulated such vast portions of the globe, or what is to be said of the society which the Spanish conquest has substituted for the races whom it exterminated, in place of colonizing? Order, energy, discipline, submission to law—all gone. The strong virtues of the ancient chivalry of Castile laid aside; and none of the qualities which characterize modern progress assumed to cover the moral nakedness. Where in Hindostan itself are the remains of the Portuguese conquest? Where are the innumerable conversions effected by Francis Xavier? Where, the vast organization of the Church, intrusted to the crown of Portugal? Go and ask at Goa; and measure there the depth of moral and material degradation to which an empire could sink, which was once immortalized by Albuquerque, by Jean de Castro, and by so many others. One can see there what may be done in Catholic colonies by the mortal influence of absolute power. Here, then, we have a heap of particular instances, which would seem to warrant us in forming "the historical induction." For all practical purposes, France, Spain, and Portugal, represent Roman Catholic colonization; and the conclusion would seem to follow, that Roman Catholicism is incapable of successful colonization; which is to say, in other words, that the finger of God has

stricken the diadem from her brow, and given it to younger and more vigorous forms of Christianity. Such is our conclusion, but not M. de Montalembert's. He would say, with Bacon, that the induction is always provisional, precarious, in danger from some opposite instance. Such an instance he finds in Canada. But, if there is not enough positively to disqualify Roman Catholicism, there is, at least, enough to make all honest men pause before they pile calumny upon calumny against those nations which are hostile to the Roman Church. These are noble words:—"We should remember another saying of M. de Maistre, 'The Church has need of truth, and she needs nothing else.' Lying, under the two forms, into which it is distinguished by jurists and theologians, *suggestio falsi*, and *suppressio veri*, is a sad homage to give to the church.'" But, has England been immaculate and irreproachable?—Not so. The mountains of publications which have appeared upon the Anglo-Indian Government—often vehement philippics, rarely panegyrics, or apologies, prove that the English have committed faults. M. de Montalembert then proceeds to evince the utility of this unlimited publicity. He desires foreign critics of the English press always to bear two circumstances in mind. In the first place, this illimitable right of censure is brought to bear with still greater freedom, and still more poignant severity upon every English person and institution. In the second place, any sentiment expressed is but that of an individual. No column of a newspaper is written by a hand slyly stealing from beneath a purple robe. One does not hear the bristling of bayonets and the tramp of police under the eloquence of a leader in the *Times*. It is the quintessence of bitterness which adds to this explanation, so necessary to our neighbours, so unnecessary to ourselves, "In spite of the long-established relations with this country, in spite of the inconsiderable distance which separates France from England, and the brief interval which separates us from our own past, we have lost the conception of what a great and free people is, where the individual, above all, is free, and can give a loose to all

his fancies." The advantage of this publicity, rash, gross, and vulgar as it often is, is almost unbounded. The vices of arbitrary governments remain concealed; they perish of hidden gangrenes. This is in great part the explanation of the reproaches and insults which have been heaped by the English and Anglo-Indians upon the East India Company especially. At the end of its glorious career it has been pursued, as our author beautifully says, by that "cowardly complicity of human nature in every country with fortune, when at last she abandons those on whom she has long heaped her favours." But it does not deserve the unmitigated censure which it has received. It has sometimes exhibited the immoral egotism of a merchant corporation; but its administration for the last fifty years, in the hands of the Wellesleys, Malcolms, Munros, and Bentincks, has been wise and beneficent. It has not always repressed the coldness and insolence of the English character; but it has been rather culpable in maintaining established abuses than in overthrowing established rights. Its policy as to land tenure has been moderate. Its absorption and annexation has been the result of necessity rather than of ambition. French experience of Algeria is sufficient to show that with oriental races it is practically very difficult to find a middle term between war at one extreme and complete subjection at the other.

And here we think it well to add, *ex abundanti*, some words of our own. The unjustifiable aggression of England in the East, is a phrase with which we are constantly pelted by foreigners, and by Englishmen of Mr. Bright's stamp. The accusation is often re-echoed in a mild way at missionary meetings; and in private circles there is a sort of dim feeling that somehow, in point of fact, we have gained a vast region, but that the less said of the mode of acquisition the better. Poor Mr. Congreve bids us call the Sultan and some other respectable potentates together, and give up our disreputable conquest. Yet surely it would only be fair to remember the circumstances under which we first found ourselves in India. The days of the greatness of the Empire of Hindostan were numbered. The throne of the Great

Mogul was shaken to its base by the imbecility of the descendants of Akbar, and by the corruption of the great officers of the crown. Dynasties sprung up, like mushrooms, from the rank soil of intestine dissension. Civil war extended its ravages over all the provinces of the empire. New sovereigns legitimized their titles in the eyes of the populations whom they oppressed, by firmans wrested from the weakness of the Great Mogul, sometimes sealed with a counterfeit seal. Under these circumstances, the East India Company first appeared. It was founded solely for the purpose of carrying on commercial transactions between India and England, and it obtained from the Great Mogul the privilege of establishing its counting-houses in the territory of his empire. In the midst of the intestine divisions which ravaged the country, every fortunate adventurer believed himself entitled to make the Europeans feel the weight of his tyranny, and to exact from them considerable sums. It was not what Sully has called the *envie d'attaquer*, it was rather, in his phrase again, the *impatience de souffrir*; it was not a premeditated plan of conquest, but simply the instinct of preservation, which pushed the East India Company into war. Some fortunate and splendid achievements opened the way for that career of conquest which England has pursued in India from Clive to Campbell. "It is a moral duty," says an able and impartial French author to whom, in this section, we are largely indebted, "not to leave this considerable fact unnoticed, and to show that it was under the dominion of absolute necessity, without the slightest idea of territorial extension, that the Company commenced its military operations. In short, its *début* as a political power in India, the conquest of the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Onka were only a just reprisal for the horrors of that terrible night of June 20, 1759, when a hundred and sixty Europeans perished in the Black-hole, where the Nabob of Bengal had shut them up."*

M. de Montalembert proceeds next to refer to the charges which have been advanced against the East India

Company as to religion. These he thinks both unjust and contradictory. It has been accused, at once, of the hot spirit of proselytism, and of the cold spirit of indifference. His reply is, that its end was exclusively commercial; that it made no Spanish or Portuguese vaunt of labouring for the greater glory of God; but that, at the same time, it never attempted to force the truth at the cannon's mouth, upon races fanatically attached to their superstition, nor made those races melt away like snow in the process. At the same time it has repressed certain social crimes, sutteeism, infanticide, thuggism, while scrupulously respecting the religious prejudices of its subjects. It has organized the national establishment; but giving free scope to all religious persuasions. But, it is objected, England has not Protestantized Hindostan. Theretort is ready, has France Catholicized Algeria? Are Catholic missionaries encouraged, or even tolerated by the French Government, among the Moors and Kabyles, who are subjects of France? No public recognition of the absurd, and sometimes indecent rites of Brahminical idolatry has been afforded by the English magistrates since the Act of 1840. In Algeria, as lately as 1857, M. Latour Meseray, Prefect of Algeria, addressed a discourse to the muftis and ulemas, in which he expresses much sympathy with the Mahomedan worship; and cites the Koran with unction to exalt the imperial munificence towards Islamism. "I do not recollect," says the eloquent Frenchman, "to have seen a single word of criticism upon this discourse in those French sheets which are so lavish of invectives against the pretended complicity of the Anglo-Indians with the worship of Juggernaut." He proceeds to cite Lord Stanley's interview with the delegates of Protestant missions, on the 7th of August, 1858; and to praise his famous declaration of complete religious neutrality as favourable to the progress of Catholicism in India.

We cannot help saying that the picture here is too favourable. All that the Company has done for India in the way of moral improve-

* Les Anglais et L'Inde. Par E. de Valbezen (troisième édition), p. 31.

ment, has been by schools. The sum granted has been quite insignificant in proportion to the enormous population and budget. There appears to have been in the past an excessive parsimony, a total absence of organization and of system. Quite an undue portion of public money has been given to establishments, whose *curriculum* of education is vastly too elevated. The differential calculus, Shakespeare, and Political Economy, are food too refined for young savages, with such instincts, habits, and traditions as they bring from their fathers' houses. "In calling these young savages," observes M. de Valbezen, "to pursue these high studies which befit the youth of civilized Europe, the laws of logic and of *equilibrium* have been violated. Experience has proved, almost without an exception, that the honour-men of Indian colleges, who might distinguish themselves in European universities, relapse on coming out of college, into the degrading practices of the religions to which their inward enlightenment must do justice. The colleges of India receive fanatical idolaters, and make them hypocrites. The future of Indian civilization is not in this high factitious culture: it is in the primary native schools. It is in purifying the foul exhalations from the native schools, in encouraging masters by ample salaries, in scattering books imbued with a lofty morality, that the cause of progress in India can best be advanced!"* This remarkable passage was written before the Indian mutiny and we have quoted it as a French estimate of one of the gravest faults of the East India Company, which has been glossed over by M. de Montalembert.

The triumphant position of the English functionaries in India is next proved in the pamphlet, by the fact that the civil population has taken no serious part in the rebellion. It is admitted that some degree of excess may have occurred in the wholesale executions which have taken place, though not to be compared with the atrocities decreed under the French Empire, against the populations of Spain and the Tyrol. We recommend

the whole passage to the able writer of the article upon the siege of Delhi in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December, who represents the English as furious murderers of prisoners in cold blood, so lost to feeling as not to conceal their own enormities.

The following character of Havelock, and of the heroic English in India, is so creditable, both to the writer and to our nation, that we give it entire :—

"This name of Havelock recalls and sums up all the virtues that the English have displayed in this gigantic strife, and which an obstinate perseverance in a too cruel repression would irretrievably tarnish. Havelock a personage of antique greatness, resembling on his finest and most irreproachable side the great puritans of the seventeenth century—without distinction till he might almost have been called an old man, suddenly compelled to cope with an immense danger, with insufficient means to overcome it—accomplishes all by his religious courage, attains with one stroke that glory, and that unbounded popularity which resounds wherever the English language is spoken; then dies before he had enjoyed it: full only in his last moments, as he had been all his life, of the interests of his soul and of the propagation of Christianity in India, and saying to the son who had hastened to receive his last breath, "For forty years I have been preparing for this day, death is gain to me." He figures worthily at the head of a group of heroes who have shown themselves equal to all dangers, all difficulties, and all sacrifices. Chief among them grateful England loves to name Nicholson, Wilson, and Neil, also carried off in the midst of their avenging victories; Sir Henry Lawrence, the first of the heroes of Lucknow, and he whose energy saved the recent conquests in the North-west; finally, to speak only of the dead, Captain Peel, the young and noble son of the great Sir Robert, equally valiant by land and sea, whose premature death was a national calamity. Victims of the strife between civilization and barbarism, they belong to every Christian people—all may admire them without restriction and without reserve. They are an honour to the human race. And it is not only these exceptionally pre-eminent names that we must admire, it is the whole of the conduct of that handful of English, surprised in the midst of peace and prosperity by the

* Valbezen, p. 169.

most terrible and unforeseen of catastrophes. Not one failed, not one trembled before the murderers: all, civil and military, young and old, leaders and soldiers, resisted, fought, perished, with a coolness and intrepidity which never belied them. It is here that the immense value of that public education which we have noticed elsewhere tells, which from his earliest years calls the young Englishman to make use of his strength and his liberty, to associate, to resist, to fear nothing, to be astonished at nothing, and to make his own way in all the adverse contingencies of life. But more than this, the English women condemned to share the sufferings, the agonies, and too often the horrible death of their fathers and their husbands, have exhibited the same Christian heroism. The massacre of Cawnpore, where before being slaughtered the men and women, tied back to back, obtained, as a last favour, permission to hear on their knees the prayers of their liturgy read by the chaplain who was to perish with them; seems a page torn from the acts of the first martyrs. We love to contemplate the scene of the day of fasting and national humiliation appointed by the Queen, and observed universally on the seventh of October, 1857, when we had the noble spectacle of an entire people prostrate before God, imploring mercy and pardon. It is in such examples and in such recollections, and not in the revolting and puerile excesses of a bloody repression, that England must draw the strength to resist her enemies, and the certainty of subduing them."

From this section onward the plot thickens. *Fenet opus*. We consider ourselves at liberty to abbreviate our analysis, inasmuch as the Comte here leaves his generalizations and enters upon the details of a party struggle, and of party politics, which are necessarily familiar to every reader. We shall merely copy out the pencil marks which we jotted down as the pages passed under our eye—to compare great things with small—something like the headings and divisions into paragraphs which the Master of Trinity has supplied to Butler's sermons.

The debate; the causes of the fall of Lord Palmerston, real and ostensible: ostensible cause, the French squabble; real causes, a disgust with the foreign and domestic policy of Lord Palmerston—with the narrow *cliquism*, which confined offices to safe and manageable mediocrities, and to a family circle, of which the

First Minister of the Crown seemed to take delight in daily retracing the circumference. Lord Derby: the senile elements of his party find a rejuvenescence in the infusion of fresh blood into their veins; contrast of Lord Derby's interesting and imposing line of battle with Lord Palmerston's used-up veterans; constituents of the majority; Palmerstonian projects; the opportunity; the Oude proclamation; Lord Canning, "on ne la désigne plus que comme Lord *Clémence Canning*!" Inconsistency of the proclamation with the *soubriquet*; the story of the Ellenborough despatch; history will do justice to it, but contemporary politics are not always one with history; why the despatch gave offence; its cold and haughty style, so unlike the succinct and business-like brevity which the English affect in all official documents. The projected attack; the Jonah of the Cabinet.

The debate in the Peers: Lord Granville and the opposition lay much stress upon the abstract principle of the common responsibility; the "solidarity" of the Cabinet. ("I was struck, as I heard them, with the danger of these excessive and unqualified abstract theories, which slip into the discussions peculiar to free governments, in the interest of a party or of circumstances, and are elevated by little and little into the dignity of inviolable dogmas"—p. 57.) The majority of nine.

The debate in the Commons: the Solicitor-General's speech; his attack upon Mr. Vernon-Smith; Lord John Russell adopts the double cause of Lord Canning and Lord Palmerston; Mr. Roebuck and the independent liberals; his extreme doctrine of the virtual absorption of the Crown into the House of Commons. ("This doctrine is at once dangerous and inaccurate; for it is unsafe thus to condense into the form of absolute maxims the gradual and mitigated consequences of the development of liberty; and if the now long established preponderance of the Commons is incontestable, it is yet false to assert that the power of *resistance* on the part of the Peers is annihilated, and that the Crown has not reserved to itself an immense *prestige*, and an authority which is all the more considerable for being re-

served to great occasions and decisions of unusual solemnity"—p. 68.) Mr. Roebuck's grand citation of Gibbon's picture of Roman greatness; he points, amidst thunders of applause, to Lord Palmerston, sitting cool and impassive among his recent colleagues in power; the "weakness" of the new Government preferable to the "strong insolence" of the old; Sir Cornewall Lewis; Sir Charles Wood; not worthy of special quotation; the eccentricities of young Sir Robert Peel.

The interlude: the *Derby*; Toxophilite; he who has not seen the Derby-day has not seen England; likeness and unlikeness of France and England; likeness—in the mixture of classes, the universal gaiety and good-humour, princes, peers, jockeys, gipsies, dukes, and "Aunt Sally;" unlikeness—in the absence of all official programme, all intervention of authority, all movements of large masses of soldiery as a precaution against eventual disorder; the blue ribbon of the turf; the paddock; Lord Derby and his horse; Mr. Newdegate forgets his horror of M. de Montalembert and the dangers of the Anglican Church; Toxophilite's defeat; is it an omen?

The next day. The attitude of the Press. ("How much wit and knowledge, how much irony and passion, have been expended during the last fortnight in the gigantic columns of the English journals. For my part, I was completely bewildered with amazement; so completely had I, for some time, become unused to the alternate rolling fire of daily discussions, which we lately knew and practised, perhaps with an extreme of freedom, but which is now become impossible with organs, some of which only have the privilege of saying every thing, and which always, more or less involuntarily, are so conducted as to draw on their opponents to a position where the official muzzle awaits their audacity"—p. 81). Mr. Bright's speech. Sir James Graham. May 21st. Cardwell is called upon to withdraw his vote of censure; Lord Palmerston foresees defeat, especially in the arrival of Outram's protest; Mr. Disraeli's triumphant modesty; felicitations of Gladstone, Lord John, and Bright; adjournment of the House; moral of the debate. An

instance of the modification of preconceived opinions by discussion, and so a noble example of party government. M. de Montalembert is more than ever convinced that a government is something more than an antechamber, and a civilized people something else than a flock, set with indolent docility, to be shorn and pastured under the overshadowing silence of an enervating security.

What the clerical organs in France say of the debate; the *Univers* of May 23 insolently calls it a full-dress farce. The new law about India: the inviolability of high functionaries forms no part of it. Lord Stanley, and the policy of the government. The defeated party. The dictatorship of the *Times* receives a seasonable shock. The English middle class; its influence in the political history of England personified in the sword of Cromwell and the pen of Milton; triumphant in Monk, in the two Pitts, in Burke, and Peel. Dislocation of existing parties in England; the glories of the Whigs. Absence of party questions. Good symptoms of national health in England; her supposed internal dangers visionary; her real dangers external; they arise from three sources—the unjust decline of her army in European prestige; her advance in liberal ideas simultaneously with the retrogression of the great states of Europe; and, finally, an insolence and jealousy, which alone of the three is her fault. English soldiers not sufficiently trained in strategies; the inventions of modern science do not necessarily profit liberty more than despotism; steam and electricity may give more weight to heavy battalions than to good reasons. Two fine specimens of social activity in England: the free school in Angel Meadow, near Manchester; the Queen's visit to Aston Hall.

We have concluded our summary of the pamphlet. It remains for us to say a few words upon its general tone and style, and to advert for a moment to the remarkable man whose figure must have been before M. de Montalembert at every stroke of his pencil.

The style of this paper is splendid and varied in the extreme. It contains philosophical and historical ge-

neralizations, packed up in those short and weighty antitheses, which obtain general circulation. It sobs with a suppressed pathos almost in the same breath that it hisses with sarcasm, or almost rises to a shout of defiance, like the heroes of antiquity, who gird them with their golden armour, and rush into the thickest of the fight, with the tears for a slaughtered friend scarcely dried from their eyes. The turn of expression appears to be as English as is consistent with pure and elegant French. If we were to name the writer of whom M. de Montalembert most reminds us we should say Burke. There is the same passion for moderate freedom; the same hatred of tyranny; the same dislike for abstract political *formulæ* and rigid constitutional definitions; the same fertility of illustration; the same complete adequacy of language to thought; the same precise, but not pedantic, symmetry of arrangement.

The third article of inculcation against the publisher and the author of "*Un Débat sur l'Inde*" runs thus:—"Of exciting to hatred and to contempt against the government of the Emperor." If this be an offence, we do not see how he could have been acquitted. One purpose runs through the pages, and is never forgotten. If a short compliment on the score of the English alliance is introduced, the honey is turned into wormwood by the bitter remark, that "eulogy has little worth and no dignity where criticism is forbidden." If the race-course is painted, with its quaint groups of genuine English merriment, it is that the Frenchman may be reminded of the shadow of despotism which hangs over his greensward, his gay streets, and his lighted theatres—of the heavy tread of imperial myrmidons, which sounds round the laughter of every place of public amusement. If the Comte gives us that beautiful delineation of an English Queen, moving on like a crowned symbol of liberty, under the great old trees and by the velvet slopes of the ancient feudal manor of Aston Hall, amidst the shouts of tens of thousands of freemen, and the voices of little children swelling a soft and touching hymn, under branches that had waved over the head of the first Charles, there is another and a different figure, which

haunts him as he traces every line, which gives a more passionate cadence to his voice, and swells his periods to a fuller eloquence. He sees a tyrant making his procession through a country of no less proud and ancient traditions, through a people more numerous and not less noble. As he goes, the air is heavy with smothered curses; but they are repressed by the strong hand of power laid upon every lip. The spontaneous shouts of a happy nation are exchanged for the blasphemous adulations of a bigoted priesthood, and the hymns of children for the hallelujahs of flunkies. It is unquestionably "hatred and contempt" of the Emperor which has inspired the picture of the Queen.

England undeniably owes something to the Emperor; but the truth must be told by a free press. In our opinion, Louis Napoleon's mind is wanting in breadth and grandeur; but this very deficiency gives him a certain practical advantage. A narrow mind sees clearly, as far as it goes; it does not wait to look round and round, to comprehend, to modify, to adjust. But it is therefore ready to act, and to act confidently. This accounts both for the contempt in which the Emperor was once held, and for his present elevation. Legitimists and philosophic republicans alike looked upon him as a convenient intermediary tool, who might manage affairs until their own strength was recruited and matured. They mistook their man. That paw of velvet had but sheathed its claws, and it would soon strike down alike the splendid traditions of monarchy, and the dreamy chimeras of philosophic democracy. The dictator was a man who did not see far; but so far as he did see, he was prepared to act. The man of the narrow brow had a hand of iron, and a cut-and-dry plan. His plan was resuscitated Napoleonism. Those who despised him little knew what strength there was in that cry—what wild and feverish pulses it would set beating through France.

Perhaps also, at present, they do not quite realize the hidden weakness of Napoleonism, any more than at first they recognised its hidden strength. It has a central hollowness: it is based upon a fallacy. Napoleon III. applies to peace and to internal

affairs principles which belonged to a state of European war, and to a consummate military genius. His spirit is, as it were, the Puseyism or Peelism of policy. It is to revivify a dead past, and apply it to a living present. It is to consider how "My Uncle" might, could, or would have acted under existing circumstances. Eliminate the manifest mistake of Napoleon's hostility to England; apply his system and his genius to peace instead of war; and you have the administration of Napoleon III.

There are clouds and thick darkness gathering in the distance. Put your ear to the ground, and you will hear far-off the tramp of mustering myriads!

There is a strange vacillation in all the Emperor's measures of internal government. He is said to be impulsive and obstinate: yet his decrees are the reverse of those of the Medes and Persians. They often and suddenly shake before popular opinion.

One of his leading principles has been said to be, "the dethronement of mind." The suppression of the "Memorials de St. Helene," of his own earlier writings, of the paper in which he used to address the world from Ham; his interference with general literature and journalism; his attempt, in the most philosophical nation of Europe, to suppress moral and poli-

tical speculation in the college and university; his complicity with the ultramontane clergy in persecuting Protestant schools, and in dwindling down philosophy and classics into logic and Latin; his degradation of the *College* and *Institut*—all point one way.

The workmen of Paris—which, by his system of centralization, is almost France—are *known* to be disaffected to the core. They have been made so by that intermeddling, which would expose them to the most annoying inconvenience or drive them into lodging-houses carefully superintended by the paternal care of the police. The commercial quackery has earned the contempt of the great economists, the hatred of grocers, and bakers, and butchers. The Imperial Guard, by its privileges and aristocratic position, has alienated the affections of the army.

The Emperor is neither treacherous nor cruel. In his heart he is loyal to England. But *can* he occupy his present position much longer in a time of peace? Must not Napoleonism assume its original and legitimate form—WAR?

War should never find England unprepared. The great duty of a ministry now is the development of the naval and military power of England. Weakness is an invitation to war; strength will be a manifesto of peace.

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VOL. LIII.

ESSAYS BY CLERGYMEN OF THE UNITED CHURCH IN IRELAND.

NO. I.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE DECLINE OF PAGANISM IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE, AND ITS
PRESENT DECLINE IN INDIA.

BY REV. J. B. BEARD, B.A.

HERODOTUS is not more deservedly styled the "Father of History" than Plutarch the "Father of Historical Parallels." The sagacious Greek unrolled the page of Greek and Roman history before him, and may be said to have invented a new definition of history, as philosophy teaching by examples. But in drawing these historical parallels we shall get a philosophy, or not, according as we choose our examples. If we seize on certain coincidences, resemblances, that is, which lie on the surface only, and which have no analogy or resemblance of reason, our philosophy will be mere child's-play; like the jocose induction of the Irish judge, that all Republicans had three names, and Tories only two, because he could quote half a dozen instances, in proof, on both sides. The study of historical parallels may thus become a mere play upon facts, as puns are a play upon words—a philosophy teaching by examples like that of Fluellen: "If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also, moreover, a river at Mon-

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mouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river: but 'tis all one—'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers; and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well: for there is figures in all things."

Now, historical parallels like this are as easy to draw as delusive when drawn: thus, Cæsar was a usurper, so was Cromwell; Cæsar had a superstition about the ides of March, Cromwell about the 3rd September; Cæsar was an atheist—Cromwell, too, must have been the same, for surely men so like in their lives must have resembled each other in their religious belief. Parallel lines, we know, may be produced indefinitely, and never meet; so characters that resemble each other in some respects are supposed to resemble in all.

It is this careless way of seizing resemblances, which lie on the surface only, which has brought discredit on the study of historical parallels. In interpreting the facts of history we want some method like that which Professor Owen has introduced into physiology. This first of philosophical

naturalists took a typical vertebra, and by it compared the structure of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles. There are external resemblances between animals that structurally differ, as the wings of a butterfly resemble those of a bird. There are external differences under which lie hid structural resemblances, as between the fin of a whale and the fore foot of a horse, or the hand of a man; we must reject the former if we would reach the latter. In considering special ends, it is true the wings of a bird and a butterfly are analogous, they answer the same useful purpose; but there is no true *homology* between them; the typical form is one thing, the special end another.

In the study of historical parallels we must grasp the same distinction between real and formal resemblances. If our philosophy, teaching by examples, is to be any thing more than child's-play, we must reject coincidences, however attractive, and fasten only on real or structural resemblances. This is not always easy to do. The *pretext*, or the cause *woven over*, often veils the real cause underneath, woven into the tissue itself. We must study history, in fact, as scholars study a palimpsest manuscript. The monkish legend is not to be confounded with the classic masterpiece; the parchment is to give up another and a true reading, and, if necessary, the microscope employed to aid in deciphering the original ink-mark.

The grand error of so many interpreters of prophecy, particularly among us moderns and matter-of-fact Englishmen, has been this confusion between coincidences and real fulfilments. The symbols employed by prophecy resemble certain facts in modern or mediæval history; on these coincidences they ground their interpretation, and not in the vindication in time of God's eternal principles of truth and justice. Prophecy, to the school in question, seems to be a foreknowledge of the minutiae of history.

To read the *Times* newspaper, for instance, ten years before date, would seem to them a stronger proof of the divine Omniscience, and the nature of prophecy, than any thing else. They

do not seem to understand, with St. John, that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," or, as Bacon has sagaciously expressed it, "prophecies being of the nature of their Author, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, and, therefore, are not fulfilled *punctually, and at once*; but have springing and germinant accomplishment throughout many ages, though the height and fulness of them may refer to one age."*

Agabus, for instance, who foretold a coming famine (no doubt inspired with that special charism; but that not a chief one in the church), is their type of what prophecy is, rather than the evangelical prophet, Isaiah, who seems to be most truly the prophet of our day, because he was the prophet of the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahas, Hezekiah, kings of Judah.

The search for coincidences between the symbols of prophecy and their punctual fulfilment in modern times, has given employment and popularity to not a few modern divines. Thus the vision of locusts in the book of Revelation is fancifully made to fit in with Turkish history—the horse-tail is a Turkish banner, and their turbans are supposed to resemble the hair of women. The smoke from the bottomless pit is nothing else than "villanous saltpetre," used by the Turks, for the first time, at the siege of Byzantium, and so on through the prophecy. So another divine predicts that the Suez Ship Canal will prove a failure, for Ezekiel had long ago foretold that "the river that could not be passed over" was to flow from the Holy City and, therefore, that the right route for a ship canal would be via Jerusalem. The swift ships in which the Jews are to return to Palestine are the Peninsular and Oriental Company's boats, now plying to and from Alexandria.

The restoration of the Napoleon dynasty was foreseen by Mr. Faber long before Sir Archibald Alison thought of a continuation of his History. Mr. Fleming foresaw a century ago the doom of the Papacy in the revolutionary year, 1848; though like the oracles of old, the right guesses only are remembered, and the wrong guesses go for nothing.

Sebastopol, two years ago, was

* Adv. Learning, B. II. chap. lii.

Armageddon, and Gog and Magog were the Moschi, or Russians from Moscow. Babylon was the Papacy, though, by a strange caprice, the Euphrates that flows by it was taken to be the Turkish empire, while the kings of the East were at one time the East India Company, at another, the Jews, according as some turn in politics brought the one or the other uppermost in men's minds.

Thus prophecy is skimmed over, and figures cut on it like a skater's on ice. They are coincidences which strike us to-day and are forgotten to-morrow; obliterated by the ice-marks of a new pair of prophetic skates. Such guesses at the fulfilment of prophecy have caused too much scepticism already, and writers of this kind are not to be spared for their pious intentions. Better that we should shut the book of unfulfilled prophecy altogether, than that we should interpret it by such random guesses as these. Better, in the same way, that we treat history as an old almanac, than dignify it as philosophy teaching by such examples as these superficial writers of historical parallels select.

To compare, then, any two periods of history together, we are not to look for those resemblances which lie on the surface, but those which exist underneath. Two events may accidentally resemble each other—in this case, a parallel between the two will only mislead—or they may resemble in their inner essence, and then a true philosophical parallel may be drawn. History in fine will be exemplary philosophy, only when the examples are philosophically chosen. Between apparent and real analogies in history, there will be the same difference as between the apparent and real homologues of natural history—the one appeal to sense, the other to reason—the one are fanciful, the other substantial—the one are produced by imagination skimming over the surface of things, the other by analysing their inner structure. The ground for all true analogy, between the past and the present, lies in the great law of unity.

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

One God working all in all, and disposing events as seems best to his godly wisdom—one law, the law of universal history, that retribution overtakes

wrong done—one element, the same human nature, neither better or worse than that of past generations, the same in its passions and prejudices. Were there not this threefold unity of God, law, and nature, underlying all the events of history, times past would become a mere rope of sand, and all our trackings of parallels but the creepings of sand-worms, which the next high tide will sponge out.

We assume then these three points of unity between past and present events, just as Bishop Butler assumed the being of a God on which to ground his Analogy between the course of Nature and Natural or Revealed Religion. From what God was *known* to do in nature, he inferred what God was *likely* to do in a dispensation either of natural or revealed religion. The use of analogy in Butler's hands is negative only, not positive. It does not prove the point, but it parries objections to it. It shows that two events are so related, that the like objections lie against the one as the other, and that therefore we are bound to reject both, or receive both. In the same way, in the analogy, we purpose to trace between the decline of Paganism in the Roman empire, and its present decline in India. We do not pretend to *prove* the facts of the case in one, by the facts of the case in the other. Our faith is one thing, our hope is another. Our faith in the decline of Paganism in India is grounded on the sure word of prophecy. But our hope (hope is intermediate between faith which is of far-distant and sight of present realities,) is excited by a comparison of the symptoms which attended a past decline of Paganism, with the symptoms of its present decline in India. Just as the analogy of Butler, so far from producing belief, only showed that there were difficulties in every form of Theism, so that what Horace Walpole said of it, that it made more doubts than it could solve, is the highest praise of this kind of argument: so the analogy we bring forward will not produce belief in the divine promises, or excite a missionary spirit where it does not exist already. The *cause* of the decline of Paganism is one thing, the *conditions* another. We must believe beforehand in a divine cause working in India now, as in the Roman empire many centuries ago. Assuming this we may lift

up our heads with hope, when we see conditions of a past decline reappearing in our day in India. Given the same cause and under similar conditions similar effects will result. As Butler argued that with the same Author and similar difficulties to the course of nature and religion, either entire Atheism or entire Theism must issue—so we say, given the same Divine promise to us, as to the early church, and similar encouragements to us to look for the fulfilment of these promises, as to the early church, either there was no Divine agency at work then, or we have as good a right to look for the same Divine agency now. The limits of analogy are as strictly drawn by our use of it in history, as by Butler's use of it in theology. It is as lawful an instrument in the hands of the missionary advocate as of the philosophical divine.

The analogies we are in search of do not lie on the surface. The differences between the state of Christianity in India now-a-days, and Christianity in the Roman empire of old, are more striking at first than the resemblances. Modern India is not more unlike ancient Rome, than modern Christendom differs from primitive. Then it was politically the weaker, now it is politically the stronger party in the state. It was persecuted then, now patronized. The early preachers used miracles as helps in propagating the Gospel, we use only modern science. They had the gifts of tongues, we use grammars and dictionaries. It would be easier to draw a contrast than a comparison, if we merely took certain external coincidences between the church in the Roman empire, and the modern church in India. Rejecting all resemblances which only lie on the surface, and on our guard against pressing analogies too far, the real state of Paganism in India resembles its real state in ancient Rome in these respects.

I. Paganism has now run through the same three stages of decline in India, as in Italy when Christianity appeared.

We know from St. Paul's discourse on Mars Hill, as well as many other passages of the same inspired apostle, that there is a fulness of time when the Gentile mind had come to its maturity as well as the Jewish, and when every preparatory discipline, ritual or rational, had done its work,

and, like the schoolmaster, had led its pupil, Jew or Greek, to Christ.

This long-suffering of God, or God waiting till the times were ripe for his revelation, whether of judgment or of mercy, was a favourite doctrine of the apostle Paul. St. Peter quotes St. Paul in proof that the long-suffering of God was salvation, and says that "in all his epistles" (2 Pet. iii. 16) this doctrine was one to be found.

We are to look, then, in the first place, for a fulness of time for the dissolution of Paganism in modern India, as in ancient Rome. When it has run its course here as well as there, and passed through the same three stages of development, we may fairly conclude that it is as near its end now as it was then.

The three stages of Paganism in the Roman empire were the mythic, the political, and the philosophic, as described by Varro, and adopted by Augustine in his "City of God"—a dissertation on the causes of the decline of Paganism in the Roman empire, to which we shall often have occasion to allude.

They correspond in a great measure to the three views of religion in Rome, as described by Gibbon: to the people it was equally true; to the philosopher, equally false; and to the magistrate, equally useful. The popular, or *religio mythica*, was equally false; the natural or philosophic, equally true; and the civil or political, equally useful.

India has passed through three stages corresponding to these, viz.:—Vedaism, Brahmanism, and Buddhism, and other later philosophic reforms. They correspond respectively to the state of Italy under the old Pelasgic religion—to Italy during the first five centuries *urbis condita*, and to Italy after the introduction of Greek philosophy.

Both in India and in Italy there was an aboriginal race, who were either exterminated or enslaved by foreign invaders. The fate of the Pelasgi in Italy was the same as that of the Ghonds, Koles, Bhils, and other uncivilized tribes in India. The Pelasgi who had spread over Italy and Greece entirely disappeared from history. Its various tribes either perish or are fused in the foreign nations, or at least lose their names. There is no example of destruction so complete. An inexorable maledic-

tion is attached to this people; all that their enemies relate of them is ominous and bloody. It is the women of Lemnos who in one night strangle their husbands. It is the inhabitants of Agylla who stone the Phocian prisoners. Those who were not destroyed were enslaved. In Attica, the Ionians set them to construct the Cyclopean walls of the citadel. The Pelasgi who remained in Italy were subjected, those of the north by the Etrurians, those of the south by the Hellenes. The province of *Brutium* in south Italy derived its name from the revolted slaves, *Brutii*, descended from the Pelasgi, slaves of the Greeks, then of the Samnites. They were condemned at Rome as punishment of their alliance with Hannibal for ever to fulfil servile offices, hewers of wood and drawers of water. The religion of the Pelasgi was like that of all aborigines, a rude kind of Fetichism, they worshipped bread, the lance, fountains, hot-springs. The Pelasgi themselves place the centre of their religion in Italy on the borders of a lake upon which was a floating island.

The same fate overtook the aborigines of India. The *Dasyus* is the general name for those who ventured to resist the Aryan race in their march through India. They are characterized in the *Védas*, as *Anagnitras*—those who do not tend the fire, as *Kravyad* or flesh-eaters. In the literature of the Brahmins, the aboriginal people are thrown into the same category with thieves and criminals, who cast men into wells and run away with their goods.

As the Aryans gradually pushed south into the Delta, from the plain of the five rivers, they either subjugated the old inhabitants and reduced them to the state of Soodras, serfs, or menials, or else pushed them into the mountain fastnesses, and into the southern peninsula, as the Saxons pushed the Celts before them into Wales and Cornwall.

Two things resulted from this extirpation of the aborigines in India as in Italy: 1. The establishment of a political religion in Italy, and the system of caste in India; 2. The corruption, at the same time, of the

religion of the conquering race by the superstitions of the conquered.

1. The *religio mythica* passed into the *religio civilis*. The grossness of mythical religion as it appeared in its earliest stages, both in India and Italy, is well described by Varro. In the age of fable, he says, many things "are invented contrary both to the nature and dignity of immortal beings. In this age one god is born out of the head, and another from the thigh, another from the drops of blood. In this age the gods commit theft and adultery, and become servants to men. Again, in this age, all things are ascribed to the gods, which we would not ascribe to the vilest of men."*

The mythical religion was supplanted in India by the system of caste, in Italy by the politico-religious institutions of Numa. Numa is the Italian Menu, a kind of fabulous priest-king and religious reformer. The historical existence of both is encompassed with a halo of religious sanctity. The age of Numa has this in common with the age of Menu, that it witnessed the rise of a caste system in both countries; for the religious institutions of Rome resemble caste more than any thing else in history. About this time the *religio mythica* has given way to the *religio civilis*.

In India the age of the Veds has passed away—a priesthood has supplanted the patriarch as the minister of religion—the distinction between the different classes begins to appear. The king is no longer priest and warrior in one, but is placed midway between the two—superior to the one, inferior to the other. Caste, the strange institution which has clamped together the masses of India, that would otherwise have fallen to pieces, thus gradually sprung up.

We trace the same development in Italy, of the mythic into the civil religion. Numa is the Menu of Italy. The second king of Rome was the founder of its civil and religious institutions, as Romulus was of its political and military. And as in India the chief or king yielded the supremacy to the Brahmin priest, so in Rome. To Numa, more even than

to Romulus, Rome owes that politico-religious system which, more than any thing else, gave her national unity and elevated a horde of robbers into a race of conquerors and civilizers, which nothing could resist. What the club of Hercules was to the caducous of Mercury—that the brute force of Romulus was to the skilled kingcraft and priestcraft of Numa.

Nil inauspicato was the watchword of the old Roman jurist. *Privatum nemo habens deos*, is the old law. The civil magistrates were ministers of religion. Pontiffs, Augurs, Flamens, were part of one compacted system of state-worship, which is unlike any thing else in the world, but the caste system of India. What caste was to the Aryan race in India, the *religio civilis* was to Rome—an iron clamp to hold together the otherwise discordant materials of many subject races.

2. While the conquering race in both exterminated the aborigines, they adopted their superstitions. In India, Kali, the black mother of the aborigines, became a terror to the Aryan invaders, and has thus become the popular deity of India. Human sacrifices, abhorrent as they are to the spirit of the Veds, have been incorporated with Brahminism. Serpent-worship, another form of the primitive religion, is extensively practised. Of the Hindoo triad, the only original deity is probably Brahm, while Vishnu the Preserver, as well as Shiva the Destroyer, together with their many wives and children, are only impersonations of the heroes who fought for, or the demons who fought against, the Aryan invaders of India. The memory of that strife is preserved in a mythology of opposite and contending deities, much in the same way the old *religio civilis* of Rome was corrupted by foreign superstitions, particularly those of conquered races.

The state-religion of Rome was pure in itself: it inculcated faith, chastity, the family rights; it erected temples to faith, renown, concord, chastity,* yet it could not exclude the dark superstitions and demonolatry of primi-

tivetimes. Under the veil of mysteries, frantic and cruel orgies were enacted; and the chastity of the Roman matron, the sacredness of the magistrate and priest, were sullied by rites unknown to the pious Numa. In vain Cato the censor withstood these innovations; in vain Paulus Æmilius, hatchet in hand, hewed down the temple of Serapia. The Roman magistrate, no more than the pious Brahmin, could keep out the rites of the subject races of Italy or India. The enslaved Indian had his revenge on his enslavers, by poisoning the purer Theism of Vedas with his own Fetichism. The corruptions of the Roman state-religion may be traced to the same source.

We have traced the parallelism between the development of Paganism in India and in Italy, to the point where the primitive or mythical religion is lost in the political religion of Rome, or the caste system of India. In both, too, a corruption has set in in the state religion: Vedaism is corrupted by demonolatry—the religion of Rome by the rites of its subject races; the iron and clay have been mixed, and the head of gold is hid in the clouds of tradition.

The time for an attempted reform of religion by philosophy has come in India, as in Italy. The *religio civilis* is to give way to the *religio naturalis*, or philosophic religion. Philosophy came from Greece to Rome—it was indigenous in India.

The Greeks first taught the use of the weapons of irony and argument against superstition. Lucretius† caught up the one in the school of Epicurus, Cicero the other in the school of Plato. Philosophy had one of two remedies to offer its votaries, either to laugh at it with the Epicurean, or to rise above it with the Stoic; the one was the only creed a rational Roman could adopt, the other the only code of morals a decent Roman could practise. Scepticism was thus set to work to cure the corruptions of superstition. It did its work only too well.

Cicero debates how far a Roman could discharge the priestly offices which went with the magistracy, and

* Merivale's Hist. Rome, vol. ii. p. 308.

† See the celebrated lines in Lucretius I. 63.

"Humana ante oculos fœde cum vita jaceat
In terris oppressa gravi sub religione," &c.

profess at the same time philosophy. He resolves that the two are compatible. An age was setting in like the age of Voltaire in France, when Atheism grew fashionable, and a Bishop's cope, like charity, could hide a multitude of sins. Not that philosophy was always scoffing. There were serious men who tried to purge religion of the superstitions which incrust it, as the statue of Glaucus was coated with shells and sea-weed. The *theologia naturalis* was an attempt to return to the golden age of the primitive religion common to man. That it failed we know for fact. Socrates, the greatest and honestest of these reformers, despaired of coming to certainty unless a god should reveal the way. Plato, in vain, constituted an ideal republic, banishing the poets and mythologists, as corrupters of youth. Sophists and professors of rhetoric spoiled philosophy, as the poets had spoiled religion; and true and earnest men, like Plutarch, retired as disgusted with philosophy, as with the popular religion; or like Cicero and Cæsar, fell back on a kind of philosophic antinomianism—admired one kind of morality and practised another.

It was when philosophy had failed to reform religion and morals, that Christianity undertook the same attempt. The Apostle at dissolute Corinth, could fairly taunt philosophy as Elijah had the worshippers of Baal—where is the wise?—where is the scribe?—where is the disputer of this world? It had been given 500 years from Pythagoras to Paul, to the Greek wisdom, to find out God; and the answer was like that of the philosopher who asked a day to consider, and then two days, and then four days, and at last confessed that the longer he thought on the subject, the more perplexed he was and further from discovering the truth.

About the time of Pythagoras, and the sages of Greece, the same questions began to be mooted in India: "What is the original element or power lying at the base of all phenomena?" What is man, and whence? Whither is he tending? Which of all things is most important? what is truth? Philosophy soon divided into two schools in India as in Greece. The Eleatic and Megaric were reproduced in the schools of Kapila

and the Bhagavad-Gîtâ; the one was materialist, the other spiritualist; the one believed in ultimate atoms, the other in absolute spirit; all things tended to unity in the one, to variety in the other. And once the Indian mind had set its foot on the metaphysical tread-mill, the machine of thought went round by its own weight, and from opposite sides of the same great wheel of the universe the two schools kept treading up and down a circle of steps—a logical wheel without beginning, middle, or end.

At last arose a reformer in philosophy, like Socrates in Greece. Like Socrates, it was a boast of Gaudama that he brought philosophy from heaven to earth.

It was an attempt to construct a religion in common life, out of a philosophy of life. The design of Gaudama was as pure as that of Socrates. He would break the bonds of caste; he would, at the pain of being called an Atheist, denounce the Brahmins, and break down their priestcraft; he would proclaim the rights of man to use reason; he would treat the Brahmins as Socrates treated the poets of Greece.

If reason could reform religion, then Socrates must have succeeded in Greece and Gaudama in India. They both protested against the aristocratic exclusiveness of caste as the political religion, they appealed not to the pride of man, but to the light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world. Philosophy seemed at last in the right track. There were signs of a reform by the light of reason. But it failed in India as in Italy. The world by wisdom knew not God. Buddhism became itself a religion, and then a superstition; and, like the other dead religions it protested against, it appealed to inspired books; it handled relics and set up images of its founder, Gaudama, and at last reached that stage of corruption we find it in to this day, a system of Atheistic idolatry, a code of morality whose heaven is annihilation, and whose hell is the new birth of the spirit again on earth.

Thus Paganism in India has run through the three stages which it ran through in Italy. It has been a religion, mythical, civil, and natural, and now only waits the advent of a Redeemer from heaven as in the west. That India has been kept so much

longer waiting for the troubling of the waters, while Italy stepping in before it has long since being healed, is only an instance of the general mystery, like that of the lame man who had lain thirty-eight years at the pool of Bethesda while so many had stepped in before him.

II. The second point of analogy is, that the way of the Lord is now being prepared in India in the same way as in the West.

The preparation of the Gospel is summed up in the work of three representative races—the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin. The title over the cross of Jesus has been taken to illustrate this truth. The Jew by his Theism prepared the way of the Gospel; the Greek by his culture, the Roman by his law. The Gospel was indebted to its progress to these three agencies. The proselytes were a class prepared by Judaism, during its dispersion, to hear the Gospel with respect. They had lost the prejudices of Paganism; they had imbibed those of their Jewish teachers; they had thus a kind of natural *mordant* between Judaism and Paganism. When Paul, in Corinth, withdrew to the house of Crispus, which joined hard to the synagogue, he exemplified this use of proselytism to prepare the way for direct propaganda.

The Greeks, in like manner, were the world's civilizera. Greek was the current coin of thought. No teacher who could not speak and think in Greek, as Paul could, was fitted to be the world's teacher at the time we speak of. The Greek version of the Scriptures had acquired an authority even in Palestine like the Vulgate to this day in Rome. It was as freely quoted as the Hebrew, and even the dogma of its being an inspired version was taught in order to save its credit with those who could compare its discrepancies with the original.

The Roman again was the world's conqueror and lawgiver. The *Jus Italicum* was as powerful a badge of conquest as the eagles themselves. The Roman carried his camp to Britain on one side, and as far as Euphrates on the other; and the trace of [their many castra in Britain is preserved down to our day in the names of towns ending in Chester. Rome held the world under martial law—law, however, that allowed of no

licence on the part of the conqueror. His was even-handed justice—

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbis.

Centralization was the rule of this great empire. All the roads converged to the golden milestone at the foot of the Coliseum; and though locomotion by sea and land was not swift, as in our days, it was sure. It was safer, for instance, than three centuries ago, when a Medici and a Cardinal Prince of the church could not travel in safety from Florence to Rome, and Catherine, the future Queen of France, was borne in a litter swung between two mules.

Thus the world was held together by three splints, while the dislocated joints of Western Paganism were knitting together bone to his bone in the Christian system. The Jew, the Greek, the Roman, were the bandages necessary while the Church was in its infancy.

The English in India have a work to do resembling that of these three representative races in the Roman empire. At once we are called to act as the religionists, the civilizera, and the lawgivers of the East. Let us compare our mission a little in detail with that of the Jew, Greek, and Roman.

With the Jew we are the proselytizers of India.

The word proselytism is under a cloud; those whom decency forbids to denounce missions do not scruple to denounce proselytism. They have selected an unfortunate word for their purpose; it recoils on those who use it. The proselytizers are not those who profess to convert the world; yea, and to turn it upside down if need be. They may be firebrands or fanatics, but not proselytizers. The proselytizers are those who profess an *exclusive* religion—a Christianity for Europeans—such as Hinduism for Hindus; and yet insensibly instil new and true thoughts into the Gentiles among whom they live. The Jews were the last to seek converts. Converts came in spite of their exclusiveness. It was the prophecy fulfilled, "Ten men shall take hold of the skirt of one that is a Jew."—(Zech. viii. 23.) One shall call himself by the Lord, and another subscribe himself by the name of Israel. The Jews were God's witnesses to the truth of his being, and all who were groping after that central

light came and lighted their candle at it. Thus proselytism was a work which the Jews carried on quite unconsciously. Judaism was a pound, not a fold, where the stray sheep were penned till the Good Shepherd found them, and carried them home on his shoulder, rejoicing.

Now, every professing Christian is a proselytiser of this kind in India. So far from avowing it he may boast his neutrality as the old Indians; he may even Hinduise as heathen Stuart or Governor Job Charnock, still he is a proselytiser. The chapel at the fort, where the flag flies on Sunday, is among the heathen what the synagogue, where prayer is wont to be made, was in Greece or Italy. His Sabbath, though carelessly kept, is a memorial of the God who, in six days made heaven and earth; however he may discountenance the missionary, the heathen give him credit for more religion than he would give himself; he cannot persuade them that he has no call; and, therefore, since they cannot believe in his Atheism, they suppose he is a Theist, like the Vedantists, who boast that they alone practise the pure religion of the Hindus. Vedantism is a sect in India, the result of this proselytism of Christians who are not missionaries.

Our civilization in India is preparing in the same way as Greek culture in the Roman empire. We know, as a fact, that Christianity has never spread far beyond the circle of the *urbis et orbis* of Rome. So long as Jewish Theism, Greek culture, and Roman law, were shut in between the Danube and Euphrates, Christianity only spread so far; but when the barrier was broken down with the decay of the Roman empire, they spread with the incursions of the barbarians. During the middle ages the spiritual supremacy of Rome grew out of its political and social. It may be said, without exception, that Christianity succeeded best where it was best seconded by civilization. The pale of the *urbis et orbis* extended to embrace the barbarians, and they adopted the religion of Rome, with its laws and literature.

We must conclude, then, that it was part of God's design that this order should be observed. It is as idle to ask, could God have converted the world by any other means, as to ask if God could have saved the world without

Christ, or lighted the world without the sun. The fact is enough for us, it is so; and it is only a narrow and morbid religionism which does not see that connexion between secular and spiritual agencies. So with political supremacy. Britain is the law-giver to the East, as Rome was to the West. We hold together a crowd of conflicting tribes and races which, but for our supremacy, would relapse into anarchy. Roman centralization enabled the missionary to travel freely from end to end of the Roman empire. In a ship of Alexandria, freighted with corn for Rome, the Apostle reached Rome. Roman roads and ships were the highway cast up for the Gospel. In India our roads and our railroads, and ships at every port, are the swift messengers for the heathen. It is blindness not to see this.

So again, Roman supremacy shielded the missionaries. The Apostle of the Gentiles was a free-born citizen, and this privilege shielded him on more than one occasion. Rome was tolerant to all *religiones licite*, and Judaism was one of these. With its internal disputes the Roman governor would not meddle, and Christianity seemed only the sect of the Nazarenes, a "connexion," as we say, of modern denominations, and not a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, calling for interference.

Rome was not truly tolerant, for toleration is a word only of Christian times, and hardly understood even yet; but she acted at least on the plan of keeping peace between contending sects. Gallio, one of the best of men, if his brother Seneca is to be trusted (*nemo mortalium uni tam dulcis est quam hic omnibus*), was a pattern Roman magistrate, one who was not to be entrapped into persecution by the spiteful manœuvre of the Jews. Seneca corroborates this view of his character by describing him as *inexpugnabilem virum adversus insidias*. Gallio cared for none of these things. He was a firm and incorrupt magistrate; and had Christianity been always treated in the same tolerant spirit, the later history of Rome and the Church would have been very different.

That Christianity came in for the protection which Judaism enjoyed as a *religio licita* by the Roman

state, has been often remarked. It only became a mark for persecution as soon as it stood out contrasted with Judaism, when it could not content itself with being the religion of a sect, but aspired to be the religion of the whole empire. It was this aggressive spirit of Christianity which drew down on it the persecution of Rome. Voltaire well describes its spirit in the contrast. Judaism could not endure a statue of Jupiter in the temple. Christianity not even in the capitol itself. It challenged opposition by out-Cæsaring Cæsar in ambition. It pushed itself into Cæsar's household; and though everywhere spoken against, persisted in penetrating everywhere, so that nothing could keep down or subdue it.

The propagandism of Christianity was in fact its obnoxious element, otherwise it was a harmless superstition; and the tolerant Roman would have rather favoured it. If Paul, for instance, could have toned down his preaching to the philosophic moderation of Seneca, and asked for Christianity only the protection of a *religio licita*, the shield of Roman power would have been stretched over it.

But this was not to be. Paul would not accept toleration on the terms that Gamaliel or Gallio offered it. Whether he was right, the issue since has proved; but the first preachers of Christianity must have been possessed by a spirit not of man, to break away from the protection of Judaism as a licensed religion, and thus draw down on them the weight of Roman displeasure.

Now the English in India are as the Roman power to the spirit of propagandism. So long as Christianity could content itself to be the religion of Englishmen, it deserved and got protection—nay, patronage and support. The Company never refused to pay chaplains for its factors and clerks; and in the darkest days of missionary indifference, a chaplain who kept within bounds and carefully abstained from tampering with the native religions, drew his rupees monthly, and enjoyed as liberal a scale of allowances as any other covenanted servant. The chaplain was no interloper, his position was as well understood as that of a Rabbi in a synagogue of Rome in the days of Tacitus. He might even, like Josephus, rise in the

confidence of the civil governor; and the less peculiarities, professional or other, he retained, the more sure he was of this distinction. A liberal Christian, of the school known in England last century as Latitudinarian—in Scotland, as Moderate—was sought after by the Company as a liberal Jew by the Roman. The Company, in fact, thought very much as the Mogul Emperor, Jehangir, that a prince who wished to have subjects must take them with all the trumpery and baubles of their religion, and so tolerate all religions that were willing to tolerate in return.

Thus, paradoxical as it may seem, Christianity was equally tolerated and equally interdicted by the Pagan Cæsars and the Christian Company. Both alike were ready to sanction it so long as it kept within its own bounds, and both interdicted it as soon as it made converts among other religions equally under State protection as itself.

The relation of the Company to missions in India, at least till very lately, resembles more closely that of the Roman power to early Christianity than we at first think. The difference between a heathen and a Christian governor strikes us at first; and we fail to perceive, that underneath that difference there is the same policy in both. In spirit both were tolerant, and were only driven to persecute or proscribe by the supposed intolerance of a religion which could not be bound over to keep the peace with all other rival communions. That the Company only proscribed, and did not persecute the missionaries as the Roman power did, may be ascribed to various causes; but as we give both credit for a desire to treat Christianity as far as they could as a *religio licita*, so we cannot acquit either of intolerance to Christianity, whenever it broke bounds and made inroads on the other religions which the State recognised.

Thus English supremacy in India has not been all on the side of Christianity, as Roman supremacy was not all against its early spread. The resemblance between the two states is as real as the difference; and we may sum up the whole with the reflection that the peculiarities of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin, could not have met in the English in India without a purpose, the preparation of the Gospel in India:—first, by proselytiz-

ing to Theism, as the Jew did ; second, by civilizing and educating, as the Greek did ; and third, by ministering justice indifferently between sect and sect as the Roman did. When the three forerunners of Christianity thus met together, as they only met in the Roman empire eighteen centuries ago, it is not too much to conjecture that it is for the same purpose, and that like watchful servants who wait for their lord, we should be ready to hasten his kingdom and coming, and gladly make use of those secular helps and appliances which he has given us to promote his spiritual work in India.

III. The amount of success attained within the same period is analogous in both cases.

When Pliny wrote his celebrated letter quoted by all writers on the Evidences, to say that the contagion had seized cities, towns, and villages, and that the rites were deserted, we are not to conclude that all Asia was on the point of becoming Christian ; for he goes on to say that the temples which were almost forsaken begin to be more frequented, and the sacred solemnities, after a long intermission, are revived.

The success of the new religion consisted in this, that it had thus come to the governor's ears. Christians had been put out of the synagogue, and the jealousy of the civil power thus aroused. They were heard to say that they had another king than Cæsar, and were more than suspected of designs, like those turbulent leaders who went out from time to time from Judaism, drawing away much people after them, and perishing miserably at last by the Roman sword. A simple test of loyalty was then applied, such as to throw a pinch of incense on the altar of Cæsar. To a mind steeped in idolatry this Cæsar worship was only a graceful homage to the great emblem of power, *præsentis tibi maturos largimur honores*, and the scruples of Christians were, therefore, quite misunderstood. The penalty of their obstinacy was, of course, death ; and this must have only confirmed the governor in his suspicions of their disaffection. A persecution then arose to scatter and break up this disloyal community—they were treated as Atheists, not because they were supposed, speculatively, to deny the existence of a Deity, but because they

were religious outlaws ; their licence as a religion sanctioned by the state was withdrawn, and for the first time the state measured its strength with the infant church. That persecution did not put a stop to this miserable delusion, must have seemed to Pliny a real ground of alarm ; and, therefore, he wrote to the Emperor, asking for advice, and laying the case of Christianity before him.

The success of missions in India has been quite as striking within the same space. It has given idolatry a shake from which it will not recover, although collectors in India, like Pliny in Pontus, are able still to report " victims are everywhere bought up." It is a great mistake says Indophilus (letter to the *Times*, December 16, 1857), to estimate the progress made towards the Evangelization of India only by the number of persons baptised. If Christian truth is presented to the native mind by every available avenue, what is known in modern phrase as public opinion will turn decidedly in its favour, and then a nation will be born in a day.

The symptoms of success in both cases are more negative than positive. Sixty years after the first public preaching of Christianity, Pliny sounded the first public note of alarm, and wrote to the emperor for advice : within the same time, Paganism has begun to feel the ground giving way under it in India.

The natives have already sounded the note of alarm that their religion is in danger. The temples falling into ruins by the banks of the Ganges have suggested frequent comment from the missionary, as well as his heathen audience standing to hear him on the ghats, leading up from the river to the temple. Once and again the Company's agent has written complaints of the dilapidation of sacred buildings, and the East India Company have undertaken, as the emperors of old, to maintain the crumbling edifice. Pliny could not have shown greater care for the service of the temples and sacrifices of Asia Minor, than many—too many to enumerate—of our Indian officials, for the preservation of Paganism in India. To inspect the temples, march out the troops in honour of the idol, collect his revenue, and present a jewel on highdays and holydays in honour of the idol, were customary

acts of policy. We had all a Roman's reverence for a political religion. So scandalous was this practice, that after Sir Peregrine Maitland had endured dismissal, rather than thus sanction idolatry, a despatch was sent out in 1833, directing that "in all matters relating to their temples, their worship, their festivals, their religious practices, their ceremonial observances, let our native subjects be left entirely to themselves." The amount of protection and patronage still extended by the government in India, notwithstanding these despatches, is very great. We are not now writing to prove that the state is guilty of a culpable complicity with idolatry, and is passing the bounds of its own professed neutrality. It is bound to act in this respect as Sir John Lawrence has said, not by confiscating all temple-lands and grants, but by secularizing them. It should protect them in common with all other property, but exact no conditions from priests, or require as is still the practice in Bombay, a return of the services performed before the salaries are paid.

But this propping up of Paganism is itself a sign of its weakness. It is felt to be unequally matched with Christianity; and therefore, the state steps in, as in Rome of old, to right the balance and protect the weak against the strong. Were Christianity not divine, Pliny would never have written for advice how to arrest the decay of Paganism, or the traditionary policy have arisen in India to keep Christianity in bounds, and protect heathens against it. Nothing marked the activity of the early church more than the controversies it gave rise to. The apologists for Christianity drew out—and this is a proof of their success—rival apologists for Paganism. Celsus,* Hierocles, Porphyry, Hermogenea, and many others whose works have perished, or are only preserved in the replies of Christian apologists, are a proof that the alarm about the spread of Christianity and the decline of Paganism was not unfounded. The age of the scoffing Lucian is over and

gone—it is a time of religious revival, and Paganism has grown earnest. The unction with which the neo-platonist defenders of Paganism write is quite a sign of the times. The *λογος σωτηριος* is set up to counteract the preaching of the *λογος αναμνησιος*. Judaism and Hellenism are both pressed into the cause. Plato is become Moses Atticising—it is thought to confound Christianity, by taking the good out of it and claiming it for heathenism. "Christianity as old as the creation," is an old *ruse* of Deism; and modern Deists, who reject the letter that killeth while they claim the spirit that giveth life, have been answered by anticipation sixteen hundred years ago. The Alexandrian fathers have exhausted the controversy.

Now we do not say that we have yet come to the age of the apologists in our Indian Missions. As Milner says of the church of the first century, to do, to suffer, and to die, not to write was its mission, as compared with the second and third centuries: so we say of our present missionary staff in India. We are in the age of Ignatius and Polycarp, not of Clement and Origen. But already there are symptoms of the coming controversy. Whatever the careless at home may say to our personal prospects, thoughtful natives have already taken alarm. Who ever heard of a "Defence of the Principles of Hinduism" a century ago! A native would have said of such a production as our King George of Bishop Watson's apology for the Bible, that he never knew the Bible needed an apology. But times are altered. Gangadhar Shastri, one of the high-paid teachers in the Government Institution, Bombay, has written in Marathi, a Defence of the Principles of Hinduism. He pours out a lament, not only over these Christian proselytizers, but over his own countrymen, for not showing more attachment to their own religion. He says, "The ancient and noble religion of Hinduism is now stoutly assailed by the adherents of a hostile faith, and we

* Nothing is more to be regretted than the wilful destruction of the writings of Celsus and Porphyry, the two most voluminous apologists for Paganism. "The early Christians were but too successful in destroying all the writings of the early infidels. Yet for the confirmation of our faith in the present age, a complete copy of Celsus would be of far more value than the whole of the volumes of Origen."—*Sir James Stephens Lectures on History of France*, vol. i. p. 19.

are filled with dismay at finding that there is also treason within. No wonder that the venerable structure is already nodding to its fall. I, by means of this book, seek to prop up the building; but when its size and its ruinous state are considered, what hope is there, that such a feeble prop can prevent its falling. But as in the case of one who is labouring under a complication of diseases, and who evidently must soon die, we continue even until death, to administer medicines—even so do I minister to the decaying system of Hinduism. *Hinduism is sick unto death. I am fully persuaded that it must perish*—still, while life remains, let us minister to it as we best can. I have written this book, hoping that it may prove a useful medicine. And if it be so fated, then possibly, the patient may even yet recover."

Only the other day, an intelligent Hindu wrote to a friend in Scotland a letter, inserted in the *Times* of September 28, 1858. The following extract speaks for itself:—

"Though we, the Hindu community, differ from the Christian missionaries in opinion, that Hindostan will one day be included in Christendom, yet it is impossible to say what change it may please God to effect in the religious faith of this land some hundred years hence. When Jesus of Nazareth first taught his tenets to the obscure fishermen of Galilee, the man would have been pronounced as bereft of his wits who would have predicted that the many nations of the earth, who now profess Christianity, would, eighteen hundred years hence follow that religion. The Christians believed in certain prophecies, many of which they observe have been verified by subsequent events; and who can calculate, say they, what result the efforts of the missionaries may produce upon the Hindu nation centuries hence."

This persuasion of our philosophic Hindu in the obstinacy of the Christian missionary, is very like the feeling of Porphyry, who quotes the response of Apollo, when a man had inquired of the oracle how he could bring back his wife from Christianity.

"That he might sooner write on the flowing stream, or fly on the empty air, than change the mind of his wife after she has once become impure and godless. Leave her then to lament her deceased God."

Neander's, Ch. Hist., vol. i. p. 239.

The *Friend of India* of August 12, 1852, stated, that a number of educated Hindus had commenced the publication of a monthly periodical, filled with extracts from infidel writings, which they were endeavouring to circulate as an antidote to the teaching of missionaries. In one of its numbers the following sentence is introduced:—"The vigorous exertions of preachers have tended to spread widely the knowledge of Christianity. *There can hardly be found an educated Hindu that knows not something about it.* They leave nothing untried that can efficiently contribute to its propagation." "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," is a true proverb of all apologies for Paganism. Hence, the attempt to give these tales of the gods a purer and more philosophical meaning—to the pure, they say, all things are pure—and even the amours of the gods may symbolize to the philosophic mind, deep truths of nature. The teaching of Hypatia in Alexandria, is familiar to the reader, through Mr. Kingsley's most picturesque and truthful account of that period. We have the same kind of apology reproduced in India in our day, by Mora Bhatta Dandekara, of Bombay, printed by Dr. Wilson, with his own able exposure of Hinduism:—

"Our opponents are accustomed to ask when did Krishna perform any good deeds? In his behaviour, say they, there is nothing but sin—not a particle of righteousness to be found. We answer, this is not the case with him alone. Of all the numerous gods which have sprung from the one God, and yet are no more than one God (in the same manner as though there are severally, Father, Son, and Spirit, there is but one God); of all these, the procedure resembles a good deal that of Krishna. Krishna committing theft with the cowherds, and playing the adulterer with their wives; Shiva spreading death and destruction by his curses and behaving indecently with Pārwati—Brahmā looking on his own daughter with the eye of a paramour, and making a most filthy disclosure of his lust—Rāmā crying out 'Sitā, Sitā,' and embracing the trees in a fit of frenzy—Parāsharā cohabiting with a fisherman's daughter;—such transactions as these—too bad to be even mentioned. Are these, you will say, what you adduce and place on a level with the good acts of Christ? What merit will accrue you from listening to the tale that narrates them; and as for

purity of heart, not the least can be obtained by means of them. As by listening to love songs lust is inflamed, and by hearing the feats of Scindia and Holkar the spirit is stirred, so by hearing of the deeds of the gods, men will only be prompted to wickedness. Regarding this objection, we maintain, agreeably to the word of God, that these deeds are virtuous actions in the gods that performed them. We maintain further, that by hearing and speaking of them, the ignorance of the imprisoned spirit and its consequent subjection to passion are removed; and that thus they have as much power as image-worship itself, to create in the soul pure and virtuous dispositions. These deeds when narrowly considered, are even far better than those virtuous actions of Christ that you mention. To you alone who view them with an evil eye, they appear to be vicious."

Strange that polytheism should quote the Athanasian Creed to justify its procession of gods from Brahma, and throw a cloak over the indecencies of Krishna, as if confronted with the purity of Christ, the heathen knew that they were naked.

There are two symptoms of decline by which we may test the soundness of two opposite modes of religion. When a ritual religion appeals to reason, or when a rational religion takes up with ritualism, we may be sure they are both near their latter end. Tacitus tells us that empires are upheld by the same policy by which they were gained, and so religions. It is as fatal for Paganism to use the weapons of apology, as for Christianity to disuse them. A defence of Hinduism is as certainly symptomatic of its decline, as an appeal to the temporal arm is of the decline of Christianity. We cannot do better than continue to provoke Hindus to apologise for Hinduism.

IV. The controversies among Christians themselves as to their connexion with idolatry is the last point of analogy we shall here trace out. When Christianity was a new and strange thing in the Roman empire, the exhortation, "come out and be ye separate, and touch not the polluted thing," was more easily obeyed than afterwards. But as time rolled on, certain cases of conscience arose—how far the believer, when bidden, might go to a heathen feast and eat meats offered to idols—how far tolerate the idolatry of his wife or children, go to the baths, practise

a profession, wear a military chaplet, take an oath by the fortunes of Caesar, and many other such cases. So early as the apostles' time these arose, and the questions which divided the Corinthian Church grew more pressing every year that Christians increased in number. In the time of Tertullian schisms had already begun, the separatist or Puritan party desiring total abstinence from all idolatrous usages; and the moderate party, to which the Catholic Church, after various oscillations of feeling, finally inclined, looking with more indulgence on such practices. The one party reasoned on the text, "He that is not with me is against me," and looked on all connivance with idolatry as sin; the other taking the text, "He that is not against you is with you," spared the weak brother, and devised various penances and indulgences for the lapsed *Libellatici Traditores* and others, which have been made a very different use of by the modern Church of Rome. Which of the two parties was right, the Catharists or the Catholics, it is hard to say; and the most candid course is to judge neither extreme too hardly, when both acted from good intentions, and in a matter in which the apostle only gave his judgment as one that "has obtained mercy." The inference to be drawn from the controversy is, that the heaven had begun to work, and was losing itself, while it leavened the lump. Separateness is impossible after a certain stage of missionary activity, and cases like these must arise.

Now the correspondence between Colonel Edwardes and Sir John Lawrence is another such mark of progress in India. We are coming near the age of Tertullian in India, when cases of conscience, like those ten recently proposed in the Punjab, arise for discussion. We no more desire to sit in judgment between such men in India, than between Novatus and the church in Carthage or Rome. It is only as a proof that the age of separation is over that we cite the correspondence at all. Fifty years ago Brother Carey or Ringletaube were as obscure as Paul in the Mamertine, or John at Patmos; but now that Christianity is the candle, or the city that cannot be hid, its relations with the state, and the duty of private Christians to sanction idolatry any longer, are ques-

tions too pressing to be postponed, or put in official pigeon-holes, not to see the light again for years. Some action must be taken, one way or other, and the gallant Colonel Edwardes leads the Catharists of India as Sir John Lawrence the more moderate section of Christian opinion. It is quite a case of analogy between the third and the nineteenth century, and should prepare us to hope that the heaven will continue to work, now as then, till the whole lump of heathenism is leavened.

The analogy, then, between the past and the present conflict of Christianity and heathenism is instructive and encouraging. Once, and only once before, on the same scale, the two principles closed in a death-grapple, and at the end of three centuries truth prevailed over error. Now what has happened may happen again. We do not believe Christianity will succeed in India, *because* it once succeeded in Rome, for the Mahometan has as good a right to use the argument of success. No; we shall succeed in India because success is promised there as everywhere else. We believe that to Him every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.

"The record denounces that Babel shall fall, Priest, pagod, fane, idol, mosque, minaret, all,
For the finger of Time on the dial shall stop,
Ere one promise shall fail or one prophecy drop."

We ground our belief then, not on analogy, but on promise and prophecy; but, believing that it shall be, we may reverently inquire of the how and the when. We may learn a parable of the fig-tree; and when certain things come to pass in India, then lift up our heads, for its salvation is drawing nigh. The conditions of success are not to be confounded with its cause. The cause has been always the same, but the conditions (whether they are *sine quâ non*, we do not presume to say) have never met in such a favourable conjunction since the decline of the Roman empire.

Christians are often called against hope to believe in hope—that is, to put their faith in one scale, and their hopes in the other, and to make faith outweigh hope; such a contrast was there in past times between missionary duty and missionary encouragement in India. Sir William Jones looked upon the conversion of the Hindus as

an impossibility. The Abbé Dubois retired, after a life spent as a missionary in India, with the same conviction. Even Henry Martyn used to say, "that the conversion of a Brahmin would be the nearest approach to a miracle of any thing he could hear of." In those days, when a missionary went out, it was as against hope believing in hope. God has now taken the weight out of the opposite scale, and put hope and faith together to outweigh our doubts and fears. The analogy of the past has taught us to read the signs of the times aright; we see that the conditions of success are on our side as well as the cause—that there is ground for hope as well as for faith—for so many adjuncts of success could not have concurred fortuitously in India any more than in Rome, eighteen centuries ago.

The importance of this argument from analogy is easily seen by the anxiety of certain writers to disprove it.

Those who disbelieve in the Divine mission of Christians to preach the Gospel now-a-days in India generally rest their objections on the *contrast* between Paganism in the Roman empire and in India. Thus, Mr. Congreve, "the priest of humanity," in a recent pamphlet on India, writes: "the contest is not such as it was with the polytheistic systems of Greece and Rome, which were profoundly undermined by the philosophic culture of the educated, by the moral dissatisfaction of the multitude. In India, such would not seem to be the case." Now if, as Mr. Congreve asserts, there were no undermining of heathenism in India, we admit that our direct assaults would produce as little impression as in Rome sixteen hundred years ago; but the fact is not so. There is an *analogy*, not a *contrast*, between the status of Paganism in Rome and India. Mr. Congreve's anxiety to show there is no point of comparison between the condition of idolatry, past and present, implies that *if such a comparison exists*, it is a fair ground of encouragement. Christianity prevailed under certain conditions of idolatry in Rome; the motive of those who deny that such conditions now exist in India cannot be mistaken.

When some future Eusebius of India shall trace out the *Preparatio Evangelii*, then he will record, as the great

Church historian of the days of Constantine, the inner as well as the outer history of the decline of Paganism. The Sibylline oracles, the Platonic philosophy, which was but "Moses attesting" the unconscious prophecies of heathendom, and the yearning after some great deliverer who was to be born at that time in the East, traces like these of a preparation of the Gospel in the Roman empire are to be found in India in our day. They do not strike the careless observer. To appearance, Paganism is as strong as ever in India—as strong as it seemed under Diocletian at Rome. But what are the lessons of the past for, if they do not teach us that the symptoms of religious change are not to be judged on the surface. No event was more unlikely than the Reformation to the men who lived in it, and took part in it. Witness Erasmus' letters. He had been undermining the Papacy all his life, and when the explosion came, he was the engineer, "hoist with his own petard." After laying the train, he had not the sagacity to foresee the

coming explosion. Historians, after the event, tell us that it was inevitable—they explore the causes that led to it, and like Eusebius, point out the *Præparatio Evangelii* in the Roman empire. Two centuries hence, the decline of Paganism in India will be the theme, no doubt, of the philosophical historian; he will trace out the causes that led to it, and wonder that we, in our day, did not discern them.

By themselves these symptoms of decline may not be sufficient to warrant our hopes of a speedy dissolution of idolatry in India; but taken in their analogy with the same symptoms that appeared when idolatry declined in the Roman empire, they warrant the hope that "that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away." We believe it shall be so, because it is promised; and we believe it shall be soon, because the things which happened before are happening again. *Ejus (analogiæ), hæc vis est ut id quod dubium est ad aliquod simile de quo non queritur referat, ut incerta certis probet.*

THE GRAVE OF FELICIA HEMANS IN ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

THIS her grave! Ah me, she should be sleeping
In some grass-green churchyard far away,
Where in spring the violets are peeping,
And the birds sing thro' the summer's day.

Silver rays thro' bowers of ivy crawling
At calm noon should lie along her feet;
Folding flowers and solemn shadows falling,
At soft eve should make her slumbers sweet.

And the wind in the tall trees should lend her
Musical delight on stormy days,
With a sound half chivalrous, half tender,
Like the echo of her own wild lays.

Was it meet to leave her in the city,
Where no sun could fall upon her face?
Lift that cold grey stone in love and pity,
Bear her out unto a fairer place.

Ah, no more—within the poet's bosom
There are gleams that mock external gloom,
Flowers expanding, like the captive's blossom,
'Twixt the flagstones of his prison room.

For this wealth of beauty all around him,
Buds that haunt him with their azure eyes,
Seas whose blue horizons scarcely bound him,
Cloud-capp'd hills that rush into the skies,—

Sunset gleams that rose-tipp'd clouds make duller,
 Murmuring streams that into distance lead ;
 They but give his fair creations colour,
 Are but symbols of the poet's creed.

For our nature is the clay he fashions,
 Finds his faith within the hearts of men,
 Gives his mighty language to their passions,
 Moves the soul, and lays it calm again.

Where their toils, and pleasures, and heart-burnings,
 Shall come round him with the busy throng ;
 Lay the lips that set their griefs and yearnings
 To the music of his noble song.

Is not England's greatest glory granted
 In the centre of her busiest life,
 And her old memorial Abbey haunted
 With a murmur of perpetual strife ?

Thousand curious careless glances scan it,
 And the corner where the poets lie,
 Listening underneath their weight of granite
 To the sea of life that surges by.

True, like fair ship in a land-lock'd haven,
 Where no storm may touch the shelter'd wave,
 Shakespeare, by his own immortal Avon,
 Sleepeth ever in his guarded grave.

True, our Wordsworth hath not left his mountains,
 He lies tranquil in their grand embrace,
 Lull'd his ear by Rotha's silver fountains,
 Rydal's shadows on his silent face.

True, the white moon, like a lonely warder,
 Guards a fair tomb in a ruined aisle,
 Where the gentle Minstrel of the Border
 Hath all Dryburgh for a burial pile.

But the veriest child of Nature's teaching
 Whom she took a peasant from the plough,
 Stoop'd her highest laurels to his reaching :
 On her daisied bosom sleeps not now.

High aspiring, genius, earthly troubles,
 In a close, mean suburb lie asleep ;
 Not where silver Nith or Cluden bubbles,
 Not where banks of bonny Doune are steep.

Let the Poet lie among his brothers,
 Where great words of Christian truth shall be ;
 He that hath most fellowship with others
 Is most Christ-like in his sympathy.

And all Nature's charms, the bright, the real,
 Are but shadows, though they live, and move,
 Of his own more beautiful ideal,
 Of his dreams of purity, and love.

Let the golden spring-flowers streak the meadows,
 Let the storm-gleam on the mountains fall;
 Greater than the sunlight, or the shadows,
 Is the song divine that paints them all.

Therefore leave her in the gloom and riot;
 Hope and Truth shall be her grave-flowers here:
 Human hearts throb round her, for the quiet
 Of the calm day, and the starlight clear.

For the music-breathing wind of summer
 Words of love and pity shall be said;
 And her own strain tell the careless comer,
 Pass not lightly by our Poet's bed.

C. F. A.

THE ART-YEAR.

BUSY Mr. Pepys, when having his portrait painted, became, as most people do by that process, a connoisseur in art, and thus records his first visit to a picture gallery:—"14th April, 1666. To Mr. Hales's, where he and I presently resolved of going to Whitehall, to spend an hour in the galleries there, among the pictures; and we did so, to my extraordinary satisfaction, he showing me the difference in the paintings; and I do not find so many good things as I thought there was." The worthy secretary's conclusion was one we can sympathize with heartily; for, of some 4,000 works of art this year has produced one can hardly name fifty as having left any impression upon the memory; and of these not more than half are worthy of specification as evincing any advance in promise or great indication of original talent in their authors.

It would truly be a dismal thing to say this if it were not that, although the notable works of art are comparatively so few, yet this small result is only relatively little, the large majority being, as it were, dwarfed by the growth of certain intellectual giants, who, progressing beyond the promise of former years, have overshadowed their ancient equals. These equals, moreover, have not failed to follow that advance, so, as is always the case, to raise the general level of art far higher than of yore. On the whole, nothing can be more gratifying than to consider how marked is this advance. Take it in choice of subject

only, as admitting of no dispute—as matters of taste or feeling do in executive points, or where in the latter the ignorance or knowledge of the critic necessarily affects his judgment. Take it, we say, in choice of subject only, and let us congratulate ourselves on the almost total disappearance of melodramatic subjects, illustrations of the black-browed corsairs of Byron, Conrad, Medora, &c., &c.: these are gone utterly, and with them the Greek girls—out of Soho—wearing turbans of Paisley shawl. Gone, too, are the ceaseless illustrations of Scott, each tamer than the other. "The Vicar of Wakefield" has utterly vanished from the catalogues. The drivelling imbecilities that had Sterne's *Maria* for their theme are as scarce as the *pseudo*-classic nymphs and goddesses which used to lumber the Academy walls with their tawdry ugliness, making men marvel how painters could be so blind and dull. Artists have become a reading class; the narrow group of subjects that the above few lines embrace, and which was literally the whole stock of the profession for many years, has now expanded into an almost cosmopolitan range, embracing nearly the whole space of literature, ancient and modern. Poets, who at one time were undreamt of, much less read or painted from, now furnish subjects by hundreds. Old chronicles, diaries, and indeed all the holes and corners of history and biography, have yielded thoughts and examples for the artist's use. The annals of many a country that before

was utterly dark to us have gained light and life again upon the canvas ; and not only many countries, but many ages have found illustrators, whereof erst there were none at all, or only the foolish and ignorant.

Not only have artists become discursive readers, and in some cases deep students of special themes, but they have become travellers over many lands. The painter's easel has been pitched beside the Dead Sea, and in the echoing streets of Petra, and where the slippered crowds pass to and fro in Cairo. Painters have sat within range of shot and shell at Sebastopol, and even now the remote Australian rivers are yielding fields for the artist. The influence of this new life is overpowering and most valuable. The painter of a Scripture subject now scarcely dares dress his saints and disciples in the ancient conventionalities of woollen, or suggest to us Egypt and Syria by pyramid and palm alone—feeble hieroglyphics of idle men ; but is impelled to study Syria and Egypt under Syrian and Egyptian skies, and learn himself before he ventures to teach us. Let us pause to consider how great and significant a change is this. Think what artists must gain by the sincerity and honesty of purpose such a course indicates—how valuable to us, moreover, are the pictures fresh from the actual land of their subject, and what inestimable records such works must be for the future, as faithful transcripts of the present state of the countries of the painter's research. How grateful we should be for such a glimpse of the streets of ancient Rome as the early Italian pictures afford us of mediæval Florence. What would we give for such views of Baghdad in Er Raasheed's time as Lewis has given us of Cairo and Constantinople in this our day. What should we have to say for a view of olden Jerusalem as faithful as Holman Hunt's modern drawings ; and would not pictures of the beautiful but accursed Cities of the Plain have yielded as much for our admiration as the levels of the Dead Sea and its salt-encrusted margin have won for the latter artist's hand, although in both the mountains of Moab blazed in fiery gold, and azure and purple, whether looking over the fertile plain or the waste salt sea.

Thus for the improvement in choice of subject and conscientious carrying of it out, both speaking so much for the advanced intellectual condition of painters and patrons. With these have also come enormous improvements in mere execution, for we may be sure that the devoted and loyal artist, who goes half round the world for the fitting materials for his subject, will not fail in thoughtful and elaborate study of the same when he has them before him—he will infallibly give us the far-off skies and streams as faithfully as he renders the habits and manners of remote nations. We shall not enlarge upon this improvement in executive matters here, but rather develop that portion of the subject in describing the more remarkable works the year has produced.

A singular confirmation of the fact that this has been essentially a year of progress and improvement is to be found in the circumstance that no year has brought out so small a number of works by artists of established reputations, the interest of the various exhibitions (which has hardly ever been surpassed), being almost entirely sustained by the strength and vigour of younger and comparatively unknown men. MacIise and Mulready have made no sign (or the latter only by a drawing). Leslie injured his reputation by a single unfortunate picture. The great pre-Raphaelite painter, Holman Hunt, has reserved his strength until next year. Millais has done the same. Dyce and Herbert have been engaged on great public works. J. F. Lewis did not rise above his ordinary level, although exhibiting several charming pictures. Of artists of the second order, Cope has been far below the mark ; Elmore only at his own level ; Webster the same ; while Ward has sunk enormously in public opinion by his Royal commissions ; Creswick may be said to be at a standstill. In short, the only members of the Royal Academy who mark progress are Frith, Landseer, Egg, and Hook. Of the outsiders, the painter of "the greatest work of art of the age," as Ruskin rightly named "The Light of the World," has gained reputation by a re-exhibition of that wonderful picture in a quiet room apart from the coarse fripperies of the Royal Acad-

emy;—of another work by Holman Hunt we shall speak hereafter. H. O'Neil astonished the world by a fine pathetic work. He who painted "The Procession of Cimabue," F. Leighton, executed a work worthy of himself, which, from its shameful position, attracted little notice. Even more shamefully placed was a remarkable picture by that worthy son of Ireland, and marvellous landscape painter, M. Anthony. P. F. Poole, A.R.A., painted that hitherto unconquered subject, "The Death of Lear," in a manner that added honour to the head which conceived "Solomon Eagle."

From this summary it will be seen how few stars of the first magnitude shone this year, and yet that the exhibitions were of more than usual interest is an assertion which none will deny. The result, then, was from the works of men who had not hitherto occupied the first ranks, and in one or two instances, from those of others who this year appeared for the first time. Above all in the first of these orders, we do not hesitate to place H. Wallis, whose "Chatterton" is so popular. That faint suspicion of melodrama which darkened the merits of this otherwise admirable picture, was in the unnamed but popularly designated "Dead Labourer," 562, Royal Academy, totally absent. Indeed this was emphatically the greatest work of the year, and comparable in many respects with the noblest pictures former years have brought forth. It was infinitely pathetic, what young ladies call "ugly," and, therefore, did not please idlers; but all thoughtful men recognised in this work the manifestations of that spirit, which working of late amongst artists, is doing so much to elevate the art into an intellectual pursuit—a pursuit of grave purposes and high intent, in practising which an intellectual man may feel that art is really "work," and not *jongleurie*, but a field that after long centuries of fallow, comes again under the plough of earnest-hearted men, whose intellectual muscles may thrive in the manful labour. The frame of this picture bore the inscription, "Now is done the long day's work," and this the subject illustrated. The method of it was this. The sun has long gone down, and gathering evening glooms

about with vast purple shades; the air is clear, so that the masses of the landscape stand sharp and distinct enough. What is here by this roadside where the silence hints at death? It is the figure of a man, out-worn, labour-bent, and grey, who, seated on that hard death-bed, a heap of stones, has sunk to sleep against the bank, whose shadows wrap his form, even as death has shrouded up his soul. We need not stoop to assure ourselves that he is dead, for the rude, hard hands have relinquished the hammer wherewith he broke this heap of stone. The heap of stone was to mend the pathways of the earth over which we go alive. This to break was his duty, and he has done it to the last. "*Mort à champ d'honneur*," was the proud reply of the *Premier Grenadier de la France*, answering for La Tour D'Auvergne, at the regiment's muster-call; and is not this man dead on the field of honour? It was his last day, and he came out to die like a good soldier—died on the heap of stone; the last blow of his hammer gave the last sound that broke the stillness of the scene. Let not our voices break it, for therewith all earth and sky bear witness of reproof that he should have died alone and upon that cold death-bed. The artist quotes from *Sartor Resartus* this passage:—"Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom."

This was his fate, and thus he died alone. No one came to say that his labour might cease; not even a voice was uttered for him; it seemed his guard was never to be relieved, so death relieved him. Since then the sun went down, and the sky and land grew calm and still; for were not the day's labour and this man's labour done together? Time passed, and no one came. So profound the silence is, and had been so long maintained, that a stoat has crept forth from his nest, and, grown confident, keeps post upon the dead man's foot, glancing at us

with sparkling eye askant. Even in our presence the obscene creature dominates the body of the man. But there is more above, where a wide sky of golden green deepening in the zenith to purple-black of purest hue, sweeps a broad mass of lighted dark on to the horizon. There the solemn "evening band" of cloud lies awfully still, resting upon and screening a far-off land of mysterious hills, from which a river, with varying silver gleam, pours broadly down beneath the sky of evening, where all things fade into night, and forgetfulness, and peace.

The executive merits of this picture are as remarkable as is the thought and intellectual power developed. It is a drama of one act; of plot, armed with the sharpest pathos,—a faculty essentially noble, if not the noblest of all. A drama of one act it is, wherein the unities have been as strictly observed as in a perfect Grecian play; all things tending to one purpose with significant and terrible force that could not fail to make the deepest impression upon any one capable of receiving an impression at all.

A perfect antithesis to this might be found in Frith's deservedly popular work, "The Derby Day,"—"The Dead Labourer," being, so to speak, an apotheosis of "the divine institution of work,"—and one, if rightly read, not wholly sad; while "The Derby Day" was an apotheosis of the human institution of play and folly, and in itself far from wholly gay. To enter into a description of this picture will be superfluous, an hundred pens having done it; let it be briefly stated, then, that it was a splendid illustration of the great English saturnalia, Epsom Races, the varied humours and fun of which could hardly have found a more perfect representation than is given in the innumerable incidents depicted on the canvas. Cheats, dupes, bullies, gulls, and all the frequenters of that motley course, were to be found there. Extraordinary as it is, we are compelled, nevertheless, to rank it immeasurably beneath the preceding, for the same reason that one would place a noble tragedy beneath a sparkling French *petite comédie*, however brilliant. Not that it is entirely without pathos, as in that incident of the hungry acrobat's pupil-girl fondling the wailing child of

the miserable gipsy woman. This was one of the most genuine touches of nature Mr. Frith has ever produced, and would almost redeem acres of frippery and tinsel. Our special regard, moreover, must be given to evidences of progress in an artist's work. Now the "Dead Labourer" was in every sense a greater work than "Chatterton," while the "Derby Day" was superior in no respect but quantity to the "Ramsgate Sands" of two years ago. In execution, too, the comparison holds the same, it being impossible to criticise the latter as a truthful representation, on scientific principles, of broad sunlight—as witness only the colour of the shadows and the grass at foot; while in the former the very obscurities of the shadows showed within them a thoughtful and masterly knowledge of the truth of nature, as might be seen where the hedge-tops came warmly tinted against the sky, in the colour of the lumps of the heap of stones, and skilful gradations of the sky itself.

Art is clearly growing grave and sad, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," when we have to rank so many of the years great productions as of tragic quality. This our progress must necessarily do when Mr. Egg's triptich comes under review, to be followed with "Eastward Ho!" (O'Neil), and the "Death of Cordelia," by Poole. The central compartment of Egg's picture was named "Past," its wings, each, "Present," the latter being of simultaneous action. The first showed how a husband, gaining knowledge of his wife's shame, and returning suddenly, confronts her with his evidence, a letter. Prone she lies before us, her rigid fingers interlocked above her head, while her face grovels on the carpet, and the stiff limbs quiver with agony and grief. Her house was a happy home before the sinful demon came, for two children are erecting card-castles in the background, and are only startled by their mother's heavy fall. Their faces are charmingly innocent, and the surprise thereupon has not yet grown to misery of knowledge. But the husband's soul is full of horror, as he sits looking outwards, with unrecognising eyes of blank expression: overwhelmed and broken-hearted as he is, even beyond anger, and far from violence, he sees

the dire result of all, and recognises with us what was then the future unto him, but is with us the "present" of the other portions of the picture. He is in neither of them, dead, doubtless, for on the one side is a poor garret where the children, now almost women, are praying by their bedside, the room all the while filled with cold, pure, moonlight, shining through the window. They pray, it may be, for her whom we see here in the third division. This is a moonlight also, and the identity of the luminary's position marks the time in both as simultaneous. She shines steadfastly and lovelily, making holy the sordid scene, for it is the foul and miry river-bank, where the dark, dank caverns of the Adelphi arches open on the fetid mud. Drawn back, and half visible in the garish glare of a gas-lamp, is the wretched mother, huddling under her unwomanly rage a third infant child, upon whom the curse is to fall of father and mother's crime. Sad and terrible is all this, the reader will say, but it is nevertheless full of suggestive thought, not morbid nor without inspirings of a better end, so deep and earnest has the artist's pathos been. The moon makes lovely even the horrid shores, and in her sweet light the miry buildings and lofty towers on the further bank are as palaces of another world; even the mournful river shows a track of silver, as a road of repentance and path to higher things. The slimy piles are lustrous in her light, and there is rest and silence over all.

We have endeavoured to show how, in both Wallis' and Egg's pictures, the large sympathies of the artists have brought them to the same conclusion: the suggested rest after toil, and the Christian promise of forgiveness on repentance of the guilty. These are the conclusions to which they have reached through both the painful subjects, on which who shall say that the means they have employed, or rather the road they have taken, is morbid or unnatural? In Egg's picture, despite a slight evidence of haste in the third portion, there are high merits of execution and design. The drawing of the wife's figure, an intricate and difficult feat of foreshortening, was extremely fine, and the whole terrible agony of her mind could not have been more finely

expressed. There is much good colour throughout this portion, to which our limits will not, however, permit particular reference. They all showed considerable advance in solidity of execution, such as would rank them amongst the most hopeful of progressive works yet seen.

Mr. O'Neil's "Eastward Ho!" was of simpler order of subject, and not excepting even Wallis' picture, exhibited a greater advance on former works by the painter. It was a huge stride to get out of the somewhat sickly sentimentalities of these to the heartfelt plainness of that parting of soldiers and their wives by the side of that black-hulled transport going to India. A number of tearful women descend the ship's ladder into a boat alongside; infinitely pathetic was the action of one who, absolutely blinded with tears, holds out a hesitating hand for help, and, absorbed in grief, thinks little of security. This was a fine, solidly painted picture of the highest promise. "The Death of Cordelia," by P. F. Poole, A.R.A., to which we have just alluded, was one of the most remarkable pictures of the year. Cordelia lies dead upon the ground, supported in the arms of one of the mourners, while Lear, in an extacy of grief, presses her cold, dead hand to his aged bosom with a tremulous action which was inexpressibly affecting, more so, perhaps, than any point of design in the whole exhibition. The head of Edgar, also, who is seen leaning forward inquiringly, was remarkably fine. "Count Paris finding Juliet dead," by F. Leighton, was a singularly solid work, full of dramatic interest and power, and in colour exhibiting some valuable beauties. Those who admired Mr. Hook's splendid landscape figure picture of last year, could hardly fail to be delighted with "The Coast Boy gathering Eggs," showing a boy suspended by a rope over the edge of a cliff, while round about him flew the screaming gulls, and far below the deep blue-green of the sea lay in a vast ripple to the horizon, over which the long, thin lines of foam crept brightly tumbling in the sunlight, while beneath, at the cliff's foot, the ocean's margin broke in a belt of snowy breakers. The action of the suspended boy was extremely fine; his feet being left to

hang below the rope, seemed to be feeling out instinctively for a rest, the toes expanding themselves with an uncertain grasping motion that was highly suggestive of the boy's dangerous position. Another of this artist's pictures illustrated Proverbs xvii. 6, "Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers." The landscape background to this was a marvellous piece of truthful painting, thoroughly English in character, and remarkable for extreme brilliancy and variety of colour. So remarkable was it in this respect that all the neighbouring landscapes faded before it. The subject was a field labourer playing with a child, while the mother looks on delighted at the little one's gambols, and the grandsire snaps his fingers gleefully. Mr. Hook is a master of colour, and these two pictures were sufficient to place him in the very first rank for that admirable quality; they were both apt and proper lessons on that invaluable rule, that fine colour lies in the display of intense variety in unity—that is, that lesson which we learn from nature herself, who has made up the bluest sky of a thousand tints, each inch differing from the other, and shown us in every field and every bank of foliage the most perfect diversity of greens: the sea in the first-named picture was profoundly true in this respect, the hollow of each wave bore reflexions, and lights, and darks of every tint of the beautiful blue-green; and here we saw, that over the back of the waves, so to speak, beneath us, the reflexion of the distant sky was also discoverable. Nor did the figures lack truth and feminine beauty of character, such as should make them fitting to have place in such gloriously painted landscapes.

While on the subject of intense variety of colour, we may introduce the works of that master of homely-life-painting, William Hunt, who at the exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society displayed many of his most charming studies. One of these was a view of Richmond Hill, an admirable work; another, of perhaps more striking qualities, was "Fungi," where in a plant of proudest crimson-scarlet lay like a broken jewel amongst some green moss and ivy leaves. Herein was perfect imitation of texture

and exquisite harmony of colour. Mark Anthony, to whom we have referred as an honour to Ireland, produced, in our opinion, the most perfect landscape exhibited at the Royal Academy, "Twilight," No. 1014. A creeping stream traverses a level country, while a heavy boat sends a long ripple athwart its glittering surface. Its surface shines beneath the still deep evening sky, and reflects its fast purpling tints and the young moon's glimmering light; it reflects also the intricate boughs of some gigantic elms and willows, whose foliage catches the latest scarlet gleams of the sunlight. This picture was remarkable for the poetic feeling with which the artist had employed his profound knowledge of nature, so that one might almost expect to see the light on the trees ascend higher and higher, as the sun sank and left the moon in undisturbed possession of the sky.

Among those painters to whom the highest honour is due stands almost pre-eminent W. Holman Hunt, whose single work, displayed this year at the Winter Exhibition, merited the very highest admiration. It was entitled "Fairlight Downs—Sunlight on the Sea." One of those pure grey hazy days that mark early autumn: the scene, a view from the lofty downs of Sussex, looking through the gap of a distant glen on to the sea. The sea bears a long track of the sun's light upon it, but subdued with the most exquisite tenderness into the softest delicacy of lustre, so that an opaline grey brilliancy, or tender radiance, shone about it. Overhead the fairest clouds hung ineffably soft, and, what was a remarkable proof of the extraordinary observing power of this great painter, the mist rendered these beautiful clouds slightly prismatic and gave a most exquisite beauty through the diaphanous veil it hung about them. The cloud-shadows that fell on to the subdued sparkling sea were deliciously fine in colour. Nearer at hand the downs themselves looked darker to the eye, because that was impressed with the full light upon the sea itself. This was a most noble point made by the artist, so to graduate his tints that all should keep a place in perfect unison and yet to render a just account of each portion of the scene represented. Here was another, and more remarkable and valuable (because more deli-

cate and subtle) example of the practice to which we have previously referred with emphasis—that of employing intense variety in unity of colour, as was remarked of Hook's pictures. Hunt, however, far transcended Hook, representing as he did a most difficult phase of nature, such as, except probably by Turner, was never even attempted, and by Turner himself with a success by no means comparable with his. This was particularly observable in the place where the angle or crest of the distant glen broke down to the sea level: here the colour was of the most exquisite description imaginable, the soft light that seems to hang about semi-opaque jewels, such as turquoises and pearls, being the only image we can offer as a suggestion by which to give an idea of the perfectly ineffable beauty of its execution.

Another admirable picture of the sea was by H. Moore, Royal Academy, 167, "A White Calm after Thunder Showers," where a beautiful effect was very exquisitely painted. This was a little work that received scarcely any notice, but from it alone we should augur far higher of the painter than his more ambitious efforts at other exhibitions would lead us to do, although there were marks of great promise in some of them. Mr. F. Danby, A.R.A., has been known for many years as an imaginative landscape painter, whose imagination sometimes ran away with his knowledge of simple natural truth, so that impossible effects were often the results; but this year he has contrived to combine the highest qualities of impressiveness and poetical feeling with the most literal and exquisite truth of colour, of effect, and of detail. The picture to which we allude was called "The Smuggler's Cave," (239, R. A.)—a stormy evening setting on a rocky coast, while the blood-red sun goes down behind heavy and purple racks of cloud far out at sea. These elements of the sublime and beautiful are, the reader will say, common enough; but not common, however, was the beautiful iridescence of pale pearl tint which the faint weak light of the struggling moon cast into the sky, throwing a pallor that was inexpressibly terrible in its sweetness, like beauty looking on death, when the pure silver light fell on the hither sides of the waves that seemed gather-

ing force for a dreadful tumult as they came rolling in long angry reaches into a little cove, and strove to climb the shore laboriously, but in a way that would, it was evident, soon be terribly wrathful.

Sir Edwin Landseer was the only one of the R.A.s of long standing who came out with strength this year. His most remarkable productions were a large cartoon drawing, in coloured chalks, of Highland deer, styled "Deer Stalking," (800, R. A.); "The Maid and the Magpie," (180, R. A.), an illustration of the old tale, pleased no less than this; although the painting of a cow therein was quite equal to anything yet from his hand, yet the hides in the former picture were something as perfect as they were unusual in the material employed. David Cox is another veteran, who, if he did not surpass himself, did, nevertheless, in his contributions to the "Old Water Colour," maintain a well-earned and solid reputation. F. W. George, a *nom de guerre* of a famous and noble historical artist, a painter of the very highest rank and most singular talent, gave an example how a man of intellect can paint portraits, in those of Mrs. Nassau Senior and Miss Senior, (142, 167, R. A.).

A man may evince superior feeling and talent in an etching to that which he has before done even in painting itself. Of this two pregnant examples may be noticed: Mr. F. Smallfield has got a reputation, in a small way, for pictures of small subjects, boys' heads, girls playing with cats, and so forth; but no one suspected him of possessing the slightest element of tragic power; yet, strange to say, a series of etchings made to illustrate Hood's Poems, by the Junior Etching Club, brought out this latent gift; and his illustration to the "Ode to the Moon," was full of depth of feeling and poetry, and not less remarkable for delicacy and breadth of execution. The other example occurred in Mr. Arthur J. Lewis, a young landscape painter of growing reputation, who illustrated the "Ode to Autumn," by a view of moonlight over a still lake, when the sky was as level and as still, but for the slow passage of some islands of white fire-like clouds across its depths. The brilliancy of the colour of these clouds was really a marvellous achievement in etching, and showed how

much might be done with that somewhat neglected instrument the needle. Mr. Roessiter illustrated "Eugene Aram" in the same series, in a manner that deserved the highest praise and admiration, so much so that we almost doubt if his success therein is not the most notable mark of progress in the highest department of the art designs that the year has brought forth. Not that we compare them with Wallis's work; but in the latter case the artist was well known and of some experience, whereas in the former, some mere boyish attempts were all that could be coupled with the name. A second remarkable young man is Simeon Solomon, brother of the well-known A. Solomon, a youth of sixteen, who with a picture at the R.A. and two drawings at the Winter Exhibition, showed that a new star was about to appear; deformed, however, as is mostly the case, with crotchets in execution that a little time will clear away.

But the most remarkable man of all, amongst these juveniles, is T. Morten, three of whose pictures, at the Portland Gallery, gave delightful promise of a new humourist painter of the most singular power. The first "Painting from Nature out of Doors," 543, showed the miseries of a devoted painter who studies direct from nature herself. He had pitched his easel in a sea-side village, and soon became surrounded with the amphibious population. One old woman with uplifted hands and motherly face talks to him vehemently; a cub of a boy whistles his loudest in his ear; a fisherman roars to a far-off comrade to come and look; a wretched, dirty brat bawls in an agony of fear and anger, because he has sat down upon and, of course, upset the hapless painter's bottle of vehicle; another plays with his foot, two horrid girls have stuck themselves right in the way of his view, and stare with astonishing vigour. The poor student himself, fairly out of his wits with their annoyances, bends over his work, trembling with passion, and very likely, to judge by his expression, to assault the whole group and run a-muck through the village. The character and design of all these figures was very admirably rendered. Nor were the other two pictures, by the same painter and in the same exhibition, less remarkable for these

qualities: they were incidents in school-girl life. The one, "Don't cry—have a bite of my apple," showed how a dunce of a girl, sent again to learn her forgotten lesson, sits blubbering in her chair, the tears running down a rather dirty face, and carefully rubbed in with dirty fingers—to her comes an affectionate companion, to administer consolation in feminine fashion, by embracing the weeping culprit and offering solid sympathy, in the shape of a bitten apple, which is presented to the one eye visible of her distressed friend. The expression of this one eye was the cynosure of the picture, its apple-biting look was really inimitable, showing fully how successful the rude consolation was likely to be. The companion picture, styled "Protection," showed how the patroness has brought the object of her regard to the schoolmistress, with an assurance that the difficult task has been mastered. Beyond all comicality was the look of the hopeful pupil, whose shock head of hair, rubbed up in her tearful paroxysm, stood horrent on her head, while her red eyes flamed with a new hope, mixing with the recollections of former punishment and disgrace. The besetting fault of these pictures was an offensive greenness in the flesh, but otherwise the colour of them was strikingly good—in the repentant pupil's dress of deep blue was placed a bright orange marigold flower with such skilful apposition as to render the whole work valuable for scientific tinting.

With these must end our remarks on those pictures wherein the artists have either so improved as to become almost new men, which, with few exceptions, has been the rule in the former part of our subject, or where new men have actually appeared, as in the case of T. Morten and Simeon Solomon. After these follow those works by painters of already established reputation, who have sustained the same and given interest to the various exhibitions. Mr. J. Phillip, A.R.A., sent seven pictures to the Royal Academy; the most remarkable of which was the "Dying Contrabandista," a scene of Spanish life, a work very remarkable for dramatic power, and although rather over-loaded, coarse, and opaque in colour, still very vigorous and bold in that quality as it was in design and truthful expression.

Mr. Phillip's other paintings were exclusively of Spanish life, and displayed the same excellencies united with a highly successful representation of female beauty and character of a somewhat sultry order. From these subjects to one of a high religious theme, embodying great imaginative power, is a long step, but one we must take for the sake of that connexion which exists in contrast and direct "contrarieties," as Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne say. To Arthur Hughes, painter of "April Love," let us then turn; he sent to the Academy a picture of the Nativity, a work full of exquisite spirit and delicate execution. The virgin kneels to her son, lying in the arms of an angel, a group of angels are gathered round, themselves visible, and rendering visible the surrounding objects by the soft radiance that emanates from them. Nobly beautiful were the faces of the angels, and holily beautiful was the expression and action of the Virgin.

The domestic subjects which will come into this section of our theme are few, for although there were very many good works of that class, yet those of highest merit were not numerous. J. Campbell, of Liverpool, sent a picture to the Society of British Artists' Exhibition, an oasis in a horrid desert of conventional stupidity and trash, which, although most offensively careless in execution, displayed, nevertheless, much strong dramatic power. "The Wife's Remonstrance" (454) showed a wife entreating a ruffianly poacher to abandon that way of life: there was a fine, rude, eloquent passion on her care-worn and squalid face that remains in one's memory with singular force; the husband, also, was finely conceived—a hard-hearted, stupid brute, whose shame covered itself with indignation at his partner's words, to which he could not refuse conviction, although obstinate anger kept him in the old vile course. This was a finely-conceived picture, marred by unpardonable sins of bad drawing and want of finish. Mr. J. Clark's little picture, "The Doctor's Visit" (89, R.A.), representing a physician's visit to a delicate boy, who lies back languidly in a chair, behind which stands the nurse, listening with professional interest to the dialogue between the others. The boy's face and expression were ex-

tremely good; his heavy-weighted eyelids speaking exhaustion and weariness under the tedium of long confinement; the disposition of his limbs spoke the lassitude of sickness well. Altogether, this little work would bear comparison with the best of its class; and, indeed, Webster's execution looked weak and pallid beside it; and we could not but prefer the conception of character by Mr. Clark to that by the Royal Academician as being more tender and sympathetic, fuller of suggestiveness—so to speak, and less obvious and limited in illustrative and appositive matter, indicating an altogether larger man at work. This artist's "Sick Child" of last year, and a little picture this year, at the British Institution, well supported our view of his character. The first appeared impressively at the latter exhibition with "The Dead Rabbit," the great promise of which work has, we are happy to say, been more than sustained by those since produced. That solidity of execution which Webster wanted has here been supplied; and we have, besides, the other superiorities of design and feeling.

Mr. Carl Haag, whose effective water-colour paintings have gained him great reputation, appeared in force with a splendid drawing of a young lady's head, styled the "Bürgermeister's Tochter of Salzburg" (23, O.W.C.), which for conception was infinitely superior to the somewhat meretricious works he had hitherto brought forth, some of which indeed accompanied this at that exhibition. There was a fine feeling for colour evinced in the employment of a gray tone in this woman's head that showed how well the artist could both observe and represent. Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe, a landscape painter of Leeds, sent a study to the New Water-Colour Society, which for genuine truth of nature was unsurpassed in that fearfully inane and feeble display of mediocre works. This was numbered 110, styled "Light and Shade," being a sunlight effect of a sultry day when the sky bore clouds of heavy purple. This was an unambitious little picture, but one which we venture to predict will do its painter more credit than its more popular, because more showy, companions.

We have barely room to note a

landscape by Vicat Cole, at the "British Artists'" (sad misnomer), entitled "The Martyr's Hill, Guildford," a very admirable study from nature.

— Rosarius (we believe a young lady) sent to the R.A. a little thing whose minute execution and extreme fidelity were marvellous. This was numbered 945—a cat in a stable-loft, whose fur you might expect to see heave with her breathings, so true and delicate was it in texture and colour.

The more displeasing part of our work now approaches, which is to report of those painters whose work has been in the backward direction, a falling from their high estates—whether justly placed as high or not, is another question. Foremost amongst these—perhaps we should say deepest in degradation, not descent—was Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A., whose "Athaliah's dismay at the coronation of Joash" (79, R.A.) was a work so profoundly inane as truly to rise to something impressive thereby. One was struck with awe at the pretentiousness which could put such a work before the public at all, still less tell us that it was a representation of one of the most impressive scenes in the history of Israel. To enter upon a description of this picture would be impertinent; it is better to let the rubbish be forgotten, and, if possible, banish its horrors and absurdities from our memory. When Mr. A. Solomon's picture of "Waiting for the Verdict" of last year appeared, we were in hopes that a skilful painter had applied his acquirements to a purpose evincing thought and manly intellect, for that was indeed an admirable example of both. The meretricious clap-trap of two works by this artist at the R.A. this year deprives us of this hope, at least for a time, for we cannot wholly believe that the painter of that woman's face who waited to hear her husband's condemnation, could long confine himself to the silly folly of the "Lion in Love"—old and threadbare folly too—or give himself up to the sickly sentiment of the other work of his at the R.A.

It would be cruel to put Mr. F. Tayler into the same paragraph with Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A.; but truly we must not omit to say that the newly-elected President of the Water-

Colour Society does repeat himself in the most flagrant manner, and the poverty of intelligence often found in his pictures hitherto has become concrete and ordinary.

Here let us conclude our report of the progress of art for the year with the hope that we have shown the existence of a very remarkable amount of talent amongst younger and advancing artists; that although many veterans did not come before the public at all, the exhibitions were not short of interest; and that, above all, a larger perception of the importance and dignity of their vocation is gaining ground amongst artists, so that more intelligent men enter their ranks. With this also comes the most significant fact that London alone contained and supported eleven exhibitions of pictures in the year, namely, the Royal Academy, the British Institution, British Artists, National Institution of the Fine Arts, two Water-Colour Societies, the Female Artists, the Winter Exhibition, two exhibitions at the Crystal Palace, and that of Old Masters' works at the British Institution. Besides these, there were the French Exhibition, which from its frequent changes was as good as two displays; the Art-Union Exhibitions of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; and three or four collections got together by picture dealers, all of more or less interest.

In the way of sculpture, there was nothing done except the exhibition of the statue of Lord Hardinge, by Foley. This was a most excellent work. Also, Mr. T. Woolner, whose splendid bust of the Laureate attracted so much admiration at Manchester last year, sent to the Royal Academy two bas-reliefs designed for the pulpit of Llandaff cathedral, that were really the only things in the way of high art apparent.

Little or nothing has been done in the way of architecture after the great outburst in the competitive exhibition of designs for new public offices: with these it is hardly our business to deal. In engraving, the most notable fact is, that Mr. Simmonds has undertaken to produce Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

Having already endorsed Mr. Ruskin's high praise of this magnificent picture, we shall proceed to render an account of it on its re-exhibition in the French gallery. That

we should do so is the more necessary, because, when before the public some years ago, the artist had not reaped the honour due for his marvellous effort, and, consequently, the work by no means held the high place it now does. A commentary upon it is the more apt, at the present time, from the circumstance that, in its progress, it must necessarily come under the notice of the majority of our readers. That it is on progress through Great Britain most lovers of art will rejoice to hear.

The picture displays Christ knocking at the door of an abandoned house—a door over which has grown the long strings of ivy, while at its foot the heavy armed and rigid bramble thrusts its long limbs and frost-reddened leaves over the ground and the steps of the door—and into a mass of nettles and other noisome weeds that have grown up about this porch, the type of a human soul abandoned and overgrown with vice. A bat flits about the door-head amongst heavy ivy that hangs like a mantle—the bat the symbol of a false creed and ignorance that gropes foolishly in the dark. This dark is partly dispelled by the light of a lantern held in the hand of Christ—being the light of faith and redemption. He brings to the erring and hardened soul. The lantern itself is the Church, and is formed to express that by its Gothic design; the sides resembling windows of a church, and its roof pierced in star-shaped openings, through which the long rays of brightness from the light within streams forth. The lantern is bound round the hand of Christ by a chain, which signifies the close union between Him and the Church; and being suspended from His hand—the hand that is scarred with the wound of the cross—shows the Church's dependence upon Him. Christ is a tall and noble figure, over whose shoulder falls a kingly robe, richly embroidered and ornamented, crimson as the royal colour, a royalty further sustained by the crown of gold upon his head, round about which goes the crown of thorns. The robe is held together by a jewelled ornament of a circle and a square figure, between which, and as clasp between the two, is a cross, the signification thereof being that the cross is the bond between the

old and the new dispensations, as it is also between heaven and earth. The square ornament is the Urim, as worn by the Jewish high priests, whereby they were enabled to obtain instruction respecting the acts of God and knowledge of the future. The jewels, as commanded, to be placed as symbols—each of the twelve tribes by its appropriate gem—are inserted in this ornament according to the proper order of the law given. The jewels upon the cross and the circle are also appropriate and significant. Christ is robed in white, to signify purity and perfect holiness. He knocks with his right hand upon the door. The approach to this door is through a deserted orchard, across which the Redeemer's footsteps are the only track. The lofty fruit-trees are unpruned and grown wildly to waste; the fruits have fallen upon the ground lying to rot. The trees are the gifts of God to man, that should bring forth, with cultivation, rich profit for his soul and his fellow men: even they lie waste upon the ground, falling useless in the early frost of the coming winter.

Spiculae, or spots of white frost, lie upon the grass, glittering like fallen stars, and intimate the near approach of winter. Far off, lightening upon the horizon, soft rays rise as of the coming dawn, suggestive of the arising of religion upon the human soul. The giant boughs of the trees stand softly against this light. The grandest part of the picture is the head of Christ—a face so full of mournful pathos, so noble, so mournful, and tender, that to describe it is fairly beyond words of ours. The eyes are awful with love and inexhaustible mercy; the forehead marked with intellect and kingly power; the face pure, and sad, and godlike—godlike without haughtiness or pride; nobly beautiful, yet not as the beauty of mankind; unsearchably awful and calm, like a sea of the infinity of love, the eternity of everlasting and inexpressible goodness and glory.

The reader will see how vainly we have struggled with heaped epithets to express the inexpressible—but that it should be inexpressible by words is the glory of painting above authorship; when such is the case, be sure the work is infinitely full of thought,

and thought of the highest order. Not only in conception, as evidence of marvellous mental power in the artist, but in execution, is this picture, beyond question the finest production of highest art that England has yet produced. That it is so we are only too happy to bear testimony, and express the most unbounded respect and admiration for the talents of the painter, nor less to that noble use he

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RESOURCES OF MODERN WARFARE—SMALL FIRE-ARMS.

HAD it not been for the invention of the bayonet, and its adaptation to small arm barrels, the stout yew bow might have continued for a while longer to hold its own. Not only was it superior in many respects to the more demonstrative, but also more unwieldy musket, its contemporary; but apart from the bayonet (which, functionally speaking, is altogether a collateral thing), the bow for many occasions would have been a superior weapon to the smooth-bore or unrifled musket, up to the adoption of percussion locks. We believe, though we are not sure, the latter improvement would, even putting the bayonet out of consideration, have turned the balance slightly in favour of the gun. The bayonet was adopted very soon after the first employment of the flint-lock. Henceforth there was no room for debate between the musket and the bow. The latter was a projectile weapon, and nothing else; the former was a pike as well.

We thus bring our small arm records to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Having witnessed the adoption of the bayonet and the flint-lock, we may consider the musket to have assumed its last and most celebrated phase. It was the infantry weapon of Marlborough and Eugene, of old Fritz, and Charles XII.; of Wellington and Napoleon, and all the thronging crowd of contemporary warriors who rose out of the first French Revolution. It was the weapon which won us the Indian Empire, and the abolition of it in favour of another precipitated, if it did not actually effect, the Indian Revolution. It is the weapon familiarly known by the endearing epithet, "Brown Bess," a weapon rough and imperfect though it was, by comparison with the modern

Enfield, is consecrated by memories so glorious, that if, in the fulness of time they are destined to be equalled, they can scarcely be surpassed.

It will be perceived that we have virtually restricted the term musket to smooth-bore infantry guns. This restriction is indeed just, embodying, as rifle guns do, points of construction and of function altogether peculiar. Apart from the lock there was really small scope for improvement in the smooth-bore gun. After it had been reduced in weight as far as was consistent with safety, its bore made accurate throughout, and its adaptation to the stock made perfect, so little remained to be done, if any thing, that armourers, as well as military men, were averse to any change, imagining the last limits of improvement had been arrived at. A smooth-bore infantry gun indeed is a very simple affair. An iron tube plugged at one end; bored in such manner as may suffice for conveying fire to the charge, and behold! you have it. In the early days of gunnery, as now, ambitious armourers occasionally arose, who looked upon it as a clumsy expedient, that the charge destined to find its way to the breech should be thrust in at the muzzle. But the problem of breech loading, under any of its possible modifications, was not a thing to be solved so readily. Perhaps, notwithstanding all the mechanical resources of our modern armourers, efficient breech loading would be an impossible problem, but for the aid of percussion powder. In point of fact, a smooth-bore musket is a weapon so crude and imperfect, that contrivance so elaborate as any form of breech-loading gun is thrown away upon it.

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In tracing the history of any particular mechanical application, one

often finds that discoveries, and the means of applying them, keep pace with each other. Steam was not long applied to motive purposes before the method was discovered of rolling wrought iron into plates, of which steam-engine boilers are now universally made. The photographer complained that paper was too rough a surface to give effect to his delicate art—behold collodion, then just discovered, hurrying to the rescue. The mechanical engineer cried out, that what with locomotives and sea-going steamers, and land engines, and all the axles, spindles, cranks, pulleys, and other motive gear therewith connected, so greedy of oily matters, demand was fast exceeding supply, when the palm forests of Africa sent their grease to his aid ; and here, again, in following out our history of small arms and their belongings, many discoveries are seen springing into existence just when they are wanted, not presenting themselves before they could be of avail.

The pet small fire-arms of present date would make sorry work with gunpowder as prepared in olden time. Fancy one of the excavated "leadens sugar loaves," which do deadly service in our Lancasters, our Enfields, and our Minies, rammed down upon a tightly impacted lump of meal powder mingled with common salt ! Yet, anciently, gunpowder was really powder, it was not grained ; and every chemist knows that common salt is the most ordinary, as well as the most noxious, impurity of unrefined saltpetre. The connexion between improvement of gunpowder, and improvement of guns, is a matter which has not had the attention it deserves.

Of late several long-range illuminati have sprung up, desirous of teaching our war governors a few things worth knowing anent the deficiencies of the vaunted Enfield rifle. It is difficult for an inventor who takes suddenly to rifles—having been a stranger to that topic heretofore—to escape the conclusion that long range is every thing for a military arm ; that two small arms being given, the one which shoots twice as far as another must be at least twice as good. Long-range amateurs, consider. The elements of success in accomplishing long ranges are heavy charge, great elevation, maximum possible elongation of pro-

jectile, and minimum diameter. Contemplate the limits of each.

Firstly, the limits of range possible to be effected by mere weight of charge are hemmed in by two restrictions, each equally inimical to the soldier's competence. The gun must not be too heavy, nor must the recoil be perceptible. Next, as concerns great elevation, the very longest shots which modern rifled small arms can make are accomplished at about thirty degrees of elevation. Just reflect, now, on the height of curve which such elevation would give ; consider how far above the heads of cavalry even a bullet from such a gun would fly, and how harmless, consequently, it would be during the greater part of its flight. Lastly, in point of fact, great elongation of projectile involves all the preceding conditions ; but a new condition also follows in its train, equally unfavourable with any of the preceding to the requisitions of the soldier. Elongation of projectile involves diminution of diameter ; and the latter involves the use of better, purer gunpowder than any at present employed in our military service.

Rifle amateur illuminati, who call so noisily for still increased range, can have had but little to do with rifle shooting. They talk of making good practice at the distance of a mile or so. Let them shoulder a rifle, and try to steadily cover an object at that distance ; the trial would be instructive.

It may seem not a little extraordinary to such as have not much thought over the matter, that the French, to whom the development and military adoption of long-ranged rifles is attributable, should have recently arrived at the decision that the ability to shoot at objects beyond the distance of 600 metres is not advantageous in the case of an infantry small arm, and the power of doing so can be only acquired by the sacrifice of other qualities, the preservation of which is of still greater importance. It is of the utmost moment, for example, that the trajectory curve described by a small arm projectile should rise at no part of its track above the head of a cavalry man, and, if possible, not above the limits of the head of an infantry soldier. It is of importance, too, that aim may be taken with as little previous calculation as possible, and the use of the minimum number of sights.

Diverging from gunpowder, we have gone to the brink of describing rifle guns; but in truth we must not dismiss gunpowder just yet. Anciently it was really powder, as we have seen; afterwards the process of graining was discovered—grained powder, nevertheless, not being used exclusively. So long as the rope match was the agent of ignition, grained gunpowder did not well serve the purpose of priming. Hence the musketeer had to burden himself with two sorts of powder—one grained, for loading, as now; the other ungrained, called “touch” or “tutch” powder, for priming.

To reduce gunpowder to the state of grains is no easy matter; some few mechanical aids are necessary to accomplish it well, which our ancestors did not possess. For this reason their grained gunpowder was much softer than ours—so soft that the writers on guns of olden time give frequent directions not to break the grains by too hard ramming. That was a point on which gunners were united; but on another, concerning which we moderns are also united, our forefathers were divided, namely, whether there ought or ought not to exist wadding between powder and lead. Pretty shooting our forefathers must have made! On this point old Humphry Barwicke speaks in the affirmative, mentioning expressly that “he did not hold a mosquet or other piece of calivre to be well charged except charged with a convenient charge of powder, and some ends of matches or browne paper thrust downe thereon by y^e scoweringe stick; *idem*, other match ends thrust downe by y^e scowering stick upon y^e balle.”

Whenever the graining of gunpowder might have been first practised, it must have tended to facilitate ignition, and in this way to have increased the strength of gun charges, the composition of powder remaining unchanged. Increased strength of charge must indeed have been required, for the chemical composition of gunpowder, as given by early authors on that subject—Tartaglia, for example—is extant. The result must have more resembled squib composition than modern gunpowder.

Apropos of the weakness of ancient gunpowder, we may here, though not treating of cannon, throw in the re-

mark, that to this fact is chiefly attributable the ability to discharge with safety the enormous guns of antiquity. In these latter days, when nothing in the shape of a long gun seems possible to be cast having more than ten inches' diameter, and fired with modern charges, the question naturally arises, how did people manage with the enormous guns of antiquity? How did the Turks manage with the great cannon they brought to bear on Byzantium? How did they continue to discharge “Mons Meg,” with the great gun of Ghent, and a dozen others we could mention? The reply is simply this: The powder was weak, and the gunner was contented if he could just bowl the ball out at low velocity.

The charging of an ancient musket was a tedious operation. Paper cartridges are a somewhat modern affair. They were immediately preceded by the bandaliers,—a system which came into vogue during the reign of Charles II.; and though facilitating the loading operation to some extent, were objectionable, owing to the danger attending them. Being picturesque little things to look at, when carried by an old musketeer, they remained in vogue somewhat longer than warranted by their good qualities, and painters clung to them longer still because of their prettiness. Bandaliers were little wooden boxes, each provided with a sliding top, each very much like the boxwood needle-cases owned by our grandmothers, and suspended from a belt. The latter was slung over one shoulder so that the bandalier boxes hung free. Each bandalier box held one charge of powder, but the ball was carried separately. Be it well understood now, that balls were not always the accredited form of projectile for muskets. Whether balls were or were not exclusively used for this purpose during the bandalier era, we do not know; but previously, in Elizabeth's time, arrows were also fired from muskets, as testimony exists to prove.

The ignition part of small arms is a topic which merits attention. Whatever be the excellence of a fire-arm, a small fire-arm especially, in other respects, it is on the manner of igniting the gunpowder charge contained, that its final efficiency will depend; nay, more, certain systems, such for example as the revolver in all its efficient

varieties, and the Zündnadelgewehr, or needle-gun, are entirely dependent on one particular method of ignition—the detonating powder system, under one of its many applications. Revolvers, indeed, were attempted, as we have announced, before the percussive era. They were miserable failures, however; almost more dangerous to those who used them, than to those at whom they were aimed.

The first means of ignition was the match,—no similitude, be it understood, to a certain curious thing of a by-gone age, the memory of which is now in the category of memories of “*iguanodon* and *dodo*,”—we mean the old brimstone match. Neither did the musket match own alliance with any member of the numerous family of lucifers and Congreves, which have superseded “*Old Brimstone*.” The musket match was exactly similar to that universally employed to discharge cannon once, and even now sometimes. It consisted of a piece of rope dried by contact with quicklime, and afterwards, on some occasions, slightly impregnated with saltpetre. In dry weather the musketeer bore it loosely in his hand. If the day was rainy, he protected the match by placing it inside his hat, or sometimes inside a tin perforated box. However carried, the lighted match was extremely dangerous, and numerous were the accidents to which it gave rise.

Very slight ingenuity would have suggested the expedient of attaching one extremity of the match to a falling hammer, instead of plunging it down upon the priming by the unaided finger and thumb. With that suggestion originated the match-lock, very much the same as is employed by oriental nations to this day. Next in the order of ignition schemes, comes the wheel or spanner lock; a grotesque thing enough to look at, but an undoubted improvement on the one which preceded it. Whoever desires a practical application of the spanner or wheel lock, need not wait long or go far out of his way. When he hears some needy knife-grinder whirring away in the street, holding a dummy blade close to the revolving stone, and making the sparks fly furiously—the observer, we say, with so correct a similitude before him, will have a very good notion of the old spanner-lock. Between the two

cases there was a difference however. The knife-grinder’s wheel is a stone wheel, and it revolves by the friction of a band. The gunner’s wheel was a steel wheel, wound up like the cylinder of a watch, and revolving by the force of a spring, which the trigger pull set in motion. But whether a stone wheel grinds against steel, or a steel wheel grinds against stone, the final result is similar—a good shower of fire-sparks, favourable to the ignition of gunpowder. The rapidity of ignition, however, must have been less than with the old flint-lock of our boyhood or our fathers. Killing one’s adversary by lead and gunpowder, must have been a somewhat torpid operation then. One might have had to grind at him for some little time. “*Don’t breathe*,” say rifle instructors now, “pull with the second joint of your right forefinger, and hold your breath.” All very fine, gentlemen, in these latter days, when hanging fire is a thing unknown, and the picket speeds on its curve of death ere a second breath could be drawn if you wanted it; but supposing you had to grind at your enemy with a spanner-lock, what then? Talk of the nerve, the pluck of standing at twelve paces and touching a hair-trigger. Nonsense; fancy the nerve one would have wanted to place himself at twelve paces from an adversary in mortal strife, and deliberately grind at him, he all the while grinding at you!

As regards old spanner-locks, it must be remarked, that so much superior were they deemed to the expedients which had preceded them, that under their favour, one-hand small arms, pistols they must be denominated by courtesy, came rapidly into vogue. They were specially used by German horsemen, and so effectually, that no reason is apparent to account for the secondary part which pistols now take in the equipment of cavalry. Authorities are now pretty well in accord, that to arm a cavalry soldier with a shouldered fire arm—a carbine, is a mistake; and that the sooner carbines are entirely discarded in favour of revolver pistols, the better will it be for the service.

From the wheel-lock to the modern flint or fire lock is but a slight place in the reign of William; and with its adoption, the musket, as we have already announced, may be said

to have assumed its most celebrated historical phase. It was only in the year 1840, that the percussion-lock was adapted in our service to the infantry musket. The weapon was doubtless improved thereby, inasmuch as it less frequently missed fire, and the discharge more rapidly followed the trigger pull. Nevertheless the smooth-bore percussion musket has few historical associations to endear it to our memory. With the exception of some exploits in China, India, and Afghanistan, its achievements are not remarkable. It was, indeed, a spurious inversion of the less pretentious fire-lock, wherefore it does not commend itself very warmly to our sympathies.

We would not wrong the memory of anybody knowingly, especially the memory of a divine. To the Rev. Mr. Forsyth the merit is attributable of substituting percussion powder for the sparks of flint and steel. The exact percussion material used by him was a mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphur; that mixture, however, having been found to damage the iron-work of both lock and gun, fulminate of mercury (the material of Orsini fame), was substituted in its place. The greater portion of fulminate used in England is manufactured in the Channel Islands, the low price of alcohol there—an agent used in the preparation—being the determining cause. The frightfully explosive material is conveyed from the Channel Islands to England in canvas bags, packed in hampers.

We cannot pause now to indicate the various means by which fulminate of mercury has been in different varieties of gun applied. Every body almost, knows that the percussion cap is the ordinary appliance; but there are also percussion tubes, pellets, patches, and yet other forms, the two most ingenious of which are the Maynard primer, now adopted in the American service, and the cartridge of the needle-gun. The former consists of a flat helix, studded at even distances with little dots of fulminate and gum. The helix being deposited in a bore just big enough to hold it, the act of corking drives out one end of it between the teeth of two cog-wheels, and deposits, without further trouble, one of the minute detonating patches immediately over the nipple. All that relates to the ignition part

of the needle-gun, must be deferred yet a while longer.

Having now, by judicious pioneering, succeeded in clearing our path of many obstacles which embarrassed it, we are in a position to deal with something more than a modification. We encounter a principle—a very interesting principle, too—that of the rifle gun.

Every soldier or sportsman knows that gunpowder even now—pure though the materials of gunpowder are, by comparison with what they were—fouls gun-barrels after a few discharges; and, if we did not know it already, a soldier habituated to the old smooth-bore musket might tell us that, in order to insure facile loading under all eventualities, the ball of a smooth-bore musket must be considerably smaller than the bore. It must have considerable windage—to use a technical phrase—and this windage was a fertile cause, amongst many others, of the wild shooting of the smooth-bore musket. It was clearly desirable that a bullet should not roll out from the barrel, as it necessarily must do if smaller than the latter, but that it should touch the barrel in every part of its exit. Pressed by considerations of this sort, it occurred to a gunmaker of Nuremberg that he might obviate them to some extent, at least, by substituting an angular or occasionally a grooved contour of barrel for the original cylinder.

By this means, the inventor argued, all the dirt and fuliginous matter will get into the angular crevices, the ball will fit tightly at all times, but never so tight that loading is impracticable; it will slide instead of rolling out; the shooting will be certainly more correct, if not farther. Herein lies the germ of the rifle gun. One can hardly term a barrel such as just described a rifle-barrel, in the modern acceptation of the term, seeing that the sides or grooves—one or the other might have been employed—went straight down from muzzle to breech, and the ball could not have spun round on emergence. Such guns often passed for rifles, nevertheless. The writer of this paper possessed one of Spanish make; it was captured at Trafalgar.

Some time subsequent to the Nuremberg discovery—how long we know not, though the exact period

would be interesting to ascertain—barrels possessing the angular or grooved contour received the following important modification. The rifles, instead of proceeding straight down from muzzle to breech, effected a revolution more or less abrupt, according to the judgment of the maker. Even a novice in the matter of rifle arms and all relating to them, will perceive that a barrel such as we have described, is a hollow screw, of wide pitch; and it follows that any solid screw, accurately fitting it, must necessarily take the course of the thread. Wherefore, supposing the solid screw to be a leaden plug or ball, or any modification of leaden projectile whatever, still granting it to fill the bore, to penetrate into all the inequalities of the latter, then, in passing from one end of the barrel to the other end, it must necessarily turn by so much as accords with the pitch of the hollow screw. Under the influence of gunpowder, the progress of a ball from breech to muzzle would be so rapid that a spinning motion would be imparted to it; and this spinning being retained throughout the trajectory, the projectile would have a tendency imparted to it of going well towards its mark.

Here, then, was the rifle gun. There could be no doubt as to the superior accuracy of rifle guns. Sportsmen invariably adopted them; most military nations adopted them to a certain extent for official purposes; but no one ever dreamed of employing rifles as the universal infantry fire-arm; and the French declined to adopt military rifle guns at all. This is not extraordinary, when one comes to think about it. The only capability of the rifle not possessed by an ordinary smooth-bore gun was capability of more accurate shooting. If charged by the muzzle, it was far more difficult to load, and occupied more time in the operation than an ordinary smooth-bore gun; if loaded by the breech it became too complex for military purposes. In this half-developed state continued rifle guns, for a long period, until, simultaneously in France, England, and Prussia, experiments took place, which have resulted in two distinct varieties of military arm:—the *Zündnadelgewehr* for Prussia; the expansive ball system for England and France.

Ball, did we say? Balls or bullets will never be employed as projectiles for rifles by sensible people again; the only balls now employed are conoids—something the shape of sugar loaves—but susceptible of much variety in this respect. By adopting a word into our service, coined by our transatlantic brethren, by writing the term “picket,” some little convenience will be experienced, and some few misnomers will be avoided.

Anybody who has ever loaded an old-fashioned rifle gun, aided by all the cumbersome gear of mallet, patch, and heavy ramrod, may readily picture to himself the disadvantage under which a soldier found himself when performing the same tedious operation. Tinkers mending a brass pan could hardly make more noise than a battalion of riflemen hammering down their charges. This was no slight disadvantage to soldiers whose whereabouts ought not to be discovered. Vainly was it that their rifles would shoot more truly than smooth-bore muskets: the riflemen stood great chance of being swooped down upon and dispatched before they could shoot at all.

As we have mentioned, attempts to improve the rifle gun were commenced at Nuremberg. The experiments to this end were prosecuted with greatest ardour in France, where also the first great success was obtained. What our own attempts resulted in may be observed in the two-grooved rifle, with belted ball. The pattern still lingers in the home depôts of the 60th Rifles, we presume, and may be examined with some interest by the novice in these matters. The term two-grooved designates the most important characteristic of the rifle, fitting it to receive a bullet, around which extends a zone or belt of corresponding depth with the grooves. To some extent the operation of loading was facilitated by this arrangement, but the belted ball was a projectile at variance with one of the commonest mechanical laws. A rotating body freely moving always tends to revolve on the shorter axis, wherefore a belted ball, very soon after its emergence from the gun, presents its broadest side foremost—the most unfavourable condition to long range that can be conceived. The weapon was altogether a mistake; a

heavy charge was necessary to accomplish an insignificant distance, and recoil, that great bane to accurate shooting, was the result of heavy charge.

Meantime the great problem remained unsolved. To modify rifles and rifle bullets so that the piece should be as readily charged as an ordinary smooth-bored gun—that was the proposition. The Prussians entered upon a course of experiments which resulted in a solution of the problem by an ingenious system of breech-loading, the *Zündnadelgewehr*, which we need not stop to describe just now; the French, on the other hand, attacked the problem from another direction, and what is more to the purpose, solved it. The manner in which the solution was arrived at presents some points of resemblance to the solution by Columbus of the problem of making the egg stand upright on one end. If the proposition were to drop an apple dumpling into a quart pot loosely, and tighten it when there, the result could be effected by giving the dumpling a squeeze.

If a loosely fitting leaden bullet be dropped down into an uncharged gun barrel, and when there battered with an iron ramrod, the bullet will necessarily expand. Even if the gun be charged, a similar result will follow, provided the barrel be fashioned with that form of construction known in England as patent breeching. The expedient, however, of flattening a round leaden bullet thus was clumsy; far better is a conoidal pellet adaptive to this treatment; better still if the conoid or *picket* be battered upon an iron anvil standing midway in the breech end of the gun barrel—a form of construction known in France as the *carabine à tige*, and which may be even now regarded the right arm par excellence of the French service; for though the celebrated Minie weapon has taken its place to some extent, and would altogether supplant it were expense no object, the *carabine à tige*, we repeat, is still the rifle of the French infantry.

As to this Minie system, it is one of the prettiest things imaginable. Every body almost knows what the peculiarity consists of; but for the sake of the few who do not, we will indicate it here.

The picket being hollowed out at the base, an iron thimble is thrust

in, and when the gunpowder blast of discharge is applied, the thimble being forced up into the lead, expands it, fitting it tightly into the rifle furrows. Those unacquainted with the power of the force applied, may express astonishment that it suffices to the end; practical people, on the contrary, know that it suffices occasionally too well, the thimble sometimes being shot quite through the leaden picket, changing the latter from a conoid into a cylinder; to avoid which accident, yet still retaining the distinctive principle of Minie-shooting, we in our service, in the construction of pickets for the Enfield musket, substitute for the iron thimble a truncated conoid of hard wood.

By adopting the expansive system, muzzle-loading rifles can be no less easily charged than ordinary smooth-bore pieces. The old musket will soon be in the category of brimstone matches, sedan chairs, the dodo, and link lights—a memory of the past. Instead of 100 or 150 yards being the limit to which a gun is able to shoot correct, 1,000 yards even is no extreme distance; but we have written something about long range small arms already.

A few words now about the Prussian form of small arm military weapon, the *Zündnadelgewehr*, a needle-gun. It was supplied to the Prussian infantry at a fabulous expense, and still by no means completely solves the problem of efficient breech-loading for a military gun. As to the principle of the needle-gun, nothing more simple. Some evening, when you find the lucifers won't light—when you rub them unavailingly, and are on the point of throwing them away as incorrigible, try one expedient more—*scratch them*: if the end of a finger nail be sharp it may suffice, but a pin's or a needle's point will better serve the turn. It must be a ne'er-do-weel lucifer indeed which does not respond to that treatment; and it is equally efficacious on the explosive material of a percussion cap. Well, the philosophy of a needle-gun is this: a cap is countersunk in the base of a leaden picket, and the picket thus armed is attached to a powder cartridge. Shifting our ideas to the gun itself, we find it opening by a sort of trap-door, into which the cartridge may be thrust. The trap-door being

now closed, a certain spring having been previously pulled back, the gun is ready to be fired. The act of pulling the trigger liberates the spring, and the spring darts forward a needle, which, plunging through a little hole in the breeching, perforates the material of the cartridge, and ends by impinging with a half-thrusting, half-scratching motion against the percussion cap. The latter ignites of course and explodes the powder. The needle-gun is more ingenious than powerful, and more dangerous than either. When a little foul, its trap-door slide becomes exceedingly difficult to open, so that the time of charging is upon the whole longer than might be anticipated; besides, it easily leaks fire at the joints, to such a degree that it no longer admits of being discharged from the shoulder. During the Schleswig-Holstein campaign it is reported that the Prussian soldiers using the Zündnadelgewehr, were under the necessity of discharging their pieces after a time from under the arm, no longer being able to shoulder them because of the escape of flame *à tergo*.

Looking at the various forms of which the rifle gun is susceptible, and considering the excellence of the present Enfield specimen, it did not seem likely awhile ago that any considerable departure from that pattern would be effected. Until quite recently the point was taken for granted that the Enfield pattern, better than any other, accorded with the rough and not very pure gunpowder employed in our military service. That the gunpowder in question should be capable of doing efficient duty in connexion with rifles bored on Lancaster's principle, seemed to our military authorities the most unlikely thing possible; nevertheless the experience of a company of artillery, armed provisionally with Lancaster's weapon, stated the reverse so completely, that we have reason to believe the oval-bored Lancaster rifle will altogether supplant the Enfield in the military service of our country.

As regards the oval-bored rifle, the following description may serve to render its construction intelligible to all whom the thing concerns:—Fancy, then, a two-grooved rifle, the grooves of which are so exceedingly exaggerated that the result is no grooves at all—a somewhat paradoxical result, it

seems, when the eye first alights upon our descriptive words; but slight contemplation makes all manifest. Two grooves, thus enlarged further and further, end in the production of an oval. This gentleman, Mr. Lancaster, is a Corypheus in what relates to refined improvements in gunnery. His last essay consists in the use of an alloy of aluminum and copper, for gun metal. Combining the hardness of steel with three times the tenacity of gun-bronze, being, moreover, unaltered by contact with the results of gunpowder inflammation, the alloy does indeed promise to be a great boon. Brilliant-looking things guns made of it will be, for the aluminum in alloy is exactly like gold to look at.

The revolver principle, which has risen to such high development in pistols during the last ten years, merits a few words of special recognition. In a crude and very dangerous state revolver pistols were not unknown during the epoch of wheel-locks. We have seen more than one dating so far back as the time of Henry VIII.; but it was reserved for Colonel Colt to make the revolver a safe and efficient weapon, simple enough withal to admit of adoption by the naval and military services. For many years the revolver pistols of Colt took precedence of all other revolvers. There could be no doubt about it. However, the system of Adams seems now to be preferred, combining as it does the safety and accuracy of Colt's with greater rapidity of action. The revolver principle, though efficient in pistols, and to a less degree in small carbines, is totally unadapted to the genius and necessities of an infantry small arm. The mechanism cannot withstand the explosive force of the quantity of gunpowder necessary for charging the latter. The problem of manufacturing a safe and efficient breech-loading large *small-arm* is easily solved, whenever the expense of a peculiar cartridge is no object; but when a whole military service comes to be cared for, then is the difficulty. Nevertheless, if the expansive system of muzzle-loading did not accomplish nearly all that a soldier can desire in the way of giving him an efficient fire-arm, we believe one of the many systems of breech-loading would be equal to the emergency.

THE TOWNLAND OF GARRANISKY.

A CURIOUS STORY OF A MARRIAGE AND A MURDER.

CHAPTER I.

SUPPER was over in Bryan Canavan's house. The last rays of the setting sun came brightly through the open doorway; a blackbird's shrill whistle sounded loudly from without: lazily slumbered the fire on the hearth: one or two hens strutted about, picking up tiny morsels from the floor, while a few more were already perched on the black rafters above. Bryan himself, a man seventy years old, small and thin, but wiry, with hair still as black as the raven's wing, sat near the fire, looking before him with a fixed and somewhat stern gaze. His elder son, Hugh, a remarkable-looking deformity—short and broad, with a hunch back, a face of almost hideous ugliness, and hands and feet which might have suited a giant, sat smoking carelessly on a low seat; while his younger brother, Barney, a handsome young man of six-and-twenty, leaned, in a somewhat desponding attitude, against a large wooden chest that stood beside the dresser, and exactly opposite the door. A silence of some minutes had reigned in the house: at length Bryan spoke.

"No, no, it isn't a thing I'll ever give into, the eldest must marry afore the youngest; that's the maxim I'll always hold to."

"It's nonsense, then, in my opinion," said Barney, heaving a sigh.

"It's what was always done in the family, an' I'll keep to it," returned the old man. "Unless Hugh looks out for a match for himself I'll not countenance a daughter-in-law by any means."

"Find me out a nice girl, Barney, an' maybe I'd see what I'd do for ye," said the hunchback, removing his pipe from his mouth; "I wouldn't have no objections to marry if there was ever a handsome young woman in the place that I'd take; but the sorra won I know worth lookin' at."

"It's full time ye were settled, then," remarked Barney. "Shure

ye're goin' on two-an'-forty last Christmas."

"He's time enough," growled old Canavan, who, besides being too miserly to wish to give his sons such portions as might be expected of him were they to marry and settle in homes of their own, had a particular prejudice against the matrimonial state, as his own married life had not been a happy one.

A considerable amount of money being in his possession, his sons were very much in his power, neither of them daring to disobey him in any matter of importance; and though the younger one, Barney, had been in love for the last three years, he was in too great awe of the old man to marry, as the latter always declared he never would consent to his union unless Hugh was provided with a wife first. The idea that it is a serious breach of etiquette for younger brothers or sisters to marry before their elders is very common among many portions of the Irish peasantry, and probably old Canavan thought his hunchback son had very little chance of ever getting a helpmate.

"Now, father, are ye shure ye'd let me marry itself, if I was willin'?" asked Hugh, after a pause.

"Ay would I; so you may thry as fast as ye can for a wife; an' then Barney's time 'ill come in the right place. I'll never be unreasonable, an' I'll never break me word."

Barney looked over somewhat hopelessly at his deformed brother.

"Would any woman take him," he mentally inquired. "An' he so partickler, too; nothin' 'ill suit him but a downright beauty of a girl. Oh, masha!" and he leaned more heavily than ever against the chest at his back, while a hundred wild fancies came rushing through his brain as he contemplated, with dreamy eyes, the prospect from the open doorway.

Standing upon one of the highest

points of Garranisky, a townland lying on the borders of Cavan, Fermanagh, and Monaghan, the Canavan's house commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. Immediately beneath it was stretched a wide extent of bog, bounded on the right by hills gradually fading from bright green to a hazy azure hue; on the left lay flat meadows and potato patches. There were three or four lakes visible in different directions, their still waters flashing in the sunlight. In the distance, northwards, could be discerned the spire of the church of Clones, rising in a dim narrow point to the sky; westwards was visible the fort of Enniskillen; while to the south rose the emerald hills of Cavan. The cabins of the various inhabitants of the townland were scattered about: some lying isolated in the immediate vicinity of the bog—others standing in groups of twos or threes on rugged heights. One or two presented an aspect of neatness and comfort; but the greater portion were only remarkable for their dismal filthiness. Among the few clean looking cabins, were those of the Widow Conlan and Tom Gallagher. That of the former stood alone on a rising ground, with a few wild roses and some woodbine climbing over its walls, while a cage, with a thrush twittering in it, was hung outside over the door; the other was surrounded by a neat garden, evidently well cultivated, though Tom was a notorious gamester, attending all cock-fights and other sports in the neighbourhood. He was likewise a great politician, and generally looked upon as a "knowledgeable" individual. The cabin of the Winters' family stood rather low, and was old and dark looking: from a rude mud chimney the smoke was ascending by great puffs into the still air; the walls at the base were mossy and damp, and the roof was covered with black thatch and tufts of grass, mingled with tall weeds, now flourishing luxuriantly; in a pool outside the door, paddled some young ducks, all yellow and downy, with the hen mother watching them somewhat fretfully. Norah Winters, a tall handsome young woman about twenty-five, finely formed, with a dark complexion, regular features, and remarkably brilliant eyes, stood in the doorway, in a

leaning position, with her bare arms folded, contemplating the scene before her, and occasionally raising her eyes to the point where the Canavans' house stood. Still further down, in the midst of the bog, lay an isolated cabin, smaller and still drearier looking than that of the Winters'. No smoke was issuing from its roof, and the door was fastened by a hasp and padlock. This was the residence of Mick Brogan, a solitary individual whose wife and children had deserted him about two years ago. One fine morning on awaking from slumber he found them gone—he knew not where, but report said they went to England, his ill-temper and unkindness having driven them to this step. For the last few days Mick had been away from Garranisky; but no one, as yet, had remarked his absence, except perhaps the Canavans, who pitied him in his loneliness, and at whose house he generally found a welcome, and what was of more importance to him—a supper—when he walked up there in the evenings.

As Barney continued to gaze without, he soon beheld the figure of Mick coming wearily up the hill, and presently he entered the house. He was a man about sixty, rather short, slight, and stooped, with grizzled hair, a very wrinkled face, and peculiar black eyes, deep set and shrewd looking, with a decided touch of malice in their expression.

"God save all here!" he exclaimed, glancing at the table, which had already been divested of all trace of the late meal. "I've had the long walk of it anyhow."

"Where were ye at all these three days back?" inquired Bryan.

"Above at Donoughcloon, then," said Mick, flinging himself on a seat with a weary air.

"What in the world brought ye there?" demanded Nancy Lynch, old Canavan's married daughter, a tall, ungainly looking woman with a bitter cast of face, who now emerged from an inner room, bearing a sheaf of green rushes, very fresh and fragrant, which she commenced peeling with nimble fingers.

"Not a hap'orth but death tuk me in it," answered Brogan. "John Nickle an' his wife's both gone, and they didn't lave their daughters

worth twopence. With all the money John got from his father, he died as poor a man as I am myself this minnit."

There was something of triumph in the expression of Mick's face as he spoke the last words: his eyes were fixed upon the floor—his lips compressed grimly.

"Well that's a good thought anyhow," said Nancy Lynch, as a slight sneer played upon her countenance; "ye ought to be glad he didn't thrive better."

"I don't say I'm glad," returned Mick, now raising his eyes; "but I'm thinkin' o' the folly it is for a man to be scrapin' an' savin' his money all his life, to lave it in the end to them that 'll make it fly like snow afore the sun."

As he spoke, Brogan glanced at old Canavan, who gave a slight cough.

"What's John Nickle's daughters goin' to do now?" asked Nancy, after a pause.

"One o' them's going off at onst to America, to her mother's brother, and I've axed the other to come an' stop awhile with me here in Garranisky."

"They're handsome, aint they, Mick?" said Barney, endeavouring to rouse himself from his depressed state of mind.

"They couldn't be bet as to looks;" replied Brogan, but the sorra too much wit either of them has. They're as simple as childher about doin' a hand's turn for themselves. It's ladies their father thought they'd be, I warrant."

Mick laughed, and his black eyes twinkled.

"More's the pity o' them now, then," said Nancy, who went on peeling her rushes more swiftly than before.

Bryan now desired her to prepare some supper for Mick, which she did with a very bad grace, flinging a score of potatoes noisily into a small iron pot, which she hung over the fire with grim dexterity. Having done this she began to dip her rushes in grease to render them available as candles, laying each one to cool across the spout of a kettle.

John Nickle, the individual alluded to by Mick Brogan, was his half-brother, who had lately died, leaving his two daughters in very destitute circumstances. Mick had never liked John, who was much younger than

himself, and the favourite of his mother. Even in boyhood he regarded him with envy, and in later years, when he won the affections of the girl whom he himself loved, this ill-feeling on Mick's side increased: he never forgave his brother, and after the marriage of the latter all intercourse ceased between them. When news reached Mike, however, that John and his wife had both been suddenly carried off by fever, he repaired to Donoughcloon, in the county Monaghan, where Nickle had carried on the business of a miller, to find out in what circumstances they had left their children—influenced more by curiosity than any other feeling. He found them quite as poor as the most vindictive heart could have wished, John having died very much in debt, which rendered it necessary that his effects should be sold off to pay his creditors.

Later in the night, when Brogan had eaten his supper and fully described the miserable state in which he found his nieces at Donoughcloon, the Canavans were surprised, and by no means pleased, at the arrival of an unexpected visitor. This was Dan Lynch, the husband of Nancy, an individual who led a roving life, and was supposed to be often engaged in nefarious pursuits. The fact of his being a "Connaught man" rendered him obnoxious in the eyes of the Garranisky people, who, like many of their neighbours, regarded the natives of that province with fear and distrust. Dan was certainly not of prepossessing appearance: he was about forty-five, of a muscular frame, with bushy hair and large coarse features, scarred in many a spot from wounds received in various frays at fairs and elsewhere. His advent cast a gloom over every one in the house, as he never made his appearance there except when he came to crave money from his wife or father-in-law. Indeed so dull did the company become that Mick Brogan soon took his departure, and by the light of the spring moon trudged wearily over the low meadows and marshy spots of ground that led to his own home, in the midst of funeral looking turf clamps. Flinging himself on his bed he was soon asleep, dreaming of times long vanished—times of his early love and hatred.

CHAPTER II.

THE sound of many voices uplifted in mournful wailing awoke the echoes of the hills and dells of Donoughcloon—now sinking to a scarcely audible murmur—now swelling out into wild bursts of sorrow. It was about six o'clock in the spring morning, and a stream of people, men, women, and children, were passing onwards in procession, winding round rugged heights, and descending into deep valleys. It was not a funeral. In the north of Ireland the burial of the peasant dead is unattended by the keening that usually signalizes the ceremony in the western portions of the island; there was no coffin to denote the presence of a corpse among the mourning band. Why did they sorrow, then? Simply because they were a body of emigrants, accompanied by their nearest and dearest friends, from whom they were soon to be separated, setting forth from the land of their birth, which most of them never expected to behold again. There were gray-headed old men walking beside sons whose faces they knew full well would be seen no more of them after that day, till the mighty gathering together of long parted friends on the resurrection morn. There were children, with sturdy limbs, dressed in fustian garments, bareheaded and barefooted, each carrying his or her little bundle—boys scarcely distinguishable in attire from girls; there were lovers exchanging low-spoken promises with sorrowing sweet-hearts, who must be abandoned for an indefinite period; there were mothers with features set in grimness, Spartan-like, uttering no word of lamentation as they moved on beside sons and daughters whom duty obliged them to send to a distant land. Oh! many an aching heart was beating there—great mournful crowd!

Two young girls, neatly dressed, walked silently together, a little apart from the rest of the band: they were both pretty, and of an appearance rather more respectable than that of the generality of their companions, though few among the emigrants were as poor as these orphan sisters, who were Mick Brogan's nieces, Hannah and Rosy Nickle. The elder one was setting forth on her way to America, and her sister was accompanying her

as far as a certain point where the emigrant band and their friends were to separate finally. As the great body of people pressed forwards, many a salutation was exchanged between them and labourers in the fields by the wayside. More than one man, leaning on his spade, watched the moving mass winding its dark length onwards, with a sad misgiving that "the ould stock 'id soon be clane gone out o' the counthry anyways!"

A sudden stillness prevailed among the crowd as the halting place came within view, and then one great cry rent the air—the cry of a hundred united voices, followed by moans and lamentations of the wildest description. When the noise had partially subsided, adieus among the calmer portion of the people were made.

"Good-bye, father," said a stern-looking man of five-and-thirty, as he shook his white-headed parent by the hand; "you an' I 'ill never meet again on this side o' the grave."

"Good-bye, Jerry," spoke the father in tremulous accents; "an' remimber to surely sen' home as much money as 'ill bury me."

"Never fear," rejoined the son; "it 'ill be me first thought."

Pale, trembling, faint with the burthen of their silent grief, the sisters, Hannah and Rosy, now bade each other a last farewell, the elder one imploring the other to behave dutifully to their uncle Mick when she went down to Garranisky.

"Never fear, Hannah," replied the young sister, mournfully, "I'll strive to plaze him every way I can."

And so they parted—uttering no shrieks, no despairing moans, but heart-stricken, nevertheless. Without returning again to Donoughcloon, Rosy, having so made her arrangements previously, directed her steps towards Garranisky, which lay about twenty miles off. Her walk was a dreary one, for the country became wild and desolate in the extreme as she penetrated farther and farther towards her destination, and over her heart hung a strange presentiment of evil. It was necessary for her to walk without intermission, as the days were still short and the distance great. Fearful of being overtaken by night while still on her journey, she hurried

worth twopence. With all the money John got from his father, he died as poor a man as I am myself this minnit."

There was something of triumph in the expression of Mick's face as he spoke the last words: his eyes were fixed upon the floor—his lips compressed grimly.

"Well that's a good thought anyhow," said Nancy Lynch, as a slight sneer played upon her countenance; "ye ought to be glad he didn't thrive better."

"I don't say I'm glad," returned Mick, now raising his eyes; "but I'm thinkin' o' the folly it is for a man to be scrapin' an' savin' his money all his life, to lave it in the end to them that 'll make it fly like snow afore the sun."

As he spoke, Brogan glanced at old Canavan, who gave a slight cough.

"What's John Nickle's daughters goin' to do now?" asked Nancy, after a pause.

"One o' them's going off at onst to America, to her mother's brother, and I've axed the other to come an' stop awhile with me here in Garranisky."

"They're handsome, aint they, Mick?" said Barney, endeavouring to rouse himself from his depressed state of mind.

"They couldn't be bet as to looks," replied Brogan, but the sorra too much wit either of them has. They're as simple as childher about doin' a hand's turn for themselves. It's ladies their father thought they'd be, I warrant."

Mick laughed, and his black eyes twinkled.

"More's the pity o' them now, then," said Nancy, who went on peeling her rushes more swiftly than before.

Bryan now desired her to prepare some supper for Mick, which she did with a very bad grace, flinging a score of potatoes noisily into a small iron pot, which she hung over the fire with grim dexterity. Having done this she began to dip her rushes in grease to render them available as candles, laying each one to cool across the spout of a kettle.

John Nickle, the individual alluded to by Mick Brogan, was his half-brother, who had lately died, leaving his two daughters in very destitute circumstances. Mick had never liked John, who was much younger than

himself, and the favourite of his mother. Even in boyhood he regarded him with envy, and in later years, when he won the affections of the girl whom he himself loved, this ill-feeling on Mick's side increased: he never forgave his brother, and after the marriage of the latter all intercourse ceased between them. When news reached Mike, however, that John and his wife had both been suddenly carried off by fever, he repaired to Donoughcloon, in the county Monaghan, where Nickle had carried on the business of a miller, to find out in what circumstances they had left their children—influenced more by curiosity than any other feeling. He found them quite as poor as the most vindictive heart could have wished, John having died very much in debt, which rendered it necessary that his effects should be sold off to pay his creditors.

Later in the night, when Brogan had eaten his supper and fully described the miserable state in which he found his nieces at Donoughcloon, the Canavans were surprised, and by no means pleased, at the arrival of an unexpected visitor. This was Dan Lynch, the husband of Nancy, an individual who led a roving life, and was supposed to be often engaged in nefarious pursuits. The fact of his being a "Connaught man" rendered him obnoxious in the eyes of the Garranisky people, who, like many of their neighbours, regarded the natives of that province with fear and distrust. Dan was certainly not of prepossessing appearance: he was about forty-five, of a muscular frame, with bushy hair and large coarse features, scarred in many a spot from wounds received in various frays at fairs and elsewhere. His advent cast a gloom over every one in the house, as he never made his appearance there except when he came to crave money from his wife or father-in-law. Indeed so dull did the company become that Mick Brogan soon took his departure, and by the light of the spring moon trudged wearily over the low meadows and marshy spots of ground that led to his own home, in the midst of funeral looking turf clamps. Flinging himself on his bed he was soon asleep, dreaming of times long vanished—times of his early love and hatred.

beheld was inexpressibly dreary. The houses within view seemed deserted; the doors were all closed; the fires evidently out, though it was still early in the night. No light gleamed through any window or door chink. On arriving as near as it was possible to bring the cart to Mick Brogan's cabin, Hugh soon discovered that the door of the house was locked, and he was wondering what could be now done, when he observed his brother and Norah Winters approaching.

"Who's this you've got here?" demanded Barney, taking a sharp look at Rosy's fair face.

"It's a wife I've brought home," replied Hugh, winking at Norah, who burst into a husky strange laugh. "Isn't she jist a match for me?"

Barney did not seem to enjoy the joke particularly, and Rosy fixed her blue eyes rather pityingly on the deformed man, whom she was at last satisfied to look upon as a miserable human being—an outcast among his fellow-mortals.

"I'll houl' ye Mick Brogan's above at the wake-house," said Norah Winters, in answer to Hugh's inquiry, as to where that individual was.

"It's like he doesn't think much ov her," whispered the hunchback, pointing to Rosy's figure in the cart, "whin he wouldn't stop at home for her."

"The sorra ha'porth the same man cares for but a bit to ate," returned Norah in the same low tone, while she again indulged in one of her peculiar hoarse laughs.

There was a curious mixture of selfishness, stupidity, and, withal, a considerable amount of cunning in the composition of Norah Winters. Belonging to a family whose members for generations had been remarkable for dulness of comprehension, she was at present the most gifted, both in personal and mental qualities, of those living. Her brothers were still more slow of comprehension than herself, and her only sister was an idiot. Her beauty was of a type not often seen among the low order of Irish peasants; her face being classic in feature, and brilliant in its rich, dark colouring. Of a temper in general nearly as slow as her comprehension, this young woman was capable, nevertheless, of being roused to a pitch of passion, fierce and wild as that of a savage. It was to her that Barney Canavan had so long

been passionately attached, and there was no one in the townland of Garranisky, whom his father would not rather have allowed him to marry. Finding she could meet her uncle nowhere else, Rosy suffered herself to be persuaded to accompany the two Canavans and Norah to the "wake-house," which lay at a considerable distance, being situate at the western extremity of Garranisky. The young girl having always led a very retired life at Donoughcloon, where she never was permitted to attend dances, weddings, wakes, or funerals, felt very nervous as she came near the scene of festivity; but Hugh Canavan who very quickly discovered her ignorance of the world, made himself as agreeable as he could, joking and laughing all the way up to the house, while she, fearful of offending him by look or word, tried to smile graciously upon him, though in her heart she thought him the most forbidding looking object ever her eye rested upon. A great buzz of conversation struck upon her ear as she entered the wake-house, and a few coquettish exclamations in female tones, such as "Arrah! Tom quit, will ye!"—"If ye don't stop funnin' me, Pat Wathers, I'll lave the place," &c., &c., betokened that sundry flirtations were going on. Bursts of hoarse sinister cachinnations occasionally issued from the older members of the assembly, who did not laugh for merriment; and now and then heavy yawns, like groans, were indulged in by one or two elderly women, who probably thought the next wake at Garranisky might be held in honour of one of themselves. In the centre of the room stood a large, square table, with a candle placed at each corner; over it were strewed rolls of tobacco and great groups of long-shanked pipes, new from the shop, while towards the middle lay a plate of snuff, ornamented with a piece of snowy paper, neatly cut and mitred at the edges. Tea, whiskey, bread, meat, and potatoes, were being dealt to the company in great profusion, and there was much joking and pleasantry going forward among the young people. Respectable farmers, wearing long gray stockings and knee-breeches, talked with grave dignity of the weather and the "crape;" ragged men, with begrimed visages and shaggy heads, enlivened their neigh-

on, seldom pausing to rest on the way. All the day the sun had shone forth brightly, gilding rocky heights and deserted moors, glancing on dark bog-pools, beaming smilingly upon rugged dusty roads, yet only making the prospect always seem more dreary, the land more deserted. Weary, foot-sore, full of apprehension, the girl felt at length obliged to slacken her pace. When the sun had set, she was still far from Garranisky. Afraid of going astray, and unable to meet any one of whom to inquire the way, she beheld

the first shades of night gathering over the face of the country. The hills far off grew indistinct, the air became cool, the bog-lands waxed still more dusky and sombre; uncertain of the direction she was taking, she was going on slowly, when the sound of a cart coming on from behind struck upon her ear. She stopped when it was near her, and turning round beheld, seated in it, a strange looking individual, whose appearance made her start in surprise.

CHAPTER III.

A MAN of hideous ugliness, hunch-backed, with a singular expression of eye, and a head of enormous size, met her wondering gaze. Her start and evident horror was not lost upon the curiously formed individual, who returned her look with one of a more complimentary character as he bade her good evening.

"Goodevenin kindly, sir," answered Rosy, who being doubtful whether she was not accosted by "nothin' right," was afraid not to seem respectful.

"Are you goin' far to-night?" he asked.

"I'm goin' as far as Garranisky, in the parish o' Drumkleen," she replied, as boldly as she could.

"Garranisky, is it? Shure I know the same place well," returned the stranger, "it's there I'm goin' meself this minnit." A horrible grin, that struck the girl with terror, accompanied these words; and her fears of her companion's supernatural character were not lessened when he further intimated that he knew she was Mick Brogan's niece, Rosy Nickle, who was going to 'stop a while' with him at Garranisky.

"Me an' Mick's good friends," continued the hunchback. "Ye might have heerd him spake ov Hugh Canavan."

"I don't mind that I ever did," replied Rosy, who would not tell a lie even under fear of being bewitched or spirited away.

"Well, I'm Hugh Canavan, then; an' if ye like I'll give ye a lift on the cart the rest o' the way—it's five mile yet to Garranisky, an' ye wouldn't be there, walkin', till dark night."

Afraid of her strange looking companion, and yet equally afraid of being

left alone on the wild lonely road where she stood, Rosy thought it well not to refuse this offer of conveyance, and, trembling, allowed herself to be assisted on the cart—having first hastily grasped the beads in her pocket, as a talisman against evil. Hugh seemed anxious to make her comfortable, placing a little mound of straw as cushion for her, and throwing a pair of empty sacks over her feet to protect them from the chill of the night air. As the stars came out dotting the sky, and the wind sighed mournfully over the dreary bogs which still formed principal features in the country through which she was passing, the young girl fell into a sad train of thought, dwelling on recollections of the past, mingled with thoughts of her sister from whom she was now so far separated. While she thus meditated, she was not aware that the eyes of the deformed man were often turned upon her with a curious gaze.

"It's like ye have left somebody ye're thinkin' ov at Donoughcloon?" he observed at length with a twinkling light in his deep set eye.

The girl smiled sadly, shook her head positively, and then relapsed into her reverie, which the hunchback did not again endeavour to interrupt. He became wrapt in thought himself, likewise, and his eye, losing its habitual expression, looked dreamily straight before him, while he allowed his horse to plod on as it chose, bobbing its shaggy head up and down with a weary air as it went forward. Thus almost in total silence, the rest of the journey to Garranisky was completed. By moonlight, Rosy Nickle first looked upon the townland, and the sight she

dismal abode—no fire, no candle, no light, but the star and moonlight struggling through many a cranny in the roof. Seating herself on a stool faintly visible, she covered her face

with her apron and wept. Gradually sleep overcame her, and with her head leaning against the blackened wall at her back, she sank into slumber, and dreamed of the hunchback.

CHAPTER IV.

MICK BROGAN found his niece a most useful person in the management of his domestic affairs, yet from the extreme gentleness of her nature he held the opinion that she was little better than half-witted. The more unresistingly she bore his tyranny and oppression, the more confirmed he grew in this belief. Willing as she was to make the best of everything, she could not have helped feeling most wretched in her dependent position, were it not that she was always looking forward, with bright hopes, to the time when her sister might send her money to go to America. For a short time after her arrival at Garranisky, Peery Conlan used to contribute to her amusement, by lending her story books, of which he possessed a considerable supply; but on discovering this, Mick, who hated the Conlans, put a stop to all communication between them, and having ordered Rosy to speak no more to Peery, she was obliged to obey the command. The young man had begun to regard her with very tender feelings, which, however, his poverty kept him from revealing; and it was with a considerable degree of mortification that he heard from the girl herself this harsh mandate of her uncle. Perhaps he was a little piqued at the ready obedience which she gave to an order apparently so unreasonable; but Rosy never forgot her last promise to her sister—she was determined to behave dutifully to her uncle as far as lay in her power. In some respects she thought him very kind: for instance, he used to walk frequently to the post-office of Belturbet, which was five miles off, to inquire for American letters for her; and though he never brought her any, she was grateful to him for the trouble he took to seek them. The Canavans were frequent visitors at Mick's cabin, and Mick was often up at their house, but Rosy seldom went there: she could not conquer a strange aversion she had to the hunchback; and as to Barney, she fancied sometimes his

attention to herself, were more marked than was altogether consistent with his attachment to Norah Winters. The idea struck her, that he might be endeavouring to gain her affections merely through a spirit of coquetry. Barney certainly made an excellent flirt, handsome, careless, and unprincipled; but Rosy's instinct warned her to be on her guard against him. One evening, Mick appearing in better humour than usual, told her that there was to be a dance up at the Canavans', and that they had requested her to attend it. Unwilling to disoblige her uncle, she dressed herself for the gaiety, and was soon on her way up the hill. As she went along she was overtaken by Norah Winters, who was bound on the same expedition.

"It's a fine evenin'," remarked Norah. "You're goin' to the dance I warrant?"

"Yis; my uncle said the wanted me there," replied Rosy.

"Which o' them d'ye think?" inquired Norah, looking droll.

"I don't know."

"Was it Barney, d'ye think?"

"Sorra know I know; shure it isn't any matther who it was?"

"No, not the laist," observed Norah, looking on the ground, adding, after a pause, "Did ye ever hear talk ov Barney and me?"

"Well, I did," said Rosy, smiling.

"Then, d'ye mind," continued Norah, striking her hands together energetically, "If Barney vexed me, the sorra shraw I'd care to give him up the morrow. We're a long time spakin' to other now; and ye see the father's agin me as black as pison; and so I'm thinkin' I'll quit goin' in it entirely."

While Norah was speaking, her countenance scarcely changed from its usual expression of careless drollery; her eye lost nothing of its peculiar dancing light, which was curious enough, considering that her words betokened a considerable degree of anger.

hours with a-many a wild tale of their own strange doings; old women of almost hideous aspect, drank tea and gossiped together; young girls coquetted with smart youths in blue frieze body-coats with shining brass buttons; in short, it was a scene sufficiently gay to bewilder poor little Rosy's head.

"Wait a while here, an' I'll go look for yer uncle," whispered the hunchback, when they were inside the house; "ye can stand again' the wall here, for I don't see a sate empty."

Hardly had he left her, when a young man who was sitting near the door, arose from a form and offered her his seat. He was a handsome youth, of respectable appearance, and manners decidedly superior to those of many present. This was the widow Conlan's son, Peery—a young man not very popular among his neighbours; he was considered proud, and too reserved in disposition to be a favourite. The Conlans had been reduced from easy circumstances to much poverty within the last few years; yet still they would not lower themselves by associating familiarly with people whom they had formerly considered far beneath them, which made them rather disliked at Garranisky. The Canavans were particular enemies of theirs, as, notwithstanding all Bryan's wealth, the Conlans heartily despised them. Still, Peery could not help thinking the fair young girl who had now entered with the hunchback extremely beautiful, let her be who she might; and even when he discovered her to be the niece of Mick Brogan, an individual whom he regarded with much contempt, it did not diminish his admiration or respect for her. His sister, however, a tall young woman, with a freckled face, and red hair, known by the name of "big Kitty," did not agree in thinking Rosy at all pretty; and as she stood near, speaking to Tom Gallagher, the only man in the townland that she considered worthy of her notice, she cast many a scornful look at the poor girl. Mick Brogan having been at length discovered by Hugh, came forward to welcome his niece coldly enough; he spoke a few words to her touching her journey, and soon departed again to the vicinity of the eatables. All the time Hugh Canavan was an observer of this meeting between Rosy

and her uncle: he saw the nervousness of the former, the indifference of the latter while it lasted; and when it was over, and Brogan gone, he heard the half-stifled sigh that escaped the girl.

"You'd best go home, I mistrust," he said, seeing her press her hand upon her temples.

"Ay, I'll go if my uncle's willin' to come with me," she said in a depressed tone.

"I'll ax him," continued the hunchback, who knew very well that Mick Brogan would be one of the last to leave the wake. He quitted her side for a few minutes, and then returned bearing the rusty key of Brogan's house.

"He isn't jist inclined to go home yit," he said, "but he give me lave to go with ye meself."

Mortified and unwilling to have the hunchback as a cavalier any more that night, Rosy stammered out an excuse about not wishing to take him so early from the scene of gaiety.

"There won't be won worth lookin' at when yerself's gone," he whispered, with an air of gallantry by no means welcome. "I'd rather go ten mile with ye than stay here aafter you're gone."

The expression of the hunchback's eyes told Rosy very plainly that he was not jesting, and unable to repress a slight curl of her lip, she replied that she would wait a little longer, till some one was going home her way. Peery Conlan overheard her words, and now stepping forward, said that he and his sister were about to leave the wake, and would be glad to escort her to Mick Brogan's house. Starting up gladly, Rosy thanked him with a smile that was not lost upon the hunchback, who, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, said nothing. Even when the young girl bade him good night he never made a reply. During the walk home Peery asked her many questions relative to her former life; but his sister said little. Perhaps she contemplated with alarm her brother's attentions to so near a relative of the despicable Mick Brogan, and was endeavouring to counteract their effect by maintaining an air of severity herself. Having unlocked the door of her uncle's cabin for her, the Conlans bade Rosy good-night, and she found herself in a somewhat

we should do so is the more necessary, because, when before the public some years ago, the artist had not reaped the honour due for his marvellous effort, and, consequently, the work by no means held the high place it now does. A commentary upon it is the more apt, at the present time, from the circumstance that, in its progress, it must necessarily come under the notice of the majority of our readers. That it is on progress through Great Britain most lovers of art will rejoice to hear.

The picture displays Christ knocking at the door of an abandoned house—a door over which has grown the long strings of ivy, while at its foot the heavy armed and rigid bramble thrusts its long limbs and frost-reddened leaves over the ground and the steps of the door—and into a mass of nettles and other noisome weeds that have grown up about this porch, the type of a human soul abandoned and overgrown with vice. A bat flits about the door-head amongst heavy ivy that hangs like a mantle—the bat the symbol of a false creed and ignorance that gropes foolishly in the dark. This dark is partly dispelled by the light of a lantern held in the hand of Christ—being the light of faith and redemption. He brings to the erring and hardened soul. The lantern itself is the Church, and is formed to express that by its Gothic design; the sides resembling windows of a church, and its roof pierced in star-shaped openings, through which the long rays of brightness from the light within streams forth. The lantern is bound round the hand of Christ by a chain, which signifies the close union between Him and the Church; and being suspended from His hand—the hand that is scarred with the wound of the cross—shows the Church's dependence upon Him. Christ is a tall and noble figure, over whose shoulder falls a kingly robe, richly embroidered and ornamented, crimson as the royal colour, a royalty further sustained by the crown of gold upon his head, round about which goes the crown of thorns. The robe is held together by a jewelled ornament of a circle and a square figure, between which, and as clasp between the two, is a cross, the signification thereof being that the cross is the bond between the

old and the new dispensations, as it is also between heaven and earth. The square ornament is the Urim, as worn by the Jewish high priests, whereby they were enabled to obtain instruction respecting the acts of God and knowledge of the future. The jewels, as commanded, to be placed as symbols—each of the twelve tribes by its appropriate gem—are inserted in this ornament according to the proper order of the law given. The jewels upon the cross and the circle are also appropriate and significant. Christ is robed in white, to signify purity and perfect holiness. He knocks with his right hand upon the door. The approach to this door is through a deserted orchard, across which the Redeemer's footsteps are the only track. The lofty fruit-trees are unpruned and grown wildly to waste; the fruits have fallen upon the ground lying to rot. The trees are the gifts of God to man, that should bring forth, with cultivation, rich profit for his soul and his fellow men: even they lie waste upon the ground, falling useless in the early frost of the coming winter.

Spiculae, or spots of white frost, lie upon the grass, glittering like fallen stars, and intimate the near approach of winter. Far off, lightening upon the horizon, soft rays rise as of the coming dawn, suggestive of the arising of religion upon the human soul. The giant boughs of the trees stand softly against this light. The grandest part of the picture is the head of Christ—a face so full of mournful pathos, so noble, so mournful, and tender, that to describe it is fairly beyond words of ours. The eyes are awful with love and inexhaustible mercy; the forehead marked with intellect and kingly power; the face pure, and sad, and godlike—godlike without haughtiness or pride; nobly beautiful, yet not as the beauty of mankind; unsearchably awful and calm, like a sea of the infinity of love, the eternity of everlasting and inexpressible goodness and glory.

The reader will see how vainly we have struggled with heaped epithets to express the inexpressible—but that it should be inexpressible by words is the glory of painting above authorship; when such is the case, be sure the work is infinitely full of thought,

"There isn't many in the counthry like Barney," she continued; "but for all that, I'd bid him good-bye without a thought, if I wonst knew he was tired o' me."

"It's not possible Barney id go to tire o' ye now, and you so long promised to other," said Rosy, consolingly.

"Well, we'll see," said Norah, significantly. "May be this is the last night I'll put a foot inside Bryan Canavan's door."

While Rosy kept her eyes on the ground, Norah stole a wild glance at her face, and then, without any apparent reason, burst into one of her low husky laughs, which caused her companion to look up surprised, as she remarked,

"Now, you're jokin', Norah; maybe it's marrid you an' Barney i'll be the morrow or next day."

"God help your wit!" said Norah, contemptuously. "There's as much chance ov me marryin' Barney as ov yerself marryin' Hugh!"

These words were uttered just as the young woman reached the Canavans' house, and almost within hearing of Barney himself, who came out to meet them. Norah gave him a sulky nod, and a short answer to his first observation, which confirmed Rosy in her surmise that they had quarrelled lately. Barney chose Rosy as his partner for the first dance, a little to the surprise of some of the company who had never known him to overlook Norah on such an occasion before. When the reel was over, Rosy, feeling tired, went to rest in the house, and was soon followed by Hugh Canavan, who never danced himself.

"You're a fine dancer," he remarked, seating himself beside her.

She made no reply.

"Barney's a dashin' lookin' fellow," he continued, peering into her face with his deep set eyes; "he hasn't his squils in this part o' the counthry."

"He's well enough," replied Rosy, with a sufficiently becoming air of indifference.

"He's as handsome a boy as there's in the three counties," pursued the hunchback in a determined tone, "an' it's meself's proud he's comed to his sines at last."

Rosy looked inquiringly at the hunchback as he concluded this curious sentence.

"Was he doin' wrong?" she asked at length.

"Wrong to himself, that's all," replied Hugh.

"In what way?"

"In the way ov marryin' a fool," he whispered in a low, deep tone. "Him an' Norah's to give other up at last, it was her doin's; but Barney's as proud a man as ever ye seen, for between ourselves, he found out the soart she was a year ago. Shure she isn't more nor half-witted, anyhow!"

"I thought he was cracked about herentirely," said Rosy, colouring with a pretty flush that did not escape the quick eye of her companion.

"All talk," said Hugh, nodding his head with an air of contempt. "He has tuk a right notion now though, an' I warrant he won't give it up in a hurry."

"Who is she?" asked Rosy, in the simplicity of her heart.

"She's here this evenin'," replied the hunchback, gravely, "an' she's the handsomest girl in it."

"Shure there isn't ever a well-lookin' girl in it but Norah herself," said Rosy.

"Oh, bedad there's won in it hand-somer far," persisted Hugh; "an' all I'm afeard of is that she won't take him when the time comes for axin' her."

"Where is she at all?" said the girl, at length, a little impatiently.

"Sittin' here, alongside o' me," replied the hunchback, bending his large head close to her face.

All at once a new light flashed across Rosy's mind, she blushed and cast her eyes down, unable to meet the fixed burning gaze of the hunchback, whose breathing seemed all at once to cease—a wild tumult was raging at his heart that the young girl did not dream of.

"Wouldn't ye like Barney?" he inquired at last, in a low voice, as he shook the ashes from his pipe.

"I'm not thinkin' ov likin' any won," she replied, timidly.

"Well, shure there must be a beginnin' to every thing," he remarked; "an' as ye say ye didn't lave yer heart beyant at Donoughcloon, maybe ye'd find Bryan Canavan's son as good a won to take up with as ever another."

"Barney isn't thinkin' o' me," said Rosy, endeavouring to evade the subject.

"Time 'ill tell that," muttered the

hunchback in husky tones, as his pipe suddenly dropped from his hand, and broke in fragments on the ground.

After this conversation, Rosy felt perturbed and anxious. Barney Canavan's admiration might be all very flattering, but it was unpleasant to think that she might have been the cause of his deserting Norah Winters, whom she soon saw hasten alone from the dance on her way home. Barney escorted Rosy to Mick's house, and as Hugh watched them going down the hill together, a hoarse deep breath, long-drawn, escaped from his ponderous chest.

The autumn night was still and dewy, a slight breeze rustled among the reeds and rushes of the bog-lands, lying far, very far, from great city haunts of crime. Peacefully rode the moon on high, brightly twinkled the stars over thatched cabins, dark masses of turf and yellow corn-fields. Far, indeed, from city haunts of crime Garranisky may have been, but sin was there nevertheless, and guilty plans revolved in the thoughts of more than one of its inhabitants that very night.

CHAPTER V.

THE day after the dance at the Canavans', Norah Winters left Garranisky, saying she was going to stay for some time with an aunt in Leitrim, and Rosy Nickle received a fearful death-blow to all her hopes for the future. In the evening her uncle returned from his visit to the post office, bearing tidings of the wreck of the vessel in which Hannah had sailed for America.

"It's all on the paper," he said, "an' it must be throe."

Oh, dark despair! wild at first, more calm afterwards, but always dark—how heavy was your weight upon the young sister's soul! No more was her voice heard singing as she sat at her wheel in the noonday; yet she wept but little, save in the depths of night, for Mick hated tears, and he said "it was no use for to be-moan anything that happened," which was certainly philosophical advice, easier to give than to take. All at once she felt her dependence upon her uncle grow intolerable; she would willingly have gone to service, but no one wanted a servant in the neighbourhood; there was no employment open to her, the harvest was nearly over, and the lately built county poorhouse was daily becoming more and more crowded with people as respectable as herself. Men and women who had laboured hard in the fields when there was anything for them to do, found themselves, as winter approached, without work and without food.

"Many a won's glad to get into the poorhouse now that the hard weather's comin' on," said Mick glancing at her one evening, from the spot where he was eating his supper. Her heart

thrilled at the words. The poorhouse seemed to her a frightful prison. Her uncle's keen eye saw her grow pale.

"Would ye like to go in it?" he asked, with a malicious expression of visage, as he peeled a large potato with his fingers.

"No, then, I would'nt," she replied faintly.

"It isn't sich a bad place, then," pursued Brogan, "only there doesn't be any liberty in it, and you're locked up at night, I b'lieve."

The girl shuddered. Nothing in her estimation could be much worse than such imprisonment.

"Uncle," she said, impressively, while her voice trembled, "I'd die in the poorhouse."

"Well, it 'ill be yer own fau't if you have to go in it," he replied; "there's a match makin' for ye, an' I was axed this very evenin' if ye'd be willin' to marry off at wonst."

A rapid flush shot athwart the girl's face, leaving it pale as death when gone.

"Guess who it was that tould me?" said Mick, affecting an air of pleasantry.

"How would I guess?" she asked, in a faint tremulous voice; her heart sinking all the while.

"Suppose it was Hugh Canavan?" he observed, with a strange grin.

"Hugh!" repeated Rosy, looking up in surprise, while an expression of disgust crossed her face.

"Ay, suppose it was Hugh; wouldn't ye rather marry him nor go into the poorhouse."

"No," she replied, unhesitatingly. "I'd rather die than marry him!"

The words were spoken calmly, but truthfully, and Mick knew it. He paused ere he spoke again, while some curious twitchings crossed his features; his eyes burned darkly in their deep sockets.

"It isn't Hugh," he said, at last, in a husky voice; "it's Barney that's lookin' after ye."

Brogan's hand shook as he raised his noggin of buttermilk to his lips after the last words.

Rosy felt no disgust now, but decidedly no feeling of happiness. Had she been fully mistress of her heart, perhaps Barney might have had a chance of receiving it; but already it had been given away. Peery Conlan's attentions had been too much for her to withstand; though he had never breathed a word of love to her, his kindness had won her affections, almost unknown to herself.

"I thought Barney couldn't marry, unless Hugh wint off first," she said, after a long silence.

"That's all an excuse of Bryan's," returned Mick, speaking low, "an' he's not to know a hap'orth o' the marriage 'till it's all over; at any rate the ould chap won't be as vexed with Barney as if he married Norah Winthers—he couldn't bear her."

Again a long silence ensued.

"Make up yer mind fast," urged Mick impatiently, "for Barney wants to get marrid without delay, as he's obliged to lave the place on business, the very minnit the knot 's tied."

Unable to utter a word, the girl sat silently before him.

"The winter 'ill be seavaire," continued Mick, plunging his hand into the potato basket before him; "hundreds 'ill starve afore it's over."

Rosy pressed her hand upon her burning forehead.

"Spake up, can't ye, an' say will ye take Barney or not; I'm to bring him yer answer this very night."

"Can't he wait a while?" urged the girl. "Shure he needn't be in such a hurry when he must be called in chapel afore he's marrid."

"He's not goin' to be called at all," replied Mick, impatiently. "D'ye think would he go to publish the business that way, an' have the father to hear it? Have ye no wit at all?"

"An will he go to the expinæ ov payin' for licence!" exclaimed Rosy, in surprise.

"Ay, every penny ov it—them Canavans is all rowlin' in riches."

Many feelings contended for the mastery in Rosy's mind. Vanity, fear of her uncle, dread of the poorhouse, combined to make her think that Barney's proposal should not be rejected.

"You'll take him, I b'lieve," said Mick, who watched her countenance with a shrewd eye.

"I b'lieve I will," replied the girl, in a resigned tone; and Brogan nodding his head, declared that "before two months were out she'd be mistress of the neatest house in Garranisky, an' two as good cows as ever had horns."

CHAPTER VI.

HURRIEDLY and secretly the marriage was arranged by the Canavans and Mick Brogan, unknown to any one in the townland; and to further their plans still more skilfully, it was agreed that the wedding should take place in a distant parish, where neither of the parties were known. In order to carry out this scheme, it was necessary to make arrangements with the priest at Garranisky, who, after some persuasion, agreed to exert his interest with his uncle, Father Connor, a very old man, who still performed the duties of his calling in a remote part of the county Cavan, in order to induce him to perform the ceremony. Be it known, however, that neither of the priests were aware of the true reasons the Canavans had for wish-

ing Rosy Nickle to be married away from Garranisky. It was a dreary day, when the wedding party, consisting of the bride and her uncle, Nancy Lynch, and Hugh and Barney Canavan, set out at different periods to avoid suspicion, for Father Connor's house. A thick drizzling rain had fallen all the morning, noiselessly wetting the earth. Turf clamps looked black as ebony; bog-pools were very dark too; while the various lakes round Garranisky reflected the sombre hue of the sky above them. Rosy's heart was full of apprehension—the secrecy of her strange marriage preyed upon her spirits, as well as some other circumstances connected with it. Aware that she had never attended a wedding in her life, Mick Brogan gave

her some directions concerning her behaviour during the ceremony.

"Make no wondherment of what's said or done," said he; "Father Connor's ould and deaf, an' he's apt to make mistakes; calling people out o' their right names, and blunderin' a dale; but no matther, you must never set him right, whatever he does; and you musn't laugh, nor spake ever a word."

"Depind upon it, I won't say nothin'," replied Rosy, who felt very little inclined to make merry at the expense of the old priest's failings.

It was nearly dusk when the wedding party were all assembled at Father Connor's house; they were shown into an uncarpeted room, dim and unlighted. All was dusky and solemn. Rosy trembled when the old priest suddenly stepped towards her before the ceremony, and in a solemn voice demanded if it was with her own free will she was about to marry that night.

"Yis, yer reverence," she whispered, with her eyes fixed upon the floor, while Mick Brogan held his breath in, and the hunchback coughed huskily.

"No one forced ye to consent to marry this man!" continued the priest.

"No one, sir," Barney hemmed, and ran his fingers through his hair. Did his conscience smite him?

The ceremony then began, as the strong arm of Nancy Lynch drew the bride into her proper place. It was soon over, Rosy having scarcely attended to a word of it. Once or twice it certainly struck her that Father Connor was making mistakes; but at such times, Nancy poked her in the back, saying in a whisper, "Never heed, go on as he's spakin'." Two or three times Nancy was seized with tremendous fits of coughing, which

quite drowned the aged man's voice; and when the time for putting on the ring arrived, some confusion ensued, as it was found to have been dropped, and there was a general changing of places and groping on the floor, which was soon ended, however, by the missing article being found, and hastily placed on Rosy's finger by a hand as trembling as her own. When the marriage was over, Barney and the bride walked from Father Connor's house together, their friends following them. For a long while they were silent, but at last Barney spoke in a voice somewhat agitated.

"I'm goin' off now for a start, an' as ye value yer life, don't let a syllable about what has passed this evenin' out o' yer lips to mortal; if I've been the won to make ye do what 'ill cauae you grief or trouble, ye won't curse me, will ye?"

"Why would I?" asked the girl in surprise,

"Say you'll *never* curse me," persisted Barney.

"I never will," said Rosy.

"Well, now I'm satisfied; and if ye don't see me for a day or two, don't be wondherin', I'll be back to Garranisky as soon as I can."

A rumour had of late been afloat that the Canavans were connected with a Ribbon lodge, on the borders of Leitrim; and now a misgiving came over Rosy's heart, that Barney was going off on some nefarious expedition. She asked Hugh what business was calling him away, but he gave her an unsatisfactory answer that revealed nothing. She accompanied her uncle home; and as she looked at the brass ring on her finger, a sigh escaped her.

"Musha!" she thought, "wouldn't I give something to be a free girl again!"

CHAPTER VII.

For some days there were no tidings of Barney at Garranisky. In the meantime Dan Lynch paid another visit to the Canavans, seeking money, as usual, from his wife's family, greatly to the indignation of Hugh, who was generally more annoyed than any one else at his importunities. Indeed, except to get rid of his company, he would never have at-

lowed his father to comply with his demands. The hunchback was Nancy's favourite brother, and he had always "stood by her," as she expressed it, when her husband treated her badly in the early years of her wedded life. Latterly she had been obliged to leave him altogether, and seek a home with her father and brothers.

Rosy waited patiently at her

uncle's for news of Barney for nearly a week; and then Mick, one day, desired her to go and inquire for her husband at his father's house.

"I never seen won take a thing as aisy as yede," he said, sharply. "You're not ashamed o' the boy you're marrid to, are you?"

"No," replied Rosy; "but shure if he cared to see me he'd come back afore this, without me goin' to look for him."

"Go on up to the Canavans' this minnit," pursued Brogan, "an' don't sit there any longer, as if ye hadn't none feelin' than a stone."

Thus ordered, Rosy did as she was bidden, and on reaching the Canavans' house, found no one inside but the hunchback; he was sitting at the fire alone.

"Did ye hear any thing of Barney since?" she inquired, timidly approaching him.

"No, not a word, acushla."

"Isn't it odd?"

"What's odd in it? abuse he isn't wanted here."

"Me uncle sent me up to ax about him," said Rosy.

"Never heed him or yer uncle," returned Hugh; "shure it's yer husband ye ought to be thinkin' of now."

"It's like me husband's run away," replied the girl, smiling faintly.

"How d'ye know he isn't waitin' here to see if ye'd ever think of comin' to inquire for him?"

"Then, if he is, let him come out at wanst," said Rosy. "Call him, can't ye?"

"Sorra call; there wouldn't be the least use of it."

"Why?" asked Rosy, trembling, for she feared Barney might have met with some accident.

"Because he's here afore yer eyes," said the hunchback, in a strange voice, as he laid his large hand on her shoulder.

"It's like I'm blind if he is," murmured Rosy, looking all round.

"You're not blind, colleen asthore," he said, taking her hands; "ye see yer husband afore ye, as plain as ye see the fire—yer hands are in his two hands this minnit!"

"There's no fun in this nonsense," said Rosy, impatiently endeavouring to extricate her hands from his grasp. "I'd best go home if you're intendin' to make a fool o' me."

Hugh persisted in declaring she was his wife; till at length, fearing she was at the mercy of a lunatic, she screamed for help to Nancy Lynch, who entered, bearing a jagged bundle of sticks, which she had been gathering for fuel. Closing the door grimly, this woman now assured the girl that she was actually married to Hugh.

"Don't be scared, asthore," said the deformed man in a soothing tone; "what's done can't be undone, even if we all wished it. Nothin' but death can pick out a marriage knot."

Bewildered—scarcely crediting that all was not some frightful dream—Rosy endeavoured to recall the circumstances of her secret wedding; and, then, rushing suddenly from the house—she flew like a frantic being in the direction of Father Connor's parish, bounding over ditches, ascending rugged hills, wading through dark marshes, with all the speed she could command. Bitterly did she bemoan the simplicity and ignorance that could have rendered her liable to imposition in a matter of so much importance to her. It was dark night when she reached the old priest's house, and here she only received confirmation of what Hugh and his sister had told her. Father Connor declared that he had married her to the hunchback, and to her despairing inquiry, as to whether he could not break such a fraudulent tie, he only shook his head gravely, pronouncing the thing to be impossible; perhaps the worthy pastor had some doubts, whether Rosy was telling the truth in this strange matter; but, at all events, he counselled her to abide by the marriage as nothing could annul it. He spoke of the sacred character of the matrimonial tie, warned her of the awful sin of trying to sever it, no matter how it happened to have been joined, and besought her to return to her husband on the spot. Terrified on all hands—fearing the wrath of Providence, and loathing the hunchback, whose wickedness made him more detestable than ever to her; the miserable girl left the presence of the priest, a prey to the darkest misery. She passed the night in the cabin of a poor woman who neither knew who she was, or where she came from; and during many sleepless dark hours, thought of various plans which were all dissipated by the recollection that

she had no money, and no friends. The thought of her uncle's perfidy was terrible to her; yet still she must return to Garranisky. It was not, however, till the following evening that she fully made up her mind to go back there, and while on the way she was overtaken by Peery Conlan, who was returning from a fair. He would have passed her coldly by, as was his custom of late, had he not observed how wild and ill she looked, her hair dishevelled, her eyes swelled from violent weeping. Remembering her promise not to divulge the secret of her marriage to mortal, she abstained from telling the young man any thing of her troubles, till carried away by his feelings, at seeing her evidently in distress, Peery suddenly forgot his reserve and poured forth a tale of love, every word of which fell upon her heart like drops of ice. He told her that he soon hoped to be better off than he was now, and when the more prosperous time came he would offer her his hand, if she would wait for him. Forgetting every thing but her misery, the girl, in an agony of despairing grief, told him the story of her wrongs, the treachery of her uncle and the Canavans; and Peery heard it in wrath—naturally of hasty temper, his anger was excessive; he swore that Hugh Canavan and his brother should be punished heavily for their guilt, declaring his belief that such a marriage could not hold good. But poor Rosy had heard the priest's assertion to the contrary, and she dared not hope.

"I must live with him, come what may," she said, mournfully; "and still, I'd rather be in the bottom o' the lake yondher than his wife. I never wanted to marry Barney itself, only me uncle 'id have me, an' I was afeard ov the poorhouse."

Peery clenched his hand fiercely. Why had he not spoken out before?

It was already growing dusk, and yielding to the advice of Peery, Rosy determined on going up to his mother's to remain there for that night, as she was too much agitated to wish to meet her uncle. Mrs. Conlan and her daughter Kitty received her at first rather coldly, doubting the extraordinary tale she told of her marriage, but after a time they believed it, at the expense of thinking her very simple indeed. A lurking suspicion still lin-

gered in Mrs. Conlan's mind that it might be a scheme, this pretence of being married contrary to her wishes. "Maybe she's aahamed to let on she'd take the hunchback willin'," she thought; "after a bit she'll cool down about it." The good widow was very much afraid of getting herself into trouble about the business, and she counselled the poor girl to lose no time, next morning, in repairing to her uncle's house; but Rosy was so weak and ill that she found it impossible to walk; and, consequently, Mick Brogan had the effrontery to come to order her home, telling Mrs. Conlan that she and Hugh were married with her own consent, and that having quarrelled with him, she had now invented a horrible falsehood for the purpose of revenge. The widow, hoping to keep herself and her son out of mischief, pretended to believe Brogan, though she continued to address Rosy coaxingly; her son, however, was firm in the conviction that the despicable man lied infamously, and he took no pains to conceal this—telling him that he would turn him roughly from the house, were it not that he was a gray-headed old man. Mick trembled with rage, and fearful that Peery's respect for his age might vanish if he continued under the roof, hastily departed.

Soon after, Hugh arrived at the Conlan's house, thinking he might persuade Rosy to leave it by using fair means first, and if those would not do, harsher measures afterwards. He did not expect to find her guarded by a champion so fierce as Peery Conlan, who immediately confronted him, and in spite of the remonstrances of his mother and sister, was soon engaged with him in combat. The hunchback had powerful strength, yet Peery seemed gaining the victory, when his antagonist dealt him a sudden blow that sent him staggering against the dresser, which giving way, fell with a tremendous crash. Mrs. Conlan shrieked as she beheld her son lying half-stunned on the floor, surrounded by broken crockery, while Kitty and Rosy looked on in dismay.

"Now, young woman," said Hugh, addressing Rosy, "you see I'm not to be humbugged: to-morrow mornin' you'll lave this house whether ye like it or not, for I'll have the polis and Father Connor to back me. I'm goin' to the priest this very evenin'." Say-

bours with a-many a wild tale of their own strange doings; old women of almost hideous aspect, drank tea and gossiped together; young girls coquetted with smart youths in blue frieze body-coats with shining brass buttons; in short, it was a scene sufficiently gay to bewilder poor little Rosy's head.

"Wait a while here, an' I'll go look for yer uncle," whispered the hunchback, when they were inside the house; "ye can stand again' the wall here, for I don't see a sate empty."

Hardly had he left her, when a young man who was sitting near the door, arose from a form and offered her his seat. He was a handsome youth, of respectable appearance, and manners decidedly superior to those of many present. This was the widow Conlan's son, Peery—a young man not very popular among his neighbours; he was considered proud, and too reserved in disposition to be a favourite. The Conlans had been reduced from easy circumstances to much poverty within the last few years; yet still they would not lower themselves by associating familiarly with people whom they had formerly considered far beneath them, which made them rather disliked at Garranisky. The Canavans were particular enemies of theirs, as, notwithstanding all Bryan's wealth, the Conlans heartily despised them. Still, Peery could not help thinking the fair young girl who had now entered with the hunchback extremely beautiful, let her be who she might; and even when he discovered her to be the niece of Mick Brogan, an individual whom he regarded with much contempt, it did not diminish his admiration or respect for her. His sister, however, a tall young woman, with a freckled face, and red hair, known by the name of "big Kitty," did not agree in thinking Rosy at all pretty; and as she stood near, speaking to Tom Gallagher, the only man in the townland that she considered worthy of her notice, she cast many a scornful look at the poor girl. Mick Brogan having been at length discovered by Hugh, came forward to welcome his niece coldly enough; he spoke a few words to her touching her journey, and soon departed again to the vicinity of the estates. All the time Hugh Canavan was an observer of this meeting between Rosy

and her uncle: he saw the nervousness of the former, the indifference of the latter while it lasted; and when it was over, and Brogan gone, he heard the half-stifed sigh that escaped the girl.

"You'd best go home, I mistrust," he said, seeing her press her hand upon her temples.

"Ay, I'll go if my uncle's willin' to come with me," she said in a depressed tone.

"I'll ax him," continued the hunchback, who knew very well that Mick Brogan would be one of the last to leave the wake. He quitted her side for a few minutes, and then returned bearing the rusty key of Brogan's house.

"He isn't jist inclined to go home yit," he said, "but he give me lave to go with ye meself."

Mortified and unwilling to have the hunchback as a cavalier any more that night, Rosy stammered out an excuse about not wishing to take him so early from the scene of gaiety.

"There won't be won worth lookin' at when yerself's gone," he whispered, with an air of gallantry by no means welcome. "I'd rather go ten mile with ye than stay here after you're gone."

The expression of the hunchback's eyes told Rosy very plainly that he was not jesting, and unable to repress a slight curl of her lip, she replied that she would wait a little longer, till some one was going home her way. Peery Conlan overheard her words, and now stepping forward, said that he and his sister were about to leave the wake, and would be glad to escort her to Mick Brogan's house. Starting up gladly, Rosy thanked him with a smile that was not lost upon the hunchback, who, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, said nothing. Even when the young girl bade him good night he never made a reply. During the walk home Peery asked her many questions relative to her former life; but his sister said little. Perhaps she contemplated with alarm her brother's attentions to so near a relative of the despicable Mick Brogan, and was endeavouring to counteract their effect by maintaining an air of severity herself. Having unlocked the door of her uncle's cabin for her, the Conlans bade Rosy good-night, and she found herself in a somewhat

She could say no more. Gallagher shook his head, and soon again darted down to mingle in the *melee* below.

"Peery Conlan's the very man that done the job," said Dan Lynch, nodding his head.

"Nobody doubts it," replied Gallagher, a little contemptuously; "we're not *omadhauns*!"

The excitement throughout the townland was fearful. From far and near people came to look upon the awful sight of a murdered man, and a body of police marched over from the nearest station to search for the guilty party. An inquest was held in the neighbouring village of Drumklea, and there, all ghastly, with shattered skull and mangled features, the hunchback lay in the house of inquiry, a spectacle to be gazed at with horror by the jury. The facts proved were these: Hugh Canavan had left his father's house on the previous evening, with the intention of visiting the parish priest, with whom he had an interview, at about eight o'clock, leaving his residence before nine; no more was heard of him till next morning, when his body, bearing traces of a horrible murder, was discovered half way between the priest's house and his own home. Then witnesses proved how the deceased and Peery

Conlan had quarrelled the previous morning, and how the latter had been heard to declare that he would have further revenge. Strong suspicion, therefore, rested upon Conlan, and he was accordingly captured near Cavan, and lodged in gaol to await his trial at the ensuing assizes. Few at Garranisky pitied his mother or sister, and even these unhappy women had not the least hope of their relative being innocent. None were more convinced of his guilt than themselves.

Nobody thought much of Mick Brogan during this excitement, for he talked but little of the murder, and his face was paler than usual, and his eye had an unsteady light that was not customary to it. Shattered and altered he seemed since the morning Hugh's body had been found; yet it was not grief that ailed him. Where had he been on the night of the murder? Nobody thought of asking that question, yet he had not been home for long after his customary hour of rest; and when he did reach his dwelling in the depth of night, his frame was trembling; his face ghastly. Gold was in his pocket, and with a shaking hand he hid it away in a secret spot, with a death-shriek ringing in his ears all the while.

CHAPTER IX.

UNABLE to bear the misery which everything at Garranisky served to strengthen, and dreading the very sight of her uncle, Rosy lost no time in going back to Donoughcloon, where she intended to apply to the parish priest for aid. Mick was uneasy when he heard she was gone, and to drown care, he began to apply himself vigorously to the whiskey bottle, though in former times he had never been a toper. He did not go now so often to the Canavans as before. Barney and Norah Winters having married, and gone for a little time to reside in a distant part of the county, till the noise of the late event should blow over, he had no friend under Bryan's roof except the old man himself, to whom Dan Lynch was paying devoted attention, as he was endeavouring to wheedle him out of money to convey him to America. Nancy Lynch had never liked Mick Brogan, and now she hated him more than ever, as she

considered that he had partly been instrumental in causing her brother's untimely death, by encouraging him in the scheme of marrying his niece. Many a night Mick thought of the revenge he would yet have upon this woman for her incivility; and at last the time came for him to gratify his malignant feelings. One evening old Bryan being ill in bed, and Dan Lynch as usual away—no one knew where, Brogan and Nancy were sitting over the fire in the Canavans' house, when she aggravated him by some cutting speech relative to Hugh's death.

"How d'ye know what way he *ken* by his death?" he asked, with a demonic light twinkling in his eyes.

"Don't I know? Peery Conlan kilt him," she replied, sharply.

"You're mistook, then," said Mick, in a low tone; "the same boy's as innocent as I am!"

"He'll hang for it, anyhow," returned Nancy, savagely.

"There isn't many in the country like Barney," she continued; "but for all that, I'd bid him good-bye without a thought, if I wunst knew he was tired o' me."

"It's not possible Barney id go to tire o' ye now, and you so long promised to other," said Rosy, consolingly.

"Well, we'll see," said Norah, significantly. "May be this is the last night I'll put a foot inside Bryan Canavan's door."

While Rosy kept her eyes on the ground, Norah stole a little glance at her face, and then, without any apparent reason, burst into one of her low husky laughs, which caused her companion to look up surprised, as she remarked,

"Now, you're jokin', Norah; maybe it's married you an' Barney i'll be the morrow or next day."

"God help your wit!" said Norah, contemptuously. "There's as much chance ov me marryin' Barney as ov yerself marryin' Hugh!"

These words were uttered just as the young woman reached the Canavans' house, and almost within hearing of Barney himself, who came out to meet them. Norah gave him a sulky nod, and a short answer to his first observation, which confirmed Rosy in her surmise that they had quarrelled lately. Barney chose Rosy as his partner for the first dance, a little to the surprise of some of the company who had never known him to overlook Norah on such an occasion before. When the reel was over, Rosy, feeling tired, went to rest in the house, and was soon followed by Hugh Canavan, who never danced himself.

"You're a fine dancer," he remarked, seating himself beside her.

She made no reply.

"Barney's a dashin' lookin' fellow," he continued, peering into her face with his deep set eyes; "he hasn't his aigils in this part o' the country."

"He's well enough," replied Rosy, with a sufficiently becoming air of indifference.

"He's as handsome a boy as there's in the three counties," pursued the hunchback in a determined tone, "an' it's meself's proud he's comed to his sines at last."

Rosy looked inquiringly at the hunchback as he concluded this curious sentence.

"Was he doin' wrong?" she asked at length.

"Wrong to himself, that's all," replied Hugh.

"In what way?"

"In the way ov marryin' a fool," he whispered in a low, deep tone. "Him an' Norah's to give other up at last, it was her doin's; but Barney's as proud a man as ever ye seen, for between ourselves, he found out the soart she was a year ago. Shure she isn't more nor half-witted, anyhow!"

"I thought he was cracked about her entirely," said Rosy, colouring with a pretty flush that did not escape the quick eye of her companion.

"All talk," said Hugh, nodding his head with an air of contempt. "He has tuk a right notion now though, an' I warrant he won't give it up in a hurry."

"Who is she?" asked Rosy, in the simplicity of her heart.

"She's here this evenin'," replied the hunchback, gravely, "an' she's the handsomest girl in it."

"Shure there isn't ever a well-lookin' girl in it but Norah herself," said Rosy.

"Oh, bedad there's won in it handsomer far," persisted Hugh; "an' all I'm afraid of is that she won't take him when the time comes for axin' her."

"Where is she at all?" said the girl, at length, a little impatiently.

"Sittin' here, alongside o' me," replied the hunchback, bending his large head close to her face.

All at once a new light flashed across Rosy's mind, she blushed and cast her eyes down, unable to meet the fixed burning gaze of the hunchback, whose breathing seemed all at once to cease—a wild tumult was raging at his heart that the young girl did not dream of.

"Wouldn't ye like Barney?" he inquired at last, in a low voice, as he shook the ashes from his pipe.

"I'm not thinkin' ov likin' any won," she replied, timidly.

"Well, shure there must be a beginnin' to every thing," he remarked; "an' as ye say ye didn't lave yer heart beyant at Donoughcloon, maybe ye'd find Bryan Canavan's son as good a won to take up with as ever another."

"Barney isn't thinkin' o' me," said Rosy, endeavouring to evade the subject.

"Time 'ill tell that," muttered the

times over. There isn't a man in Ireland deserves hangin' as well as him! Who have I now to take me part again' them that 'id wrong me?' she asked, looking at the same time pretty well able to perform the office for herself.

"Who'd ever be the same to me as a brother like Hugh?"

Flinging herself upon her knees, the woman vowed vengeance against her brother's murderer; while, in dismay, Mick hurried from the house as fast as he could.

CHAPTER X.

UNSWERVING from her purpose, Nancy Lynch lost no time in giving publicity to the information imparted to her by Mick Brogan. Regarding her husband with the bitterest feelings, she would, as she said herself, have looked at him hanging without the least compunction; but Dan, in some way, heard of her intentions, and well acquainted as he was with hiding places in wild spots of Leitrim, skilfully evaded the pursuit of the police, till, escaping from the country, he got off to America. Again there was excitement in Garranisky, and finding himself obliged to tell the truth, Mick Brogan was as explicit a witness as he could conveniently be. When asked why he did not come forward at once and clear the innocent man so long suspected of the murder, he said, "he didn't know right how to go about the business; but that anyways he was minded to tell it all afore he'd be hung," which was certainly a satisfactory piece of intelligence.

A great deal of circumstantial evidence was put forth to prove the guilt of Dan Lynch; his blue-spotted shirt, with the rent in the bosom of it, exactly fitted by the fragment found in the murdered man's hand, was rummaged out from a place where he had secreted it, serving as the strongest proof against him. It was generally supposed that he had chosen the opportunity of his brother-in-law's dispute with Peery Conlan to perpetrate the diabolical deed.

The joy of Peery's relatives on hearing the astounding news of his innocence was unbounded. It was not long till he was honourably acquitted; his absence from home on the night of the murder being explained, by his stating that he had repaired to the town of Cavan in the afternoon, for the purpose of consulting a lawyer respecting the extraordinary marriage of Rosy and Hugh; but that on arriving there it was too late to gain an audience of any man of business upon

the subject, and he remained in the neighbourhood of the town all night. On the following morning before he had repaired to the lawyer's office, news reached him of the murder of Hugh Canavan, and of course he gave up his intentions. In the afternoon, while returning home, he was arrested by the police. All this seemed likely enough, now that the real murderer was discovered to be another.

As may be imagined, one of Peery's first inquiries on his return home was for Rosy Nickle; and upon hearing that she had gone to Donough-cloon, he speedily set out for that place, where he found her, after some searching, in the employment of the miller who had succeeded her father in his business. She was much agitated upon meeting him, scarcely believing that he really stood before her. She had a good deal to impart to him of a startling description; having discovered that her sister Hannah was alive and doing well in America, though much surprised at never having received any answers to letters which she had despatched to Garranisky by every opportunity since she left Ireland.

"Only think o' me never gettin' one o' them," said Rosy, wonderingly; "an' there was money in them too. Shure she had at last to write to Father Shanaghan here at Donough-cloon, to know what happened me, an' if I was dead!"

Peery was astonished, and thought the post office authorities much to blame.

"She sent me first a three pound note, and then a five pound note," added Rosy. "That was eight pound I never got!"

Before Peery and Rosy separated, he asked her to become his wife—a request not made in vain; and it was agreed that as soon as they were married they would set out for Canada to join Hannah and her uncle. Rosy returned no more to Garranisky; but

Peery made inquiries at Belturbet relative to the missing letters, which the postmaster recollected very well. He affirmed that he had handed them from time to time to the man who called for them, and to whose care they were addressed. "His name was Michael Brogan," said he, "and Rosy Nickle's name was always written in the corner."

Peery said nothing, and when he related the circumstance to Rosy, she only shook her head murmuring, "Never heed him; if God doesn't bring him into the right way o' think-in', no won else can."

Before leaving his native land, Peery saw his sister Kitty married to Tom Gallagher, who for her sake had

promised to give up gambling for the future; and early in April he and Rosy sailed for America, to return to Ireland no more. Hannah Nickle and her uncle received them gladly; and owing to the influence of the latter, Peery was at length enabled to procure a situation as steward in a large farm, his honesty and knowledge of accounts rendering him a valuable caretaker.

Mick Brogan never recovered the shock his system received on the night of Hugh Canavan's murder, and he was soon obliged to seek relief and shelter in the poorhouse of Monaghan, leaving for ever the townland of Garranisky.

LADY-TOURISTS IN THE TWO SICILIES.

MISS KAVANAGH's book has, on the whole, been favourably noticed by the press. We have no desire to rob our accomplished countrywoman of a favour not undeserved. And yet, we are bound to say, we think her two pleasant volumes hardly do justice to her own well-earned position as a writer. The authoress of "Nathalie" must not take it ill of us if we raise our expectations as we take paper-knife in hand to explore pages headed by her name. We do not quarrel with her book for what it is; but are discontented, ungraciously perhaps, when we think of what it might have been. Now, what it might have been we gather from what, in part, it is: the book of an observant, graceful, and practised writer, to whom, in virtue of such practice, pardon for carelessness and commonplace is not to be so leniently and easily dealt out as to barely fledged scribbling tourists. She was quite right not to be scared from "talking about what she had seen," as she expresses it simply in her preface, by the objection—"What was there to be said about Italy that had not been said?" But having faced that objection fairly, she

should have answered thus—"Deceit lurks in generalities. I am not intending, by any means, to talk 'about Italy' vaguely and abstractedly, but about what I have seen there myself, through my own inquiring, intelligent, Irish eyes. I will eschew mere guide-book information, and pages from elementary Roman history books in the talk I propose to hold with my readers."

When Miss Kavanagh writes in the spirit of such an answer to the "formidable objection," we are charmed with her; it is only when she departs from it that we are a little put out.

For instance, Miss Kavanagh was domiciled at Sorrento, next door to a masseria, or Italian farm.

Upon the loggia that crowns the farmhouse she spies her next-door neighbour's daughter, Carmela. Who will not thank her for this portrait of the Sorrentine country girl?—

"Carmela is twenty-three, molto vecchia, very old, as she says herself, with demure gravity. She is neither tall nor stout, but slender in figure, light and agile as a deer, and, above all, graceful, from the bend of her slim arched neck, to the springing step of her bare, brown feet. She wears her black hair in the

A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies. By Julia Kavanagh. Two vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria, and on the top of Mount Etna. London: Routledge, Warnes, and Routledge.

becoming Greek fashion, which, two thousand years ago, her Greek ancestresses brought with them to Sorrento. That is to say, she divides it at the back into two plaits, with which she braids her head like a crown: two ends of black ribbon and a long silver bodkin, which they call *spadella*, from its sword-like shape, fasten these plaits securely behind; the rest of her attire offers nothing striking: a cotton handkerchief around her neck, white linen sleeves tucked up to her elbow, a short-waisted little bodice, a long skirt and a wide apron, complete her toilet. Like her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, Carmela wears neither shoes nor stockings. Carmela is not strictly beautiful, but she is better than pretty: delightful is the only word that will describe her. Her features are arched and expressive, her brown eyes have the look, soft and wild, of a young kid. There is mischief in the very sweetness of her smile, but maiden mischief securely guarded round by maiden innocence. Carmela is guarded too by that other good angel of youth—active life. Early as I may get up I see the tremulous blue smoke rising from her father's chimney, amongst the olive and orange trees, and we rarely go to bed but we leave a light burning in Carmela's windows, and hear the whole family saying the rosary; work, and hard work, fills the interval; except on Sundays and Festas, this family, seven in all, are never a moment idle."

Nothing pleases us better than to hear how Carmela's face "beams with pleasure" when her kind neighbour takes her for a pleasure-trip on the water to the Siren's grotto and the "cool green waters," at Queen Joanna's baths, where the delighted *contadina* "bends curiously over the edge of the boat, and far down in the clear deep bed, sees crumbled masonry, and dark rocks, and green seaweeds, and young crabs, and fine sand, and does not seem to care or to know whether Queen Joanna had ever bathed there or not," in spite of the "historical account of the death of King Andrew," then and there administered to her by Miss Kavanagh. When "the little ragged boy," who had been suffered to leap into the boat at starting, "to the amazement and indignation of Giuseppe, the padrone thereof," receives a few "grani" at parting, "evident happiness suffuses his face," and we like to be told that Giuseppe says, with a smile, "he will buy himself a melon to-night." There is something characteristic in the trifling

incident. "A water melon is the quintessence of Sorrento luxury." But we are not equally content to be told at full length in the same chapter, didactically instead of by a passing allusion, what a "*Naumachia*" was, and how Caesar gave—not here at Sorrento, but "not far from the Tiber"—a great fight of galleys on a certain occasion.

A few pages back we had a bald account of the rebellion under Spartacus; and two pages further on we shall be exhorted in these terms:—

"Would, that when we stand in the Forum, we remembered the captives, who, after adorning the triumph of the conqueror on his way to the capitol, were barbarously sacrificed there, for having too faithfully defended their native land! Would, that when we enter the Colosseum, we remembered the twelve thousand enslaved Jews who built it, and the countless Christians who perished within its arena!"

Surely these optatives are superfluous. Careless and superficial as many tourists may be, what one among them all ever *did* pass from the Forum, under the arch, whereon is sculptured the procession of the spoilers of Zion, onwards into the stupendous inclosure of the amphitheatre, in whose centre stands the Cross with outspread arms, victorious and calm, and did *not* pay tribute of remembrance to those recollections, which are here invoked as neglected impressions and sentiments too rare?

There are thirty pages at the end of the first volume, devoted to the description of some part of the treasures of the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, to which we think the "formidable objection" may very fairly apply. Miss Kavanagh would not have wronged herself much, nor her readers, as we think, at all, had she courageously dispensed with that chapter altogether. Neither would the loss of those twenty Pompeian pages in the second volume, while yet in manuscript, have injured the interest of the reader or the writer's success. We really must remonstrate against its long extracts from the epistles of the younger Pliny. Miss Kavanagh did not witness the catastrophe of Pompeii, and can scarcely be justified in reproducing now-a-

days, the "talk about it," which was addressed to Cornelius Tacitus by the nephew of the great naturalist, who perished then and there. We are not sure that the preceding chapter, headed *Beia*, might not come under the same censure; nevertheless, we will refrain, and pass on to say, that we, by no means, wish to tear pages out of the two volumes and to put nothing in their stead.

All the penance we would inflict upon the authoress, should simply be, to make her substitute for them an equal number of pages, such as those in which she gives us the genuine fruits of her own observation and experience, of things and persons under Neapolitan and Sicilian skies. There are eighty-seven pages, for instance, in her first volume, of a chapter entitled "*Sorrento socially*." Had she doubled or trebled the number of them, we should only have acknowledged a double or a triple obligation.

In its streets, as she describes them, the glowing sunshine is felt, and the reviving depth of cool heavy shadows, when we turn aside under vaulted archways, festooned with maiden's hair, framed at the farther gaping edge with hanging loops of vine branches or boughs, which the weight of golden oranges keep drooping. By the way, why should boughs be spelt "bows," as at page 43 of vol. ii. Is the demon of *MM. Hurst and Blackett's* "*Chapel*," as our fathers called the composers' room, solely answerable for this sudacity, or has the authoress come round too late to the doctrines of the deceased "*Fœtetic Nûz*?" We should scarcely have ventured to point out the error had we not a strong impression that we noticed it in another book some few days since. And again, whilst upon minute criticisms, we beg leave to protest unequivocally against the Anglicised plural "*Columbariums*," used repeatedly in the second volume. A lady, who ventures upon extracts from *Pliny*, must know the look of a Latin neuter plural too well to be permitted such tricks with it. But to return to *Sorrentine* streets. We likewise enough, as we have said, to haunt them in *Miss Kavanagh's* company, not only when the still and searching glare of the sun at midsummer, makes us long to turn into the "cool green court," and seat ourselves in that spe-

cial "corner, where stands the damp and ancient well;" under the overhanging "sculptured balcony above," where "the clothes are hung out to dry," and "curious children peep through its openings, or grave, dark women, with silver pins in their hair, gold rings in their ears, and, as usual, no shoes on their feet, stand still to look at you;" but also in the mid-winter days, when "Christmas—though its joy does not take the aspect of coal fires, plum-pudding, and roast beef—is merry Christmas for all that."

We can hear the squeals which proclaim to the echoing amphitheatre of mountains, that "awful slaughter of pigs" wherewith the festive season is ushered in. They are a notable feature in the street landscapes of *Naples*, these doomed piggies, as every one will admit, who remembers the drive to *Portici*. Scarce a house is passed, whose porker may not be seen, taking an airing, tied up within a circle of so many yards from the doorstep as are permitted by the length of string, which, passing round the philosophic grunter's body, is made fast at the other extremity to the scraper, or to the iron crook which holds back the shutters.

In *Sorrento*, however, "they run about and grunt in perfect liberty;" for there the Irish lady saw them in "dirty streets," and in company of "half-naked children, who are rather dirtier than the pigs, and squat on the flags," in summer, "eating red juicy water melons," bought at the stalls of "dirty fruit vendors." Alas for that dirt! though winter rains shall come anon, it shall not disappear; but only change from the pulverized to the semifluid stage of being. So when that Christmastide is come, joyous to men, doleful to the porcine race; *Miss Kavanagh* going to see the "*Presepio*," at honest skilful *Gargiulo's*, the carpenter, does well to be fetched by his son and two workmen. "Not for protection, for *Sorrento* is a safe place, but to light our path with lanterns, no useless precaution; lamps and gas are unknown here, and, unless when the moon shines, the streets are so many pits of darkness." Ay, and of worse than darkness! Who shall fathom, uninspired by *Oloacina*, the depths of a *Sorrentine* "*immondezziio*!"

But what is a 'Presepio?' Let Miss Kavanagh herself tell:

"We were introduced into a large room, where the presepio had been made on boards raised about two feet above the ground. It was a stylish one, a large one too, but, first of all, what is a presepio? It is a representation of the birth of Christ. It is made of wood, of stumps of trees, of moss, of any thing that will answer, and it represents rocks, rivers, trees, castles, houses, villas, palaces, any thing that comes into the head of the contriver; provided that, in the centre, there be a spot which may be called the stable of Bethlehem, and which will accommodate the Holy Family. Little baked clay figures, painted in strong colours, of shepherds bringing gifts, of animals, of peasant men and women, of pilgrims, kings, lords, and ladies, of angels too, with wonderful wings, playing on fiddles, and hanging from wires, are indispensable for a presepio. It is to the Italian children, what the Christmas tree is in Germany.

"The little waxen image representing the Holy Child was not yet in the manger of Gargiulo's presepio. The youngest boy, Ferdinando, who was gaily dressed in blue, with a red scarf and white frill, and whose grave face never relaxed into a smile, went out for the purpose of carrying this image processionally in the streets, and bringing it to the presepio with due solemnity. 'Vengono, vengono!' cried his mother and sisters with great eagerness. They threw the windows open, and requested us to look out. We saw lights coming along the dark street; we heard deep male voices singing the Te Deum, and under a dais we saw the grave Ferdinando, solemnly carrying the Bambino.

"The procession entered the house, the Bambino was brought in, laid in the manger, by Ferdinando, and the whole band began singing little Christmas hymns; next appeared Gargiulo's eldest son, a lad of fourteen, with priest's cap, cassock, and surplice. He ascended a temporary pulpit, gaily decorated with tinsel, and on the text "*pervulus natus est*" he delivered a flourishing sermon; the emphasis and gestures were perfect, and the self-possession complete. When he had done, the hymns began again, and wine and cakes, the gifts of the shepherds, we were told, went round."

When, however, we reiterate our approval of the chapter on the social aspects of Sorrento, we must be understood to limit its heartiness to the keen observation and graphic power which brings before us the different individual types of Italian society in

the provincial town. Indeed throughout the book these are the noteworthy and praiseworthy characteristics. The poor, but proud Countess, who lets lodgings to an English lady, but will only dupe her into belief that she would condescend to return her call, made, it is true, in forgetfulness of etiquette: the noble signora who is "gossip" "commare" to the maid of all work: the "cavaliere," smart, and yet ennuyé, who has taken to business; or to its shadow, as a druggist: the resentful wife who vows never to cross the threshold in company of her jealous husband: the plump girl whose hair is thinning, and who will not believe that the "rejected addresses" of her three suitors can really have affected, as the Sorrentines say, its once luxurious growth: the minor government official who groans over the perpetual indelicacy of bribing by mere money; and wonders that no morsels of venal veal, nor portruggers of propitiatory prune sauce are ever substituted as offers to win his favour: the venerable archbishop who gains his invidious title of "*rigoroso*" by refusing to ordain predetermined idlers, and who thins the seminary with the wise and manly saying, that "a good layman is better than a bad priest":—all these are figures so vividly, though rapidly, sketched, that we can only tender unqualified thanks to the clever sketcher for them. But when Miss Kavanagh, not content with describing, proceeds to pass judgment upon the condition of that society which she makes known to us, we must decline following her to conclusions, which her own premises seem carefully laid down to contradict. The warmth and generosity, and indeed the shrewdness, wherewith she defends the Italian, or, more strictly speaking, the southern Italian character, from aspersions too often careless and inconsiderate, command much of our sympathy. Her hit at Mr. Kingsley's estimate of the downward course of Italy (vol. i., p. 119), is fair and spirited enough. Nevertheless, we think that, upon her own showing, she would find it hard enough to make good the rash assertion that, in the beautiful, squalid, misgoverned south of Italy, "social freedom compensates for the absence of political liberty." Her quick observation shows us a domestic state there, dull, constrained,

unsociable, suspicious; a commercial enterprise petty, cramped, subdivided, at the mercy of a notoriously corrupt administration; an intellectual condition hopelessly stagnant, or purposely trammelled in such cases as reveal a possible activity. Manly ambition has, avowedly, no scope. Female honour is held incompatible with trustful freedom. Peasant girls at Sorrento, and Counts at Naples alike regard matrimony as a servitude and a snare. Indeed we are at a loss to discover any instances of social freedom, save that liberty of begging which our authoress seems to admire, and which we know, from our own experience, to end something very like a social tyranny over all the non-mendicant classes of society.

The poor, says Miss Kavanagh in one passage—

"Are wretched and degraded, it is true, for poverty is wretched and degrading all the world over; but it should never be forgotten that they are not in this land of despotism what they would be in lands of liberty and civilisation—the *lepers of society*—nay, if one may judge by the laws made against them, its born enemies. *Nor have the popular classes here the same feelings that animate them there: the same angry cry for justice—the same lurking resentment, of which the farsighted prophecy with dread and terror the fatal outbreak.*"

Disproof of the wisdom and truth of such a passage would not be difficult; but if it were the fair inference from what the writer herself had seen and observed, it were less just to take her to task for it. Yet how are we to allow the fairness of such an inference from observations such as these?—

"A Roman would certainly never bear with the usage to which a Neapolitan submits without shame. *The cane is not a mere threat here; it is used freely, and submitted to, not without thoughts of revenge probably, but with servile submission.*"

A "free" use of the cane scarcely tallies with our notion of desirable "social freedom." By-and-bye we have this graphic episode:

"We were crossing a street of Pompeii, when we witnessed a disgraceful scene. A well dressed man, an Italian, was upbraiding his coachman for having promised to make him dine in Pompeii, which is royal property, and will not permit such liberties; but not satisfied

with reprimand, he raised his cane and struck him severely. The unfortunate vetturino screamed and jumped with pain. Our guide frowned, and looking at us, said significantly:—'Gentlemen wonder when they get a stab of the knife now and then.'

"There was a whole social system in the words. The insolent cane on the side of strength, the perfidious revengeful knife on the side of the weak."

Would it be an unwarrantable liberty to inquire whether that "*whole social system*" be one with the peculiar state of "social freedom which compensates for the absence of political liberty," the enjoyment of which, moreover, secures society from angry feelings, and "lurking resentment," among the "popular classes?" A writer of Miss Kavanagh's calibre must not expect such glaring inconsistencies to be overlooked.

Her visit to Palermo was brief, as brief indeed as the hurried ramble through its streets of the "Unprotected Female," concerning whose amusing account of "A Short Tour in Sicily and Calabria," we have also a few words to say. It is a lively book, by no means unreadable, in spite of the slipshod ungrammatical English of its style; and the questionable taste of occasional passages, respects in which it stands painfully contrasted with Miss Kavanagh's correct, polished, and ladylike writing. Doubts, indeed, we remember, were pretty freely expressed concerning the sex of this anonymous author when first publishing the "Unprotected Females in Norway." Lady critics, especially, were wont to hint broadly that the pen which indited it was, for certain, not held by the hand of any of their sisterhood. It was a quip, they said, put upon "fast young ladies," by some saucy male remonstrant against the wearers of "loud" red-striped petticoats, pea jackets "*à la* grandes basques," miniature "navvy's" highblows in patent leather, and the feminine varieties of the "billy-cock" hat, or other such "wide-awake." This insinuation has evidently come to the writer's cognizance; and he or she is careful to parade the genuine or assumed reality of womanhood, having gone the length of publishing a Sicilian billet-doux, addressed, as we are assured, to the tourist, by a Sicilian cavalier, of "noble and honourable name," to express the

ardour of an attachment, sown, budding, and expanding in the writer's heart within the space of some quarter of an hour, spent by the "Unprotected" in the cathedral of Santa Rosalia.

If the "beautiful little note" be genuine, and the indiscreet tourist indeed a young lady, she must forgive us for saying that she has taken the wrong way of convincing her readers of her true feminine character, by gibbeting thus, even anonymously, her rash and presumptuous admirer. His rashness and presumption deserved castigation we allow; but, surely, she underrates herself by imagining that the contemptuous silence with which the poor Don's note was received was not sufficient punishment.

As we have said, her account of a scramble over the post-roads of Sicily is lively enough; and we highly commend her venturesome skirmish into Calabria. Indeed we regret that so little of her time and of her book should have been given to that unfrequented and interesting province. We have little doubt that extended excursions, and a lengthened stay, would have confirmed the impression she has succeeded in giving us, that the difficulties and discomforts of a tour in Calabria have been and are unreasonably exaggerated. We can answer boldly from our own experience, that such is the case in respect of those notions, which even at the *table d'hôte* of its lovely capital, prevail concerning the hardships of an exploration of the interior of the island of Sicily. Nothing could have been more ludicrous than the questions and surmises which were lately put upon this topic to ourselves, at the table of the Trinacria, that admirable hotel at Palermo, for the cleanliness and comfort of which Signor Salvatore Ragusa, its portly host, deserves the constant acknowledgment of those who have been his guests. Nothing more ludicrous, except, perhaps, the manner in which we have seen a fellow-countryman go forth to face the adventure of that pleasant tour. It was at Girgenti we fell in with him; as with a companion, sketch-book in hand, we were wandering among the oranges, almonds, and olives, in and out of the glowing temples, columns, and ruined walls of the renowned city, daughter of Gela, and granddaughter, as one might say, of Rhodes. He had in at-

tendance not only a courier, but one of those honest cheery "Sicilian guides," whom the current superstitions of Palermo force upon all unwary travellers; add to these a local cicerone, the driver of a three-horse carriage, hired for the stay in Girgenti, and the lazzarone had inevitably perched upon the steps. Remember, likewise, that there was a man up at the locanda stable, and very likely a lad with him, in charge of the mules, on which our acquaintance, his courier, and his traps had ridden from Marsala, and it will be seen that the "personnel" of this expedition was about as numerous as some men take for the desert route between Cairo and Jaffa. That evening, too, at supper-time, at the Locanda della Bella Sicilia, it was "a caution," as our Yankee cousins say, to see the little tin boxes produced, with groceries and condiments, and supplementary provisions of one kind and another. Nay, we verily believe that the special bottle of choice Marsala, then and there produced, was not an exquisite specimen brought on from the old Arab port itself, but had come all the way from a bin of friend Ragusa's, at Palermo! One might have fancied that the ruins lay at Baalbec, if not at Palmyra, instead of being at a twenty minutes' walk from a handsome cathedral town, where there is a botanical garden, and a public library, and a British Vice-Consul, and where, on Sundays, bonnets abound, and crinolines, frock-coats and trousers of such faultless cut, and kid gloves of such fit and colour, as would put any English county town to shame, and would not disgrace the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris.

Not that we mean to assert that the Sicilian inns, even in these well-built towns of noble architectural aspect, and still less in the little "borghi" of the country, are such as should fairly satisfy even the moderate requirements of foreign tourists. There is about them, even at their best, a strong flavour of the old Saracenic khan, or the kindred though more recent "fonda" of the Spanish lords of Sicily. The sleeping apartments and sitting-rooms—when there are any of the latter—are probably let by the owner of the whole house to some spirited individual, whose capital, consisting in certain trestlebeds on iron brackets,

mattresses stuffed with maize husks, chairs with fibre seats, a stray table or two, with some small articles of crockery ware, has emboldened him or her to launch into the venturous speculation of lodging passing guests. The vaulted kitchen downstairs, with its altar-hearth fire-places, where macaroni is scalding, artichokes stewing, and by-and-bye a dozen of those matchless Sicilian eggs shall be frizzling into an omelette for your supper, is rented, in all probability by a distinct personage. The coffee will very likely have to be fetched in upon a tray from the "café" opposite, together with the rolls of finest white wheat flour; and sometimes too the bottle of sound heady wine, with a sulphurous smack on it, as becomes wine grown on a dead or live volcano, must also be got from a bottega three doors off, or round the corner. That same kitchen divides the basement story with the spacious vaulted stable, where all the mules are munching chaff. There is often no coach-house, but the court-yard is full of bright yellow carts, with harness on the shafts, whose saddle-trees shoot up into wondrous spires, gay with red and blue feathers, tinkling with bells and brass gimcracks. Bells enough there may be on the harness, but none in your rooms. Should you wish for the waiter, or for the more frequent waitress, you must go out upon the staircase and bawl for Don Cecilio, or Donna Rosalia, as the case may be. Don't be frightened at the voluble screeching, wherewith you shall be greeted by them, when they come up to inquire what your will may be; that is only an Arabic feature in all Sicilian conversation. Neither let your dignity resent it, if you shall be pressed to discharge forthwith, your pecuniary obligation to the cleaner of your boots this morning. He who has performed this piece of service for you is, in much probability, a separate adventurer, to whom and for whom the house is not responsible. Yes! there remains a spice of the "picaresque" about the Sicilian locanda, and the minor incidents of the traveller's passing sojourn there, which brings back to our remembrance the pleasure wherewith for the first time we read certain chapters of Gil Blas. When the "prima donna" of the company, who were to sing an opera

that evening, has knocked at our room-door—her own being at the end of the same long corridor—to beg that we would be present at her benefit that night; when we have personally discussed with mine host of the kitchen himself, the items of our evening's entertainment, the fish, the omelette, and the brains fried in batter,—reminiscences of the hero of "Santillana" could scarcely fail to gleam upon us. Sorry should we have been to run the risk of missing such associations, by interposition between us and the folk at the locanda, of courier, guide, and local cicerone.

We are indeed of the self-protecting sex; but we are glad to learn from the note-book of the "Unprotected," that even ladies need not, when alone, fear to adventure upon Sicilian travel.

Indeed, for the further encouragement of all lady tourists, who may be hesitating and yet longing to make such venture, we may record it here, that two ladies of our own acquaintance, accompanied only by a guide from Palermo, have ridden throughout the island in every direction, not only in perfect safety, but with the utmost satisfaction.

For truly he or she shall be hard to satisfy, who shall not own the many and varied charms of Sicilian travel. Let the season only be well chosen, just before the later spring begins to be scorched by the eager sun of summer. It will be rather late then for the powdered whiteness of the orange bloom on the plain of the "Golden Shell;" but all the perfume shall not yet be gone out of its groves. The yellow blossom shall give its grace just then, even to the withering, distorted, prickly cactus-leaf. At Segeste, Selinuntium, Agrigentum, the fan-like palmetto shall have spread its long fingers into the sunshine. All the waving uplands of the interior shall flow with the tremulous wave of the green-eared corn as the west-wind blows. Not even the bareness of the great central rocky platform at Castrogiovanni shall seem bare. True, the forests have long fallen under ruthless axes, but what a carpet of grass dight with embroidery of wild flowers can do to cover desolation, the joyous spring-time has done. All along the sea-coast, from Catania, the hedges shall be festooned with roses and convolvulus in heavy tangled

richness. The caper hangs from rocky buttresses, and where rills of water trickle the oleanders grow. From the giant cone of *Ætna* the snows have almost melted. They no longer cloak the mountain shroud-like, but only sparkle as a diamond crown above. The sward is green and smooth under the oaks and beeches of the wooded region which belts it. Violets and pansies peep among the gnarled roots of them, and bright leaflets begin to thrust themselves from the branching twigs. All over the red, metallic, desolating scoria, for miles and miles, wheresoever the trained tendrils of the vine are not seen in ordered growth, the golden Spanish broom, and a pink tufted flowering shrub laugh out a consolation from the grim heaps of ashes. Soft and fleecy lie the clouds to seaward, and the great unseen furnace of the Cyclops

sends a curling stream of smoke and vapour to meet them across the western sky. By-and-bye the sapphire plain of the sea itself narrows and becomes a sparkling strip between the towering mountains of Calabria and the heights above Messina, waving with arbutus and sapling oak, and dark velvety pine. Were there no memories, no monuments, no marvels of bygone artistic skill and grandeur, none imprint of man's daring, restless, enterprising, constructive, and destructive mind, upon this isle of Sicily; were there no manifestation of his Maker's stupendous might and wisdom; were there none of these, of which all abound so richly there, that single lovely wonder of the flowery Sicilian springtime would make more than compensation to the wanderer for the time and trouble of the island tour.

MASSY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

It might scarcely be fair to criticise these volumes, which are a portion only of their author's work, did they not fully disclose his purpose and method. Their design prevents them from ranking as history absolutely, if the true object of history is to give a complete image of a nation's life. Mr. Massy professes to deal lightly with "the public transactions of the reign of George the Third," and reserves his strength for a full and minute investigation of the political and social phases of the period, so far as they have left their traces "in the institutions of the country, or in the manners of its inhabitants." The result, of course, is, that his work is less a history, than an historical study, that it presents its subject to us only in parts, and not as a whole, and that necessarily it leaves a sense of deficiency behind it. Thus, as regards the affairs of Europe from 1760 to 1780—the period comprised in the volumes before us—it affords us scarcely any information, although those affairs were not without their influence on England. It gives us, indeed, a chapter

on the partition of Poland, but it does not even allude to the annexation of Corsica to France, or to the important war between Russia and Turkey, which was marked by the crowning victory of *Tchessmé*. As yet, it has told us nothing about the magnificent empire which *Clive* founded in 1757, and which *Warren Hastings* was consolidating in the period it treats of; but we presume that it will enter fully upon the affairs of India when it shall review the famous *Bill of Fox* and *Lord North*. It narrates the American war at some length, and with considerable minuteness of detail, but not with full historical completeness; and, generally, it is somewhat meagre, sketchy, and wanting in its account of military and naval events, and in its description of striking historical scenes, and of eminent individual personages. It is probable, however, that its design is the chief cause of these shortcomings, and we are far from asserting that they belong to the author; we only say, that in consequence of his self-prescribed limits, his book is not an adequate history of

England. Subject, however, to this defect, it possesses much value on account of its analysis of English society at the accession of George III., and of its minute detail of the early politics of his reign, and of the public men, including especially the King, who gave them their peculiar turn and character. This part of the work is carefully elaborated, with much discernment and impartiality; and we think it entitled to considerable praise, although it has omitted some important particulars, and it seems to us wanting in philosophic insight, in the power of tracing effects to their causes, and in accurate views on several subjects. For the rest, the style of these volumes is not eloquent, or indicative of a high order of composition, but it is always pleasing, facile, and gentlemanlike, and is singularly free from harshness and coarseness of expression. On the whole, they do not aspire to as much as Lord Stanhope's history, and are inferior to it in liveliness and freshness, but their political views are deeper and more just, and are free from his evident party feeling.

In his brief allusions to the relations of England with the powers of Europe, Mr. Massey is on the side of peace and non-interference. He admires, as it deserves, the grand figure of Chatham standing out in full prominence upon the stage of events; but he is not at all a follower of Chatham's policy. He pays, indeed, a just tribute to the energy and wisdom, which in 1757 raised England from her abject condition, and within four years made her victorious in all parts of the world. He feels as an Englishman should feel for the triumph of Wolfe, for the rout of Belleisle, and for the capture of Havanna. He also appreciates the sagacity of the minister, who foresaw, and probably would have crushed the Family Compact in its formation, and who made resistance to it a cardinal principle in his conduct; and he justly scorns the purblind and vacillating politicians, who first denied that this perilous league existed, and then abandoned the fairest opportunity for dissolving it. But, as regards the main question of Chatham's foreign policy, namely, the advisableness of making the peace of 1762, he inclines to the side of Bute and of Grenville; and, on the whole,

concludes that that peace was glorious and expedient. He defends England's desertion of Frederick the Great, and even her abandonment of her fairest conquests, upon the ground that it would have been unwise to drive the House of Bourbon to despair. From this opinion we altogether dissent. We think that that peace, huddled up by George III. and his favourite, not only deprived England of possessions she might have retained, and led to the renewal of the French and Spanish alliance in 1779, but that, by leaving Frederick to the mercy of his many enemies, it cast a deep stigma upon our national faith, and by forcing him into a Russian alliance, it was one of the causes of the partition of Poland. On this question we echo the words of Junius, "that Belleisle, Goree, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, the Fishery, and the Havanna, given up by England almost without an equivalent, are 'glorious monuments' of the Duke of Bedford's 'talents for negotiation';" and we believe that Sir William Pynsent was not entirely in error, when, in making his magnificent bequest to Pitt, he compared the peace of Utrecht with that of Paris, the wrongs of the Dutch and the Austrians with those of Frederick, and the conduct of Harley with that of Bute. As regards, however, the second great event in foreign politics during the first twenty years of the reign of George II., namely, the partition of the kingdom of Poland, we entirely agree with Mr. Massey that its importance was not perceived by contemporary politicians—that, in fact, it appeared a change in the interests of England, which was then desirous of raising Russia in the scale of power; and that it is absurd to blame the statesmen of the time because subsequent events have convinced us of its danger to Europe. Non-interference as respects Poland in 1772 was as plainly the policy of England, in any conceivable view of existing affairs, as interference would be in 1859, were Russia, in the actual state of Europe, about to enter for the first time the career of Polish conquest.

Mr. Massey unfolds, with much clearness, the causes that led to the American war, and the lamentable events that resulted from it. On this subject he is very superior to Lord Stan-

hope, who, nourished upon protectionist dogmas, cannot see how a nominal reciprocity with the colonies had the effect of a severe and vexatious restriction. The ultimate reason of the rupture with America was, unquestionably, that vicious system of trade which, based upon the principle that England had a right to colonial monopoly, fettered the industry of the Americans, and aroused their indignation. But the inveterate obstinacy of George III., the pedantic tyranny of George Grenville, the domineering arrogance of the Duke of Bedford, and the incautious recklessness of Charles Townshend, all concurring in a scheme for taxing America, which, however justifiable in theory, was acknowledged by Pitt and Walpole as practically unfair or impossible, were the immediate causes of this great disaster. In itself, the American war has little interest, for it was not characterized by a single great exploit; and it affords no lesson of guerilla, or of regular strategy. With the exceptions of Arnold and Washington, the American generals showed little talent; and, whatever their own historians may say to the contrary, the American levies did not distinguish themselves for valour. Nor is there any thing imposing in the patriotism of that Congress, which, like the French Republicans of 1815, displayed the narrowest jealousy of their great commander, and descanted on the danger of standing armies to the State when the enemy was about to hem them round. It appears certain to us that, had England been well governed in 1778, the American revolt, in Chatham's words, "would have been crushed to atoms;" and to us this unhappy war is chiefly interesting for this, that it is a striking proof into what depths of ignominy a corrupt and imbecile ministry may lead a great nation. Very strange, indeed, and melancholy was the contrast between the England of the Seven Years' War, that at all points was a victor; that covered the seas with her fleets, and occupied kingdoms with her armies; that coerced France and Spain into humble submission, and dictated her own terms to a baffled Europe—and the England of 1779, overwhelmed with disgrace, that had pusillanimously hired mercenaries for a civil war; that had armed the red Indian

against her own children; that had been defeated over and over again by a colonial militia, and that trembled at the sight of her ancient enemies leagued against her. But history must pronounce, that if the same generation beheld this contrast—if the officers who forced the heights of Quebec were the same as those who laid down their arms at Saratoga—if the navies which could not protect the Havanna and Guadaloupe subsequently appeared in irresistible strength in the Channel—these things were owing to the dictatorship of Pitt in 1758, and to the rule of George III. and Lord North in the subsequent period. Well, indeed, might the dying orator and statesman, while all this sad difference came full upon him—yet, remembering what he had done for England, and what England had become without him—exclaim, even at the eleventh hour, in these unrivalled accents, "Shall a people, seventeen years ago the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, take all we have, only give us peace."

But, if the American war is not peculiarly interesting in itself, its consequences have been more momentous than could have been anticipated. In the year 1859, we read, with wonder, the predictions of the statesmen of 1779, that the loss of the thirteen colonies would prove the ruin of England. The declaration of independence which filled Chatham with terror, and the courtiers of Versailles and Saint Ildefonso with delight, has been only less beneficial to the mother country than to her offspring. By emancipating America from the mercantile system, and placing her relations with Great Britain on a rational basis, it has augmented enormously the commerce of both countries, while it has raised the United States to a power of the first magnitude, by giving free room to the energies of an Anglo-Saxon people. It has been the ultimate effect of the American war that magnificent cities have multiplied along the coasts of the Atlantic; that a vast stream of human beings is annually poured into the Great Republic, which carries far into desert wilds the elements of civilization; and that the laws, the customs, and the manners of Great

Britain are now being spread abroad in portions of the globe where a century ago their presence could never have been expected. Nor were other consequences of the American war less important to Great Britain, though their operation was long retarded by the French Revolution. The peace which that war occasioned throughout the nation, opened men's eyes to the jobbing, the corruption, and the imbecility, which characterized irresponsible parliamentary government; and from this time we date that demand for parliamentary reform which, though long delayed, and denounced as a Jacobin movement, at last accomplished the revolution of 1832. So, too, the pressure put upon England by this war gave weight to the arms of the Irish Volunteers, and thus caused the first relaxation of that iniquitous code of trade which had oppressed Ireland for nearly a century, and the first amelioration of these terrible penal laws which had bound three-fourths of her people in servitude. And the shock which that war gave to the mercantile system of economics, by proving its extreme precariousness and unsoundness, contributed, perhaps more than any thing else, to the diffusion of these ideas among our statesmen which ultimately have caused the triumph of free trade. In short, the fierce ordeal to which the empire was then exposed brought out its feeble and peccant parts: there was sufficient energy in the nation to bear a cure; and the final consequences of the American war have been most salutary to our general welfare. Mr. Massy has not failed to notice these effects, and truly observes that the three great questions of our time—parliamentary reform, religious emancipation, and free trade—were first debated at the close of the American war; but we could have wished that he had put this more prominently forward, and had shown more fully the cause of this significant event.

The chief subject, however, of Mr. Massy is the social and political condition of England from 1760 onwards; and to this, accordingly, we turn our attention. And here, in the first place, we must express our regret that he has not given us a fuller and more accurate picture of the external

aspect of the England of the period. The materials for such a picture are ample, and at hand; and it would not only have been very interesting in itself, but it would have elucidated in many respects the life of the nation. We should have wished particularly to have seen before us the England of our great grandfathers, in its transition state from the semi-barbarism of the Stuarts to the splendour, cultivation, and populousness of the present age;—the England where as yet the plough was of wood, the draining-tile had not reached the frequent morasses, and the barren hills were everywhere waste with heath and gorse;—the England whose skies were still free from the smoke of thousands of chimneys overhanging the vast centres of our manufacturing industry;—the England where Bristol and Norwich were the second towns of the empire, and Liverpool, though fast rising into importance, was still a small trading port along the Mersey;—the England, where London, compared with the present city, was a squalid, noisome, and isolated town, still separated at all points from the suburbs which long since it has absorbed;—the England from which the last highwayman had not yet disappeared, and along whose miry and difficult roads the six-horse coach of the nobleman often stuck fast, and the flying posts still travelled at five miles an hour;—the England where nurses frightened children with the tale of the March to Derby, and in which many a jolly Squire Western, secluded in the manor-house of his Jacobite fathers, still called his favourite horse the "Chevalier," and still drank to the true king over the water;—the England in which Bath was a centre of fashion, and every year beheld the ombre and the spadille, the country-dances and flirtations, the red-heeled shoes and the hoops of the aristocracy of all the western counties;—the England, in short, which appears before us in Young's travels, Hogarth's pictures, and the novels of Fielding. But although Mr. Massy's account of the England of this age, is not at all vivid or complete, and cannot compare for an instant with the masterpiece of Lord Macaulay, which thoroughly reproduces for us the England of the Stuarts; it contains

some sketches worthy of notice. Here is his general idea of the state of the country districts :—

"The aspect of the country itself was, for the most part, dreary and desolate. Agriculture had made comparatively little progress. Patches of cultivation appeared only at intervals between the swamps and wastes which formed the pervading character of the landscape. Five-and-twenty Inclosure Acts only had passed up to the accession of George II. During the thirty-three years of that monarch, statutes of this description, which are notable proofs of the progress of civilization, had increased by 182. From 1760 to 1774, upwards of 700 Inclosure Acts were obtained. In the same period, the various Highway Acts were consolidated; and 453 Turnpike Acts were passed."

Here is a sketch of the household and mansion of the country gentlemen of the period :—

"Landscape gardening was confined to the seats of the great proprietors; and even a common flower-garden was not a usual appendage to the house of a gentleman qualified to be a knight of the shire. The house itself, though a substantial structure, was rarely kept in the state of repair and cleanliness which the modern sense of comfort and decency requires. The stables and kennels were close to the house, occupying the site which is now covered with conservatories and parterres. The rough fields through which this gloomy mansion was approached, presented a very different aspect to the highly-cultivated lands and neat enclosures which now surround a lawn laid out in well-kept walks, and ornamented by shrubs and plants from every quarter of the globe."

And here is a study of the London of 1760 :—

"The insolence, licentiousness, and ferocity of the people, especially in the capital and other great towns, were such as a traveller would hardly now encounter in the most remote and savage regions of the globe. No well-dressed individual of either sex could walk the streets of London, without risk of personal insult or injury. It was, indeed, an undertaking of difficulty to pass through the streets at all. The narrow footway, separated from the carriage-road only by a line of unconnected stakes or posts, at wide intervals, was frequently blocked up with chairs, wheelbarrows, and other obstructions, some of them placed there wantonly to annoy foot-passengers. Carmen and hackney coach drivers considered it excellent

sport to splash decent people from head to foot; and when a terrified female or bewildered stranger was tumbled into the kennel, the accident was hailed with shouts of delight. Yet, on the whole, it was as safe and less disagreeable to traverse the streets on foot than in a conveyance. Chairs and carriages were upset, and collisions were constantly occurring; the least inconvenience was, that the progress of vehicles through the great thoroughfare was interrupted by the absence, or rather disregard of regulations for the traffic. But the delay was not the only annoyance. When a stoppage took place, or an accident happened, the ears were stunned by a storm of oaths and abusive altercations from the drivers and servants. Thieves were always ready to take advantage of the confusion, which they had themselves probably originated for their own purposes. Beggars also availed themselves of the opportunity to ply their trade: the dismal tale of sickness and famine was drawn out and corroborated by terrible exhibitions; stumps of limbs and diseased children were held up to the carriage windows of the quality. If there were ladies in the family coach, a street vocalist would probably begin chaunting some filthy doggerel of which the refrain would be taken up by the bystanders."

These sketches will give the reader some notion of what the England of a century ago was like, and how immense has been the change and the improvement in its aspect; but they are far from being complete or satisfactory, and the student who requires a full knowledge of the subject must still have recourse to the authorities of the period.

Mr. Massy's account of English society from 1760 to 1780 is both elaborate and interesting, but in some respects it is discursive and shallow. It has omitted several important considerations, and, in our opinion, it is overcharged with dark colours. Thirty-three pages are taken up in estimating the influence of preceding ages upon the manners and customs of this time; and we cannot think that this review was at all needed, or that it shows much trace of philosophic inquiry. No attempt is made to calculate the number of the population, the relative importance of the different classes in the state, the rate of wages, and its proportion to the necessities of life, the average amount of pauperism and crime, and the material condition of the lower classes.

No notice is taken of the rise of our manufacturing system, although its gigantic foundations had been laid before 1780 ; but perhaps this notice is reserved for a future volume. The details of the administration of our public departments, the strength and condition of the army and navy, the nature and quality of education in general, and the statistics of our revenue, expenditure, and commerce, are also passed without investigation ; and although Mr. Massy's description is not without much value, it has omitted an important feature in the social life of the period, which should have been placed in prominence before us. Society in England, in the early years of George III., was diversified by much wider distinctions than now could be found in it. The comparative difficulty of intercommunication, the want of a common stock of literature, and some lingering traces of a pseudo feudalism, still preserved the separate identity of classes much more clearly than at present. The courtiers who attended the Duke of Newcastle's levées, and the fine gentlemen who met at Ranelagh or Mrs. Cornely's, were almost as much a city caste as the merchants who had their houses in Leadenhall-street. Such of the peers and members of Parliament as had town and country houses had, more than any other class, the bearing of the gentleman of the present time ; but the great mass of the squirearchy were after the type of Squire Western, coarse, illiterate, and full of besotted arrogance and prejudices, while the merchants and manufacturers of the country were generally vulgar, and utterly uneducated. The habits of the professional classes were also more characteristic than at present : the parson was generally known by his Jacobite traditions, his affectation of learning, and his love of carousing ; the lawyer was almost always a pedant or a blustering bully ; the physician was such as we see him in Hogarth's pictures ; and the officers of the army and navy were either men of fashion, like Lord Fellamar, or Ensigns Northerton and Corporals Truncheon. As for the orders below these, they were far more distinguishable than they now are : a broader line of difference than can now be traced separated the farmer from the mechanic, and the la-

bourer from the artificer ; and society generally had not been fused into that happy combination which characterizes our present national life, and in which our different classes are insensibly blended with each other, however great may be the interval between the highest and the lowest. The marked contrast, in this respect, between the England of 1760, and that which is governed by Queen Victoria, should not have escaped Mr. Massy's observation, and we would wish to see it carefully illustrated by a competent person.

What, however, in the first years of George III., was the state of England as regards religion, morality, and private life ? Mr. Massy tells us that "the depravity of manners, from the accession of the House of Hanover to the end, at least, of the first two years of George III., was not excelled in the decline of the Roman empire." According to him, the influence of the "godless" eighteenth century had contaminated England to an extent it is now impossible to conceive. The open infidelity and the shameless profligacy which had swelled the era of the Restoration had left their traces in all classes of society, and, although their worst excesses had passed away, they had been succeeded by an indifference to religion, a flagrant disregard of the laws of morals, a base contempt of public spirit, a coarse and brutal code of social habits, an apathy as regards education and general improvement, and a taste throughout all ranks of demoralizing amusements. Under this corrupting influence, those institutions of the state which were set apart for the encouragement of piety and mental culture had either become inefficient or had been turned to bad uses ; and all the members of the frame of society were tainted, relaxed, or full of impurity. The Church, now sufficiently devoted to the people, and now completely pervaded by enfeebling Erastianism, had abandoned its office as a guardian of the national faith, and had degenerated into an establishment for the favourites of lay patronage. In Parliament the grossest corruption prevailed ; the government was professedly carried on by bribery ; no sense of public spirit animated the several members who were bought wholesale by Walpole and the Pelhams ; and

the electors, faithfully imitating the example of their patrons, made their votes a regular subject of traffic. Throughout the various orders of this degraded people, there was a vein of profligacy and coarseness which issued in multiplied forms of evil: the levées of the King's mistresses were full of courtiers and bishops; prime ministers lived in open adultery and debauchery; the assemblies of fashion were haunts of vice and immodesty; the middle classes were just as wicked as their superiors, and, besides, were drunken and brutal in their habits; and the life of the poor was after this example, only, if possible, still more reckless and demoralized. Add to this a lighter "literature of the stews," the theatres teaching a vulgar and stupid obscenity, or repeating scenes of domestic scandal; the mental culture of women utterly neglected, and that of men confined to superficial acquirements; a general contempt for the higher kinds of education, accompanied by an appetite for trashy and filthy publications;—and we shall have Mr. Massy's notion of the England of Walpole and Chatham, in the days when Leicester House still held its state, and before George III. had attained his thirtieth year.

Some sketches from Mr. Massy, of this state of society, will justify our brief analysis, and, perhaps, be not displeasing to the reader. Here is his picture of the clergy of the Established Church:—

"The curate of the seventeenth and the first half, at least, of the eighteenth century, in point of education, was little above his flock; and in social position he was certainly below the yeomen and tradesmen of the parish. He was often obliged to eke out a subsistence for his ragged and half-starved family by the labour of his hands, and his children were brought up to earn their bread by servile labour. The vices and foibles incident to a position, theoretically one of dignity and authority, but in which it was really difficult to maintain self-respect, were the constant theme of ridicule to the satirists of the age. The higher ranks of the clergy, though far from the degrading influence of abject poverty, seldom fulfilled the duties, or even regarded much the outward decencies of their calling. The rector or vicar was often a pluralist, and, therefore, an absentee; or, if he lived upon his glebe, he was a kind of ecclesiastical squire, differing only from other country gentle-

men in the discharge of the formal duties of his office. He joined in carouses and field-sports; and his presence rarely imposed any restraint on the conversation, or indulgence of the festive board."

"The more refined and educated class of clergymen, though their lives and characters were not, like some of those who have been named, positively disgraceful to the order, contributed little to its utility. If the parson had the manners of a gentleman, he had likewise the tastes and habits of polite society. Instead of passing his time in field-sports and drinking-bouts, he was to be seen at fashionable assemblies, or sauntering at watering places, or in attendance at the levées of great men. The aim of a clergyman who frequented good society was to obtain some preferment which would at once flatter his pride, and enable him to live in luxury. With this object, he was not nice as to the services he rendered his patron: sometimes he attended the young heir on the grand tour, nominally as a preceptor, really as a servile companion. If he had a ready pen, he would, perhaps, be engaged to write pamphlets or newspaper paragraphs in the interest of his employer. More frequently, he was used as an agent for electioneering purposes, and in that capacity was required to employ the local influence derived from his position as rector or curate; nor did he scorn to be the channel through which the vile wages of corruption were dispensed. Too often, indeed, he was charged with rendering his patron still more scandalous services. The higher places in the Church—bishops, deaneries, and stalls—were filled chiefly from this class of clergymen; and it is easy, therefore, to believe that the imputations which were lavishly cast upon the morals and principles of the dignitaries of the establishment were not wholly false and calumnious."

Here is Mr. Massy's account of the life of the highest classes:—

"Among a series of ministers, temporaries and successors of Walpole, who either filled high offices or played conspicuous parts in public life, there were few who, in those times, would not have been thought wholly disqualified for such positions. I will refer only to three men who were leading ministers during the early part of the reign of George III., but neither of whom would have been tolerated in any responsible posts under either of his successors. The Duke of Grafton, some time at the head of His Majesty's Government, was in the habit of appearing in public with his mistress—a common woman of the town. Lord Sandwich and Sir Francis Dash-

wood—the one successively Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty—the other, Chancellor of the Exchequer—were the most notoriously profligate men of their day. They were the founders of the Franciscan Club, an association of a few audacious men of fashion, for the purpose of celebrating a blasphemous burlesque upon the monastic system and the rites of the Church of Rome. They took a ruinous building in Buckinghamshire, called Medmenham Abbey, which, as its name implies, had once been a religious house. Here they fitted up cells, assumed the habit of the Order of St. Francis, and, with gross mockery, performed the ceremonies and observances of the conventual service. I need not describe the quality of the nuns who were admitted to participation in these solemnities, nor of the choruses which were chanted, nor of the images which represented the Virgin and the saints. Nor was this the passing freak of a few thoughtless young men of wit and fashion. The Franciscan Club was, for some time, the wonder and scandal of the town. It assembled several times, and comprised, besides Sandwich and Dashwood, such men as Wilkes, Potter, and Selwyn—most of whom were men of mature age."

The following is a picture of the assemblies of fashion :—

"Besides the ordinary places of amusement, there were assemblies appropriated to the pleasures of people of quality. Of these the principal were Almack's, Cornely's, and the Coterie. At the first, high play was the principal attraction. Mrs. Cornely kept a house in Soho-square, of a very exclusive character, but of questionable reputation. Masquerades and operas were the ostensible amusements; assignations were the real business of the establishment. Mrs. Cornely was prosecuted in 1771, under the Licensing Act, and she was convicted as a rogue and vagabond, for having had an opera performed before people of the first fashion, who paid a guinea each for their tickets. This uncouth interference of the law was highly resented by the patrons of these amusements, and had the effect, for a time, of rendering her house more attractive. But the open licence of manners reached, perhaps, its utmost limit at the institution of the Coterie. This was a mixed club of ladies and gentlemen—the ladies balloting for the gentlemen, and the gentlemen for the ladies. It was comprised exclusively of people of the highest fashion, and the numbers, therefore, were limited. Such a breach of delicacy and decorum was almost too flagrant for the coarse taste of the day."

The amusements of the middle classes were, of course, of the same quality, only characterized by greater coarseness :—

"No person now living has witnessed the debaucheries which were of nightly occurrence at Vauxhall from the time of Queen Anne to an advanced period of the reign of George III. The boxes were scenes of drunkenness and riot; the dull vistas and secluded alleys were infamous for still more heinous vice and crime. A lady who, by a chance which frequently occurred, lost for a few minutes the protection of her party, was in imminent danger of insult and outrage. Young women of every condition were, in every place of public resort, unless vigilantly watched, exposed to impertinence from persons who, by social position, were entitled to be called gentlemen."

And this is Mr. Massy's idea of the general life of the middle and lower orders :—

"The town and its suburbs abounded in gardens and places of entertainment, where shopkeepers and their apprentices could dissipate their time, and emulate the vices of their betters. The consequence of these establishments was an enormous increase of crimes against property. The streets of the metropolis were infested with thieves and robbers; persons were constantly attacked; even carriages were stopped in the public thoroughfares after dark; and no unprotected person could go a mile out of town in the day-time without danger of being waylaid. Frauds and forgeries also abounded; and the confidence in clerks and servants, without which trade cannot be carried on, was seriously impaired.

* * * * *

"In the transaction of his business a country dealer was commonly a cheat; and in the exercise of his political franchise he was rarely even a pretender to purity. Before the American war it would be difficult to name the member of an open borough who did not obtain his seat by a large expenditure for corrupt purposes. The lower class of voters insisted on the public-houses being thrown open; and for fourteen days the town was a scene of rioting and drunkenness, often ending in bloodshed. But the decent elector, less easily disposed of, always received the price of his vote in money or money's worth. The only approach to public spirit in an election was, when a corporate body applied the proceeds of a corrupt bargain to some local object.

"When we descend to the lower

orders of society we find vice exhibited in all its hideous grossness. Scarcely any effort had yet been made, either by public or private means, to redeem the common people from the abject ignorance in which they were sunk. Education, indeed, so far from being promoted, was very generally regarded by the higher ranks, as a thing with which the middle class had little concern, and which was positively noxious to the lower orders. Hardly any tradesman in 1760 had more instruction than qualified him to address a bill; and long after that date, if he opened any book besides his ledger, he did so by stealth; for if it was known that he was addicted to reading, he would probably be injured in his business. A labourer, mechanic, or domestic servant, who could read or write, possessed a rare accomplishment, and one which would not ill help him to earn his bread. Drunkenness was the prevalent habit of the common people; but it would be unfair to brand them distinctively with this reproach, when people of every class drank to excess."

That during almost the whole of the last century the moral state of society in England was extremely bad, admits, we think, of hardly a question; but we should not have supposed that any historian would have seriously compared it with that of the Rome of Nero. We presume, however, that this is a rhetorical flourish, and accordingly will not attempt to confute it; but, generally speaking, in our judgment, Mr. Massy has depicted the England of 1760 in too dark colours. Undoubtedly, the want of harmony between the semi-Jacobite clergy and the government narrowed the choice of dignitaries for the high places in the Church, and impaired its general usefulness and efficiency. The illegitimate protection afforded to the establishment by restrictive laws on dissenters from it, the divorce at least of one of the great universities from the nation, and the injury thence done to the influence of intellect; the general neglect of education throughout all classes; the evil effects of the example of the France of Louis XV., then the pattern for European society; the absence of a free and searching press; and the want of a quick communication of public opinion; all these contributed to make the England of the day, as respects moral and mental culture, very different from the Eng-

land of a century afterwards. But Mr. Massy's account exaggerates detraction; it seems to have been compiled from the very records which would lead to an overestimate of the evils of the time, from caricatures, satires, plays, and public trials; and it does not make a sufficient allowance for the bright examples this social life did, in fact, afford, or for the good which, to some extent at least, leavened and improved it. The Church, which, in the middle of the last century had such prelates as Secker, Butler, and Berkeley, and yielded many a Man of Ross or Parson Primrose to fiction, could not have been entirely corrupt. Mr. Massy scarcely devotes a line to the great Evangelical movement conducted by Wesley; but this movement is in itself a proof that the spirit of religion in England was alive beneath the dross and refuse which had gathered around it. That state was not thoroughly degraded, as regards political probity, which had such ministers as Chatham, Grenville, and Rockingham—men above every kind of sordid motive, and free from the taint of jobbing or bribery. We may believe that there were Alworthys in many parishes, not as well-educated, of course, as the esquires of this day, but high-minded, honest, and virtuous country gentlemen, whose example, however rare, was a blessing to their neighbourhood. The manufacturing classes, which had Arkwright, Hargreave, and Brindley, were not altogether sunk in sottishness and debauchery. We daresay that, even among the macaronis who flirted at Rahelagh, or the fine gentlemen who supped at the Cocoa Tree, or the fair ladies who wore rouge and patches at St. James's, some good specimens of an aristocracy were not wanting. And we feel confident, that the farmers, the yeomen, the artificers, and the labourers of England, though far from being as prudent, decent, and self-respecting as they are at present, were not quite the swinish multitude Mr. Massy imagines.

Among the minor evils of this period was that of a general spirit of detraction that assailed public and private character without mercy. The law of libel was very stringent, and the press was, for the most part, feeble and

inefficient, but malevolence in writing and speaking pervaded all classes. The debates in Parliament were reported in imperfect scraps, accompanied often by coarse allusions to the speakers; the language of the members to each other was frequently such as now would not be tolerated; and the gossip of society was that of the "School for Scandal," unadorned by its wit and elegance. This topic naturally leads us to consider the great master libeller of the age, at "the shadow of whose name" the curious of three generations have caught eagerly, not, perhaps, in vain. We agree, upon the whole, with Mr. Massy's estimate of Junius, though it is probably beneath his peculiar merits, and we cannot see the advantage of contrasting him with Swift, so many and obvious are the points of distinction. Undoubtedly the ideas of Junius were neither deep nor philosophic: his ignorance on legal questions makes the lawyer smile, and the critic wonder at his indiscretion in discussing them; and his strength lies in his mastery of the vile weapon of personal abuse in anonymous slander. Still, we do not agree with the notion that his matter is "altogether contemptible;" for we think it discloses a powerful mind that thought originally for itself, and an earnest although a malevolent nature. To us Junius appears to have belonged to no political party of the time, and to have been altogether a closet politician. On the question of the Peace of Paris, he agreed with Lord Chatham; on that of taxing America, with Burke and Lord Rockingham; on that of Parliamentary Reform, with Chatham again; on that of Press Warrants, with the King and his friends; and on the case of Wilkes, with the lowest Radicals of his day. Such political eclecticism shows he was free from party ties; and, in the shape which it assumes in his writings, it argues, we think, a strong and bold understanding, as well as a fierce and detracting spirit. As regards the peculiar style of Junius, it is devoid of ease, breadth, and humour—qualities of the greatest use to the political writer, as Swift and Cobbett have amply proved; but for the effect to be produced by passionless rancour, and cool and, apparently, disinterested hatred, expressed in the clearest and tersest

language, and barbed by the keenest irony and sarcasm, we do not think it has been equalled in any tongue. How tame and feeble are the letters of Baratariana and of Runnymede—expressly and obviously imitations of Junius—when compared with their great anonymous original; and yet Messrs. Flood and Grattan in their day, and Mr. Disraeli in our own, have usually been considered as masters of invective. Even the best personal attacks of *The Times*, which the late Sir Robert Peel thought equal to those of Junius, seem to us to want his cold but deadly venom, and his wonderful art of telling sarcasm.

But who was the great libeller, who "fluttered the Volcees" at Woburn and St. James's, who terrified Grafton, and stung Mansfield to the quick, yet "whose secret," he tells us, was "to perish with him?" We do not agree with Lord Macaulay that the identity of Junius with Sir Philip Francis is complete; but, unlike Mr. Massy, we are of opinion that the proof of it is very cogent. It may be worth while to glance at the evidence which sustains it. Junius, whoever he was, denounced the Peace of 1763, and assailed the Duke of Bedford, who was one of its negotiators; but he did not write a line against Lord Holland, who procured the sanction of the House of Commons to it by the grossest corruption. Once, indeed, when he had suspected that Mr. Fox had written anonymously against him, he gives a hint to Lord Holland that his "character was vulnerable," but with Junius this reticence is almost a proof of friendly feeling. Again, Junius was acquainted with the forms used in the English War Office, and was so confident about his familiarity with them, that he did not care to inquire about those in use in Ireland; and this led to his error as regards the half-pay of Sir William Draper. Again, Junius was indignant at the promotion of Mr. Chamier to the Deputy Secretaryship at War; and, apparently from a consciousness that his anger might betray him, he requested Woodfall not to allow his letters on this subject to be known as his own. Again, Junius attended the debates of the House of Lords in 1770, and took notes, among others, of speeches by Lord Chatham. Again, Junius wrote his letters between 1769 and 1778; after an inter-

val of some months, he re-appeared in 1773; and after that date he kept a perpetual silence. Finally, the writing of Junius is remarkable in this, that it never breaks a word in the middle of a line, but that it fills the line up by a dash or a flourish; and its spelling of risk, as "risque," and endeavour, as "endeavor," is a very singular peculiarity. But these facts, when taken together, make the case against Francis very significant. Francis owed his first step in life to Lord Holland. He was a clerk in the English War Office from 1763 to 1772. In 1772 he resigned his place in bitter resentment, because Mr. Chamier was appointed over his head. He supplied notes to Mr. Almon in 1770 of debates in the House of Lords, and especially of speeches by Lord Chatham. He left England for Italy in March, 1772, returned in January, 1773, and sailed for India early in 1774, having, six months previously, obtained a lucrative office from Government. Again, the handwriting of Francis is said to be like that of Junius, and it contains the very same peculiarities of spelling. Add to this, that Francis gave "Junius" to his wife as a wedding present; that, after his death a book, which identified him with Junius, was found sealed up among his papers, and solemnly directed to her; and we think that the case against him is of such a kind, that the authorship is a strong probability. The weakness of the evidence against any other person is in itself a strong corroboration of the proof which stamps him as the greatest of anonymous slanderers.

As regards the political state of England at this period, Mr. Massy has carefully adapted his narrative to its elucidation; and the result is creditable to his industry and good sense, although we think that he is deficient here in penetrating insight; that he has omitted several important considerations; and that he is in error on some particulars. On this subject, however, his superiority to Lord Stanhope is manifest, who, indeed, cannot pretend to rank as a philosophic historian. He has shown very clearly the lamentable results of the last struggle between prerogative and responsible government, which our constitution will probably ever witness. He has shown how the resolu-

tion of George III. to elevate monarchy above Parliamentary authority, broke up the magnificent administration of Chatham, maintained for a time an incapable minion in his stead, abandoned the interests of England for an ignominious peace, committed the empire to a disastrous civil war, enfeebled the action of the state at a desperate crisis, made submission to the crown not identity of policy the principle on which ministries were put together, strained the constitution to gratify personal spite, repeatedly violated the fundamental rule of our polity that government should possess the confidence of Parliament, and did not scruple to employ illegitimate influence and corruption to such an extent as England had never witnessed. Believing that the "divinity which hedges a king" gives no exemption from the censure of history, he has steadily traced the effects of this obstinate resolution in the "seven years' war" against Wilkes, in the struggle with America, in the overthrow of the Rockingham Whigs, in the cabal of "the King's friends," and in the fatal subserviency of Lord North's cabinet. He has discussed the important question as to the right of England to tax the colonies with much ability, clearness, and learning; and naturally arrives at that which is generally received as the sound opinion, and was contended for by Burke and Lord Mansfield, that the supreme legislative authority involved the right. He has commented justly and with force upon the proceedings as regards Wilkes, and truly shows that the conduct of the House of Commons, in contradicting the courts of law with respect to the limits of privilege from arrests, and in declaring the election of Luttrell valid, was grossly arbitrary and iniquitous. He has noted the stretches of tyranny shown in the use of general warrants, and in the proceedings with respect to the imprisonment of the printers. He discusses the Royal Marriage Act at great length, and with more fulness than, perhaps, it deserves; but he judges of it truly as an evidence of the influence which George III. had established in the government. While he properly condemns the barbarous criminal law which then disgraced us, he calls attention to the purity of the administration of justice which even

this period could not affect. And he records with care the principle at issue in the struggle between the Irish House of Commons and Lord Townshend; and notices, though scarcely at sufficient length, the evils inflicted upon that country, in the last century, by English jealousy and intolerance.

The following is Mr. Massy's picture of the state of the representation in those days of encroaching and sinister prerogative:—

"In a population of 8,000,000, there were no more than 160,000 electors. The representation of the people was merely a phrase. The people of England had, for the most part, no more voice in the election of the House of Commons than the people of Canada. The counties were in the hands of the great landowners, who mostly settled the representation by previous council. When they could not agree, or when there was a rivalry between two great families or parties, the contest, which, in former ages would have been decided in the field, was fought upon the hustings; and at least as many houses have been ruined in modern times by these conflicts, as was formerly destroyed by private war. The great feud between the houses of Lascelles and Wentworth, when they disputed the county of York for fourteen days, cost £100,000. Sums as large as this, and proportionally as large, have frequently been lavished at elections. In 1768 Lord Spencer expended £70,000 in the borough of Northampton. The Duke of Portland won the small county of Westmoreland from the Lowthers at the cost of £40,000. The latter family afterwards recovered the undisputed possession of this, as well as the adjoining county of Cumberland. Upwards of fifty villages and hamlets were each entitled to return two members to Parliament. Many of these boroughs had no constituencies but such as were created for the purpose of an election. Some of them had no existence. Many of the small towns which could furnish a few electors were entirely under the influence of some one or two of their great neighbours, who named the members commonly without question. A gentleman would no more think of contesting Lanchester or Calne, than Gatton or Old Sarum. Of the few populous towns that possessed the elective franchise, in the greater proportion, it was confined exclusively to the municipal body; and in those places where freedom of election was possible, in consequence of the qualification being almost nominal, venality in its grossest form, accompanied by bru-

sal debauchery, were, for the most part, exhibited. On the whole, it would, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say that the fifth part of the House of Commons was elected upon a fair application of the representation principle."

Here is Mr. Massy's portrait of the King at this period, who having given his whole energies to the dissolution of party ties and to the exaltation of his own prerogative, succeeded in establishing his power throughout the government to an extent which seemed really dangerous to the constitution:

"The faithful band whose only creation it had been to stand between the King and his too-powerful nobles, began to warn their sovereign that the state of the country required more vigorous counsels than could be expected from his Majesty's friends. All these circumstances produced little effect on the mind of the King. He continued unshaken in his determination to persevere in the struggle with his rebellious colonies. He treated Lord North's earnest and repeated wishes to resign as a dishonourable desertion of his service. He declared that no consideration should induce him to make any overture to the opposition: that he would rather resign his crown than submit to a humiliation which he should think personally disgraceful. 'No advantage to this country,' said he, 'nor personal danger to myself can ever make me address myself to Lord Chatham or to any other branch of the opposition.' . . . His mind, like that of James II., was so constituted as to be incapable of deriving a practical lesson from experience."

With a Prince so obstinate and ambitious of power, and a Parliament so little responsible to the nation, so feebly influenced by public opinion, and so impregnated with elements of corruption, it is not strange that the government of George III. became very despotic, and that a serious inroad was made upon the constitution. But the question arises, why this state of things ever came to pass; how the Crown became enabled to recover so much authority; how the House of Commons was converted into an instrument of power from being a supporter of popular claims; why Parliament was generally so venal and corrupt; and how, without any visible revolution, the settlement of 1688 was sensibly altered, and the equilibrium of our polity overthrown. Mr. Massy has not dwelt sufficiently on this problem, and yet its solution does not seem

very difficult. Many and excellent as were the securities for liberty established in 1688, the Revolution left several elements in the constitution which were certain in time to cause a monarchical reaction. It is true that after 1688 no king of England ever thought that he could dispense with a statute, and thus practically set himself above the law. After 1688, the administration of justice between the Crown and the subject was, on the whole, pure and unbiassed; and the bench was not disgraced by a Scroggs and a Jefferies. After 1688, no king of England was strong enough permanently to resist the declared wishes of Parliament on an important question; and the principle of ministerial responsibility was definitely established. After 1688, the House of Commons became virtually supreme, and thus that force in our polity which had ever been the guardian of the people acquired pre-eminence in the state. Above all, the Revolution of 1688, by identifying the title of the sovereign with it, gave a rude shock to the tenets of passive obedience and hereditary right, and proclaimed that the power of the Crown was a trust for the nation. But the Revolution did not eradicate from the feelings of the English people that strong attachment to the institution of monarchy which has always been one of their characteristics. That attachment, indeed, could hardly find an object, during the reigns of George I. and George II., for these princes were merely nominally kings of England; but it broke out in all its fulness at the accession of George III., who, born in England, and the third of his dynasty on the throne, alike challenged national sympathy, and had a reasonably fair title; and accordingly it added at once enormous influence to the crown. It gained at once for George III. the support of large classes who have always had great power in the state—of country gentlemen who, abandoning the Pretender, gave in their hearty adhesion to their youthful sovereign—of the Church, which, ever jealous in the interests of monarchy, at length believed that the King *de facto* had become a King *de jure*—and of a large section of the middle and lower classes, who having just reasons to complain of the governments of the past seventy

years, believed that any change would benefit the nation. Add to this, that, although it had curtailed many other prerogatives, the Revolution had left the Crown the fountain of power and emolument—that it placed a patronage in the hands of the King which, always enormous, had multiplied between 1688 and 1760, and that George III., unlike his immediate predecessors, showed the greatest skill, steadiness, and attention, in wielding this formidable weapon of influence; and we shall understand that his power would be much aggrandized. In the first ten or fifteen years of his reign, the double efforts of loyalty and corruption had increased his authority in the State to an extent which would have astonished Walpole or Pelham.

But the influences which increased the power of George III., would never have had the effect they actually possessed, if, at the same time, a series of causes had not reduced, extremely, the popular element in Parliament. The statesmen who framed the Settlement of 1688 appear to have thought that the House of Commons would remain the democratic force in our constitution. They naturally supposed that, in extending its authority, they were strengthening that which, in theory, was a check on the executive. They did not foresee, when they made the House of Commons, virtually, supreme in the State, that, with its abundance of petty and venal constituencies, with the franchises of its electors practically dependent on an aristocracy, and with its irresponsibility to public opinion, it might degenerate into an instrument of the court, and become altogether severed from national sympathies. They did not anticipate that the successor of the Long Parliament would become the hired servant of the monarchy, or the venal antagonist of popular claims; and that ministerial influence would well-nigh regain in it the power once possessed by royal prerogative. And yet in the seventy years between the Revolution and 1760, this great change in the House of Commons did take place; and, from being the supporter of the people, it became the agent of the executive. As its power increased, its popular elements diminished: it grew more and more subject to the influences of the Crown and the no-

bility, it was more and more separated from the nation; until, at length, in the first years of George III., it had declined into a representative of the oligarchy and the sovereign. And while the democratic part of the constitution was thus weakened, or converted into a prop of government, the divisions between the Whig party and the House of Commons still further reduced the securities against kingly domination. While George III. and his packed majority of "friends," bound together by the strong tie of a community of interest, formed a well organized and well conducted phalanx, the descendants of the statesmen of 1688 were split up into petty cabals, which waged a self-destructive warfare. While the king and Lord Bute, or the king and Lord North, were at the head of an array of imposing forces, the Pelhams and Grenvilles, the Rockinghams and Pitts were separated from each other by mutual animosities, which of course pervaded the ranks of their followers, and prevented any firm political union. Besides, as the popular character of the House of Commons became effaced, that house sunk lower and lower in the estimation of the people; it showed itself less and less solicitous about social and political reforms, it grew more and more heedless of national wants; and accordingly, being unsustained by the sympathy of England, it was less able to resist the insidious attacks of the sovereign. In the first years of George III., the House of Commons had for a long time done nothing to deserve popular gratitude: it had not attempted any social ameliorations; it had altogether neglected the interests of education, and it had sanctioned a barbarous code of laws in the interests of property, which operated as a menace against the poorer classes. Hence, between the corruption from above, the strife within its own sphere, and the want of respect or sympathy from below, it had almost ceased, in 1770, to be a popular assembly; and Dunning's motion declared the exact truth, "that the power of the Crown had increased, and was increasing in the State."

We do not, however, agree with Mr. Massy, that the power of the Crown at this period had so increased, and that that of the nation had so dimin-

ished, that, practically, the Constitution of 1688 was subverted, and that "George III. was the most despotic of his predecessors since Elizabeth." If we look carefully at the events of the time, we shall see that all his attempts at domination were indirect, and veiled under specious guises; that, in most of them, he was strongly supported by general opinion, that, in the long run, he was never able to prevail over the wishes of his people; that even the Parliaments over which he exercised such an influence were never quite free from the control of other forces in the State; that he could not really interfere with the administration of justice, and that he could not outrage the social rights of any of his subjects. If the images of freedom were not plain to the sight in those days, their outlines could be traced beneath their temporary coverings. It was, at least, a concession to constitutional government, of which neither Elizabeth nor Charles I. would ever have dreamed, that George III. obeyed the will of his Parliaments in the choice and continuance in office of his ministers; that he bore with Grenville because he had a majority in the House of Commons, although he was personally obnoxious to the king, and that even Lord North was never a minister of the Crown against the declared wishes of Parliament. If the obstinacy and narrow-mindedness of George III. were the causes of the American war, and led to the declaration of independence, he was backed by the mass of the nation in his policy, and was only opposed by a minority of far-seeing thinkers. Had he not felt the presence of public opinion, or if he had had such a power as the Stuarts possessed, he would have treated the city remonstrance as a libel, would have dealt with the mayor and magistrates after the precedent of the seven bishops, would probably have brought a *quo warranto* against the London Corporation, and, assuredly, would never have allowed Wilkes to become an alderman. So, too, even in the Parliaments of the Duke of Grafton, and of Lord North, his attempt to deprive the Duke of Portland of his estate did not succeed; and Dowsell's bill for amending the law of libel would certainly have passed but for the strife between Chatham and the Rockingham Whigs; Burke ob-

tained his commission to inquire into the public accounts; Dunning's resolutions, aimed directly against the Crown, were carried by a majority of the House of Commons, and the loud and unchecked expressions of national discontent towards the close of the American war showed clearly that the sovereign was still responsible to his people. So, again, in the legal proceedings against Wilkes and Almon, no Jefferies was found to second the rancour of the King; in the former case, the judges probably held that a libeller was protected from arrest if he was a member of Parliament, and expressed a strong opinion against general warrants; in the latter, Lord Mansfield, though unjustly accused of seeking to gratify the vengeance of the court against the publisher of Junius' letter to the King, did no more than expound the undoubted law; and these two instances alone prove how widely different was the authority of George III. and of the Stuarts. Even the avoidance of the Middlesex election, and the unwarrantable return of Colonel Luttrell, were only indirectly the acts of the king, and were not altogether without precedent; and yet what was this—

the worst outrage on a subject's rights at this period—when compared with those encroachments of arbitrary power with which we are made familiar in the history of the sixteenth century! We think, therefore, that Mr. Massy is altogether in error when he tacitly draws a comparison between the two periods as regards the extent of the sovereign's authority.

In conclusion, we have only to express a hope that Mr. Massy may continue his labours. The period into which he is about to enter is one of the most momentous in the history of England. Other writers have given us a full description of the foreign relations of England in the age which witnessed the outburst of the French revolution, and the long and internecine wars with Napoleon. But, as yet, we possess no trustworthy account of the social and political life of the Empire at this crisis of wonderful change and development. If we do not feel certain that Mr. Massy is equal to completing such an account, we are assured that he will bring sound political principles, a love of truth, a spirit of research, and a fund of good sense to assist him in the difficult attempt.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE ARMY.

REVIEWING a review may be unusual, and would most times be supererogatory. Nevertheless, we believe that our readers will, in this case, hold us fully justified in calling their attention to an article which has just appeared in our quarterly contemporary, the *Westminster*, upon the matter indicated by the title of this paper of our own.

It will be within their recollection that we were ourselves the very first of all the monthly or quarterly periodicals to fix the public mind upon the "Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Regulations affecting the Sanitary Condition of the Army, &c.," which had scarcely been laid before the Houses of Parliament, by Her Majesty's command,

when the scope of inquiry and the drift of the Commissioners' conclusions were, at some length, laid before our readers.*

As it may readily be conceived, we had not, for we could not have, dismissed from our minds matters of so pressing and practical interest: and, at the present approach of a new Parliamentary session, we had been meditating a renewed appeal to the intelligence, good sense, good feeling, and consciousness of duty of such public men as our voice might hope to reach, more especially amidst the ranks of our own Irish representatives.

Such an appeal is made, and well made, and made, as it shall appear, under circumstances which demand that it should be made, by the writer

of the article to which we have alluded. It is addressed, moreover, not to what are called public men exclusively, nor, indeed, so much to them as to the public generally, and to those organs of opinion whose duty is concerned no less with the formation and guidance of such opinion than with its expression and dissemination.

We have spoken of circumstances necessitating an appeal: let us at the outset specify these. "The Report of the Royal Commission," says the article in question—

"Was laid before the Parliament. It was eagerly taken up by the press. It was extracted, abridged, analyzed, commented on, and excited a marked interest among all classes of society. . . . The only fear was, that the almost universal assent with which the report was received, would be fatal to the practical adoption of its recommendations; that the subject would die out for want of controversy, and, in the silence of universal consent, *that the pressure would be wanting, which would set in motion the cumbrous torpor of the vast department on whose action the adoption of the reforms indicated must depend.* The English people, however, cannot afford to let this subject die out; and it is only by discussion that they can maintain their property in it. *Large administrative offices, if inclined to shelve a question, have wonderful facilities for doing it. It is done without parade and ostentation, with a respectful silence, but the interest is none the less complete.* Other subjects arise, which however ephemeral in their character, have an interest for the hours during which they last, and the public gaze is diverted from the graver matter, which is kept in the background."

Now, the intrinsic truth of these remarks, by whomsoever originated, should be sufficient of itself to commend them to the vigilant and energetic attention of all such persons as have it, directly or indirectly, within their power to shock, rouse, and quicken the cumbrous torpor thus denounced. And proofs are not wanting, as we shall particularize by-and-by, that the warnings here given proceed from one who has the best-earned and most indisputable right to give them. The object of the writer is twice stated in the course of his article, to be this, that we should "take stock of the progress" in the proposed reforms. But when he first

states that object, no careful reader can fail to see that the "considerable misgiving" allowed to have rested upon his mind, as to the future of these reforms in the early days of the ventilation of this vital subject, is not entirely worn off now. "Progress, if any," is an ominous expression in conjunction with the announced stock-taking: and farther on appear statements, made at full length, which do more than insinuate that "any" progress achieved has not been, except in one or two points, "very much." We quote as follows:—

"Two Secretaries of State have expressed their approval of these recommendations. This, however *per se*, would not necessarily inspire an unhesitating confidence in the result. But the Commissioners themselves, to do them justice, do not seem inclined to let go the subject. General Peel informed the House of Commons, that the President of the Royal Commission had offered, by means of four or five sub-commissions or committees, to elaborate the details, and put the chief recommendations into a working shape, ready for immediate adoption. This proposal he accepted, and the sub-commissions, composed of some members of the original commission, namely, the late and present Directors-General, Sir James Clarke and Dr. Sutherland, with the addition of the Quartermaster-General, Captain Galton, &c.; Mr. Croomes, late Chief Clerk of the War Office; Sir Alexander Tulloch, Dr. Burrell, and Dr. Farr, were forthwith appointed to various sub-commissions, Mr. Sidney Herbert acting as chairman of each. To one was intrusted the inspection of each barrack at home, and the suggestion of the necessary sanitary improvements in each. To another, the drawing up of a complete code of regulations for the army medical department, for the sanitary, as well as medical treatment of the army in the field or in quarters, and for the organization of general and regimental hospitals. To a third, the drawing up of a complete system of statistical forms for the army. A fourth undertook to draw up the regulations under which candidates should be admitted to the army medical department, and to place on an efficient footing the medical school, which has hitherto languished in a state of inutilty at Chatham. A fifth was to define the duties, and to devise a scheme for the transaction of business for the council, by whom it is proposed that the Directors-General shall be assisted. And lastly, a draft warrant, fixing the pay, retirement, rank, promotion, and sta-

tus of the army medical officers, was to be prepared for the consideration of the Secretary of State. It is understood that all these sub-commissions have reported; but the results have, as yet, in one case only been promulgated. The new warrant for the army medical department has been published

"The warrant has been received with nearly universal approbation; and General Peel and the Horse Guards deserve every credit for the readiness with which they have adopted it."

That the public service should already enjoy the fruit of the labours of one sub-commission out of five is doubtless matter of congratulation. Let General Peel and the Horse Guards have the praise to which their readiness may entitle them. But when we consider that *all* these sub-commissions have reported; that none of their reports were general, but all specific; that the principles which were to guide the sub-commissioners were already accepted and allowed; that their task was "to elaborate details," and put "recommendations," already fully sanctioned, into working shape, ready for *immediate* adoption: it is surely not unreasonable to express but a limited satisfaction with the promptitude and energy of a department where the affixing of such official signatures as only would be necessary to convert the papers of the committees into administrative regulations, is apparently delayed for weeks, not to say months.

What hinders the authorities, pledged, as they are, to the conclusions of these committees, from giving them forthwith complete effect in all their branches?

This is the question which, until Parliament meets, should be put to them again and again in the columns of the Press, and after its first meeting, from every bench, Ministerial, Opposition, Unattached, where sits a member who has at heart the welfare and efficiency of the British army.

We have no mind to do the writer of the article to which we desire to direct attention, the injustice of giving here a detailed summary of its contents. The compression to which the limits even of an ampler "*quarterly*" space must of necessity have compelled him, could not be carried farther, without injury to the clearness as well as to the fulness of his statement and reasoning. Yet we

think that we run no risk of doing him injury by saying, that the three topics on which the main stress is laid are these:—The refutation, and it is very complete, of Mr. Neison's attack upon "the medical opinions hazarded by the Commissioners;" the exposition, and it is unanswerable, of the radical vices of the present organization and government of army general hospitals: lastly, the urgency, and it is undeniable, of altering and improving forthwith, the system under which young men are admitted into the ranks of the medical staff of the army, and prepared for the efficient discharge of their duties as members of it.

Upon the first of these topics, we have nothing to add to the expression of our entire satisfaction with the completeness of the overthrow of Mr. Neison's argument, founded as the latter is, undoubtedly, upon a total misconception of the substance and force of the Commissioners' complaint against the overcrowding of troops in barracks. Upon the second, we will venture to express a regret that it did not come within the scope of the writer's intention, or, perhaps, within the resources of any present certain information, to acquaint us with the state and working of the general hospitals of the army now serving under Lord Clyde in Hindostan. When approaching the topic of the proposed reforms in the organization and government of general hospitals, he does not, as indeed he could not, fail to put the weighty question: "Are any precautions to be taken to prevent, at the outset of another war, the recurrence of the horrors of Scutari?" We, for our part, should be glad to have an answer, from competent authority, to the similar and certainly not less pressing question: "Have any, and what, precautions, actually been taken, in the course of our recent and actual Indian campaigns, to prevent the recurrence, we will not say of the horrors of Scutari, but even of such approximation to them, as the dearly-bought experience of that hideous charnel-house should have enabled us to prevent entirely?"

And this we say, because rumours have come to our ears, from time to time, that not all the confusions nor all the imperfections of Crimean medical management have been avoided

in Hindestan. Entire avoidance, indeed, of all such it may not be within the power of any system of government and organization to secure; but reasonable hopes of it are, surely, precluded by adherence to that which in theory is absurd, and in practice has proved itself to be disastrous.

Nor will this description of a system—which, after the Report of the Commission, it is a disgrace to be still forced to speak of as a thing present—apply to it when simply tested by the rough touchstone of campaigning. Let the reader follow the description of that system given by the *Westminster* reviewer, testing its accuracy, if his own acquaintance with the subject be not sufficient, by the Report itself; and then let him acknowledge what force of soberness and truth lurks in the irony of the paragraph subjoined:—

“And yet the War Office attempts, whether at home or abroad, to regulate and govern hospitals organized with such a machinery as this. These jarring elements are to be reconciled, and the machine made to work by a Secretary of State, through the medium of the post. There is but one condition on which he can succeed. If he be infallible, omniscient, and omnipresent, the plan is a good one; if he be not, it is absurd.”

Upon the third chief topic the urgency of a speedy amelioration in the method of procuring and preparing for duty the “personnel” of the military medical corps, we shall again content ourselves with transcribing the words of the reviewer:—

“But there are other and higher motives for immediate and energetic action. Every month that is allowed to pass, while nothing is done, brings into the service fresh batches of young men, to whom are intrusted duties for which they have received no previous preparation. They are sent out to be taught in their turn by disaster what they have learned from no teacher at home. Their experience will again be acquired at the expense of the soldier, whose life and health are in their hands. If there be war, fresh sufferings and fresh disasters will again lower our reputation as a military nation, and, *pro tanto*, deprive us of the security which rests on military reputation. Every day's delay, therefore, is a loss. While these plans, matured by practised and experienced hands, are being banded from branch to branch in the cumbrous consolidation of the War Office, not only are the evils com-

plained of unaverted, but the seeds are being sown for their long continuance. Delay, then, is not only a loss but a sin, and one which we trust that the country will not long allow our rulers to commit.”

This quotation brings us to the last page and the last paragraph of this noteworthy paper, in sight of the initials “S. H.,” which were scarcely needed to betray its authorship.

Were these absent, it would require, we think, no very profound critical acumen in any careful student of the Parliamentary Report to detect, both by the substance and by the style of the article in question, the pen of the right honourable gentleman, to whom, as Chairman of the Royal Commission, must have fallen the task of bringing into its actual shape the labours of his colleagues and his own.

The same comprehensive grasp of the whole question; the same intimate familiarity with its minutest details; the same soundness of principle and consistent application of it to particulars; the same power of lucid statement and pleasant facility of diction, which made the formidable blue book itself so readable, as well as so worthy to be read, will not fail to be recognised in the pages of our contemporary. Should any doubt remain, after comparison of the two documents, let the doubter prosecute his sceptical investigation through the records of Hansard. Let him refer to any or to all of those many admirable speeches upon matters affecting the administration of the army, to which the House of Commons always listens with such eager, respectful, and, we might add, kindly attention, from the lips of the Right Honourable Member for South Wilts.

Who that is acquainted, for instance, with his long, consistent, earnest, yet temperate, advocacy of the cause of improved military education for all ranks in the service, would hesitate to ascribe to him the happy introduction of the following wise and far-sighted words?—

“We have now gone through the measures which appear to us to be indicated by the Report of the Royal Commission as necessary to secure the objects aimed at by them. But one thing is wanting, and on that the Report of the Commission was silent. They propose to educate the medical officer to give

advice, but they do not propose to educate the combatant officer to receive it, and to appreciate it. True, they fix upon him the responsibility of rejecting it, by compelling him to affix his reasons for the rejection. If the advice shall have been bad; well and good, the reasons will be given and the course will be justified; and if the advice be good and it be rejected, the blame will ultimately fall on the right shoulders; but the mischief done in the interim may be incalculable. Authority may visit the error on the head of the officer, but it cannot compensate for the disaster. Means must, therefore, be taken to inform the combatant officers on these subjects, that they may be protected from their own errors; and, what is more important, that those under their command may be protected from them. Our army is, perhaps, at present, the least professional of all our professions. The education for the army, and the examination previous to admission, has been, as yet, but very superficially military. For the first steps of promotion there is a purely technical examination, but it is of the most elementary character, and refers much more to drill and parade than to the care, management, and utilization of troops. It is an examination for peace rather than war. It omits some of the first and highest duties of an officer, without a familiarity with which no one can be fit for high command. It is not on fields of battle alone that great commanders have won their victories. Our belief is, that unless the military authorities give to our officers the means, and encourage them to acquire this knowledge and secure its acquisition by them, through the means of examination, much of the advantage which the measures recommended by the Commissioners, and now, we hope, about to be adopted, will be neutralized or lost.

"Add this, and it is a complete scheme, thoroughly well balanced in all its parts, which fit and dovetail one into the other."

The article, and it is high praise to say so, is not unworthy any way of the writer of the Parliamentary Report on which it is founded. That Report, it is still higher praise to add, is creditable to one who has rendered so many varied, long-continued, and valuable services to the administration of the British army as Mr. Sidney Herbert.

Surprise has been expressed in some quarters, of late, that such of our statesmen as are, by accident of birth, members of aristocratic families, should suffer the blatant diatribes of Mr. Bright, against their order, to pass without public rebuke. Here, at all

events, we have one man of such stamp who can give a better account of his silence than the Quaker orator of his noisy speech. Let any person possessed of common sense fairly face the bulk of the Report of this Royal Commission, and test, even superficially, and at random, the quality of its contents; let him calculate, even hastily, the cost of its production, we will not say in sustained intellectual effort, but only in lengthy, laborious, dry, close investigation; let him estimate the dead weight of official inertness, and the livelier resistance of personal and professional prejudice, both in the combatant and medical ranks of army officers, against which this inquiry had to be pushed to its legitimate conclusions; above all, let him remember the thanklessness of such an office as that of chairman to such a commission, with the utter impossibility of making any "political capital" out of its labours, and then let him judge from the specimen, of the truth, honesty, and decency of those sweeping charges brought against nobly-born politicians, of indolence, incapacity, and interested selfishness. Indeed, without further reference to Mr. Bright's invidious and disingenuous polemics, we may proceed to say, that examination, not of the Report itself only, but of the mass of careful, detailed, documentary publications, which have grown out of the workings of the sub-commissions already indicated, in the shape of draft regulations, warrants, instructions, programmes, and the like, would, of itself, establish a valid claim to public respect and gratitude on behalf of Mr. Sidney Herbert. Uncompelled by the necessities of any official duty, uninvited by any prospect of mere political advantage to be personally reaped, he has devoted himself for two years and more to this arduous, intricate, and absorbing task. By the mere production of the Report he has done the State good service. Upon the sanitary condition of any army depends, absolutely and entirely, under any circumstances, its greater or less efficiency. This truism is, more than in any other case, true, in the case of such an army as our own. Its voluntary recruitment, its small numbers, its immense dispersion under every zone of temperature, make the considerations of its sanitary state paramount to all others. But we will be

bold to say that it is not, and has not been, by urging such considerations alone, that the right honourable gentleman, both in office and out of office, through good report and evil report, has earned for himself an indisputable title to the honourable appellation of a sound and consistent army reformer.

Beginning with the regimental school, we might remind our readers of the days when, if any such institution existed, it was committed to the care of some disabled serjeant, on those admirable educational principles, commemorated by Mr. Dickens in the case of the appointment to the head mastership of the "Charitable Grinders." We might call their attention to the altered character, attainments, and position of the present serjeant-schoolmasters, a body who are, in French phrase, "the creation" of the right honourable gentleman. We might bring into court privates and non-commissioned officers to testify to the traces of his watchful and generous administration in what touches recognition and reward of long service and good conduct, a matter concerning which we have heard, with our own ears, discharged soldiers refer to him, by name, with genuine thanks. Unless we greatly mistake, his again were the prudence and liberality to which the non-commissioned officers of the British army owe the pecuniary allowance, so justly made to them for the purpose of facilitating their assumption of their new rank upon promotion to commissions. To him, in great measure also, the commissioned combatant officers of the army, from the rank of ensign to that of field-marshal, owe the equitable adjustment of their claims to Rank and Retirement. To him, really, though he is too modest to say it, even under the veil of initials, do the medical officers of the army owe the recent warrant, which may fairly be asserted to be the first worthy recognition on the part of the authorities, of their claims, both to the substantial rewards of pay well earned, and of a consideration due to the dignity of their scientific, humane, and noble calling.

Who forgets that, if her own high-souled devotion alone prompted Miss Florence Nightingale to offer herself for the long sacrifice of Scutari, the letter, which contained her tender of

such unpurchaseable services, was crossed by one, in which appeal was made to that devotion by the intelligent appreciation and disregard of mere official form, which characterize the mind of Mr. Sidney Herbert?

And these, after all, are but hints and fragmentary indications of the tenor of a long course of service. Add to this, that they are hints of its tenor in respect only of one special current of a stream, which has many branches. His official connexion with the War Office, at several separate seasons of his parliamentary career, has given him opportunities, of which his conscientious activity of mind has impelled him to make ample and patriotic use. But Mr. Sidney Herbert is the last man, of whom it can be said, either in his public or private capacity, that his peculiar power of dealing with any special subject has ever interfered with the wide range and versatile play of his talents or his sympathies. Artistic taste, social distinction, practical philanthropy point him out as one of our foremost men, no less directly than do parliamentary success and administrative capacity. He is one of those who have nothing to fear from comparisons and tests of personal acquirements and positions worthily achieved, with whatsoever class, or individuals from out of it, they shall be put in comparison, or brought to the most searching tests. Nay, more, we have sufficient confidence in the discernment, and in the gratitude of the popular masses of our fellow-countrymen, to believe, that Mr. Sidney Herbert, for all his patrician origin, is one of those statesmen whose position, in their esteem and affection, is least likely to be endangered by the widest extension of political privileges. He is not one of those who have pushed their way into prominence by pleading the cause of the people's food; but one of that noble band who wittingly lost power by conducting it to its triumphant issue. And were the franchise ever, rightly or wrongly, to embrace within its reach the universal body of British citizens, even so, the day would never come, when the most populous and popular constituency would not hail, with deafening cheers, upon its hustings, the appearance of this tried, and trusty, and true "Soldier's friend."

THE PRESENT PHASE IN THE AFFAIRS OF IRELAND.

THERE is this peculiarity in public opinion about Ireland, that its theories have alike been numerous and changeable. Statesmen, thinkers, and journalists have looked at the subject from every side, and, as its aspect has shifted and varied, they have not only differed greatly among themselves, but have been curiously inconsistent in their notions. Within the last twenty years "the Irish difficulty" has been prescribed for in every way by the administrators of political and social remedies, and there are few of these state-doctors who will not admit that their views about the patient have been very fluctuating. About the beginning of this period, Mr. Carlyle used to dismiss the subject by asserting that society in Ireland was a lie, and could only be rectified by conforming to truth; but we believe that he has long since abandoned this dogma. The Whigs of O'Connell's days were wont to think that Ireland could be completely regenerated by enlarging simply her political privileges; but, although there was a great deal of justice in this policy, and it has not been without beneficial results, it has long ago been admitted to have been inadequate. The English Radical party of the day had the same general ideas as the Whigs, as respects the means of ameliorating Ireland; but the measures they proposed were less cautious and statesmanlike, and their disappointment has been proportionably remarkable.

A change of general opinion upon this subject commenced about 1840. The evidence on which the Poor Law was based disclosed the enormous destitution of Ireland; and it began to be thought that her ills were principally material, and were to be alleviated by material appliances. This view of the question was promoted by Sir Robert Peel, whose cardinal principle was "to increase the physical comfort of the people;" and, accordingly, he set on foot the Devon Commission, as a prelude to a series of legislative measures, which he hoped would improve the state of the poor in Ireland, and would attract capital and industry to her agriculture.

About the year 1844 this change was almost complete; the increased grant to Maynooth was forcibly opposed on the ground "that it did nothing for the most wretched peasantry in Europe;" the Whig measures for extending the political franchises of the Irish people, and the Radical scheme of abolishing the Irish Church Establishment, were met by majorities continually augmenting; and, generally speaking, the organs of public thought pronounced in favour of the Peel policy. This phase in opinion was well marked out by the mission of "The *Times*' Correspondent" to Ireland, who, while advocating social and political justice for the Irish nation, recorded his belief that the principal reforms it needed, were, the freeing the soil from a bankrupt proprietary, and from the fetters of complicated tenures, a modification of the Chancery system of managing estates, and some change in the laws as regards landlord and tenant, which should raise the material status of the peasantry.

It was one of the results of the great crisis of 1845-50, to induce all men to agree with Sir Robert Peel on this matter, to establish his ideas about it in all spheres of opinion, and to exclude every other consideration regarding it. For that crisis intensified and brought to a head all the worst material ills of the country—the bankrupt feudalism which bound the soil in its shackles, precluded capital from a fruitful investment, and destroyed the germs of industry as they arose,—the fearful pauperism which, at one time blackened the high roads with the famished representatives of three million souls,—and the weakness, the precariousness, and the peril to the state of a complicated social system "based on the potato." It was, therefore, accepted as an article of public faith that these evils, which, no doubt, were sufficiently portentous, were the entire sum of the evils of Ireland; that no other did really exist; and that if these could be removed or palliated, her regeneration would be the natural consequence. Accordingly, from the year 1846 onwards, the energies of the state have been

directed to measures in the material interest of Ireland: the Poor Law has been extended and improved; the different Drainage Acts have been passed; the Incumbered Estates Court has set free the soil; the Renewable Leasehold Conversion Act has palliated the economic evils of middlemen; and the Court of Chancery has been thoroughly reformed as regards the administration of landed property. And it must at once be freely conceded that this noble policy has been most beneficial to Ireland: that it has emancipated her agriculture, promoted her industry, augmented her wealth, and brought comfort home to the mass of her inhabitants; that it has materially strengthened her connexion with Great Britain, and that it has had an excellent effect upon the general national character. As we shall endeavour to show hereafter it is mainly to a policy in this direction, that the statesman must look to accelerate the social progress of the country.

To the agony of 1846-50, a period of great prosperity succeeded, which, coinciding as it did with these material reforms, only confirmed general opinion on this matter. It was assumed that the causes of the distempers of Ireland had been interpreted; that they resolved themselves ultimately into national poverty; that this evil was being rapidly ameliorated; and that "the Irish difficulty" had been resolved. Agrarian crime, sectarian animosity, the bitter memories of the hatred of class and race, the results of confiscation, rapine, and misgovernment—all these, it was confidently expected, would vanish before the Incumbered Estates Act and the Poor Law. The "material theory" had accounted for all that was unpleasant in Ireland: it had been largely and admirably applied in ameliorating the state of her society; great and evident improvement was everywhere visible; assuredly, therefore, the destiny of Ireland was brilliant. She had entered on a long career of prosperity; and a new generation was rapidly springing up, to whom the Ireland of 1840, with its landlord assassinations, its monster meetings, its repeal agitation, and its devotion to the Roman Catholic priesthood, would be a phantom of the past. Ireland had been made

"comfortable," and, therefore, was "all right"—such, about 1856, was the conclusion of most men, from the cabinet minister to the penny journalist.

That there was much truth in this theory we fully admit, as also that it should form the chief principle of all Irish policy. But the theory, unhappily, never could account for all the phenomena of Irish national life; and it is now beginning to lose its credit, because it has proved in fact inadequate. A series of events has occurred this year which has shown that elements of disloyalty, of anarchy, and of social evil, are at work beneath the surface of Irish prosperity. The discovery of seditious clubs at Cork and Belfast, the solemn proclamation lately levelled at the Ribbon confederacy, the feud still raging between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics of Ulster, and the commission of several agrarian crimes in a few weeks—all these things, coexisting as they have been with a state of high material welfare, prove that there is still "something rotten" in the condition of Ireland. The result has been that public opinion, especially in England, has found out that "the material theory" will not fit with all the facts; that material improvement has not yet made Ireland what she ought to be; and that, despite the carrying out of the policy of the last ten years, some of the evils of the past still cling to her, and just now evince a baneful activity. It has felt, though the economic system of Ireland is comparatively healthy, though there is the clearest proof of her advance in wealth, though her social structure is now better organized than formerly, though her agriculture has grown with a marvellous growth, and her commerce has expanded safely and steadily, that she must still be what Lord Macaulay calls her, "a withered and disturbed member of the empire," so long as she is a focus for rebellious opinions, as she is torn by civil and sectarian discord, and as she fosters secret associations committed formally to crime. And, accordingly, public opinion, especially in England, disappointed in its cherished hopes, perceiving that its theory of the last few years is not perfect, and awakening to the full consciousness of facts, has

suddenly become, so to speak, bewildered, and has split into a chaos of doubt and discord on this matter. The newspapers and reviews have taken "the Irish question" up once more; they handle it with every symptom of uncertainty in their notions, and endeavour to account for it in every possible manner. The *Times* prints a set of letters from "Cosmopolite," which put forward a series of views not recently in fashion, and appear to us to have little purpose, and it openly declares that, after a brief reign of illusive prosperity, Ireland is returning to the days of the United Irishmen. Thus, generally speaking, to use a commonplace simile, English thought, as respects Ireland, resembles a hound, which, having followed up a scent it considers false, throws up its nose, and bays in unintelligible discontent. In this phase of doubt we may fear that the value of recent policy to Ireland may be forgotten, because it has not accomplished every thing; that in practice it may not be steadily carried out; that English opinion may float off on some other theory, which may not prove of equal benefit to Ireland; and that it may not be understood that a full development of this policy—so as to embrace moral as well as material objects—is the only course for statesmanship to follow in the matter.

It is, therefore, our object to show very briefly that the events which have caused such a sensation in England, and seemed to have frightened its opinion off its balance, are only normal to the state of Ireland, and cannot at once be removed, if they may be mitigated; that the course of policy adopted towards Ireland of late has had immense success, and should be continued; and that all that can be expected from our rulers is the furtherance of that policy throughout the cycle of Irish requirements. We shall also indicate one or two specific measures which appear to us to be advisable.

The evil symptoms now discoverable in Ireland are some traces of seditious associations, unquestionable

proof that in the North the Orangemen and Roman Catholics are still at war, a proclamation of the existence of the Ribbon confederacy, and several bad instances of agrarian crime. But at no time, even during the last six years, has Ireland been free from the ills thus enumerated. The cautious inquirer could always find the evidences of them beneath the brilliant surface of her new civilization. It was not possible but that the memories of past misgovernment, the long tyranny of the Penal Code of the last century, the example and teaching of O'Connell, the Jacobin doctrines of the Young Ireland party, and the influence of a large number of the Roman Catholic clergy, should have penetrated into many hearts, and alienated a part of the Irish nation from British sympathies. We find the evidences of this feeling in the selection of "Independent Opposition" candidates at the general elections of 1852 and 1857—in the sympathy, openly professed in some instances, for the Russians during the Crimean War—in the difficulty experienced in some parts of Ireland to procure recruits in 1857—in the partiality still felt for Mr. Smith O'Brien—in the existence of such a journal as the *Nation*: and these facts, to our minds, are quite as significant as the detection of a few seditious clubbists in the year 1858. So the proclamation of the present Government that the Ribbon confederacy is not extinct, only repeats and places in a prominent form what for years has been known to every stipendiary magistrate in Ireland, although we feel assured that the influence of that association is on the wane, and that there is no evidence whatsoever that it has extended itself in 1858 beyond the districts which it has long infected. And lastly, the agrarian murders and outrages of a few months past, though remarkable because they have occurred in a season of high prosperity, are only repetitions of a curse from which Ireland has suffered in as great a degree at even the most recent period.*

We state these things because we

* In 1852, there were fourteen agrarian murders in Ireland; in 1853, thirteen; in 1854, four; in 1855, four; in 1856 and 1857, five in each year. The returns for 1858 have not been made out, but we do not believe they will show any increase.

wish to show that there is no reason for any panic as regards the condition of Ireland, that the evils now lamented by the English press do not appear to have been augmented, and that there is no cause for deviating from the policy of past years, though, perhaps, we may think it may be better developed. But the question arises, how far can these evils be removed by any influences of Government or opinion? We reply, that although, as we shall try to prove hereafter, something yet can be done by human wisdom, it is impossible to expect that they will suddenly cease. If we reflect that, until about forty years ago, the object and tendency of British legislation and power were to perpetuate a severance between the two nations which dwell upon the soil of Ireland—to keep alive the recollections of confiscations and persecutions by elevating a class to a factitious ascendancy, and steadily depressing an entire people—we shall admit that even the generous reversal of that criminal policy has been too recent to obliterate the past completely, or to neutralize all the dregs of disloyalty in Ireland. If we remember that up to the present century the Orangemen of Ulster were supposed to be the trustees of Irish loyalty, were treated with special favour by the Crown and the government, and were recognised as the mainstay of English rule in the country, while their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen were viewed as Pariahs and Helots, we ought not to be surprised if the abandonment of this distinction has not yet had the effects anticipated from it, and for a time has let loose fresh elements of disorder. If we bear in mind that in Ireland the relation of landlord and tenant coincides—at least in three-fourths of the country—with that of two nations locally intermixed, but distinct in faith and origin, and long kept at war by civil and religious intolerance—that the very nature and texture of Irish society until lately embittered the evils incident to that relation, tending to make the Irish landlord grasping and unkind, and the Irish tenant abject and miserable—and that legislation hitherto has only ameliorated the latter class of evils directly, by freeing the soil for a better agriculture, we may see why

it has been difficult to extirpate the Ribbon Society. The same causes will account for the presence of agrarian crime: and, speaking generally, as we look on the face of Irish society, still scarred with the melancholy traces of the past, though even now animated with a brighter and fresh life, we must admit that time must elapse before all can be fair and serene, and that England must still reap, though we trust for no long period, the bitter fruits of her political sins towards Ireland. "*Delicta majorum immeritus lues,*" such must still be the exclamation of the statesman to the English people as he surveys the Ireland even of 1859.

While, however, we see that the picture of Ireland has still its dark shadows, let us not forget its brighter side, or conceal the great and most interesting results of the policy of late years. That policy, availing itself of the dislocation of the social system of Ireland, occasioned by the awful events of 1846, has succeeded in accomplishing a series of material reforms, which have placed that system on a safe economic basis, have given free play to the industrial energies of the nation, have immensely increased its wealth and prospects, and indirectly have been of great moral benefit. Already the race of spendthrift squires, preserved to us in the pages of Miss Edgeworth's novels, and of whom we ourselves have a vivid recollection—the men who, however brilliant and hospitable they were, were felt by the statesman to be an impediment to the nation—have either been swept away by the process of the Incumbered Estates Act, or have become completely changed in their habits and ideas. The "old Irish gentleman" of the days of Daly's Club and the Blazers, who lived in high state in his "Castle Rackrent," above public opinion and careless of improving—who thought much of the value and pedigree of his stud, but not at all of the weight and extent of his incumbrances—who surrounded himself with a set of parasite squireens, and looked upon the peasantry, who swarmed over his lands and bid for their wretched holdings with the recklessness of pauperism, as a horde of serfs—this curious specimen of a past generation has either been ejected by the law, or has been converted into a steady and prudent

country gentleman, devoted, in almost all cases, to agricultural pursuits. The Irishman middleman, long ago described by Arthur Young as "the most oppressive species of tyrant that ever lent assistance to the destruction of a country," has either been turned out of his lands by the results of the famine, or else by the operation of the Renewable Leasehold Conversion Act, has received an estate in them equivalent to the fee, which has given him the feelings and interests of a proprietor. And, while the apex of the social column has thus been recast, its basis has been cleared from many of the obstructions which surrounded it. The myriads of cottier tenants who incumbered the soil, forcing up the rate of rent to an unnatural height, and making a real agriculture absolutely impossible—these, uplifted in masses, and scattered abroad by the famine, have either emigrated, or have been absorbed into the class of labourers, and under the operation of the Irish Poor Law have been made such a charge upon the landowner that, probably, they will be prevented from returning to the land. On the whole, the results of these changes have been most satisfactory, and they are written legibly on the face of the country. Whoever travels through the Ireland of 1859, and contrasts it with that of 1841, will not fail to perceive the extent of an economic revolution as important as that of the sixteenth century in England. The large landed estates have been broken up, and their large mansions have either been dismantled or improved. Moderate houses arising among cornfields and pastures attest the existence of a small proprietary, formed out of the wrecks of the old landlords. The fields so frequently thick with mud cabins, and closely intersected with labyrinths of unsightly fences, have been enlarged and adapted to a rational agriculture. Everywhere the eye meets evidences of a better system of tillage, of a better breed of cattle, and of capital flowing freely towards the soil. Everywhere are seen the proofs of a vast improvement as regards the living and comforts of the poorer classes. The squalid crowds of beggars who used to haunt the country towns have either disappeared or become very few. The diet of the labourer is no longer exclusively the

potato, and his wages have risen steadily and considerably. The house of the farmer is no longer "the Irish cabin" of Lover and Carleton—it is not indeed comparable with that of his fellow in England, but it has improved, and probably will improve still further. Add to this that the education of the lower orders has brilliantly progressed, and that schools of excellent character have enormously multiplied—and taking all these facts together, we may form an idea of the results of legislation shaping events during the last few years.

Nor have the moral effects of this Revolution, though procured incidentally, been of slight, or apparently of transient importance. Admitting that a certain amount of disloyalty remains in Ireland,—does any one suppose that the jacquerie of Whiteboyism, the days of the Tythe war, the Monster meetings of 1843, or the farcical Jacobinism of 1848, could now, under any circumstances, recur? Will any one compare the arrest of a few boyish clubbists, with the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Coercion Act of 1833, with the anxiety felt when O'Connell mustered his thousands at Mullaghmast, with the state of siege in which Dublin was well nigh placed in 1848? The difference between the present and these periods, as regards the amount and intensity of disloyalty, measures the extent and benefit of the Irish Revolution, and is the point to which we should direct our attention, without dwelling too much on the lingering traces of the seditious spirit. So, too, if the Ribbon confederacy is still afoot, and blood has been shed even this year in agrarian crime, the great change which has placed the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland upon a sound economic basis, which has reduced the enormous competition for land, and has decreased the unnatural rate of rent, has mitigated these evils to an extent, we should, *a priori*, have thought impossible. In short, if we look steadily at the facts, we shall conclude that, if recent events and recent legislation have not quite obliterated the ills of Ireland; if something yet remains to be done by man, and the rest must be left to time and Providence, still, that the result has

been satisfactory on the whole, and ought rather to encourage us to look forward, than to dwell upon what of evil survives.

A few figures will establish these conclusions, and will show how Ireland has improved materially, and in her moral condition. Let us briefly contrast the Ireland of 1841 with that of 1857 by the usual tests of a nation's welfare. In 1841 the uncultivated area of Ireland comprised six millions three hundred thousand acres; in 1857 more than a million and a half of these had been reclaimed. In 1841 the cottier holdings of land were fifty-five per cent. of the entire; in 1857 they were only thirteen per cent. In 1841 the farms above thirty acres in area were barely seven per cent.; in 1857 they were increased to twenty-seven per cent. In 1841 the value of Irish live stock was worth rather more than nineteen millions of pounds; in 1857, at the same rates, they were valued at thirty-three millions, and this comparison does not account for the rise in the value of each animal occasioned by improvement. In 1841 the imports into Ireland were declared at a million and a-half pounds; in 1857 they were upwards of four millions. In the three years ending in 1843, the tonnage of Ireland was five hundred and sixty-nine thousand two hundred and ninety-four tons; in those ending in 1854, they were seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and eighty-six tons, and this in spite of the repeal of the boasted navigation laws. A proportionable increase is visible in the excise and custom duties, and in the few branches of native manufacture; and in passing, we may observe that the material progress of the country has chiefly benefited the poorer classes. Thus, in 1845, the last year from which we can quote, about seventeen thousand persons only received dividends from the funds below the rate of fifty pounds per annum; in 1857 the same classes numbered twenty-five thousand. And how stands the case between these periods as regards crime? In 1841 the criminals were as one to eight hundred and eighty of the population; in 1857 they were as one to fifteen hundred and sixteen, showing a decrease of nearly fifty per cent. The convictions of 1841 were

nine thousand two hundred and eighty-seven; there were only three thousand nine hundred and twenty-five in 1857, and the capital sentences of the former period were forty against eight of the latter, thus pointing to a great reduction of agrarian crime. We shall not delay our readers further with statistics: these figures must convince the least sanguine of the enormous progress which Ireland has made between the periods we have selected, and of the benefits conferred on her by recent legislation.

And yet, may not the amending hand be applied further, and some effort be made to obliterate those moral evils of Ireland which underlie her material welfare? May we not hope to appease that seditious spirit which still occasionally breaks out among the masses, and displays itself in rebellious almanacs and American sympathisers? Cannot the Vehm right of the Ribbon Association be dissolved, and these midnight confederacies, pledged to assassination, be scattered abroad and made to disappear? Is agrarian crime never to cease; and must the relations of landlord and tenant, in Ireland, be always full of social evil? We believe that something in all these respects may be done; but our readers and the public must not be over sanguine, or expect as much from man as from the healing hand of Time. But, as regards any positive acts of sedition—such as the belonging to a secret rebellious society—the meeting in arms for an avowed illegal purpose—the taking of oaths and pass-words, contrary to true allegiance—we trust that these offences will be speedily and severely punished by the ordinary tribunals of the country, and that, if necessary, the Legislature may be applied to for fresh powers to meet this object. We deprecate, however, the exaltation of these offences into the category of treasonable acts, or any parade of severity, which might make the Phoenix clubbists “martyrs;” any ostentatious special commissions or peculiar modes of trial, which, appealing to the quick imaginations of the people, might make them think that these evils are really formidable; and, above all, any departure from the settled principles of the constitution in the method of dealing with the persons

implicated. Let the prisoners recently charged with seditious acts be tried at the ordinary Sessions or Assizes by Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, or Judges, and by common juries, selected as usual without fear or favour; let the Executive show that it trusts to the middle classes of the nation to deal with political as well as any other offences; let the jury panels contain their proportion of Protestants and Roman Catholics as at present, and no suspicion of interference be allowed to rise, and it will be time enough to alter the mode of procedure if the judicial officers who have these cases shall report to the Lord Lieutenant any symptoms of partiality. We say this much, because, as lovers of the British Constitution, as real admirers of British freedom, we think that the administration of justice in Ireland should always, *primâ facie*, conform to that in England; and because we are confident that, in the long run, the Executive is strengthened by entrusting its appeal for justice to the conscience of its subjects, "indifferently chosen," with no distinction as regards the various species of crime. We should be greatly disappointed if, in the present state of Ireland, as respects public opinion and general feeling, the common course of trial by judges and ordinary juries shall not prove amply sufficient to do justice in any case of a seditious character. If we are right in this view, we have only to hope, that if adverse verdicts shall be recorded against the persons charged, they may be punished quietly, but with severity.

Supposing, however, these political offenders convicted and punished, what means are to be taken to eradicate their evil principles? These means, we think, resolve themselves into two classes—measures calculated to ensure the speedy detection and repression of *all* crime, and measures tending gradually to extinguish sedition. As regards the *first*, we are inclined to believe that the administration of our criminal law in Ireland, so far as its minor agents are concerned, might be made more efficient than it is at present. It is of the greatest importance to a sharp-sighted yet half-civilized people like the lower Irish, that the officials charged with the vindication of justice should be

men of real ability, energy, and knowledge. Any one acquainted with the real facts of the case, must be aware, that, with several bright exceptions, some of the assistant barristers and stipendiary magistrates of Ireland do not possess those necessary qualities; and, accordingly, we advocate a reform in this department. Again, we think that the corps of detective police in Ireland might be improved, and that it would tend to make the constabulary more efficient if they were less localized than they are at present. Moreover, we cannot comprehend why the Executive directs its efforts against the dupes of sedition alone—against the clubbists of Cork, Kilkenny, and Belfast—while its organs in the press remain unpunished. If "even handed" justice be the most powerful method to compel its enemies to confess its powers, surely it is neglecting it to strain at the gnat of the Phoenix Club, and yet to swallow the camel of incendiary newspapers.

As regards the *second*, we must rely upon the steady carrying out of the principle, that the entire benefits of the State should be thrown open indifferently to all Irishmen, irrespective of creed or nationality.

Again, what course should be taken as regards the Ribbon confederacy, and its evil symptom, agrarian crime? We are not alarmists, and yet believe that a freemasonry of guilt exists in Ireland, holding its regular meetings, and fixing its code of laws, enrolling its members, and having its passwords, and the object of which is to maintain a strife, more or less systematic, against acts on the part of Irish landlords which it thinks oppressive. This association, the sad relic of that past misgovernment which treated the Roman Catholic nation of Ireland as outlaws and slaves, is evidently a thoroughly organized society, and is evidently based on certain principles of conduct, determining the amount of conceived injustice which is to provoke assassination and outrage. It permits those it declares its enemies to offend up to a certain point; it then usually gives them a definite notice in the shape of an anonymous threatening letter; and if this notice be disregarded, it fixes the penalty which is to follow, selects the executioners of its vengeance,

sends them forth on their mission of murder and injury, and too frequently obtains for them a perfect impunity. That this confederacy has been greatly broken up by the events of the last few years is a fact which admits of no doubt; but its existence cannot, we think, be denied; and the clearest proof of it is this, that agrarian crime has never entirely ceased in Ireland; that agrarian criminals still elude justice too frequently; and that they still obtain a sympathy from the lower Irish nation which is never extended to other kinds of guilt. Now, we admit that no human efforts can quickly create that moral change in the ideas and feelings of the poorer classes in Ireland which alone can thoroughly alter this state of things, but perhaps something in that direction may be effected. We believe that agrarian crime would be more frequently discovered if the detective force of Ireland were made more efficient, if the bench of stipendiary magistrates were improved, and if the constabulary were moved more frequently in their stations. If a common jury, selected from the county where an agrarian crime shall have been committed, shall decline to convict, in a case where guilt shall be certified as evident in the opinion of the presiding judge, we would not object to the striking their names off the jury panel, and to the changing the venue to the city of Dublin. Nor do we object to the practice of assessing an extra police rate on a district where a crime of this character has taken place, though we doubt if it has been productive of much good, and, as now existing, it is often a source of injustice, involving persons, perhaps innocent, who have no means of redress.

But we think that two or three measures might still be devised, which, without injuring any right of property, or at all interfering with reasonable men, might check and counteract some species of oppression which are the cause of Ribbonism and agrarian crime. For example, it has been the practice of some Irish landlords to depopulate whole districts in a summary manner, and to drive the cottiers, thus dispersed, to the union workhouses. Admitting that the gradual consolidation of farms in Ireland is now an economic advantage, we think this mode of accomplishing it should not

escape a penalty, and we know that it has caused the most bitter exasperation. But at present the charge of the paupers thus created is leviable upon the wide area of the electoral divisions, so as practically to make it very light upon the ejecting landlord. We suggest that it should be assessed exclusively on the townland area, in every case of the eviction of a yearly tenant, and thus that it should fall entirely on the party thus offending. This, in our judgment, would operate as some control upon a kind of conduct which, if consistent with the letter of the law, is nevertheless morally censurable, and has unquestionably excited Ribbon retaliation. Again, instances have not been wanting in which Irish landlords have annually served their tenants with notices to quit, with a view of confiscating their crops by an ejectment, if that crop should happen to be of higher value than usual; and we can readily understand the indignation such conduct creates, and how naturally it causes a vindictive feeling. To meet this evil—which we assert is not uncommon—we propose that every yearly tenant in Ireland, who shall have fairly paid up his rent, shall, although he may have received a notice to quit, be entitled to any crops he may have sown in his land *before or after* the service of such notice; and we believe that such a measure would be really beneficial. Finally, we are disposed to advocate a reform, contained, we think, in one of Chancellor Napier's Land Bills, namely, to restrict the right of distraining on the part of landlords—a right which is seldom of much practical use, and yet has occasioned most angry disputes—by requiring that notice should previously be given to a magistrate of the intended exercise of the right, and that it should be exercised only under his warrant. No doubt, such measures as these are merely palliatives as regards Ribbonism and agrarian crime; but, as they would tend to allay angry feelings in the relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland, we think they would have a salutary effect, and certainly are in a right direction. Those of our readers who are really acquainted with the subject will best excuse their apparent inefficiency—they know how difficult it is to reduce the evil in question, with-

out shaking the entire institution of private property and personal rights, and thus committing evils of a worse description.

These views upon Ribbonism and agrarian crime have anticipated, to some extent, our observations upon the requirements of Ireland in the present relation of her landed classes to each other. But a few years ago, that relation was of a most unsatisfactory kind, exemplifying the evils arising from the conflict of race and faith, and from the pressure of a ruinous economic system, which caused the rent of land to be raised unnaturally, exposed the Irish tenantry to the effects of a destructive competition, and too often enabled the Irish landlord to confiscate his tenants' improvements. This state of things is thus described by Mr. John Stuart Mill, and we do not think his description exaggerated:—

“Almost alone amongst mankind, the Irish cottier is in this condition, that he can scarcely be either better or worse off by any act of his own. If he were industrious or prudent, nobody but his landlord would gain; if he is lazy or intemperate, it is at his landlord's expense. A situation more devoid of motives to either self-command or labour imagination itself cannot conceive.”

Now, it is unquestionable that the social revolution of Ireland during the last few years has removed the worst features of this state of things: it has tended to mitigate the hostility of race and sect, though this curse has not yet disappeared; it has reduced the excessive competition for the possession of land, and has placed Irish landlords and tenants more nearly in their proper status as free contractors, an inference which appears from the fact that the rate of rent has not been augmented in proportion to the increase of the national prosperity. Henceforward, it is not probable that Irish farms will be set up to an auction in which the bid-dings will be regulated by the reckless offers of cottiers, or that Irish landlords will often be enabled to put into their pockets the results of the industry and capital which their tenants may have added to the soil. And, therefore, we now entirely reject any direct legislative interference upon this question, such as that advocated by Mr. Mill, namely, to convert Irish

tenancies into perpetual interests, subject only to a quit-rent payable to the landlord; or as that contended for by the Tenant League, namely, to give the Irish tenant, independently of contract, a mortgage upon his holding in respect of the value of his “improvements.” Such wild schemes, in our judgment, would never have been justified, and at present there is no occasion even for discussing them. And yet, as some traces of the old evils remain in the landed system of Ireland, they still require serious attention; and we think that legislation may to some extent abridge or mitigate them. In order to enable the Irish tenant who is unprotected by a contract in this respect to appropriate to himself, as much as is reasonable, the improvements he may have given to the soil, we should like to see the common law as regards emblements and tenants' fixtures satisfactorily established upon the principle that the tenant should have a right, independently of any bargain, to remove in specie from his holding all subjects whatever that can be removed without injuring the landlord's freehold. A measure of this kind would be an extension of the common law in this direction, would lay down a plain and satisfactory rule, and, we think, would only be national justice. So, too, with a view of encouraging the granting of leases and the reduction of the number of yearly tenancies—a tenure which, however well it has worked in England, in our opinion has been injurious to all classes in Ireland—we would propose that the stamp duties in leases should be lowered still further, and the law with respect to ejectment for nonpayment of rent on a lease, which is still embarrassed by a maze of technicalities, should be reformed and made as simple as possible. We would also recommend such a law as that every notice to quit to put an end to a yearly tenancy should be admissible in evidence only when actually signed by the landlord—that no agent should have the power to sign such a notice—and, as we said before, that a yearly tenant who should have paid his rent should in all cases be held entitled to his way-going crop. No doubt, such reforms as these would be merely palliative, but we think they would tend to improve the basis upon which the

landlords and tenants of Ireland now stand towards each other—that they would do this without infringing the rights of property, and that more violent measures would only make the remedy a great deal worse than the disease.

But, after all, the ultimate reformation of any of the evils which still infest the Irish nation, must greatly depend on its own conduct and temper. Sixty years have passed since Grattan made his touching appeal to it—"to mould, to multiply, to consolidate the resources of a growing empire, be these your barbarous accomplishments!" These years have witnessed many remarkable events in Irish history—they have been pregnant with vast social and political changes—they have struck off the fetters from the Roman Catholic Celt, and have set free the soil of Ireland by an economic emancipation; and yet, may not the illustrious patriot's words have still a deep significance for the various orders of the Irish people? Do all Irish landlords feel, even in these days, that their estates are not merely a property, but a trust—to be administered in their own interests, no doubt, but also in those of their dependents and the public? Do all the Roman Catholic priests who lead their masses of electors to the poll, and denounce Irish landlords and agents from the altar—who hide the mysteries of agrarian crime in the recesses of the confessional, and give the fearful mockery of absolution to the worst offenders, bear in mind that

"My kingdom is not of this world," that "Every soul should be subject to the higher powers," and that the Divine Author of our Christianity laid down the rule to "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are His." When Irish tenants complain that sometimes they are harshly used, and point to occasional instances of landlord oppression, should they forget that connivance at agrarian outrages, and that shrinking from bringing agrarian criminals to justice, is the means to disentitle them to imperial sympathies, and to embitter the very ills they deprecate? And when Irish labourers, in their yearly migrations, contrast the pleasant fields of England, overflowing with rural wealth, and everywhere calling for the industry of man, with the barren and half-cultivated wastes which still in places deform their country, do they ever think that capital and intelligence avoid a land where life and property are not thoroughly secure? Surely, now the time has come for all classes of Irishmen to lay these reflections seriously to heart—to remember that "the State," whatever its wisdom may accomplish, is still impotent for social good if not seconded by the "People"—that the evils still the opprobrium of Ireland throw a stigma upon all her inhabitants, and that that nation only can be prosperous in which good laws find an echo in the hearts of all its orders.

THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

ITALY quivers. And, therewith, a tremor runs along the fibres of all European nations. That does not look as if there were, indeed, much force of truth and justice in the elaborate and plausible denial of Italian existence, which, in some quarters, it is now thought advisable to reiterate. There be false pains of childbirth; but she that feels them, and thereby has alarmed herself and others vainly, may not be said, for that, to bear no living burden within her. What is the point of those historical disquisitions whereby some

would establish the great negative axiom—"Italian unity has never been?"

The question of "oppressed nationalities"—to use a slipshod phrase, sufficiently vulgarized to demand recognition—is oftentimes one of threatened disintegration of empire. Now, it is not hard to understand how the maintenance of empire may seem, even to just, and liberal, and considerate minds, of paramount importance, in many cases. But it is rather hard to understand how minds, claiming such attributes, should at-

tach a similar importance to preventing what may be called a reintegration of empire.

"Fraction is detestable!" "Very good; but is Fusion equally so?" Forbid both, and what remains except inert continuance? If it be a political crime to disturb the process which, in spite of differences in race, in language, in creed, is welding together, day by day, many nationalities into one imperial whole, must it not likewise be a political crime to hinder a similar process which, by virtue of the sameness in race, in language, in creed, is performing the same act of welding one disunited nationality into the whole, which, if it never has been, it ought to be? Surely they, who with wise and beneficent sternness, repress movements for the repeal of Irish Union with England—who wither, with an irony not undeserved, the silly claim of the Scotch Unicorn to a cap of maintenance, and we know not what other exclusive heraldic absurdities—who do not suffer to escape without good-humoured ridicule even the harmless pretensions of a Welsh Eistedfod, are the very last of all who may with fairness decry the wish and the resolve of Italians to create an Italy. To create an Italy do we say? Nay, we do the wish and the resolve alike injustice. There is no need to create—but only need to recognise and act upon the existence of that which, so far as they are concerned, is self-created to their hand.

The insolence of the servant of a monarchy whose sovereign held Bohemia by one tenure, Hungary by another, Croatia by a third, Lombardy by a fourth, and, perhaps his only undisputed hereditary lordship, of Austria proper, by another different from all, first coined the phrase, "Italy is a mere geographical expression."

It was something that he should have admitted so much. In truth, it must have struck him often, as his taunt, so freely bandied about by others, came back upon his ears, how great and how fatal an admission the words contained. It is no little matter, that geographical existence of Italy. There is about it an ominous reality. We should not be much surprised if the *Times*, some morning, should condescend to cut up the notion in a slashing article. "All

shoemakers," we may be told, "distinguish carefully, and *ex necessitate rei*, between upper leathers of a boot and under. Italy is a peninsula well known to be shaped bootwise. The heel of a boot is one thing, and the cavity which contains the toes another, whereas in the top-boot the tops are separate existences. The Alps do not cut off a straight line along the north of the peninsula; but the Apennines divide it from north to south by a hog-backed ridge. The Po runs one way, the Tiber another. Genoa faces the Gulf of Lyons, and Ancona is on the Adriatic. Under the arcades at Turin, in December, ladies wear chinchilla muffs; whereas, on the Chiaja, at Naples, they put up pink parasols. None, therefore, but blind enthusiasts, or visionary madmen will continue to assert that Italy has, or ever had, will have, or ever could have had, that preposterous possession, denied to her by nature, and repudiated by her sober well-wishers, the fantastic illusion of a geographical unity."

Seriously, we must advise our readers not to surrender their judgment, on this point at least, without reference to a map. The advice can scarcely be accounted superfluous. Why should not the geographical unity of Italy, for practical purposes, be impugned as easily as, for instance, its ethnological?

On the 8th of January, indeed, the *Times* was good enough to say of the Italians so much as this, "That they have the essential elements of nationality in a common extraction, common language, and common traditions of extraordinary glory, no one can deny." But, by the eleventh morning of the same month, it was perceived that the concession went too far, and must be qualified. Accordingly, the world was, upon that day, informed that,

"Eighteen hundred years is a long period even in the history of Italy. Wave after wave of different families of the great human kind have advanced, with more or less force, upon that interesting soil, and have, to a greater or to a less depth, covered the whole surface of what was once a nation, even as the *débris* of ages have buried the old Forum and have choked up Ostium. In Italy's best days her nationality was never pure. Since then great powers have risen and have fallen, and there

are traditions, far more recent and more powerful than those of the Empire, which divide Venice from Genoa, and Naples from Turin, almost as distantly as Milan from Vienna. It is not enough to overcome the great improbability that France and Russia are honestly desirous to create a great constitutional power, we must go further; we must believe that the fragments of races which never yet were united should now unite under a distant and scarcely recognised Italian power; and that Rome should be content with a nationality under the rule of Transalpine Gaul."

Really this transcendental ethnology goes beyond us. Pray what may have been the homogeneous mass designated as "*what was once a nation?*" We presume the writer had in his mind the Roman people. But the very word "*Quirites*" tells a tale of mixed races; and we have strangely misread that "*Livy*" of "our boyhood," to which the journalist refers us, if his account of the Italy of classic days is to justify the notion, that its people were of closer kin and of breed more thoroughly amalgamated than the would-be Italian people of this nineteenth century. We make no doubt that it is fair enough to consider the Latin-speaking people of the Peninsula as constituting a nation when Livy wrote; but that can only be allowed, so far as homogeneous origin is concerned, upon grounds which must compel us to admit the present existence as "*a nation*" in this respect, of the Italian-speaking people of our own day.

If Italy be not ethnologically "*a nation*," what, then, is Great Britain? Hard, indeed, would be the task to prove that Pict, and Scot, and British or Hibernian Celt, and Angle, and Saxon, and Dane, and Norseman, and Gallo-Norman had fused into one man-metal more same and similar than those "*fragments of races never yet united*," which dwell from the southern foot of the Alps to the Straits of Messina, and speak the "*Langue de Si.*"

Translate these newspaper articles, which deny their nationality, into the common mother tongue of the Italians, and read them on every market piazza from Domo D'Ossola to Reggio, they will be understood, and, we may add, execrated everywhere alike, not only by men of education, but by peasants and mechanics. Take the

same, just as they stand in their English columns, and proclaim them throughout Great Britain and Ireland, without translation into Gaelic, Erse, and Welsh—to say nothing of Norman French in Channel Islands—and let the different result indicate in which region difference of race is yet most vital.

We scarcely think it possible to insist too strongly upon the power of fusion owned by community of speech. We do not forget that hereupon we may have the name, the shadow of a name, of German unity thrust in our faces with derision. "*Is Italian unity*," it may be inquired, "*a term expressive of any more probable realization of what it signifies than German?*" Are not the German-speaking millions, in their separate and antagonistic political existences, living disproofs of the notion that unity of language tends to cement unity of national life?

Now to the objection there are several obvious and sufficient answers, drawn from considerations of race, of creed, of neighbourhood or distance, of date as to civilization, and the like. But did time and space, and the scope of our intention in writing these lines allow, we should not be disinclined to show how superficial an acquaintance they manifest with the linguistic questions of social and political Germany, who should seek to establish a parallel in this matter between that geographical expression and this of Italy. And in order so to do we should quote no statistics concerning the number of men contained within the bosom of the great fatherland, who speak Wendish, Polish, Slave, Krainsch, Croat, Rouman, Magyar, and numerous other tongues. We should be content to give a little closer consideration than is often given to the barrier which the existence of Platt-deutsch dialects and of a Platt-deutsch literature opposes to free social and intellectual intercourse between the speakers of the so-called same Teutonic tongue. There are some chapters, in one of Mr. Laing's shrewd and thoughtful books of travel, that are well worthy of the perusal and attention of any one who should desire to be certified on this matter.

To say that dialects exist in Italy would be no more than to say the same of England proper, England from Carlisle to Canterbury. Mere

provincialisms, in familiar idiom and accent, do not affect the main consideration. Which consideration is, that this non-existent nation denounces its oppressors, and prays for its liberation, utters its long wail and rouses its feverish indignation, recounts its past glories, and deploras its present degradation, in the accents of one same noble though tender human speech, no less intelligible and dear to the patricians of its ancient houses, than to the craftsmen of its matchless cities, to the tiller of its fertile plains than to the herdsmen of its mountain ridges.

But to come now to matters historical. Is it not something like an insult to the understanding of its readers that the *Times* should venture to write thus?

"We cannot shut our eyes against the lessons of history, and it is simply a fact—however strange it may appear—that the *Italy now talked about* has never had an existence yet."

By what right is an archæological sense, erroneous or otherwise, to be fastened upon the intention of Englishmen, when they talk about Italy in our day? We take it that "the Italy now talked about" is neither that of classic nor of mediæval times, nor of the War of Succession, nor of the French revolutionary wars, nor of the Treaties of 1815, no! nor even of 1848. "The Italy now talked about" is a much more actual, imminent, urgent reality. The accident which makes a Lombard insurrection wear the appearance of a provincial resistance to an imperial rule, ought not, as we have indicated already, to blind observant eyes to the real character of the Italian political tendencies of our own day. We venture to repeat our phrase, those tendencies are towards reintegration, not towards disintegration, by any means whatever. Mazzini and Victor Emmanuel are both fusionists, not fractionists, however widely otherwise their aims and their methods may differ in kind or in degree.

They assert by word; and, according to their several notions of action, are seemingly wishful to assert by deed, that which the Austrians also by deeds assert, energetically too, spite of denial or qualification in word of the same assertion.

That the general complexion of Italian thought and feeling is a substantial unity—that there does exist a current of Italian sentiment and sympathy, having an appreciable uniformity of flow—that the several States of Italy, even in their present condition, are members of a body bound together, not by artificial links of some conventional and nearly fictitious arrangement, but by the ramifications of a living nervous system: these are Austrian doctrines assuredly, no less than Sardinian—no less even than Mazzinian. The foreign despot, no less than the Italian constitutional prince, no less than the domestic exiled demagogue, has laid them down, enforced, and illustrated them. Upon what other conceivable hypothesis did the Austrians lay the solid basis—for it was truly laid by them—upon which the present Bourbons of Naples have built the noisome dungeon of their modern tyranny?

Was it not in virtue of the axiomatic nature of such propositions that Austrian invasion—for it was no less—suppressed, some ten years ago, the development of internal reform in Tuscany? What other pretext, beside the existence of such undeniable truths, is alleged for Austrian occupation of the Papal Romagna at this very moment?

We are not debating now the abstract question of the right by which Austria may hold the Lombardo-Venetian provinces; but simply protesting against the unscrupulous recklessness which seeks to prop up that right, collaterally, by arguments of which the pith and marrow is a flagrant contradiction to all the principles of action avowed by Austria in her dealings with all parts of Italy. We are not concerned to apologise for the French occupation of Rome; but it is disingenuous to put it for judgment upon the same footing as the Austrian occupation of the Romagna. The French are in Rome to keep the Pope there, the Austrians in Romagna to keep themselves in Lombardy. The one occupation is an attempt towards a practical solution of that most intricate and complicated problem, the maintenance of the temporal sovereignty of the pretended head of a spiritual association. We need hardly say what we think of the worth and wisdom of that illogical

attempt at a solution which is impossible. The other occupation is a much simpler affair, being one of military outposts for the protection of foreign garrisons camping in a portion of a country whose population abhor the dominion they uphold. To deny that there are many Italians who desire to see the Pope kept at Rome and maintained there in authority, is to state a manifest absurdity. To assert that there are any Italians who wish to see the Austrians on the south side of the Alps on any pretext, is to state a more glaring absurdity still.

The Austrians are in Italy as enemies. Nothing can exceed the childishness of affecting to question this. They may be there as enemies less by their own fault than by the force of circumstances unforeseen and uncontrollable : that is another matter altogether.

We verily believe that it would be hard for a good Austrian Government to be tolerable there ; but, we presume, we need not waste ink and paper to prove that whatever chance Austrian government might once have had of commending itself as good to Italian sympathies and intelligence, its own abuses, and, far more, its maintenance of extraneous abuses, and consistent opposition to the political improvement of non-Austrian Italy, have long since destroyed every vestige of such a chance. Then follows the question—"How far does this state of things justify an attack upon the Austrian by constitutional Sardinia?" Let us, at least, wait till such an attack is made to frame an answer. Let us not be hasty in prejudging the question, and that in a sense hostile to the healthy impulse of freemen. No man questioned, that we can remember, the assurances of Monsieur de Cavour, at the Peace conferences of Paris, concerning the strain kept by the condition of the Italian peninsula upon the resources of the State he represented—itsself avowedly the representative of every wiser and more judicious Italian aspiration for liberty, reform, and progress. What is this indecent haste to cast reflections upon the honesty of purpose and soundness of judgment of a State which, for some ten years, we have pointed out as a model of good sense and moderation to all struggling aspirants after a freer and fuller national life? What has

occurred to justify this sudden change of tone and expression towards a power which, if small, was not disdained as helper in a time of need?

Has Victor Emmanuel announced his intention to be satisfied with none other such relief to the present wants and woes of sympathetic Italian populations than such as should, perforce, unite them under his crown? Has he so much as intimated a desire to add one man, against his own free will, to the subjects of his constitutional rule?

It may be very well for the *Times*, through the medium of its Paris correspondent, to upbraid the King of Sardinia, as it did on the 13th of January, with holding Genoa by the same title as that which conferred upon the Austrian Emperor the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. But we demand to know what is the practical purpose of telling us in 1859, "it is *matter of history* that the cession of Genoa to Sardinia was effected in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the Genoese?" In all that regards political freedom and untrammelled national development there is almost as much difference between the Sardinia of to-day and that of 1815, or even of 1845, as between Parliamentary Britain under the Tudors and under Queen Victoria. That country, which was the stronghold of absolutism, civil and ecclesiastical, at the close of the old Revolutionary war, had become the ram-parted home of rational liberty in the Mediterranean, before the close of the Crimean.

Is this to count for nothing in the comparative estimate between Sardinian rule and Austrian?

A reference to the files of the leading journal during the period of the Russian war, and of the ensuing European negotiations, would not fail to show in its columns, articles which would form of themselves a sufficient and true refutation of the reproaches now so broadly insinuated against the Piedmontese monarchy. Therein it was said truly, that the real centre of Italy, its living heart and head, had been transferred long since from Rome to Turin. And we will ask by what means was the transfer effected? By fraud or violence, by oppression or intrigue? The very statement of such a question is preposterous. Is it not a simple fact, that throughout Italy no sound and independent

thinker, no conscientious and enlightened politician, we had almost written also, no fearless, upright, enlightened jurisconsult, can find a safe home elsewhere than under shelter of those snowy heights which look down on the capital of the sub-alpine kingdom?

Liberty of thought and of expression exist there alone for Italy. In Paris, to the shame of France before Europe, a Montalembert is condemned to fine and imprisonment for his eloquent and indignant tribute to the glory of free institutions. That is bad enough, we allow; but in Naples he could not even have procured the printing and publication of his famous protest, had he been a Neapolitan. We scorn, as well we may, the petty persecutions of the Protestant schoolmasters, by *Préfets*, in the south-eastern French departments; but have we forgotten what are for Italians, even in Tuscany, the penalties of mere Bible-reading?

Parma, Modena, Massa Carrara are but appendices and caricatures at the same time of the Austro-Lombard government. It would only remain to complete the tale of existent Italian sovereignties that we should name the Pope. We presume it is hardly necessary to argue that there is nothing monstrous in the notion that the aspirations of the friends of freedom in Italy should refuse to set Romewards!

As our readers will have seen, we have not in these lines attempted to discuss the question of Louis Napoleon's right to intermeddle in the

adjustment of Italian affairs; nor yet that of the wisdom wherewith a young constitutional Italian state may be forming entangling alliances with two mighty despotisms as against a third. What we have desired to do, was to protest unequivocally against the insolence and injustice, not to say the ingratitude, which are creeping into the tone of one part of the British press, when treating of the present crisis in Italy.

We may have our reasons for suspecting the tendency of a Gallo-Russian alliance in so far as our own British interests are concerned. We may have reasons, no less valid, for misdoubting its influence in favour of a genuine development of Italian freedom. But to let such doubts and suspicions sour or sear our sympathies with so noble a cause, would be mean and base, and could hardly escape all imputation of political cowardice. To state those doubts and suspicions to the Italian nation, may, indeed, be the part of a true well-wisher and friend. If they be well-founded, it is rendering service to the Italian cause to substantiate them. But this is not to be done by making English newspapers write of Italy and Italians in such terms as might befit the scribes of an Austrian government gazette; nor are the Italian people likely to be convinced of their error in accepting the proffered aid of despots, by writers of a free press, who, with supercilious arrogance, shall affect to deny the existence, in any sense, of an Italian nationality.

LOVE-LORE.

BY AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

THE popularity of M. Michelet's book, *L'Amour*, with our lively neighbours is, by all accounts, something unprecedented. The man, the subject, and the writing, would any one of them singly produce, and will, therefore, collectively account for the sale of an enormous impression. M. Michelet is a writer whose versatility is equal to his eloquence. He has attempted Aristotle, and bearded Jesuitism in favour of the woman and of the

family. He has grouped the details of French history into a gigantic work of twenty volumes. He has given us an admirable and laborious picture of Luther. And latterly he has delineated the world of birds and of insects with a brilliant pencil, fresh from the very different classifications involved in a *Précis* of Modern History. Henri Heine could only find an approximate term for this subtle, minute, and discursive genius, in saying that he pos-

sessed the nature of a Hindoo. M. Emile Montégut has happily compared the critical attempt to arrest and analyze his imagination with the German Knight's pursuit of Undine. She glitters like a pointed flame. She tumbles like a torrent from the steep. She broods like a mist upon the mountain side, or hangs like a violet cloud over the peak. We pursue the vision, but just as we seem to reach it, panting and exhausted, a musical sigh undulates upon the air, and we see the fay, with her golden tresses, sobbing upon an islet in the stream. Such is this extraordinary imagination, coloured like an evening cloud, luminous as a bee caught in the golden flood of sunset rolling under the forest arches, musical as the chant of a bird, soft, and swift, and incessant as the gliding of waters, but fay-like, unsubstantial, and intangible to the gross touch of the logical intellect. But if the writer be so attractive, what shall we say of the fascination of his theme? No man can prophecy when, where, or how a Frenchman will break out upon *la belle passion*. No gravity, no apparent uncongeniality of sentiments or pursuits, appears to exempt the writers of France from the delicate task. History softens and trembles in the soft rhetoric of a lady's eye. Metaphysics descends from the Absolute and Unconditional to gossip in the boudoir. The rigid and positive spirit of mathematics, applied to history, to philosophy, to religion, with a relentless hammer, which would seem to annihilate every darling of the human fancy, ends with M. Comte, in deifying the feminine nature. The pale and sceptic Pascal, terrified by the silence of the infinite spaces, leaves behind him an analysis of love. M. Cousin is pursuing his labours among the manuscripts, which refer to Pascal, in the Abbey of Saint Germain-des-Prés. An important discovery is announced. The first philosopher of France is in a delirium of excitement, and Paris palpitates with delight. What is the subject of these precious pages?—Love. Yes, love! and not divine love, but human love. The man of science, wasting himself in immortal

toils; the solitary of Port-Royal writing his *Provinciales*, and preparing slowly his *Pensées* to form materials for the great work of his life; was in youth a genuine Frenchman. "This singular work," exclaims the Plato of France, "contains precepts upon the art of love, different, it is true, from those of Ovid, but whose very *délicatesses* expresses no ordinary experience."* M. Michelet is the last great French writer who yields to the soft necessity, which all poets since Petrarch have acknowledged, but which has generally been repudiated by the sterner genius of prose. When Mr. John Stuart Mill writes a monograph on the *petits soins*, or Mr. Sewell on the poetry of *accouchements*, or Mr. Gladstone on the physical aspects of crinoline, or Dr. M'Neile on lactation in its bearings upon conjugal tenderness, we shall have some means of comparison, but not till then. To the man and the subject, and to the subject in relation to the man, we must further add the extraordinary attraction of the style. Such fine strokes of subtlety, such infinite address, and super-masculine penetration were never conveyed in such burning whispers and inarticulate pantings, such piercing tones of wrong and sorrow, such coloured and scented periods, of which every comma is a rose, and every full stop an embrace.

As an elderly gentleman we have but one difficulty. Though this book is written in the interest of genuine morality, and to help towards swelling the yearly-diminishing figures which express the marriages of France; though it aspires—and with perfect sincerity—to aid in the restoration of French family-life by healing the diseased root of conjugal love; it is one which English ladies will not venture to read. How shall we describe it? It is a voice chanting a love-song in an anatomical museum. It is Petrarch, turned into a French doctor, taking Laura as a subject for a demonstration to his pupils, ever and anon forgetting the obstetric art and bursting out with snatches of an impassioned sonnet. Its coarser elements are, however, so interpenetrated with fine and profound sentiments—the morality is so

* See this curious literary episode in M. Cousin's admirable *Études sur Pascal*, 5th edition, pp. 475-501.

delicately tinted—the thoughts so original and ingenious—that we shall be conferring a favour upon our readers, if we are able to give them a flavour of the richness of the work, by separating the precious from the vile—by defecating it of its dregs, and presenting only its quintessence and aroma.

The moral emancipation of society by love, pure and true—by conjugal love, orbing from the passionate but slender circle of the hymeneal into the full, calm, silver splendour of serene conjugal affection, and only acquiring radiance from all clouds of trial, sickness, and sorrow—is the complete title, at least the end and import, of *L'Amour*. The perception of the need of such an essay is founded upon the admission of certain preliminary propositions. Love has for hundreds of years been the theme of the dramatist, the poet, and the novelist. It has occupied too much, not too little, space in these representations of Fancy, because it has dwarfed and dwindled down other and more masculine passions. But, then, love is a complex word, including many *moments*, and involving a continuous series of manifestations. Thus there has been a kind of equivocation. It has been the universal fallacy to apply to nascent what only belongs to mature and adolescent love; to predicate of the fountain the qualities which are the glory of the broadening river. Love proper is not merely the sweet, blind instinct of magical attraction. "If love be nothing but a crisis, one may as well define the Loire to be nothing but an inundation." Previous writers, then, as well as the common usage of languages, have been contented to take love by its earliest impulses—by its least distinctive aspects. So far all is well; and we, as an elderly gentleman, can give our assent to M. Michelet. But, further—"Love has a profound and *fatal* side of natural history, which *infinitely* influences its moral developments, and this has been neglected. It has, moreover, a free and voluntary side, where moral art acts upon it; this, also, has been neglected. This book is a first essay to fill up the chasm."—P. xii.

That word *fatal* must be noted. In the sequel it becomes significant indeed.

The nature of these thoughts is so fragmentary, and their materials are

taken from such different spheres, that it is difficult to adopt any coherent plan for forming an articulate judgment upon their contents as a whole. There are three several elements of thought which might possibly be disentangled—the poetic, the casuistic, and the physiological. The husband as lover, Abigail, cook, doctor, and ghost, might supply a thread of connexion. But to present such a dry analysis would be an injustice. It would be like exhibiting a few handfuls of clay and heather as a specimen of some hill that charms us by its violet tints and silver mystery of haze. It would be like pocketing a piece of wire and pronouncing that it was the harmony that had thrilled our spirits—like holding out some colourless drops in a bottle, and affirming that here was the rejoicing river, whose speed and music had mingled with our enjoyment of some broad landscape. Without any attempt at a regular analysis, we shall simply indicate the leading points which appear to us to be meritorious or defective, and illustrate our statements by sufficient extracts.

I. The leading aversion of M. Michelet's mind and heart is one which does him honour—the aversion from polygamy. Monogamy, from his physiological point of view, is something more than a sublime restriction, halloved by the sanctions of civic law and by the benedictions of the Church. It is anterior to the Revelation written in tables of stone. It is engraved typically and rudimentally in the law of the extended and durable character of the primary act of fecundation, which is exhibited in the female upon every stage of the great platform of animated existence.

Here are some incentives to the European polygamy of which M. Michelet speaks:—

"For a century, the use of spirituous liquors, and of narcotics, has advanced with an irresistible progress, with results varying according to populations: here clouding and irremediably barbarizing the intellect, there corroding more deeply the physical existence, and tainting the very race; but everywhere isolating man, and giving him, even at the hearth, a deplorable preference for the enjoyments of a selfish solitude. No need of society, of love, of family. In their stead creep in the wretched pleasure of a life of polygamy, which, imposing no

moral responsibility on the man, and conferring no guarantee upon the woman, is proportionally more destructive than the polygamy of Oriental countries."

Over and above this true and pure monogamic feeling, there is a second point in the present volume which we shall acknowledge with admiration. The thought which may justly be described as the pivot of the book, the principle of classification round which its details are arranged, is singularly delicate and beautiful. That thought is the continued rejuvenescence, the perpetual metamorphosis of love. When the young man contemplates matrimony, a confused imagination often floats like a gray clammy fog over the green and glowing landscape of the future. He is bartering a self-fish but solid independence at a tremendous risk. He is exchanging the liberty of sailing through unknown seas—the glimmering on through perpetual zones of shifting lights and changeful shadows, where successive islands break the monotony with the varied carving of their mountains, and the unexpected mutations of their domelike forests—for a coasting voyage, where objects of beauty will soon lose the zest of novelty, and where every rock and headland will be disenchanted by familiarity. The monotony of unforbidden caresses; the coarse touches of temper, of sickness, of the hundred little disenchanters—matter-of-fact antagonists to the sylphs, whom the genius of Pope has depicted as hovering in the coloured beams, and guarding the powder and the tresses of the nymph—that haunt the pillow, the nursery, the dinner-table, the thousand-and-one contacts with dull reality; will they not slowly shatter the love for which he seems to himself to sacrifice so many privileges? Music is the food of love; will not pudding and pills be its poison? No! answers M. Michelet, with a tenderness and boldness, which are truly noble. Love has an infinite variety of metamorphoses; and every metamorphosis is beautiful. She has an exquisite faculty of adaptation to all the changes and chances of this mortal life. She has a thousand mutations, and every mutation has its peculiar delight. The bridegroom has not exhausted this elasticity of fascination when the honeymoon is over. The father has not exhausted it, when

he looks, with placid delight, upon his infant, drawing life from the exuberant fontinel of maternal fulness. The master of a family has not exhausted it, when he gazes with complacency at the elegant matron, who gives life to his hospitality and purpose to his household. The spring-tide of love may, indeed, be past. The virgin flush of passionate summer may have paled in the west. Its later warmth may have died away, and its golden glow may hang sadly in the heaven of recollection. But its autumnal decadence has its own rich peculiarity of light and colouring, its soft languor of decay, its subtle accents and noble pensiveness. Nay, even the thin locks and attenuated brow of love's winter day, have a charm of their own, a bracing cold, delightful recollections of the spring that has been, beautiful imaginations of the spring that is to be.

But let M. Michelet speak for himself:—

"Another essential point is, that love is not, as people say, a crisis, a drama, in one act. If this were all, so mere an accident would scarcely deserve our serious attention. It would be one of those ephemeral and superficial maladies from which we only seem to emancipate ourselves with the least possible cost. But, happily, love (by which I mean love faithful and fixed upon one object) is one often prolonged succession of very different passions which give sustenance and renovation to life. If we go outside the circle of those *blasés* who must have tragedies, and sharp and sudden varieties of view, I see love continuing the same, sometimes for a whole life, with different degrees of intensity, and with exterior variations which make no alteration in its fundamental character. Doubtless, the flame can only burn upon condition of changing, lengthening, lowering, flickering, varying its shape and tinge. But nature has made provision for this. Woman is in a state of incessant variation. One woman contains in herself, and is potentially, a thousand. And the imagination of the man varies also according to the point of view. Upon the generally solid and tenacious foundation of habit, the varying circumstances of life project the changes which modify and renew the youth of affection. Take, not exceptionally, the world of elevation and romance, but the ordinary laborious classes, who constitute the majority, almost the totality, of mankind. You will see that the man (generally some seven or ten years older

than the woman, and who has been much more involved in the affairs of life) at first sways his young companion by the weight of his experience, and loves her a little like his daughter. Soon she equals, or even surpasses him. Maternity, the economic wisdom of a household, augments her importance. She counts as well as he, and she is beloved like a sister. But when professional duties and the fatigue of affairs have pressed down the man, the sober and serious wife—the true genius of his house—is beloved by him like his mother. She cares for him—she provides for him. He reposes himself upon her, and often is content to play the little infant, feeling that he possesses in her so excellent a nurse and a visible providence.

"If love is nothing but a crisis, one may define the Loire as nothing but an inundation.

"But recollect that this stream, in its protracted course, in its multiplied and varied actions, has ten thousand modes of influence, as a great water-way, as an irrigator of fields, as a refresher of the air, &c. You do it wrong when you only take it on the violent side, which you choose to consider dramatic. Leave the accidental drama, which in reality is but secondary. Take it rather in the regular epopee of its grand river life, in those salutary and fertilizing influences which are not less really poetic.

"In love, the dramatic momentum is doubtless interesting. But it is the interest of violent fatality, where we can do nothing but assist, and can independently influence but little. It is like the torrent which we contemplate at its narrowest point, foaming and frantic. We must take it in the general continuity of its course. Higher up, it was a peaceable stream—lower down, it becomes an abundant but docile river.

"Love is a power which is by no means indisciplinable. Like every other natural force, it gives a handle to the will, to art, which, say what men will, very easily creates it, and easily modifies it by means, by exterior circumstances and habits."—Pp. viii-xi.

These two points, then—the intense monogamic instinct, and the profound sense of the non-ephemerality of love—are, we think, the leading merits of M. Michelet's essay.

Subordinately to these, are many original points of view, or old ones originally and felicitously expressed.

The moralizing effect of a laborious life upon wedded love is stated with English good sense and solidity, while the unlovely effect of turning a wife into a she-man, a mere petticoated

house-clerk, is signalized with true French vivacity in the following sentences:—

"Let us not forget that love will not subsist strong against the obstacles of the world, except it be aided by a virtuous heart, by a laborious life, by a succession of labours, which occupy and moralize the day. If, however, you will permit me to form a wish for you, it is that your young wife, that poetic creature, should not be too much occupied by bills and invoices; that you yourself should not be too far exiled from her during the day. The union is beautiful and strong; but is it proportionally profound? Is it not rather too like the intimate relation of the men of business? Can there be a true interpenetration of hearts where people are so thoroughly occupied with affairs?"—Pp. 57, 58.

Literary men are, perhaps, often apt to imagine, that the absence of family cares would have elevated them to the highest zenith of excellence and reputation. They suppose—if we may venture to speak for some of them—that the chariot-wheels of imagination drive heavily when Jack and Bob break into the study with a shriek of emancipation; and that the sentences would run off rounder and smoother when declaimed with a self-satisfied intonation, than when repressed by the quiet presence of Mary at her crochet work. The wives of all the authors in Europe should get up a testimonial to M. Michelet, for his charming refutation of this ungallant fallacy of masculine conceit and selfishness:—

"I delight in Dutch pictures. I find in them constantly that charming intermixture of the study and ménage, in which the latter is ennobled, the former warmed and fertilized. Every one has seen at the Louvre the St. Joseph of Rembrandt. But I am not less struck with his microscopic image of the study, harmonized by the family. In the pale light of a sunset, an old man near a window, on which a huge book lies open, no longer reads, but meditates, and broods over his thought. His eyes are shut, so it would seem, and yet he sees every thing. He sees the good maid-servant, who stirs the fire; he sees his wife descending the spiral staircase. We cannot distinguish her without some difficulty. These soft images mingle, we divine it, in the pensive sweetness of his fancies. Behind him, a closed cellar contains, apparently, a small quantity of generous wine, which heats him sometimes. If this book is the Bible, I am certain that the good man will draw from

it its richest information. He is made to understand Tobit, Ruth, and the patriarchs. He will not lose himself in vain and fruitless subtleties, nor in speculations, like some one else, upon the sex of the angels. The same man, in a convent or in a cell, would have made Biblical commentaries, like Scotus or St. Thomas, refining and wire-drawing; in short, sterilizing everything. And why? The household, the family affection, continually bring him back to the real. All which goes to the heart, in that story of other days, is re-made and renewed in him. His heart lives it over again.

"It is charming to observe (and I have frequently remarked, with pleasure, in the establishments of my most studious friends), that infinite delicacy of the young wife, which, in a close and narrow room, goes, and comes, and twines in and out and about the labourer, without ever discomposing him. Any one else would have bothered him, but she, he would say, is nobody.

"She holds her breath, and walks on tiptoe. How lightly she trips over the floor! Oh, but she respects his toil. One may well admire how this sweet, and subtle, but, above all, tender being, woman, needs every moment the object beloved. If he will permit her, she will sit in a corner to sew or to embroider. If not, she will make a thousand occasions for coming into that room. 'What is he doing? where is he? perhaps he is working too much, and will make himself ill?' all that kind of thing passes through her woman's wit.

"It is well with those studies, where, unwittingly, she brings more than she can carry away. Her charming electricity when she passes, and her robe touches you lightly; think you that it is vain for the artist, or for the author? With the languor of the dry and ungrateful toil, is exquisitely blended the revivifying perfume of the flower of love. So old Italian pictures represent a rose lodged in a skull. Grim death rejoiceth, and is enamoured.

"How happy is he to feel that she is there! He pretends not to see her. He remains absorbed; but from his heart escapes the cry, O dear one! O my rose! No sooner did I see thee in my room, than I divined thy presence by the glow of my labour, by the quick young light which was kindled in my mind.

"People will say after a thousand years, oh! the work is fresh, tender, burning, even yet. Yes; but it is because she was there."—Pp. 88-91.

The estimate which M. Michelet makes of the only cause which can render rivalry dangerous to a noble-minded woman, by abasing the in-

trinsic excellence of the legitimate object of her affections, is acute and philosophical.

"It cannot be denied that a man of middle age, engaged in affairs, devoted to a profession, strongly specialized in his career, may have signally sunk from his earlier elevation. He has limited his efforts, and concentrated his mind. He is strong, indeed, but no longer harmonious. The beauty which he possessed at twenty or twenty-five, when his intellect and his heart possessed universal interests and sympathies; the young grandeur, which was his highest attraction to his wife;—has he retained it? I doubt it. Why was he loved? Because in him one saw the infinite. But precisely the strength in a specialty, which alone has insured his professional success, is what has limited and withdrawn him from the infinite, that master-illusion of love.

"Disdain not this man. If he is not the contemplative of a past age; if he is no more the stalwart combatant, the antique hero, think, dear girl! that he has in return a side, which is far superior. He is the mighty workman; he is the strong creator of a marvellous world of science, industry, and riches. By the side of nature he has built up another, in virtue of his strength and of his genius.

"But, then, my husband is a merchant, one of the industrial classes—a worker—then a creator of wealth. He is a writer! a painter—then a creator in works of art. Descend as far as you please, the trade of the present day is art.

"Such means are prosaic; but the result is so magnificent! Your husband, the modern man, has found nothing, he has worked out all. If our fathers could awake, they would be awestruck, and bow down before their terrible son. Look upon this martyr of toil with reverence, with love, and also with pity. Do not childishly remark the little dust with which your Prometheus may have grimed his raiment. Gaze upon his pale forehead. In the aureole which rays from it you see the trickling sweat—at times a sweat of blood."—Pp. 219-276.

The triumphant tenderness with which our author celebrates the victory of the spiritual over the physically repulsive in love should not be unnoticed:—

"It is said that the brilliant Spaniard, Raymond Lully, wooed a lady, whom he loved but could not win. In the impetuosity of passion, he pursued her into a church. There, indignant and em-

boldened by the deepening shadows (for their churches are dark), she turned, and unbared to him her bosom, gnawed with the fangs of cancer. What do you suppose he did? He fled from the spot, and from a cavalier became a doctor, a preacher, and a bad scholastic.

"He loved not. Had he truly loved, such a revelation would have bound him but the closer. What a strong chain; what an occasion for devotion. I was going to say, what an attractive to tenderness."—P. 287.

His conception of the rejuvenescence of love is so delicately sustained, that while we are unable to exclaim with him that he has "definitively exploded old women," we must really indulge in the luxury of some long quotations.

"Vasari has used a remarkable expression in reference to the old master, Giotto, the creator of Italian art. 'In the expression of his heads, he has given goodness the first place.'

"The raying forth of goodness is the very soul of modern art. Its works captivate the heart, just in proportion as they are expressive of goodness.

"We admire, as pictures, the noble Madonnas of Raphael. But who ever loved them? On the contrary, the Magdalene of Titian, a fisher's girl, fair and strong, and not over young, so touches us by her tears, that we cry: 'Who could have a heart hard enough to pain so sweet a thing? Say what thou wouldst have! I would fain console thee!'

"Titian paints, by preference, beautiful women of thirty years. Rubens does not scruple to go to forty, and even beyond it. Vandyck knows not age; with him art is emancipated. He spurs time. The potent magician, Rembrandt, does more. With a gesture, a look, a ray, he removes all. Life, goodness, light, here is enough to ravish us.

"The ignorant Middle Age art supposes that youth and beauty are absolutely synonymous. To paint the Mother of Christ they take little expressionless insipid girls. The great painters of modern ages, with their disciplined observation, have seen that beauty, like everything else, wants time to ripen and to perfect it. They have been the first to penetrate the mystery, never unriddled by antiquity, that the face and the body do not arrive at the consummation of their beauty. The first is fading when the other is in flower.

"It is a cruel severity to judge women by that which withers first, the face. Especially with us in France, where the physiognomy has such mobility, where the rapid eye, the gracious and elegant mouth are in constant agitation, the

muscles, early habituated to motion, have a suppleness, a flexible play, which excludes the fixity and tension of northern beauty. A Frenchwoman has a thousand variations of physiognomy for every ten of a German. Therefore, her face grows old. It is not rare for a French lady to have a face of forty, and a figure of five-and-twenty.

"With the end of September, when I am writing this, the year is ripe. It attains its real consummation, not only by its harvests, but in its perfect temperature, and perfect balance of night and days. Heaven answers to earth in this. The morning is veiled in rime, and the sun plays the idler, as not having much more to do. Every one, too, has finished. It is like Sunday, or the repose of evening. And what is autumn but the evening of the year?

"All this is yet more serious in places near the sea, which touch without seeing him, which have not his magnificent spectacles, but hear the grandeur of his voice. The earth, already in repose and silence, hears the laments and the anger of old ocean, who beats, recoils, and falls again with solemn rhymes. It is like a regular beat made by the pendulum of time.

"I see here a lady walking in a garden pensively—the same whom this book has taken young, and conducted to the decline of age. The exotic shrubs are removed into the green-house. The fallen leaves unveil some statues.

"She reaches the end of the alley and turns. We can see her. But have I not seen her already in the galleries of Amsterdam, or of the Hague?

"She recalls to me yet another portrait, a Vandyck, a lady very pale and sickly. The white satin of her skin's incomparable fineness adorns a body which droops with suffering. In her beautiful eyes there floats a grand melancholy. Is it that of age? Is it that of trials of the heart? It arises perhaps from climate also. It is the vague, distant regard of one who has habitually had under her eyes the vast ocean of the north, the great, gray, desert sea.

"If I did not fear to trouble her serious meditation I should say to her, 'You too, are you melancholy? Why, so wise, so resigned as you are?'

"'Why?' The want which all have at this period—an impulse towards the long journey, a yearning to flee away. But I have not you beautiful and exultant wings, the white sail of the swan, the curved wing of the swallow. I am strongly held here below. God calls me, but I feel bound to my nest. These birds are very happy: they migrate in families; one by one, for the most part, we make our solitary migration to

the other life. We live twofold; alone we face forth on the unknown voyage. This is the sadness and the fear which age brings to those who love. I hope, I believe, I am sure, I shall only die to live; but, oh! to live without seeing again what I have loved.

"Would you know why I am sad, again? Well, I grieve that I am yet so imperfect. He calls me his sanctuary. (O! that I could a little deserve such a name. I should have wished to have kept for him true childlike purity, a virgin treasure of wisdom, a place of repose which might have been the paradise of his affections. I should have wished in this garden which is his, daily to strip away some thorus, and to add one flower. This culture has had small success, and I am able for little more.

"Is it, indeed, all? Are they only the thoughts of the future, and lofty aspirations towards supreme perfection, which are the secret of this sadness? I who know you, lady, will be bold to say that your heart hides a secret. Are you afraid of saddening your husband, or is it that a woman reserves, even to the last, a little timidity in making some avowals?

"You wish to know? Frankly, what makes me sad, is, that very soon I shall be old.

"I am not so foolish as to murmur against God. What were it to grow old if I were alone. But I love, and am loved always. Love is a double mystery, it is not compact of soul alone.

"Believe me, lady, it is this which explains the fidelity which so surprises you. Who would not love a woman, modest and self-ignorant, who sees nothing of her merits, and always believes that it is a favour which is conferred upon her?

"What do you regret? The beauty of hues and of features, which you had by a happy accident of your birth, like a reflection of your mother, the chance favour of the age through which we are all passing? But the rare and personal beauty which you have acquired is yourself, your soul made visible, that which you have become by a pure life, a noble and constant harmony. It is the illumination of love, like the soft and faithful lamp in transparent alabaster, which watches with us in the night.

"When, then, will man know that he is his own self-sculptor? It is in his own power to make himself beautiful. Socrates was born a veritable satyr. But by his own thought, by the delicate and sculpture-like chiselling of reason, of virtue, and of devotion, he so well remade his face, that at last a god is seen in it, in whose radiance the *Phebus* is steeped.

"I have observed this phenomenon in one of my most illustrious friends, the first linguist of the age. When young, he had the grotesque ugliness of a little Norman peasant; but his strong will, his immense, ingenious, penetrating labours, visibly marked his face with signs of exquisite delicacy. An oriental fineness played round his lips with the sharp points of the criticism of the west, whilst the genius of India broadened in the luminous beauty of his giant forehead, capacious of a world.

"It has been little remarked, I believe, that a mass of graceful and beautiful things are impossible for youth."—Pp. 333-348.

We are not afraid of growing tedious when we cite a few random beauties.

"In France our ladies are not born young: they become young.

"The toilette is a grand symbol. It requires novelty—but not sharp and abrupt—never above all that complete novelty, which is the confusion of love. Some accessory, gracefully varied, is sufficient change. A flower more or less—a ribbon, lace, little or nothing—is often sufficient to enchant us, and to transfigure the *ensemble*. This change, without change, goes to the heart, and says with a silent eloquence, 'always new and always faithful.'

"The instruction of a wife places before you, without her knowing it, the loftiest problem of method. How will you renounce the scholastic processes which have made your education; how will you reduce this rigid, abstract science, in its pure crystal form, to a living shape, and out of a diamond form a flower, to give to her whom you love?

"By an innocent error she will attribute to you all that the spirit of the world has wrought. She will love you because of Linneus, and for the mystery of the flowers. She will love you for the diamonds of the sky, which Galileo was the first to see.

"Woman ought to know otherwise than man. She has less need of science than of the finest essence and living elixir of science.

"Whatever you give woman of the abstract, the general, the collective, becomes individualized in her. You speak to her of country—of the free heroic state: she has dreamed the hero.

"It becomes necessary to separate her from her only child. The father insists, and it is done. O, how different between the two is the thing—how unequal the sacrifice! He, occupied with his business, does not suffer much; she has parted with her life. You embrace—

you console her. It is not enough for the sickness of her heart. He is at that hard school; he feels the sharp and cruel change of position. Immobility to system for a creature who has hitherto been so free—dry and abstract tasks—cold and violent repression! On whom does the blow fall, if not on her to whom he writes it all?

"As the grand mission of woman is to conceive and incarnate individual life, she takes all individually, nothing collectively and in masses. The charity of woman is alms to him that asks—bread to the hungry. The charity of man is the law which assures to all the unimpeded play of all their faculties, which renders them strong and free—capable of supporting themselves, and of living with dignity."

Such are a few of the detached beauties of this minute and subtle genius, which seems to feel along the ribbon and corset—to project itself by a strange power of psychological reflection into the imagination of the trembling bride, and to divine what the young mother experiences in the first nectar-flowing of her milk.

II. But all these elegancies and beauties—all this Hermaphrodite luxuriance of thought—must not bribe the critical judgment. *L'Amour* is not simply a failure, it is seamed and gaping with fallacies. Its most architectonic portions are crazy, and ready to fall to pieces with a touch.

The worship of genius, as the one thing needful for the restoration of society, strongly stated at the commencement, is an ominous indication of rottenness. Society does not want genius, but the moral law.

The faults of the book, in two words, are these. It is ultra-casuistical and ultra-physical.

1. It is ultra-casuistical.

M. Michelet is the professed enemy of casuistry, especially of the casuistry of the confessional. Yet this species of casuistry is engrained into his very soul. He lives, breathes, and moves in it. He thinks it too delicious an enjoyment for a Jesuit. He grudges them such satisfaction. "*L'Amour*" is paved and tessellated with broken pieces of the *Theologia Moralis*. You know them by their leaden glitter. You recognise Escobar and Bauny, Suarez and Peter Dens, at every turn.

And M. Michelet studiously makes display of this aspect of his book.

He has sate in the confessional-box and erected a new tribunal of penance. The ladies of France have kept the confessor busy. They have supplied the particular instances out of which he has generalized the leading propositions, which are to guide the priests—that is, the husbands and physician of the Church of the Future. He tells us that brilliant and worldly women have opened their hearts to this new sacrament of his. You walk round a convent. You are guided by some pale and unworldly nun. Her fair features wear a sadly beautiful semblance of death, under that hard, white shroud-shaped cap and corset. You pity her silence. Not at all. She has a tongue. And M. Michelet plainly says that she can communicate to him secrets of a very extraordinary character.

The want here, we will say it boldly, is a deficiency in the grand uncasuistical spirit of the Gospel. This spirit seldom exists out of an atmosphere saturated with Scripture. There are passages in Roman moral theology, which do something more than disgust the Protestant who reads them for the first time. They distress and startle him, if his conscience be fine and his susceptibilities delicate. For the free unconsciousness of conjugal love these will sometimes thrust in a sharp point of distrust, and prick him with the needle of their minute analysis. Has not such a thought been transgression? has not the want of such an intention communicated a stain to the moral purity of his heart? But a Scripturally instructed conscience brushes away this prurient analysis, and shields itself under the broad principles of morality. "Marriage is honourable." "Husbands, love your wives." All which human frailty will cause to accompany marriage is sheltered under this strong wall. He who sanctifies the institution, legitimatizes all that the institution involves. The oil of casuistry glides off the hard, white marble of this great principle, and leaves no trail behind it. We will have no too curious scrutiny behind the veil of human flesh, which God has hung between man and man. It is impertinence to man, and disobedience to God. But in the moral theology, some minute trait of man's most secret life, in its most inward moment, is dragged

out into the light of day, stereotyped, branded, catalogued, arranged. Such is the work of a community whose priesthood is the repository of the daily secrets of a world. It is the work of men, who, for a thousand years, have been in possession of all the concomitants of a million sins; who have peered with multitudinous eyes into ten thousand times ten thousand bridal chambers; who have untwisted every fibre of every conceivable and inconceivable transgression—dark heralds of the genealogy of abomination, adepts in the alchemy of passion and hatred. This influence, so prevalent in his country, has stained every fibre of M. Michelet's mind. Everywhere he is the casuist and confessor, only wanting stole and cassock.

Here, then, to push the point further, is the wretchedness of *L'Amour*. Casuistry is not an appeal to conscience, it is a manual for those who aspire to direct conscience. M. Michelet's ladies have a heart, an intellect, in the limited sense of the word—a stomach: we cannot find that they have a *conscience*.

In one place, a lady who has conceived a questionable attachment for a young gentleman is represented as walking in her garden, trying to muster up courage to open all to her husband. Hear how her wavering will is decided.

A ROSE FOR DIRECTOR.

"I have nothing to tell my husband."

"Nay, much, madam."

"But who has spoken? There is no one here but the rose and I. How splendid it is, how it blushes like fire. Is it by its colour that it speaks, and what would it say?"

"Do not pull it, lady. It would become mute. Out of nature's bosom it would become dry upon yours. Bethink you, and listen. Hear what it says to you:—

"You come and go. You were created for motion. For me, I rest upon my stem. You admire me in the calmness, in the royalty of my rosehood. Such am I, because I am faithful to my harmonies."

"I am no plaything to twine with the hair. I am a strong energy of life, at once work and worker, for the accomplishment of a mystery. My moment is short; I haste to make sure of a great end, the duration of a divine race, the immortality of the rose. See, lady, how I am a rose of God."

"I have my stem, and I rest upon it. Spare me the honour of dying upon your bosom. Leave me pure and faithful, and—be like me."

"Oh, how well you speak! how fain would I resemble you, how fain be a rose of God. But, my rose, do you indeed counsel me to avow all?"

"You have promised to tell all."

"O rose, thou knowest the love of flowers, thou knowest not the love of women. To reveal passion is to strengthen it."

"Oh, how sick you are! You brood over this secret, and carest it as you would an infant. You must tell it to the victim, to him who will suffer by it. You must make common this woful secret. The dream will lose its wings; you will recover yourself in the Real, in the infinite grief which you will see in that bleeding heart. You are good and tender; love will return by pity."

—Pp. 255-258.

She obeys.

This is pretty, but we want something more substantial. This morality is as pernicious as immorality. Love, forsooth, must come back by pity, by a passion, not by principle.

There is no commoner delusion than to say that our affections are not in our power. *They are*, perjured husband, weak and vacillating wife! This morality of roses, these floral ethics, have a sort of sweetness, but a stench of rotten flesh comes through them, rank, palpable, and reeking. We will not have the virtue of woman to be at the mercy of these pretty surprises, of the law of mental association, as it may be modified by the tossing of a flower. The soul of a Christian lady is not like a bough quivering to the bird's random touch. The rose that gave this moral lecture might also have supplied a very immoral one; and where would our fair lady have been? Once more, we want conscience, principle, virtue. We want a sense of the awful sanctity of the covenant-oath, confirmed by the strong cement of common duties and cares; above all, by the common faith, which sees its remote point of union, not in the vague sublimities of a pantheistic absorption, but in an individual immortality, based upon individual responsibility.

The utter forgetfulness of this most obvious, yet most important truth, produces a swarm of mischievous absurdity. It fly-blows every other page.

For instance, the professed end of

the book is to arrest the decline of marriages in France. Manifestly, it would be of primary obligation to *envisage* the economical aspect of the question. M. Michelet feels this. He boldly, and, we think, truly asserts, that "two people can live cheaper than one." He shows that questionable dances, saloons, and cigars run away with more money than would feed and dress a wife. So far, so good. But M. Michelet balances and qualifies uneasily, as if he felt dubious of his ground. He expresses his regret that, after all, his pages cannot, on the one hand, be useful to the poor and struggling, while, at the same time, on the other hand, they can hardly be realized by those who are extremely rich. But we should like to know how many gentlemen in France, or even in England, fulfil M. Michelet's condition. That exemption from engrossing business, which is necessary to perfect domestic happiness, at once incapacitates every rising member of every liberal profession. The charming house and garden cannot be rented for nothing. The unlimited necessity of locomotion, to the Alps—in extreme moral cases, to the slopes of the Cordilleras, and to the virgin forests of the new world—implies a large capital. Expense meets, at every turn, the young gentleman who would learn from M. Michelet how to be a happy husband, how to wear the charming burden of a wife, without literal danger of its slipping off upon the shoulder of some other and more fascinating individual. The elegant gallantry of the youthful husband surprises his charming wife with a small but perfect mansion, with a garden of delicious minuteness. He has done pretty well. Unspiritual and uninventive Englishman! how little can you guess at the imaginative tenderness, the delicate ingenuity, of a Frenchman's passion? The house and garden are fair enough; but they are within the limits of Anglican stupidity.

"Descend we to the garden. And first, can you not, without expense, with some posts, and a light penthouse of zinc, make for her, between the house and the garden, a little open gallery, a small winter portico, where, in gentle weather, she can walk or work in the sun; another, for summer, where, in the shadow, she can embroider or read, before a basin, to the warbling of the fountain? It is a

little screen which costs little, and is necessary in our capricious climates.

"How transfigured is the spot! What a charm does the solitary garden acquire in her estimation! What a sweet and enchanted light broods over it! Things are no longer things. All is soul to receive and to bless her. Not a wall, not a stone, which does not grow tender in looking at her. The flowers admire and contemplate her with all their open corollæ. The little shrub flowers, because she has touched it with her feet.

"She, too, is fascinated with the place. She wishes that the fine enchantment would never end. Lost in her reverie of love, she lets you speak without replying, drinking in from that dew as the mute green turf drinks in from the fountain."—P. 84.

We may be unimaginative. An elderly gentleman is, perhaps, scarcely more capacious of these refinements, than was Bully Bottom of the etherealities of Titania, and of the airy tendance of Peasblossom. But it does seem to us that the love of the bride is, in this case, bought, like the affection of a wayward child, by a slice of rich cake. It is a cupboard love. It trails lazily upon the gift, and does not ascend to the giver. We are reading of the oriental retreat of two voluptuous Sybarites, not of the home of two virtuous citizens, who are preparing to encounter together the realities of this work-day world. More than this. We must speak plainly. This embroidered scenery, these languid and luxuriant fancies, this dreamy indolence under flowers and by fountains, is not the road to virtue. As we gaze down these perfumed alleys, and summon up the shapes of the future through their summer vistas, we do not see groups of happy children in the distance, and a grey-haired couple walking lovingly in the retreat of their youth. We hear tones of conjugal discord, over the notes of cooing birds, and the bubble of leaping waters.

We repeat it. The marriage happiness to which M. Michelet invites the youth of France and of Europe is a frightfully expensive article. Well may he confess that he does not write for those who have little time and little liberty; who are crushed under the fatality of circumstances, whose hours are consumed in a round of incessant toil: that he addresses the limited circle who are free to arrange

their life; the unindigent, in moderate circumstances; that extremely select few, the voluntary poor, who prefer simple fare and conjugal confidence to the pompous pleasure of sumptuous tables, and the populous solitude of numerous domestics! And all this expense arises from the fact that the woman of M. Michelet's delineation has no conscience. Her fidelity must be bought by lavish bribes. Love must melt through every sense, and flow in through every fibre. It is to breathe from the elegant cabinet. Her white foot is to feel it in the soft and velvet folds of the carpet. It is to exude from the jasmine. It is to laugh in the flowers along the grass. It is to tap with the dainty finger of the rose upon the casement. It is to bubble and to brighten in the tossing fountain. It is to be tasted in the carefully prepared dishes which suit her gentler and more "rhythmical" organization.

How much will all this cost? Is it so easy to emigrate? Must poor Mr. Briggs skim a five-barred gate, and fight a pitched battle with an insolent butcher, before he can acquire grace in Mrs. B.'s eyes, and find a torrent of poetic life flowing down to his very shirt-buttons! Must Poundtext, the asthmatic curate, sweep away a congregation by a burst of eloquence, and Squilla, the fat doctor, publish a volume of poems which shall take London by storm, before Mrs. P. or Mrs. S. will embrace them respectively with the warmth which they exhibited, when P. was a handsome deacon, and S. two or three feet less round the waist? What if one has no money to travel, no talent or opportunity to become heroic or famous? Must Mrs. Lillyrick positively elope with the bottle-nosed captain? Or what if the expensive tour and the deed heroic be all in vain. The philosophic tailor of Laputa made breeches by mathematics, with theodolite and compass. Ingenious artificer! but after all they did not fit. M. Michelet makes a philosophic virtue for our ladies. What refined *gout*, what superb flourishes of the compass, what sublime calculations with the theodolite! It were an easier and securer task to work with the good old tape-measure of conscience. But the genius, which is to renovate society, disdains these ordinary modes.

Nor is it simply *expense* which is entailed by this absence of feminine conscience. A minute, inquisitorial, jealous *espionage*, carefully veiled under the semblance of "adoration," becomes necessary to watch the frail and precious being. The husband is perpetually to be about his wife. He is to aspire upward by these four stages of successive elevation—*first*, lover; *second*, lady's maid; *third*, Gamp; *fourth*, confessor; *fifth* and last, physician. We must cite a few sentences:—

"'But how,' says our lady, 'will this rustic maid make up for my maid, Julia—clever creature, who can do everything?'"

"'If we must have a lady's maid, I am going to present to you one who has a hundred times more zeal than Made-moiselle Julia or Liette, and all that sisterhood.'"

"'See your subject, O queen, who petitions to enter into your service. He will think himself promoted if you raise him to the dignity of titled valet de chambre.'"

The section which concerns the husband Gamp we find ourselves unable to present to our readers.

The husband is lady's maid because he suspects Julia; Gamp, because he suspects the accoucheur; confessor, because he suspects the priest. He suspects every one because he suspects the lady. And he suspects the lady because he does not know what conscience is, and would supply its place by lavish expenditure and morbid minuteness of attention.

II. The second great fault of *L'Amour* is that it is *ultra-physical*.

This gives his book a painful tone throughout. There is the putrid scent of an hospital about it. The tone is half way between Tommy Moore and a treatise upon uterine pathology.

This ultra-physical spirit leads to a theory of voluntary action more thorough-going and immoral than could be easily paralleled in the records of English speculation. English moralists, with their practical good sense, do not very accurately determine how far "the nerves are bound up in alabaster." They build upon the short solution of Butler—that if we are not free, at least we are treated as if we were free. They do not, perhaps, discriminate sufficiently all the nice

shades between voluntary and involuntary. The drunkard may not know what he is doing when he murders his wife, but he shall, at least, be hanged, for he is "*voluntarius demon*." M. Michelet is the reverse of all this. With a thousandth part of the physiological knowledge of Dr. Forbes Winslow, he would extend the domain of involuntary action indefinitely further :—

"We cannot speak of our voluntary powers as we should of an iron bar or of a lock, which we simply draw, open, or shut. All here is far otherwise complex. It would be more just to compare those forces to something infinitely susceptible of more and less, like a thermometer divisible into an indefinite number of degrees. To measure in an act its true morality, and the appropriate measure of punishment, we must examine what degree of will there was in it—what degree of *fatahty* also is almost always mingled with it. One whom the judge would condemn, has undergone and suffered, has not consented, even with the thirtieth part of the will."

"Let us lay down the physiological facts :—

"1. Woman is as pure as man.

"2. Is woman responsible? Without doubt. She is a person.

But when we have to do with the sick, law, which aspires to be just, ought to take this extenuating circumstance into account. To impose upon the sick the same punishment as upon the whole (by the whole, I mean man), is not the equality of justice. It is inequality. It is injustice.

"The permanent assistance of a medical jury is indispensable to tribunals. I have elsewhere proved that the punishment of death is absolutely inapplicable to women. But there is scarcely an article in the code which can be applied to them—when they are pregnant especially.

"To these thoughts of humanity may well be joined the union of two branches of science—the science of justice and the science of medicine. On many points they are one. *Il faut que la justice devienne une médecine ; il faut que la médecine devienne une justice.*"—Pp. 391, 393.

We have no wish to entangle ourselves in the vexed question of excuses for crime ; but surely there is a miserable confusion in all this. We must distinguish between the inward forum of conscience and the outward forum of law ; between *sin*, the offence against God and conscience, and *crime*, the offence against law

and the magistrate. The magistrate, as such, punishes offence as *crime*, not as *sin*. He holds no instrument fine enough to discriminate all the degrees upon the thermometer of sin. The radical fault of the Papal Government, for instance, is precisely this confusion of the ideas of sin and crime. When we venture to pass from legal to moral judgment—when we attempt to gauge the position of an erring fellow-mortal in the presence of a tribunal more august than man's, where we, too, must one day stand, naked and shivering—then, indeed, it behoves us to be lenient—to feel that there are intricacies in the will, errors in the intellect, tendencies in the passions, which should make us tremble, and hesitate, and hope, even while we condemn. M. Michelet once more transfers the refinements of the confessional to the tribunal of human justice. As long as there is common sense in the world—as long as the primal facts of the consciousness of will, and, consequently, of responsibility, shall hold together the moral elements of society—so long woman will not be treated as an *Ecstatica* or *Addolorata*, exempted from the restrictions of law in virtue of the *stigmata* of love, but as a moral and intellectual agent equally with her stronger helpmate.

And in virtue of these capital faults arise others, which we can only hastily indicate.

Deficient in leading principles, from which it might rise broadly and regularly, it is deficient in philosophical universality. It is over-charged with detail. It is singular, particular, and therefore unphilosophical. The mathematician poses a general truth under a particular form. That which is true of the triangle A, B, C, is true of every triangle. But M. Michelet only gives us a tale of a single couple, minus the warmth and interest of a story. The circumstances, position, thoughts, temptation, of his model woman, are fanciful, peculiar, exceptional. They have no more direct bearing upon Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. than the song of Deborah or the epistle of Heloise to Abelard.

M. Michelet no doubt flatters himself that the tone of his book is that of genuine but virtuous passion. To our feeling, it is quite otherwise. Passion protends itself to an object. It

does not mutter while it embraces. It does not brood over its own concomitants. When it begins to psychologize, it *ipso facto* annihilates itself.

Once more we have to apologize for reviewing a book which is not fit to be read as a whole. We certainly should not have done so but under a constraining sense of duty. M. Michelet evidently thinks that he can take all the grosser sand and particles along the coast of married existence and vitrify them by the fire of his genius. He is quite mistaken. He has produced some of the coarsest pages that ever were written. The effect is unintentionally like that which results from the effusions of Swift. Swift, with his beautiful English, carves out a tumour in alabaster, and enshrines excrement under a crystal case; but he does not work to excite desire or to inflame passion. On the contrary, we have the cynical power of a man who, himself exempted from human passion, would bury its beautiful weaknesses under a load of filth. He holds an awful microscope to the eye of desire, and shows the object of its idolatry pitted with hideous scars and swarming with loathsome *animalcules*. Imagination worships a veiled prophet. Swift delineates the unveiling. But Michelet introduces all the odious details of Swift, confident that he can make them beautiful. His genius, he thinks, can pass stenches through its alembic, and render them fragrant as the breezes of Araby. Chloe and Strophon were wrong, according to him, chiefly because their confidences were premature. The little loves who fled away scared and abased, would, only a few years later, have danced to the same unmentionable music. The "beastly way of thinking" is an esoteric refinement of affection, and the unsavoury process in which they found such "society" is the perfume that floats from the most delicious regions of love. After all, he only leaves an unpleasant and mawkish influence, like the heavy sickliness of scent in an offensive chamber.

Let us be allowed to conclude with some sentences of more serious import. To write upon wedded love as the regeneration of a corrupted society through the family—to speak with impassioned admiration of monogamy,

and yet to ignore Christianity, is to be the enemy of the Bible. The simple omission alone betrays a bitter animosity. But M. Michelet not simply ignores the Bible. We are afraid that such passages as that which we are about to cite imply an active antipathy:—

"The word of Andromache, in that grand passage of the Iliad addressed to Hector, is not hers—it is the eternal word of woman,

"She says it from the heart first, out of an impulse of her nature.

"She says it also with a true and just sentiment of her situation. She feels that henceforth he is her all, her one protector. As for the ceremonies by which the Church and the law seem to protect her, she pays them no heed at all.

"If love is not there—if she does not fall into the tenderest hands—all legal precautions will aggravate her situation. All paper barriers will be vain.

"Unequal contract! neither the law of the Church nor the law of the State have seriously essayed to modify its nature. Both one and other are, in reality, most adverse to her.

"The Church is decisively against her, and owes her a grudge for the sin of Eve. She holds woman for an incarnate temptation, and the intimate ally of the Evil One. She suffers marriage, while professing celibacy, as a life of purity, for woman is impure. This doctrine is to the roots that of the middle age.

"The civil law is no less hard. It declares woman eternally a minor, and pronounces upon her a perpetual interdiction. Man is constituted her guardian; but when question arises of faults which she may possibly commit, she is treated as a major, completely responsible."—P. 63.

More unmistakeably still.

"The greater part of religious and civil laws, in regard to woman, may be summed up in a word. She is delivered as a thing, punished as a person.

"Legislation follows physiology. The legislative anomaly originally came from the senseless physical theories of barbarous times.

"A person so responsible that her fault has sufficed for ever to disturb the will of mankind.

"Christianity follows Moses. The whole series of Fathers condemns her and makes her the servant of man, who is the superior being, and comparatively pure. The last and most terrible is the metaphysician who formulates their

thought, St. Thomas. He goes so far as to say that woman, being an 'accidental and imperfect' being, did not enter into the primitive creation.

"Enormous proposition! God mutilated his work!

"But in what imperfect? In beauty? Assuredly not. Nothing can be alleged against her but the infantine prejudice of barbarous physical knowledge. She is impure—so coarsely expressed by Pope Innocent III."—Pp 390, 391.

About the first of these passages there is a plausible show. But the second drops the disguise. We are not concerned to defend the barbarous ribaldry of Innocent III. The language of Thomas will not convey so unfavourable an impression of his meaning to those who are ever so slightly acquainted with the technology of scholastic logic. Of the exaggerated purity attached to celibacy, and of the only half-concealed Manicheism of some mediæval theologians, we have not the slightest doubt. But something dearer to Christendom is attacked through the sides of popes and theologians. It is Moses, it is one more august than Moses, who is traduced under the name of the Middle Ages. Even the Middle Age deserved better treatment at the hands of one who professes such sublime monogamy. What is the very ring—symbolical, as we are told, of eternity—and the taking of hands, but the idea of monogamy translated into a language of signs, and gracefully petrified in the Christian ritual? But how shall we characterize the monogamic champion who ignores or insults Judaism and Christianity, who deposes Moses and our Lord to crown Hippocrates and the ovologists Baer, Négirer, Ponchet, and Coste? M. Michelet might have reminded us that the first prophecy of the Bible, anterior even to that dim annunciation of the coming Redeemer, is a sublime anticipation of monogamy, as the root of family life and love—"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." He might have reminded us that the elder dispensation closes with an austere vindication of the monogamy of Eden, in a passage which labours with its compressed matter and exuberance of topics. "And did not he make one?

Yet had he the residue of the spirit. And wherefore one? That he might seek a godly seed. Therefore take heed to your spirit, and let none deal treacherously against the wife of his youth." He might have remembered that the Divine Founder of Christianity "adorned and beautified the marriage state with His presence and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee;" that with the penetration, beyond all criticism, which pierces to the bottom of Scripture and disengages its central truth, He points back to creation as supplying the ideal of marriage, "Have ye not read that He which made them at the beginning, made them male and female;"* that St. Paul has stated the dignity of marriage love, in language so impassioned and glowing as to have given rise to the theological exaggeration that marriage is a sacrament. He has not. And with all his genius, he has produced a book so coarse that a lady will not read it, and so silly that it is the laughing-stock of Europe.

We will conclude by a challenge to M. Michelet. He has spoken of the pardon and restoration of some who have fallen from that purity which he values so highly. There was One who said to a fallen woman, "Go, and sin no more." Evermore his breath has blown, like the icy coolness of the ocean, upon lives that were fevered with sin and shame. It breathes even now upon some in penitentiaries and elsewhere. Can M. Michelet tell us of *one* who has regained peace and purity without the influences of the Christianity which he considers hostile to woman? The pitiless roar of life comes up in our ears. It falls grandly along the strand. But there is something in it sad and hopeless. It says, "The tide rolls on, and it sweeps away those who have once fallen upon the shelving beach, and there is no return. Such as they are, such are they swept away to the other shore. There is no purification in these waters." But over this dreary echo there comes a gentle voice; it repeats the text, which was once made a motto for a penitentiary:—"I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, because they called thee an Outcast."

* Remark the singular ἄρσεν και ἑθῆλυ, and read the next verse.

ADVICE.

We must feel ere we can pity,
 We must long before we pray,
 We must know the need of comfort
 Ere we cheer another's way.

Art thou then the only mourner ?
 Throbs no breaking heart but thine ?
 Does the earth's green surface never
 Hide a deep and wealthy mine ?

Know we not what wondrous structures
 Grow beneath the rolling seas !
 Coral reefs, in hidden natures,
 Rise as silently as these.

May be that thy strength of purpose
 Might uplift some sinking heart,
 And the ray, to thee returning,
 A refracted light impart.

For 'tis strange we should have power
 Oft to give another peace,
 While we vainly bid the anguish
 Of our own vex'd spirit cease.

CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW.

The lilies fair are found
 On shadowed ground,
 The shady haunts of sunny clime,
 And breathe the balm of summer time :
 Refreshed by morning dew, and veiled from noontide glow,
 They taste the softest light and air, and this is how they grow.

Updrawn from verdant sod
 By look from God,
 These holy, happy flowers pervade
 The sloping lawn, the forest glade :
 And charmed by zephyr's wing, and lulled by streamlet's flow,
 They calmly muse, they brightly dream, and this is how they grow.

They bloom in sheltered nook,
 By curling brook ;
 And Earth how firmly, fondly loves
 These treasures of her streams and groves :
 The dark mould cherishes their petals white like snow,
 With heaven-apportioned nutriment, and this is how they grow.

I have considered them,
 The flexile stem,
 The blossoms pending airily
 Beneath their leafy canopy,
 Their witching fragrance, spotless hue, and thus I feel and know
 That God imparts their loveliness, and this is how they grow.

vailed in Celtic Ireland that admitted no motive for industry and improvement, no spirit but for war and rapine. By a custom that once prevailed throughout Europe, the ownership of the country of each clan was vested in its men, and there were neither landlords nor tenants. A large portion became the lion's share of the chieftain, during his precarious tenures of his office and his life, and the residue was subject to frequent repartition by him among his faction. Contemporary authorities pronounce the customs among the Gaelic Irish of male gavel, or reappportionment among the men of each tribe, as "the root of all their barbarism—as men cared not for their own time, since if they built, it might not benefit their children." Any continued occupancy was the result of a claim, or customary title, to possession; and this seems to have, in the sixteenth century, obtained largely among tenants under chiefs and churchmen, in all Celtic countries, such as our own, Wales, and Cumberland, where the fourth descendant in occupation became entitled to permanence.* In the succeeding century, English grantees experienced the result of this claim, for such of their tenantry as could boast a possession during three generations persisted that the farm had become their own, and rebelled against the rent-lord's title. This security thus assumed by the *dhúine-nasala*, or patricians of the sept, was subsequently occasionally obtained by their serfs, as this caste rose from slavery to rights of property; and it came to be arrogated soon after they were handed over to Cromwellians, and other grantees, who, being satisfied if they received rent, and caring little who paid it, allowed transfers of tenancy to take place by "sale of good will." The revolutions which violently shifted the ownership of landed property in this country to foreign hands, have had the effect on the minds of the lower ranks of preventing any growth of that reverence for the sanctity of property which derives only from long possession. Although the rent-rolls of Ireland were transferred to new masters, the Celtic people still held the soil. Most of the colonist British bore transplantation

no better than full grown trees do, while the indigenous stems, uneradicated, soon covered the land with their wild and tangled undergrowth. The process of extracting honey from the Irish bees was exasperating to them, so that many an alien proprietor, far from daring to curb "Tenant-right," became an absentee, finding the truth of the feudal French proverb:—

Qui de ses sujets est hâi,
N'est pas seigneur de son pays.

which has been Anglo-Irished :

The lord whose tenants cannot well endure him,
Finds a place in his country to secure him.

We could adduce notable evidences of what utter revolution in the feelings of tenants towards the landlord was occasioned by their transfer from under the patriarchal rule of chiefs to the oppression of foreign lords. Before this change, in 1635, Sir William Brereton declared that "those unprofitable commodities" (the indigenous occupiers) may be removed at pleasure, and without any manner of inconvenience, exclamation, or exception; but in 1682, Sir Henry Piets states, that they "will not not leave the place *with their good-will*," where they and their ancestors have been longer than their landlord, and that they "protest they will not out for him." This shyness of leaving their ancient habitations is evidently traceable to clanship, as it affected plebeians in times when the protection a chief afforded was indispensable. Indeed Celtic tenant-right is the origin, and its attendant prepossessions, the characteristics of that indefinite claim to the land, which is peculiar to all clan-descended nations. But the inveterate feeling, as it still prevails among our Gael, that the soil belongs to them, burdened with an impost payable to the rent lord, and their determined opposition to the settlement of the stranger, are but too well known to all persons conversant with the management of estates in this country.

During the process of handing over the soil of Ireland in feudal tenure to Englishmen, statesmen emphatically

* Archaeology of Irish Tenant Right, Ulster Journal of Archaeology, vol. 6, p. 112.

fortifications are unjustifiable, because unnecessary, in Britain. Let us calmly examine this proposition; yet, before we proceed, propose another, viz.:—Is it not better to assimilate the legal points of the Irish relation, in strict accordance with the English "custom," than to introduce an additional feature of dissimilarity? Nothing else than these relations differs, for the soils of the two lands are alike. An Irish landlord much resembles a British one, physically, at least; for, if tickled, he laughs, and if pricked, he bleeds, as Shylock says of a Jew. And does not an Irish tenant resemble an English one, always excepting in the Shylockism of taking revenge? The supposed difference, then, is a moral one. Perhaps our best mode of exhibiting the actual difference will be to briefly trace the history of its rise, and leave the reader to judge whether it will be increased by more political agitation and ancillary legislative interference.

Besides agitation, other causes of discord between Irish landlords and tenants have been frequently examined; the zealous Protestant pointing to Romanism, the ethnologist to difference of race, and the political economist wisely censuring unsound legal arrangements.* Moreover, the antiquary traces in Celtic land-usages the vague interference by tenantry with the present legal rights of the landowner; and the historian, taking all these bearings into consideration, can display, in civil war and forfeitures, the real source of "the feelings of mutual distrust between landlord and tenant, which," agreeably with the Devon Commissioners, "too often separate those classes in Ireland, preventing united exertion for the common benefit," and which the same authorities considered to be "the foundation of almost all the evils by which the social condition of Ireland is disturbed."

However earnestly we may desire to avoid painful allusions to the history of our country, our love and hope for her alike demand that the truth be told whenever it may serve a useful end; and we fully concur in the opinion of the Commissioners, that "it is impossible to overlook those prominent events and causes which

exercised such material influence in producing great discord in the relation of landlord and tenant in this country—namely, the confiscations and colonizations of Elizabeth, James, Cromwell, and William of Orange, and lastly, the penal code." By the forfeitures consequent on the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the chiefs of clans throughout Celtic Ireland were displaced by a martial, alien aristocracy; so that the bulk of the owners were estranged from the occupiers by difference in blood, language, laws, and religion. Recently, when an estate of the Marquis of Thomond, chief of the O'Briens, was sold, the past tender dealing with the tenantry was proved by the fact, that they were enabled to purchase the fee-simple of their farms. But the grantees of Cromwell held their new tenantry in much the same light that French marshals, had Napoleon succeeded in his meditated invasion of England, and parcelled out her domains, would have regarded the British yeomanry. The sarcasms of Swift, if not caricatures, inform us what the landlord character of their descendants was; and, no severance between lord and earth-tiller being extremere than between Cromwellian squires and Celtic serfs, the Incumbered Estates Court has had to deal largely with the consequences. For all political purposes, the strange lords of the land were non-conductors between the Government and the isolated Irish people; and the native peasant-priests, through whom Whig administrations have sought to govern this country, naturally became the arbiters of their flocks in all agrarian matters.

During the heat of the now happily extinct "Young Ireland" agitation, when hopes were raised that Ireland was to be for the Irish, the cry of "Tenant-Right" offered a promise that at least, the occupancy, if not the ownership, of the land, should be secured to the nationalists. In some districts, resistance even to rent was encouraged by interested agitators, among whom the conspicuous partizanship of clergy of the Romanist and Presbyterian churches is to be accounted for, by the fact that their

* *Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland.* By Professor Hancock. Belfast, 1850.

subsistence mainly depends on small holders, who would have more to bestow if little troubled by demands for rent. The Repeal tempest, a remunerative storm to its raisers, was succeeded by this more practical design. Prospero, indeed, had vanished from the scene; but Caliban, in the shape of the editor of the *Nation*, promised "every fertile inch of the island" to his subscribers. In the meanwhile, the chimerical egg of Irish tenant-right is not hatched; but, as we are threatened with a new Young Ireland Association, that is to regenerate the country under the title of "The Phoenix," it may be affirmed that, though the bird is inauspicious, since, besides its solitary life, it is used to burn its own nest, this imaginary fowl is well adapted to sit on that nondescript egg. All this bygone and present nonsense does not deserve notice, were it not that the outrages which supported and followed the first agitation, having shown that the tenants' assumption of "right" is, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, maintained by intimidation, and is, therefore, a fraud upon the landlord, the term "Tenant-Right" became repulsive to landowners, as hostile to their interests. In one instance, this effect was very prejudicial. Mr. James Caird, the experienced Scottish farmer, when writing upon this country as a field for wealthy agriculturists, set aside his native prejudice against English tenant-right and its extended practice—viz., security for unexhausted improvements, and strongly recommended the introduction of the latter here: but, in his recent admirable review of the state of agriculture in England (first published in letters to the *Times*), he condemns the entire system; having, it would seem, fallen into this error from finding one name common to ancient English tenant-right, or valuation of emblements, and its modern development for improvements. Certainly, the old custom has been carried to abuse in Surrey and Sussex; but the new one has vastly aided to transform the fens of Lincolnshire and heaths of Norfolk into wheat-fields. One having grown from the other, the same name includes both.

"Shepherds use

To set the same mark on the hip,
Both of their sound and rotten sheep."

And the pastoral eye of our Ayrshire

agriculturist having failed to discriminate between the crooked-pated old bell-wether and the healthy ewe, he has tarred them both with the same brush.

"The custom of the country," as, in a technical, agricultural sense, Tenant-right is designated in England, varies in degree of application to improvements in different districts. This common law of agriculture governs the relation of landlord and tenant, particularly as affecting change of occupancy, unless excluded or modified by express stipulation. The usage, so far as relates to the claim of an outgoing tenant on an incomer, is ancient in practice, traces of it being to be found three centuries back, identical with the "way-going crop;" and Darcy, an Anglo-Irish lawyer, writing in 1641, alludes to "English Tenant-right" as a custom warranted by the common law. It arose out of the legal doctrine of "emblements," a term derived from *emblem*, to sow corn, by which the profits of sown land were righteously accorded to the outgoer. In our view, it would be one of the best acts of "justice to Ireland," if this custom, in its widest extension, were introduced throughout this island. On the other hand if the promised measure and Irish Tenant-right are intrinsically good, why cucumber estates here alone with these pseudo-benefits? But the latter, which is a practice of selling the good-will, or quiet occupancy of a farm held by tenancy-at-will, is quite un-English. The only instance in which we have met with it in England, is in the pages of a romance, the author, an amiable Irishman, exhibiting his attachment to native usage, by making the *Vicar of Wakefield* propitiate a predecessor in a farm of twenty acres with a peace-offering of £100. Yet, in this case, our gentle Noll Goldsmith, though writing like an angel of "good-will and peace among men," resembled poor Poll, since he was merely repeating his national parrot-cry for right to sell good-will; and he ignorantly fancied that the current price of the Irish commodity, £5 per acre, was usually paid in a merry land where, happily for itself, ill-will, rarely producing ill results, is not necessarily compounded for.

English "tenant-right of renewal" of leases is of ancient standing; and

statute law was made favourable to the stout yeomanry of England far earlier than elsewhere in Christendom. It would be an agreeable theme to illustrate the early acquisition of comfort and independence by that tenantry, and the respect paid to them, in comparison with the contempt of continental nobles for *Jacques Bonhomme*, for which the French revolutionists might have thanked that *noblesse*. The regard rendered to the claims of British agriculturists is evidenced in the glorious passage in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," alluding to the security given by law, custom, and honour to tenants:—

"There is, I believe, nowhere in Europe, except in England, any instance of the tenant building upon the land of which he had no lease, and trusting that the honour of his landlord would take no advantage of so important an improvement. Those laws and customs, so favourable to the yeomanry, have, perhaps, contributed more to the present grandeur of England than all the boasted regulations of commerce taken together."

The claims of such as have made improvements are generally held sacred, and, in some districts (where an extended tenant-right was brought in, to ameliorate the peculiar infertility of the soil), have acquired, under mere yearly tenure, the force of entitling to full enjoyment, or compensation on dispossession. Accordingly, while in no other part of the world have funds accumulated so largely with tenants, in no other are they so readily invested in bringing the property of another than the investor into beneficial and progressive activity. This serviceable tenant-right has made the "countries" where it is the "custom" conspicuous for the highest, most expensive, and, therefore, most remunerative mode of cultivation. The golden rule for landlords, tenants, and labourers is, indeed, acted upon there. On the other hand, it is but too notorious that many Irish holders have terribly violated the maxim of "live and let live."

Let us diverge into a few words regarding the interests of a class that has been too much overlooked when reflecting on the paralyzing effects of Riband Tenant-right, namely, our country labourers, now wholly de-

pendent on employment for their daily food. They are the greatest sufferers by a system that closes broad fields of industry against them, and every person would rejoice that steps should be taken to open wider the cultivation of the land, if only for the sake of this helpless class, whose hardships and want are ever so gallantly and gaily borne, or patiently endured. Shall not, at least, all that legislation can accomplish be done to realize the poet's aspiration?—

"To cheer dejected industry; to give
A double harvest to the pining swain,
And teach the lab'ring hand the sweets of
toil."

The crime of committing murder and other horrible agrarian outrages, for the mere sake of preventing dispossession of farms, is peculiar to Ireland. This fact entitles us to point out some of the causes that have operated to produce this national distinctiveness. It would take long to trace the circumstances and traditional passions that combined to form a confederate, continuous system of blood-guilty intimidation, organized by a secret society, a banded moral "pestilence that walketh in darkness"—of which the laws are a code of threats, and the weapons the firebrand and the bullet—"the terror by night, and the arrow that flieth by day." No maudlin sensibility, no notion that these horrors should be veiled, should weigh with our countrymen, who, yearning that the national reproach of blood-guiltiness shall cease, are deeply solicitous that "tenant-right," supported by Ribandism, the cancer of our commonwealth, shall be probed, and either cured or cut away. If the assumed "right" to sell goodwill, for which the remedy is assassination, be, as we believe it is, the *teterrima causa* of agrarian crime, no base fear should hinder landlords and honest tenants from gradually superseding it by sound and righteous arrangements.

Let us now launch into a sketch of the origin of this unique custom. While in England unbroken descent of land encouraged, on the part of great proprietors, the natural direction of their wealth towards the erection of stately mansions, and while, in co-operation with their tenantry, who stood as firm in the soil as the oak trees around them, substantial farm-steads were built, and wolds and fens were converted into corn fields—a system pre-

vailed in Celtic Ireland that admitted no motive for industry and improvement, no spirit but for war and rapine. By a custom that once prevailed throughout Europe, the ownership of the country of each clan was vested in its men, and there were neither landlords nor tenants. A large portion became the lion's share of the chieftain, during his precarious tenures of his office and his life, and the residue was subject to frequent repartition by him among his faction. Contemporary authorities pronounce the customs among the Gaelic Irish of male gavel, or reapportionment among the men of each tribe, as "the root of all their barbarism—as men cared not for their own time, since if they built, it might not benefit their children." Any continued occupancy was the result of a claim, or customary title, to possession; and this seems to have, in the sixteenth century, obtained largely among tenants under chiefs and churchmen, in all Celtic countries, such as our own, Wales, and Cumberland, where the fourth descendant in occupation became entitled to permanence.* In the succeeding century, English grantees experienced the result of this claim, for such of their tenantry as could boast a possession during three generations persisted that the farm had become their own, and rebelled against the rent-lord's title. This security thus assumed by the *dhuine-nasala*, or patricians of the sept, was subsequently occasionally obtained by their serfs, as this caste rose from slavery to rights of property; and it came to be arrogated soon after they were handed over to Cromwellians, and other grantees, who, being satisfied if they received rent, and caring little who paid it, allowed transfers of tenancy to take place by "sale of good will." The revolutions which violently shifted the ownership of landed property in this country to foreign hands, have had the effect on the minds of the lower ranks of preventing any growth of that reverence for the sanctity of property which derives only from long possession. Although the rent-rolls of Ireland were transferred to new masters, the Celtic people still held the soil. Most of the colonist British bore transplantation

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insisted that the introduction of leasehold, and other English securities to cultivators, was essential to her prosperity, as the sole means of saving her inhabitants from want; and when her teeming population lately perished in millions by starvation, the prophecies of the age of Elizabeth came true. We believe, that to the present day, the greater proportion of the land is held on a bare and barren tenancy-at-will, giving the industrious improver no honest security; while, in remote districts, the poverty producing practice of subdividing still prevails as completely as Mr. Bright could desire—so deeply rooted in Celtic impulses being the tradition of gavelkind, and the love of common holding, that rundale, or minute and changeable allotments of arable with communistic pasture, not only perplexed the excellent Lord George Hill in Donegal, but even linger in the county where the feudal Anglo-Norman first drew his conquering sword.

Ulster demands our notice, as the cradle and country of the largest growth of sale of good-will. Here two distinct causes have operated—viz., Celtic prepossessions, supported by intimidation; and British industry, rewarded and encouraged by favour. The London Society, and other grantees of the forfeited territories of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, were enjoined by their patents to make long leases, at moderate rents, to Protestants. By giving such interests they created middlemen, who, not being under subletting obligations, accepted Presbyterians, and, most extensively, the native Romanists, as yearly tenants. The plains of the north were gradually improved by sturdy Scots-descended yeomen from a state resembling the hunting-grounds of Pennsylvania; but the mountainous tracts remained with the natives, whose poor mode of living soon enabled them to become supplanting competitors. In numerous cases, leases were refused to the British, although they had built on their farms; and it would seem that many of these colonists quitted in disgust, selling possession to the Irish, who, as was prophetically reported to Charles I, felt an assured hope that time would relieve them, by rebellion, from their new and "heavy landlords." The

resurgence of the Gael over the land came on like a tidal flow. The Guild of Mercers sinned so much against their charter as to set forty-six townlands to the Clan Donnells, who, it is reported, "are the wickedest men in all the country." Tories and woodkerne, or sylvan brigands, are declared to be "going up and down," taking what they listed; and bands of these malcontents, secret and vindictive as "the Forty Thieves," constantly exhibited their ill-will to the colonists, by forming, it is stated, "dangerous combinations for robbing them, and otherwise." In the massacre of 1641, and the struggle of 1688, the Red Hand of Ulster wrote leases for the settlers, in the Douglas manner, upon their own skins, with pens of steel, and ink of blood, but grasped the land. During subsequent interchanges of occupancy between Orange colonists and Popish natives, the purchase of "good-will" was absolutely necessary, particularly in disturbed times, as when the payment of tithe was resisted by association, and when, in the words of Primate Boulter, "the humour of clans and confederacies was well understood." As prices and rents rose, competition for land was generally decided in favour of the race that could endure a lower scale of comfort. A pamphleteer of 1748, complains of the emigration of Protestants, and of the preference daily shown to Papists, who, "seeing the warm plight of the houses" owned by the former, the various improvements made in expectation of a renewal, and especially, the strong sod on the earth, from which, by means of the old Celtic habit of burning it, a rich return was looked for, easily persuaded land-jobbers to bid for large tracts, binding themselves as under-tenants. Arthur Young states that many emigrants obtained considerable sums for their interests. But all the emigration of those times was not similarly felicitous. An extraordinary rise in the value of cattle having led to the dispossession of multitudes of petty holders, in order to enlarge the breadth of pasture, the tenant-grievances of Lissoy, (the *Deserted Village*, depopulated, as it is said, by cruel evictions) touching tender chords in the gentle heart of Oliver Goldsmith, were immortalized in his rhymed reminiscence of painful

scenes and lacerated bosoms, when "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," were—

Forced from their homes, a melancholy train
To traverse climes beyond the western main.

Tenant-right among the Ulster colonists would seem to be nearly as old as the colony, but is so uncertain a security that it is vanishing along with wooden ploughs. Such, briefly, is the history of the once-valuable usage, by which a peculiar and industrious tenantry obtained, in consideration of the value of their past industry and the lowness of their rents, a right to dispose of their interests—the origin of which clearly distinguishes it from the "right" enforced by Ribandism.

In considering the growth of Irish Tenant-right, it must be borne in mind that improvements have seldom been made by landlords. Accordingly, where every thing has been thrown upon the industry and means of the farmer, and in a kingdom where there is no legal out-going common-law custom to protect even their transient application, his want of security has been practically supplied by this right to dispose of his interest. Proprietors in general having been, owing to marriage settlements and other impediments, powerless to give written security, it is not marvellous that occupiers have tenaciously clung to a custom that gave them some. But the landlord has ever power either to refuse permission to sell, or to increase the rent in proportion to the worth of the improvements, or even, by eviction, to make them his own. An habitual acquiescence in sale has undoubtedly had the effect of promoting durable improvements; yet this, and other advantages, have been overrated; and it is notorious that sales are most commonly made, not by improvers, who have no disposition to remove, but by defaulters, when, having fallen into irretrievable arrears, they are anxious to emigrate. When prices were high, tenants-at-will could obtain a high rate for their interest, even though they had deteriorated their farms. Let us suppose that a certain purchaser gave some £12 an acre for "good-will;" prices fall, and then becomes eager to follow his predecessor. But competition for a worn-out farm being now almost annihilated, and the practice

of selling, founded on an indefinite usage, being unprotected by law, and altogether capricious and variable in value, accordingly gives rise to angry altercation; for the tenant, finding that his dear bargain is unsaleable, insists that "*the landlord must reduce the rent*," in order that something may be realized for his Tenant-right. Or take the case of an old tenant, representing an immemorial length of occupancy, and imagine the dismal, the hard times, when embarrassed landlords came into collision with a broken tenantry. Against an unsatisfied demand for rent, a claim founded on former improvements is set up, but disallowed on the score of exhaustion. The tenant cannot find a purchaser for his valueless interest, so a distress is levied, and eviction follows. Clinging to his native place, the Irish peasant deems it the cruellest of human disasters to be driven from home. The ruined man thinks of his little dwelling raised by his forefathers, and of his accustomed fields reclaimed from a state of mountain and morass by the sweat of his brow—and he avenges his expulsion by bloodshed! *Res dura talia cogunt* may be the philosophic remark of scholastic commentators: but for ourselves, we would not plead cases of even undoubted severity and injustice in palliation of the most awful of crimes.

Of the outrages mentioned in the "Devon Evidence," the majority are declared to have arisen from an idea entertained by the peasantry, that intimidation will produce the effect of giving them an indefeasible title to possession of the land. Captain Kennedy, who acted as secretary, contends, that a new tenant, after an extreme outlay in the purchase of good-will, must remain without any return from this investment of his capital, or the landlord without rent; and he observes that, whenever the question arises as to which of these claims is to be neglected, there is little doubt how it will be settled, if the extension of unlimited, and, as he justly terms it, the "irrational principle" of sale become general and acknowledged:—"The whole tenant population," he declares, "will be united against the proprietors in resisting the claim of rent." This prediction was partially fulfilled

eight years back, in certain districts disturbed by Ribandism, or in other words, Tenant-right agitation. The Riband Association had grown into a secret confederacy—an agrarian *Vehm-gericht*. Its disciples soon became prophets. If they foretold that such or such an interloper, or a certain landlord, whose rents were high, would not live long, their prediction came to pass. These seers were honoured in their own country, for they spelt prophet with an *f*, and laid the law and its myrmidons down so low that rents partook of the abasement. Distraint was opposed by their various arts of defensive war; and vengeance was wreaked on all new-comers that had not purchased peace, in the exclusive spirit that recently filled the bog-holes of Gweedore with the carcasses of sheep belonging to "strangers." The prime object of the combination was, necessarily, to obtain reductions of rent, on the lowness of which, the amount to be obtained by sale of interest manifestly depends. Accordingly, when a landlord obdurately refused to yield, the dread expedient of shooting him, or his agent, was resorted to; and, as the result, that which was not conceded to remonstrance, was surrendered to terror. Abatements followed the murders of Messrs. Bateson, Mauleverer, and Powell. Intimidation thus rewarded became a sure means to an end; and no one can wonder that a general impression spread among the tenant class, that they gain concessions, and a firmer tenacity of their holdings, by the perpetration of crimes thus commented on by a local organ:—

"We have been on a tour through the neighbouring counties, and are assured that the murder of Mr. Mauleverer has been attended with very good effects."—*Dundalk Democrat*, 3rd August, 1850.

By denouncing landowners as "oppressors and exterminators," these local prints excited the animosity of bankrupt peasants, while the Tenant League aroused their hopes. In such hands, "tenant-right" grew into a creation of their own—an agrarian bugaboo—a grisly and changeable phantom, presented to Parliament, indeed, under the meek form of "compensation for improvements;" but in Tipperary, fiercely assuming an absolute perpetuity in the occupancy.

Yet this inflated claim, like the Father of Lies, the forger of "phantasms and dreams," that raised in the breast of our first parent—

"Distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,"

only requires to be touched with the spear of truth to re-transform it into its real character. A tenant-at-will's "right of sale" is merely a *custom of indulgence*—a favour dependent upon either the landlord's liberality, or his fears. The very lowness of the rent first encouraged the occupier to make improvements, and then, consideration, honourable on the part of the owner, permitted the interest to be sold. On some estates a mingled sense of kindness and justice towards an ancient and industrious tenantry gave rise to an habitual respect for their claims.

Mr. Sharman Crawford, the amiable advocate of this system in its less objectionable form, defines a tenant-at-will's "right of property in the occupation" as "a practical holding in perpetuity, subject to re-valuation of rent from time to time." But who is to insure the holder this perpetuity, and so low a rent as shall leave him an interest to sell? And why should there be holdings in perpetuity, which the law abhors, and of which the poet sings:—

"Man, and for ever? Wretch, what would'st thou have?

Heir urges heir, as wave impels on wave."

How can farmer urge farmer; what does competition gain; and how can a thriving man enlarge his operations, if small farms are to stand in stereotype, unless consolidated by great outlay in purchasing good-will?

At the best, the usage is merely permissive, since it stands on the opinion of the landlord, who can at any time annihilate it, either by increasing the rent, or serving notice to quit. Again, though he himself may be as favourable to it as Mr. S. Crawford is, his son, or heir, or any successor, may not be so, and he cannot bind them to recognise it. Hence, the old outcry for "fixity of tenure," and, above all, for the real aim and object of the past agitation (so far as the tenant-class took an interest in it), viz.:—for "*valuation of rent*," by some tribunal. Pending this hoped-for result, Tenant-Right was, of course, to be maintained in full

panoply. We learn, from the digest of the Devon Commission, that any attempt to suppress this "right," even in tranquil counties, produced agrarian outrages. Captain Kennedy, the experienced compiler, writes, in 1847, with a vaticinatory spirit:—

"Landowners do not appear aware of the peril which threatens their property, and which must increase every day. The Tenant-right of Ulster is an embryo *copyhold*, which must decline in value to the proprietor in proportion as the practice becomes confirmed, because the sum required by the outgoing tenant must regulate ultimately the balance of gross produce, which will be left to meet the payment of rent. The disorganized state of Tipperary, and the agrarian combinations throughout Ireland, are but a methodized war to obtain a custom that, if established, will be finally erected into law."

This special favour is now attempted to be made universal, and to be converted into an obligation; it is also ambiguously advanced as a legal custom, and speciously confused with the question of definite prospective compensation; and, though abnormal, is fondly termed "the Irish copyhold," or transferable interest. Yet it clearly has no more of the attributes attached to a right by custom than are annexed to the sale of the good-will of a shop; since the very petition for a Statute to establish it proves that it is no legal custom, for, if it were, it could be enforced. A right cannot require to be asked for, since, if there be a right, there is a remedy. The advocates of sale of interest are rash in their agitation, and in seeking to establish by law what process of time accomplished for the copyholder; for the truth that this claim rests mostly upon menace being fully displayed, they will more quickly be deprived of it. The English copyholder was originally indebted to the munificence of his lord for his holding, and merely had a tenancy at will, the conditions of which becoming fixed, the descendant of a faithful vassal was regularly re-admitted on payment of an assessed fine, according to the improved value of his tenement. The Irish tenant at will now arrogates a right to put in a successor and to receive a fine! This arbitrary practice can never ripen into a custom, but will fall into desuetude, as the Brehon code, upon which it is some-

what based, has done. *Yet not until, or, at least, we hope not until, a sufficient substitute has been interposed.*

Needy proprietors advocate the system, that in replacing a bankrupt by a solvent tenant, who satisfies all arrears due by the vendor, conveniently assures them their income. Agents also connive at such an arrangement, which relieves them from trouble and from the odium and danger of evicting. So Paul is allowed to find a Peter to pay his debts, out of money that ought to be applied to farming purposes. On the other hand, wealthy farmers are interested in its abolition, for they cannot obtain an accession of land save by complying with exorbitant demands. Viewed in this light, its evil effect in impeding transfers to competent hands must be deemed paralysing. The province of Ulster has proved a *terra clausa* to recent immigrant agriculturists—men with capital, skill, and enterprise—because of the prevalence of this barrier.

Recent painful recurrences of agrarian crime having led us to re-peruse the suggestive evidence, given in 1852, before the Select Committee on Ribbonism and agrarian outrages, we have been struck with the arguments brought forward, and so terribly enforced, as to the necessity of freeing all landlords from impediments to considering the claim of tenants to security for future unrequited outlay. In an alleged want of similar consideration, as regards the past, rests the only tangible charge brought against Irish proprietors; and a relief of their legal disabilities in respect of the future seems to be the only ground where the legislature may interfere between the two contracting parties. Agrarian outrages are emphatically declared to arise solely "from the unsettled relation between landlord and tenant," and the social wrong connected with it is defined by one witness, as consisting in the want of security, that the value of his improvements will not be lost to him by an increase of rent. When asked why he had not stipulated for compensation, he replied that his landlord "is restrained by reason of legal impediments."

Our readers would lose the assumption afforded by Mr. Bright to the Select Committee on Outrages if we omitted his strange introduction of

his pet theory—peasant proprietorship—to the committee's notice, by the following interrogatory, notable for its infantine artlessness:—

"Is it true that the population whom, in travelling, you may see living and moving about, and doing all the work, and being the actual bone and sinew of the nation, are not the proprietors of the soil at all?"

The representative of Manchester was answered on this point by the witness, a linen manufacturer, who might have rejoined, that those who do the work of a cotton factory are not its owners. Mr. Bright then inquired whether the breaking up of large estates would not bring the land into the possession of a larger number of the population, but was assured that such a result would not benefit tenants, "because, in the case of a large landed proprietor, there is a feeling of patrimonial descent, or of claniship, which would cease when the land was bought as a money speculation." Then this legislative gentleman, who dreams so much about "the upper ranks," that he is occasionally in the clouds, asked, "if the practice of entail, settlement, and the law of primogeniture could be introduced with regard to personal property, such as cotton, wool, or iron, could industry be maintained?" To this sapient question, a solicitor replied that, "though it is easy to divide £10,000 in the funds, it is not so to divide a field of varying soil into ten parts." Our querist should have known the difference between cotton and land; in that the former is not a permanent basis for settlements and annuities; and if he cares not to see the practical effects of minute subdivision, in, say Brittany and Donegal, he may turn to Sir Henry Piers' account of them. We must, however, hope that Mr. Bright will pursue his investigations, since there is a growing feeling that agricultural improvement is impeded by the state of the law, and that England would be as famous for the productions of her soil, as for the manufacture of cotton, if her land laws were such as to permit and effectuate contracts between holders of the fixed and floating capital employed in agriculture.

The Devon Commission closed their report by advising amendment of the laws regulating the relation of landlord and tenant, and strongly recom-

mended an especial consideration of a measure that would provide adequate security to tenants for permanent improvements. But the vast changes that have since occurred, seem to us to nullify this point, as at present applicable. Moreover, such improvements should be undertaken by owners, not by occupiers, of whom the most to be required is, that they shall bring the soil to the highest pitch of productiveness of which it is capable, and this, not by permanent works, such as building, draining, and fencing, but by rich appliances of various manures. As it is towards this important end that English tenant-right, in its fullest operation works, we plead for its introduction among our large farmers, who alone are capable of profiting by this valuable system.

Improvement of the legal relation between landlord and tenant is indeed *dignus vindice nodus*; still, let us persist that the Gordian knot tying up the yoke and draught-beam of agricultural progress must not be cut, but skilfully untwined. We are ignorant of the nature of the measure about to be introduced, but must say plainly that, if it includes the four bills brought in by Lord Derby's last ministry, a discussion on its demerits is much like beating the air. Let us, however, curtly examine those four cardinal winds that were to have blown everybody good. One which, from its northern origin, we may name Boreas, was to have provided *retrospective* compensation for improvements, in reversal of the present law, by which they are presumed, in default of any agreement to the contrary, to be the property of the owner of the land. When a cheap tenancy was granted, it was in order to stimulate improvement; and the two-fold interest gave rise to the usage of sale called "Tenant-right," on "the faith of which," quoth the recital to Mr. Sergeant Shée's rival bill to "Boreas," the improvements "were made." Be it so; and breaches of this faith, amounting to "confiscation of the improvements," may sometimes have occurred: but it is only the province of the law, and therefore still less of a statute, to enforce *definite contracts*. An *ex post facto* enactment, that transferred the property in improvements from the landowner, to whom they belong, to the

occupier, would violate the integrity of existing contracts, and be an especial injustice to recent purchasers. The relation of landlord and tenant is the creature of the compact out of which it sprang, and which is a mere contract of letting and hiring. The Legislature has no right to add new terms to the original bargain. "To speak," as St. Paul says, "after the manner of men, a man's covenant, if it be confirmed, no man disannulleth or addeth thereto;" and, to speak again humanly, and in the manly language held by a resolute Attorney-General, the celebrated Sir John Davys, in addressing the Parliament of 1613, when introducing English tenure into this country:—"Irishmen are now too old and too noble to be treated either as children of inferiors."

The question of the tenant's claim to annexations to the freehold, that have been made with consent, and are capable of removal, being of easy solution, has been set at rest: but incorporated works, such as draining, fencing, subsoiling, building, reclamation of boggy and mountainous land, and applications of marl, lime, and manures, which are valuable additions to the *corpus* of the estate, cannot be removed. When one man has confounded his property with that of another without his consent, so that it has become inseparable, the common law, to guard against fraud, awards the entire property, without any account, to him whose original dominion has, by the admixture, been rendered uncertain; and the tenant, who can only blame himself for improving without security of extracting the full returns, must, if he is to receive requital for losing such improvements, obtain it by proving the value of his loss. But, since time obliterates the distinction between the former state of the land and the effects of such works, and as its lapse precludes a knowledge of that past condition, the claim to requital, if given by statute, would be uncertain, and require to be examined into by witnesses and a view-jury. Such a trial would be further perplexed by a right, proposed, with even-handed justice, to be given (in another clause of the late government bill) to the landlord, of setting up a "cross demand, or deduction, in respect of any bad husbandry, dilapidation, want of repair, waste, or de-

struction in the improvements, and damages for breaches of covenant." Verily, the judges of such issues would require to possess a rare combination of agricultural and legal skill!

The proposition for removing this land-mark of one of the rights of property seems to have been broached in forgetfulness, that the owner of land is entitled to its improvable qualities, he having a right to those that are latent as well as to those that are developed. If, as is true, these inherent qualities are his, it is also true, that the labour and money the occupier may employ to call them into activity are his distinct property. The matter of question is, the terms on which the latter party will employ his means. Plainly, the bargain should be a simple one; and the former party may be supposed to be a judge of the improvements his property requires, or at least, of those he is willing to bind himself and representatives, either to reimburse the maker for, on dispossession, or to find a tenant that shall do so. Any Act of Parliament by which a tenant would be enabled to cite his landlord before a tribunal, and procure an award for improvements, that should give a legal claim on him for recompense, in case either of dispossession or increase of rent, is open to the gravest objections. To compel the proprietor to pay for additions made, irrespective of his consent, to his property, is, in effect, authorizing a tenant to help himself out of his landlord's purse. Again, if the tenancy be leasehold, its contract would be grossly violated; and if merely verbal, the landlord can defeat his tenant, by either raising the rent, or giving notice to quit. In the late bill, payment was proposed to be insured to the improver, on the production of an assistant-barrister's certificate, that the works charged for were completed; but the landlord might preliminarily resist the granting of such certificate, by adducing evidence in objection, or in disproof at quarter-sessions, with appeal to the judge of assize; and also might set off against the claim, if it were certified, any damages for "bad husbandry, want of repair, and injury to the improvements." The law costs of such pleas and counter-pleas might exceed the value of the petty improvements a farmer is capable of making; and we fear lest

the projected power would be used by dishonest men for the purpose of extortion, that frauds would arise, and law-suits abound, in determining these additive and subtractive accounts, since the promoters, newly armed, like *Discordia*, with *citatore pene, examinari, & carti di procure*; would have "a man of mark," as their butt. Antagonism would certainly be created; and if pursued to litigation, would produce a bad feeling, more injurious in its effects than any real evil now existing. How the matter would fare with a tenant obnoxious to an unscrupulous *Overreach*, may be divined from *Sir Giles's* soliloquising determination to—

"Draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him,
Although he sue in *formâ pauperis*. In spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-
hand."

Where mutual confidence exists, a landlord may reasonably expect that his tenants will increase the productive powers of their holdings. He has the original right to share in the profits that arise from developing the powers of the soil, which are his, which are the source of any improvements, and the fixed capital whereupon they operate. He is entitled to partake of the general progress in the value of property; and this is by no means wholly due, as the Tenant League vainly boasted, to the past industry of the occupiers; but, since it obviously follows increase of population, and diminution in the value of gold, is naturally to be expected. Wherever good faith between proprietor and occupier, the very soul of their relationship, exerts its genial influence, there is partnership in the gradually increasing value of a holding; and the owner cannot be deemed to have reaped where he did not sow, if his talent, the latent capabilities of the soil, not buried in the earth, but in the power of another, renders him, when no longer hidden, a due return.

It is estimated that the capital belonging to our landowners, invested in agriculture, exceeds by no less than five-fold the floating capital employed by the occupiers—that is to say, tak-

ing the average net rent of arable land at £1 per statute acre, and its average value at twenty years' purchase, the fixed capital of the owner of a farm of fifty acres represents £1,000; while, calculating the average value of the cattle and other property of tenants of holdings of this size at £4 per acre, the capital of the occupier represents but £200. Passing over the manifest, but too frequently forgotten truth, that the latter person is only entitled to expect a per centage, varying, according to his skill, of from six to sixteen per cent. on his investment, and to ordinary recompense for his own and his family's labour, we turn to the equally obvious truth, that it is far more to the interest of the owner of land than of the occupier, that it should be improved; and, since self-interest is the *primum mobile*, development of the resources of estates might be thought able to take care of itself, and not to require any interference on the part of Parliament towards compelling owners to consent that their property shall be bettered by its occupiers. The solution of this seeming paradox lies in the legal disabilities under which very many owners have, by their own act, placed themselves, so as to preclude them from giving the necessary security to the tenant.

Referring to Mr. Longfield's able paper,* upon facilitating the adoption of contracts for the occupation of land on commercial principles, for a formidable catalogue of proprietors who are disabled, by various complications, from making free contracts with tenants, it will be seen that an unhampered owner is the only one with whom a tenant may contract securely. But such a proprietor, of whom it can be said, as of Chaucer's "man of law," that "all is fee-simple to him in effect," though now less rarely to be met with than before the operation of the Incumbered Estates Court, is still one of the minority who have power to bind their successors, when securing tenants that either an incoming tenant, or the landlord, will reimburse an outgoing claim. The larger proportion of property is strictly settled, so that the owners have only

* *Measures for facilitating the adoption of Commercial Contracts respecting the occupation of Land.* By Robert Longfield, Esq. Dublin, 1851.

life-interests. Such impossibility of giving security as arises thus, has not been caused, it must be noticed, by the so-called "law" of entail (since entails are not created by law, but by private deeds), but that they are owing to the imperfection of drawing settlements without sufficient functionary powers. The only remedy is provision by enactment for this difficulty. Most landlords would gladly avail themselves of the new power, and exercise it in giving legal, and, *therefore*, honourable assurance to the free course and just claims of industry. What estates in general particularly need is, that the owners become intimately acquainted with all their resources, and especially with the capability, both of the land and the tenants, of impulse. Many a nobleman and squire confines his hand to his demesne, whereas he should use it to elevate the condition of his entire territory. A closer attention should be bestowed to general requirements, so that co-operation and partnership of interest with tenants shall make the relationship beneficial.

Significant as it may be of the normal distrust between Irish landlords and tenants, that every measure brought before Parliament has been framed on disbelief that agreements will be entered into between them, is it just to decide that they will not make arrangements for improvement until after they have been enabled to do so, and it is proved that they have failed? And is it good policy to pander to their supposed apathy by supplying the intervention of a government department, or of law officers? For what?—to decide on the propriety and details of a proposed expenditure of the scanty means of Irish tenants; and that, too, upon permanent works, which it is the landowner's business to undertake. Or is it prudent to foment their antagonism by adding a novel incitement? What would a compulsory system be but an encouragement to suits against landlords? Yet it is now proposed to empower tenants to thrust contracts upon their landlords at the point of the law. Under Ribbandism, terrorist tenants

may occasionally shoot landlords; but the proposed O'Trigger enactment would, by specifying the courts for attack and defence, mark out the ground for law duels, and hand weapons for returning shots! An enactment unfit for England should not be passed for her Siamese twin-sister. As the bases of land laws are similar in both kingdoms, the superstructure ought to be identical.* The Union should be of legislation as well as of legislators, so that our sharp-witted people may perceive that they really possess the same laws as the people of England, and those loyal to the mighty empire exclaim:—

"Paribus se legibus ambe
Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant."

As there can be no tenure save what is founded upon agreement, so there ought to be no compensation except what is obtained from the same free source. It is no answer to say that the tenant is not a free agent; or, at least, there is the rejoinder, that the landlord is equally bound to his tenants, since he is not free, like Mr. Bright, to change or get rid of those who labour under him. However, there is no fear lest such a bill should pass, for, since the laws have not recognised the abstract principle, that a tenant should be indemnified for losing improvements effected without the consent of the landlord, and as any proposition for altering the landmarks of rights of property is always regarded with caution, there can be little apprehension that they will be so removed; nor, moreover, do the majority of our legislators need to be reminded that the attempt to attain moral ends by legislative interference in arrangements as to mutual rights of property, has been, for the most part, unsuccessful; and, by the tortuous nature of its means, has often proved more vexatious and mischievous than beneficial.

Modern Irish landlords have, as a body, been most unjustly stigmatised. The very prevalence of sale of interest by holders under mere verbal tenure, affords the fullest proof of the moderation of their rents, and of the respect shown to their claims. If it be

* *The Land Question; and the Irish Land Bills.* By W. T. Hamilton, Esq. Dublin, 1862-3.

true that, under the patriarchal rule of chiefs, an undefined but cogent right of usufructory possession had the effect of enabling families to dwell on their forefathers' land, it is notable that this claim, which humanity, whether in an O'Neill, an O'Brien, or a Sharman Crawford, has ever acknowledged, is willingly and honourably recognised by modern landlords, who are neither kith nor kin to their tenantry, especially if it be sanctioned by a lengthy and industrious tenancy. To quote from recent testimony in our own pages (Vol. LII., p. 720):—

"Neither Scotch nor English landlords would exercise the same forbearance, or extend the same lenity to their tenantry, if they were placed under similar circumstances;" and, "as a class, the Irish landlords hold out every encouragement to an improving tenant."

With regard to the first of these positions, calumny to the contrary is silenced by the innumerable cases in which tenants have recently purchased land. As to the latter, never has such an active and general spirit for improvement been awakened throughout any other kingdom, as now prevails in this, stimulated, as it has been, by judicious measures, and set free, in wide extent, wherever the land has been emancipated from incumbered proprietors. The vast change in these respects renders government interference not only needless, but detrimental. Legislative interposition is greatly wanted; yet not to force landlords and tenants into the path of improvement, but to clear away every obstacle, so as to give all landowners legal power, as in Scotland, to effect durable works, and to offer the security of English tenant-right for agricultural, exhaustible ameliorations. The permanent interest in the improvement rests with the owner, in whose name and blood the property will descend. It is, therefore, the real interest of the heirs of entail, or of remaindermen, that such progress should begin at once. Let us then hope that free contracts for agricultural improvements will soon be made binding on the owner of the soil, whoever he may be.

The interests of land tenancy are by no means confined to the two classes immediately interested. All ranks would be advantaged if the returns from every million of acres could be

raised from an average value of five millions sterling to eight millions. On the other hand, they insensibly lose by general diminution in the staple produce of the land. Traders especially suffer when national progress in developing the powers of the soil is paralysed, or hide-bound by the grasp kept by impoverished tenants. No class than theirs understand better that free competition is the soul of industrial success, so that they may be expected to sympathize with defrauded landlords and unemployed farm labourers.

Sale of good-will prevails almost throughout Ireland, as a safeguard to an incomer, and to the owner, against outrage; the circumstances of the general practice exposing, indeed, its real character, of being an insurance against being murdered. Except for this Riband system, capitalist farmers would long ago have displaced insolvents, who, in Yankee phrase, would have been "improved off the face of the land." Though we cannot counsel proprietors to imitate tenants by forming a Landlord League, we conceive that protection for their interests is essential to equity. While considering the subject of compensation to tenants, their peculiar impunity to commit waste should not be overlooked. Their ordinary threat, when seeking reduction of rent, or renewal of lease, to "run out the land," or exhaust it by extra-cropping, is too frequently put in practice; and we challenge production of a case, in which our law courts have visited this deteriorative process with punishment. Culture covenants are almost universally disregarded; and, in the absence of criteria of good farming, there is no legal remedy for deviations however flagrant. Human nature, possessing a farm so unguarded, and struggling with debt, cannot resist the temptation of making the very *corpus* of the estate (which belongs to the landlord) render all that can be wrung from it. It might be expected that similar *surveillance* as is practised by English owners for their defence in this destructive respect, would be adopted by Hibernian owners; yet, "the estate register," that faithful mirror of the past rotation of each field, is very seldom kept. "Husbandlike cropping," an Anglo-Saxon expres-

sion, is unknown in Celtic Erin; neither a regular "four-course shift," nor a "five-course" is followed; and many an emigrant may leave his farm to shift for itself, saying, as Tom Stukeley, having deserted his wife, said to Queen Elizabeth, that any man was welcome to take that which could not be *made more of* than he had made, having brought it to its last shift. As the usages of good husbandry are thus undefined, and the landlord has no security either by custom or statute for due observance of covenants against wasting, so he seldom gives farmers any definite security, except where means and disposition for improving exist, when a lease of longer term than is customary in other countries is usually granted. But a lease, though conferring an honest and, in the commencement of its operation, a fruitful security, by no means remedies the desirable and just claims of a continuously improving tenant. Even as a mode of abolishing our arbitrary tenant-right, it will not work well, since the Irish occupier has ever been averse, like Jack Cade, to parchment and wax. Sale of interest has been the congenial, national substitute for leasehold; and obviously, a large class prefer to hold free from the liabilities and restrictions a lease imposes. Leaving the difficult subject of deteriorative farming, a process that lowers production by many millions sterling yearly, and which ought to be curbed by a law that shall render culture covenants stringent, we revert to our important theme.

Agriculture, when carried on under tenancy, is very sensitive of insecurity, because the property in which the farmer invests his means and labour is not his own. Premising, as assertions capable of demonstration, that capital pays much more when skilfully employed in farming, than when sunk in purchasing land; and that rent-free cultivators are not in general so successful as rent-payers, we believe

that legal protection of capital so employed, which shall place it beyond any one's reach than the person so investing, would tend to outlays of an extent quite unprecedented. Indeed, the question assumes a literally broad aspect, when we reflect that some fourteen million acres in this island await measures in the direction of doubling their yearly produce. Leases are no succedanea, in the light of the public good, as before their close, outlay upon the land, and consequently high cultivation, very much diminish. Our simple panaceum consists in extension of the best points of Scottish and English laws regulating the relations of landlord and tenant, to this kingdom, so as to enable tenant-right, as practised in Lincolnshire and North Notts, to be carried out by capitalist farmers here, to whom longer and more liberal terms for securing them in their outlay should, in our opinion, be conceded. No change to a better system of cultivation can be expected from bankrupts, who ought not to occupy farms, and who could hardly be benefited by any measure of compensation; and certainly not by the English practice, which, encouraging superior tillage and extensive applications of manure, is to be regarded as an auxiliary to advanced farming. The potato-blight has caused vacuums that should be open to the healthy competition of foreign capitalists; and if security, in all senses, could be found in Ireland, there are numbers of men, to whom the colonies offer no temptation, able and willing to apply the advances of science to her fields. But as manufacture will not construct its curious nest under the shadow of barbarous power, capital will not venture boldly into this country until the murder-blight has passed away; nor will it, in its timid and floating nature, spread itself abroad to irrigate the plains of agriculture, unless there is certainty of gathering back its fruits.

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ITALY.

"Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" is the sublime question of Elihu to Job, to test the nothingness of his boasted knowledge. Canst thou tell—if we may paraphrase such a passage—how the balance is kept up between the electric forces in nature—that electricity collects in the clouds, and discharges itself in the loud thunderclap by which the equilibrium is restored. These are the balancings of the clouds—the wondrous works of Him that is wonderful in knowledge, by which Elihu convinces Job of his ignorance.

Does the statesman, who thinks that he can sway the minds of men through their passions or prejudices; or the soldier, who thinks that he holds the dogs of war in hand, to slip the leash or not as he thinks fit; or the capitalist, who thinks that he holds the sinews of war, and can open or shut the temple of Janus as he pleases: do these three classes, to whom the world is anxiously turning to hear is it peace or war in Italy, know the balancings of the clouds? Do they know the great law, that passions, like gases, cannot be pent in for ever—that they obey the same law of equal diffusion—and that wherever a vacuum is made in one direction, there will be a rush from another to fill the void.

To understand the Italian question we must understand these balancings of clouds. If meteorology is complicated, from the multiplicity and va-

riety of phenomena to be taken into account, much more is it so with the science of politics. An empiric may write a Moore's almanac of the weather, or a calendar of political prophecies on the same easy terms: but it is the confidence of ignorance in both cases. It is safe to predict, for instance, that there will be snow some day in March, and it is equally safe to prognosticate that an explosion must occur somewhere in Italy this year. So far we are all on a level: and the prophet Nugent might safely turn his eye from that quarter of the heavens where the sign of "Sagittarius betokens Irish place-beggars, rack-renters, and exterminators" to Italy and the Holy shrines, where Mars will be in the ascendant in March, and the lugubrious utterance, "O, Babylon, how hast thou fallen; thy three unclean spirits, Heresy, Robbery, and Murder, gnawed thy tongue, and crawled forth thy frogs," come true in Italy, if not in Ireland. But without troubling the stars to solve the Italian difficulty, we may humbly conjecture that there are storms in politics as in the atmosphere. That a long spell of close oppressive weather will be followed by a thunder storm, and that the passions of Italian patriots, too long pent in, will burst forth at last.

Perhaps the analogy between the two is deeper than we think. When Wordsworth cited a line of Byron's, to prove that he was a poet true to

nature, it was that from "Childe Harold":—

"Yet freedom yet, thy banner torn, though
 flying,
 Streams, like a thunder-cloud, against the
 wind."

There was wonderful accuracy in the observation, and, therefore, wonderful beauty in the poetical thought. "Freedom streams, like a thunder-cloud, against the wind." The poet's eye had caught, as if by intuition, an insight into the great law of action and re-action that pervades the universe. Neither the statesman, nor the soldier, nor the stockjobber, understands half so well what the balancings of the clouds mean, in Italy, as the poet, who has seized the thought, that as the thunder-cloud above does not swim with, but against the current of air it encounters, so the breaking forth of power from popular indignation is neither wafted by the trade-wind of interest, nor favoured by the intrigues of cabinets. The question of Italy, in one word, is not one that has been started by cabinets; and, therefore, cannot be bandied about between the Tuileries, the *Times*, and the Stock Exchange. Statesmen, soldiers, and stockjobbers, may say their say; but they cannot alter the law, that people have rights, and will claim them. The balancings of the clouds somehow settle themselves, and a revolution discharges the pent-up fluid of national wrongs in a thunderclap, when it cannot vent itself through constitutional channels.

Italy is, if we attend to the design of nature, a federation of states, separated from each other by Appenine ranges, and separated from the rest of Europe by the Alps. "Italy," said Metternich, "is only a geographical term." We thank him for admitting, at least, half the truth; for, geographically, Italy is united—it is shut in to itself by mountains and seas. But it is not geography only that points to a united Italy. Language is a much more powerful barrier than either mountains or seas. "The providence of God," says the Roman poet, "set the boundaries of empire by the dissociable ocean." Not so, say we, moderns: language is the dissociating barrier between neighbour states. So long as a difference of language lasts between the conquerors and the conquered, they are not a united people.

When this disappears, all type of a separate nationality is over. Provincialism, like the frog in the fable, may puff and swell; it will only burst itself before its croaking can rise to a lordly and independent bellow. Thus, the very young men, who lately tried to rake up the ashes of the Irish Phoenix, now as extinct as the dodo or dinornis, spout sedition in very choice English. "Their speech bewrayeth them;" they may curse and swear at England, but, all the while, they have more Saxon than Celtic blood in their veins. We are West-Britons (thanks to Lord Montagu for teaching us the word), and so the question was settled long ago, centuries before Union Pitt or Corruption Cornwallis discovered that there were patriots who thanked God they had a country to sell. Language thus supplies a short and easy way of dealing with spurious nationalities. The conquerors have proved their right of possession, when they have planted their tongue on the soil of the conquered. If any of the four divisions of the British Isles could show claim to set up for itself, it would be Wales, rather than Scotland or Ireland. The Celtic tongue, and the Celtic harp, strangely enough, have lingered on in Protestant Wales, while they have died out of Catholic Ireland. The music of Tara's Halls now only lives in an Irish melody; but Wales has its harp-meetings and prize harpers, as in the days of Llewellyn or David.

Now, applying this test of language, a united Italy has existed since the days of Dante, at least. Eight centuries of Austrian intervention have not effaced that "soft bastard Latin,"

"Il bel paese dove 'i si morra."

France has merged her *Langue d'Oc* and her *Langue d'Oïl* in one; Spain is Castilian from sea to sea; the Moors have vanished, and left but a tang of Arabic behind them like the tang of iron from an old key at the bottom of a cask of wine. Germany is Saxon, and

"That harsh, grunting, northern guttural,
 Where we're obliged to him, and spit, and
 splutter all."

is high Dutch no longer, but the polished speech of a federation of states that spread from the Danube to the Elbe, from the Rhine to the Vistula. Take away this one bond of union, the

"High Dutch," or German tongue, which Walpole could not come round, and which Carteret and George I. jabbered in St. James's, to the wonder of our great great grandfathers, and Germany would dissolve away in a mist of metaphysics. They are not a united people, heaven knows, on religion or in any thing else except language; but this one Bund is worth all the rest. Sonderbunds or Tugendbunds are but tow in comparison to this. A federal alliance which is not held together by language is like a fagot of sticks that will drop asunder at a touch.

But the federation of states, out of which Italian unity is to arise, is not thus loosely fagoted. To say nothing of religious unity, which we fear is only the unity of indifference, Italy has a real unity of language. She has a common history, common glories, common traditions. The rivalries and jealousies of her commercial cities and republics were not greater than those of other states in feudal times. But she has paid more dearly for these divisions than the rest of Europe. France smarted under the wars of the Armagnacs and Burgundians. Germany and Spain had their wars of succession and religion. England was the battle-field of the rival houses of York and Lancaster for more than half a century; but out of these troubles of expiring feudalism there arose a united France, a united Germany, England, and Spain. At one and the same time, Louis XI. in France, Henry VII. in England, and Ferdinand in Spain, pieced together the broken fragments of feudalism, and founded a monarchy like that monster man, made up of hundreds of little men, which the readers of Hobbes remember in the frontispiece of his "*Leviathan*," and which is his symbol of government. Italy never rose out of the middle ages as a united people. She passed, unhappily for her, from feudalism to foreign subjection, without one attempt to rally round some centre or erect a monarchy of her own. Who was to blame for this we cannot say at this distance of time. Enough that a few great minds discerned it at the time: Machiavelli, for instance, only commended tyranny, because he desired to see Italy strong and united under a monarchy of its own. Feudalism was to be bridled with one hand,

foreign intervention to be driven off with the other. A monarchy only could do this. Machiavelli wrote and thought of the Medici as a spirited Greek might have thought of Miltiades.

"The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend,
That tyrant was Miltiades.

Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another tyrant of that kind—
Such chains as his were sure to bind."

We see after the event with very different eyes than those who only look before it; Machiavelli is no more to be blamed for not discerning that the principedom of the Medici would degenerate into an Austrian deputy than Bacon for not predicting that the high prerogative of the Tudors would fall to pieces in the hands of the imbecile Stuarts. The desire for a united Italy arose before the mind of the Florentine secretary in connexion with the family to which he had linked his fortunes. The two ideas, the one patriotic, the other dynastic, were coupled together in his mind; and if the nobler was sacrificed to the more selfish end—if he gave up to the Medici the allegiance that was due only to Italy, he has paid the common penalty of all those who attempt to distil public virtues out of private vices—he is branded for his servility, not honoured for his patriotism.

Such was the failure of those who attempted to erect a united Italy in the fifteenth century; and though often attempted, it has never succeeded yet. The reasons of this failure may be lightly touched on: they are as follow.

It is the misfortune of modern Italy that it is overshadowed by the grandeur of ancient Italy. She has been bequeathed the inheritance of a great name, and without the power to do so, was expected to emulate the traditions of the past. Ancient Italy bequeathed to modern two legacies, which though very different in kind, were equally disastrous to her: we may call them the two swords of civil and religious power. A German Emperor clutched at the one, the Bishop of Rome possessed himself of the other; and between the two parties, Guelph and Ghibelline, Italy was torn and divided during the middle ages. The question then was, whether Italy should be united under an emperor

or a pope, whether Caesar's successor or Peter's was the rightful centre of Italian unity. The pretensions of one were about as worthless as the other, the house of Hapsburgh have as valid a title to the mantle of Caesar as the Pope to the patrimony of Peter; and as the one is a detected forgery, so the other is an imposture, only worthy of the Almanach de Gotha. But between these rival claimants there could be no hope of Italian unity during the middle ages; and for the last three centuries, and especially since the rise of Protestantism and the European system, the two disputants have agreed to sink their differences and work in concert. As a united Italy under one of the two to the exclusion of the other is out of the question, they have agreed to hold by a divided Italy. Both Pope and Kaiser now exist on the divisions of Italy: *divide et impera* is the secret understanding between the Vatican and Vienna. A few enthusiasts in modern times have dreamed of a united Italy under the Popedom. Gioberti in his *Primato* made this fatal concession to sentiment, in calling on Italy to rally round a liberal Pope. How fatally they have been deceived by Pius IX. every Italian patriot now knows to his cost. Put not your trust in priests or princes is now the dear-bought experience of Italy. Italy is a circle wanting a centre, a monarchy going a begging—a mighty idea that lives in the hearts of twenty-five millions of men wanting only some one to embody it in fact.

Such, then, is the situation of Italian affairs; there are two disuniting forces at work, the Pope and Austria, and till these are got out of the way Italian unity is out of the question. It is useless to interpose between the people of Italy and their present rulers. It is the temper of Englishmen to love a compromise; to split the difference between two extreme parties, and out of two widely opposed theories to deduce some matter-of-fact conclusion. Somehow, for instance, between Bright and Spooner tugging at the Cabinet in opposite directions, the Derby-Disraeli men hold on in the even tenor of radical conservatism. The same idea seems to inspire their foreign politics. In one breath we are reminded of the faith of treaties, that we are sworn to

respect the boundaries of Europe, marked out in 1815; but in the same speech, Lord Derby confesses that the Papal government is as bad as it can be, and that the source of all corruption lies in the centre of Italy. Now what compromise can there be between these two opinions? If Austria is right, stand by her; if the people of Italy are right, do not back their oppressors. There is nothing Italians resent so keenly as this hypocritical sympathy of English statesmen. If we mean to back Austria, let us say so, but do not let us cant about treaties which were broken before they were signed, and which Austrian occupation of the Roman legations has given the lie to almost ever since. The plain truth is, disguise it as we may, things have come to a pass out of which they cannot be extricated, without a crash somewhere. The white-coated legions of Vienna, and the black-coated legions of the Vatican hold Italy down between them; and Italy will not accept any compromise short of entire emancipation from this twofold bondage. Let us try negotiations by all means, but it is almost an insult to Austria to suppose she will listen to them. Three years ago, when the treaty of Paris was huddled up with indiscreet haste, a compromise might have been made when Count Cavour, as the spokesman of Italy, solemnly put her wrongs on record. The Moldo-Wallachians might have been handed over to Austria as an indemnity for Lombardy, and with an Austrian evacuation of Italy the lesser tyrants of Italy might have been easily brought to terms. The Pope, excellent old man, would have descended without a sigh to the catacombs, and lived like a true successor of the Apostles and primitive bishops of Rome. The cardinals might have been provided for as parish priests, as in the days of Hildebrand; and as for the army of monks and nuns, who render Rome the most beggarly city in Europe, they might be pensioned off or released from their vows according as they thought fit.

Let diplomats then try, in the first instance, to untie the Italian knot. Negotiation by all means first; but whether with or without the sword, the knot must be loosed. We fear it will cost us a struggle, but it must be done.

Austria will not evacuate, or the Pope be spiritualized into a Bishop of Rome and Bishop of Bishops, without a struggle. Less than this will not suit the Italians. More than this the fortune of war will not bring them. The time has come for plain speaking. The shifty, fretful tone of the *Times*, which the Cabinet seems to echo only too faithfully, only disgusts Austria and Italy equally. The *Piedmontese Gazette* put the straightforward alternative the other day: "We are for whatever is against Austria; her friends, are our enemies; her enemies, are our friends." There is no mistaking language like this. We may fret at it, look wistfully at the declining share list, and wish Mr. Bright would just step in once in a way to keep the peace at all price. But the funds will still look down, and Mr. Bright, as if enjoying a little tit-for-tat at the *Times*, does not even wink at the peace party to stir; and so, perforce, we must grapple the Italian difficulty, and choose our side for or against Austria.

We may not interfere in arms on one side or the other; but it is never safe to be indifferent to the *right* or *wrong* of a public quarrel in Europe. Austria is now reaping the consequences of this indifference during the Russian war. Either the allies or Russia were in the right, and though Austria may not have been called on to draw the sword on an old ally, she was bound to remonstrate with Russia as if in the wrong; or to represent, at least, to which side her moral convictions inclined. Instead of that she stood by indifferent, but not impartial. Her neutrality was that of selfishness only; she gained all she could out of both sides, and, under the appearance of friendship, made use of Russia to settle some little matters of her own at the treaty of Paris. Russia has, very naturally, shown her disgust at such treachery ever since by marked civilities to the enemies of Austria. Sardinia, that sent her contingent to the Crimea, has been courted and flattered by Russia, while a Russian grand duke has not set foot in Austrian territory or noticed the Emperor Francis Joseph ever since. Now, England may get as little credit or glory for her Italian indifference. If the tone of the *Times*,

one article of which extols Austria, and another, in the next column, execrates the results of Austrian policy in central and southern Italy, is to pass through Europe as the expression of English sentiment on Italian affairs, we shall soon be treated as we deserve. Foreign states will do without our alliance or advice. We shall be left to ourselves, with none to respect, and many to envy us, in Europe; and when the opportunity comes, Austria will pay off upon us the treatment she has lately received from Russia. Whoever comes off second best in the crash of arms, the tamely neutral will fare even worse than the defeated party. By alternate backing and hedging we make up a book by which we are sure to lose, and cannot by any chance win.

The question, we admit, is complicated. There is France, on one hand, offering armed intervention; there is Austria, sullen and defiant; and there is Sardinia putting herself forward at the head of constitutional Italy. And these three powers represent three distinct principles. France represents to us only conquest and a change of masters; Austria, treaties, and the dull tyranny that already exists; Sardinia, airy aspirations of unity that may never be realized. Between these, then, it is hard to pick out a policy that may suit our interests; and it is because we consult our interests only that statesmen pursue such crooked paths, and clever men write "leaders" on opposite sides of the question from day to day. A little honesty of purpose would wonderfully clear the brain and purge the mental sight. Men in earnest love certain principles, and hate and despise others. The *Univers* loves the dust of St. Peter's toe more than the whole boot of Italy, with its twenty-five million slaves; it is therefore in earnest in upholding the present state of things. Were free and Protestant Englishmen half as earnest in wishing the deliverance of Italy, redress must have come long since. But the thought of French intervention seems quite enough to damp our ardour in the cause of Italian liberty. We wish the Austrians out of Italy, but the French must not expel them. We should wish to see the Pope reduced to be plain Bishop of Rome, but we cannot

endure the idea of a Roman republic, with triumvirs and tribunes. The S. P. Q. R. would seem a school-boy imitation of a by-gone age, and we cannot lend ourselves to any thing so ridiculous. Thus, half through jealousy of the French, and half through suspicion of modern republicanism, we leave Italy to her masters, the Pope and the Emperor, and let the finest opportunity slip by of showing to foreigners that we are not so selfish as they suppose.

Jealousy of France, we say, lies at bottom of our disinclination to stir in this Italian affair. Now we are no apologists for the Emperor. The alliance between England and France has cooled during the last twelve-month, and for three very good reasons on our part. First came the insult of the French colonels a year ago; second, the bullying despatch to Portugal in the matter of the *Charles et Georges* indemnity; and third, the prosecution of Count Montalembert for venturing to make comparisons between France and England on the freedom of the press. The naval parade, moreover, at Cherbourg was not calculated to deepen our neighbourly feeling; so that, on the whole, the alliance was never less cordial between France and England than when, on the 1st of January, the Emperor Napoleon threw down the glove to Austria, as the champion of Italy.

It is not in human nature to swing at once from violent dislikes to likings. The ink was hardly dry with which we abused the Emperor's domestic policy, when we were called to take a new view of his foreign. Is it to be wondered that a good deal of our old soreness entered into our view of the Italian question. We were not Italians to pronounce off hand that we like those who dislike Austria—they might spring into the arms of a French alliance, as men spring overboard out a burning ship. But the present state of Italy was not death to us, and therefore we took a more deliberate view of the question. We analyzed the Emperor's motives, and pronounced them at least suspicious. We felt little confidence in this champion of Italian independence, who had crushed all independence in France, and therefore came to the conclusion that it was not worth running the risk

of ridling Italy of one master only to enslave her to another. The *Times* accordingly gave its correspondents the cue to write up Austria, and to write down France all over Europe. Its own view of the matter was this—that Italy was a lovely woman, married to a brute of a husband, who kicked and cudgelled her most unmercifully, and for which the neighbours were very sorry but could not interfere, as the act against cruelty to animals does not include wives. But if this brute of a husband is attacked by a burglar, and springs his rattle, the whole street may and should turn out to help him—not for love to the man, but to protect property, and for the sake of society. Now neither France or Austria can think our comparisons flattering. The “brute of a husband” is an epithet Austria richly deserves; but in candour to France we must show that she has as yet behaved as a burglar in Austrian Italy.

France, it is said, has less right than any other state in Europe to interfere on the side of Italian unity, for she crushed the Republic and brought back the Pope ten years ago; and is, therefore, responsible for the consequences of her own act. But firstly, the French expedition to Rome was despatched, not by the French Emperor, but by the French Republic; and atrocious as it was that one Republic should worry another to death, it was not the act of the present ruler of France; and secondly, in restoring the Pope the French never could have pledged themselves to maintain him there *comme qui coule*; whether he ruled as the shepherd of his people or a common Austrian hireling, whose own the sheep were not. The protecting power is responsible for the good conduct of the protected. We thought so in Oude, and after repeated warnings deposed the king, who could not and would not reform. So the French have felt and acted in Rome. To suppose that they were to bear all the odium of Papal misgovernment and not remonstrate, is to suppose an amount of subservience which even M. Veuillot could hardly expect. That the French have remonstrated again and again is a matter of fact well known in Europe; but with what result is also

well known.* So far from thanking their protectors, the Pope and Cardinals have only treated them with suspicion and dislike. Reforms were promised, but never made. Thus the fulfilment of the *motu proprio* of 1849 for the election of municipal councils has been demanded by France and deferred by Antonelli. A deliberative voice for a Council of Finance, composed of laymen, and the abolition of exceptional priestly jurisdiction, so far as the laity are concerned, have also been evaded. Antonelli knows how to set off Catholic Austria against liberal France, the Concordat of the one against the Code Napoleon of the other. The policy of these two states is diametrically opposite—while France hands over her clergy to civil tribunals, Austria by her disgraceful Concordat with Rome, hands over the laity to the tender mercies of the canon law. The Concordat and the Code Napoleon cannot exist together; and while the Pope's two supporters take such opposite views of lay and clerical rule, can it be wondered that France at last refuses to keep down the Romans for a Pope who governs only by Austrian influence.

The occupation of Rome was only temporary; but France is right in insisting that if she evacuates Rome, Austria shall evacuate the Legations. "You may do anything," it has been said, "with bayonets but sit on them." On this *cheveaux de frise* Pius IX. has been propped up now for nine years; and not tired of these supporters, he asks Austria to relieve guard, and take up the chair of St. Peter, when the French threaten to ground arms and retire. What interest have we in prolonging the rule of that Papal "ungovernment," as Alfieri called it? We should rather rejoice that the crisis has come at last, and that France, disgusted with acting the Swiss guard of the Papacy, resolves to leave him to his fate, and insist, at the same time, that Austria should do the same. To understand the case of the Pope, let

us put a parallel case in India. We replaced the Vizier of Oude on his throne, and even gave him the title of king, binding him under treaty to govern for the good of his subjects. The king shamefully neglected his promise and played the tyrant, under the protection of the British Resident. Suppose, then, that two years ago Vizier Ali not only indignantly denied our right (which he did) to interfere between him and his subjects, but also appealed to his neighbour in Nepal (which he did not) to support his independence, we should have the exact parallel of the Papal government. It not only denies the right of France to suggest any internal reform, but appeals to Austria to back its right divine to govern wrong. The French, we think, may very fairly retort, as Lord Dalhousie retorted to the king of Oude's disclaimer of our right to interfere, that a one-sided intervention is worse than none at all. Either let the king and his people square the balance of oppression and resistance in the old rude way of Asiatic monarchies, or let the people be protected against the king as well as the king against the people. Let the rule either be Asiatic—tyranny and revolt correcting each other; or European with those constitutional checks by which tyranny is as impossible on one hand as revolt on the other. But, of all governments, the Euro-Asiatic is most intolerable, in which centralization gives all the power without the checks of civilized states—in which the will of the ruler is neither restrained by the wild justice of revenge nor the higher law of public opinion. In "The Private Life of an Eastern King" we have a picture of what Europe would come to if centralization were to prevail over constitutionalism; if intervention on the side of kings against people, not of people against kings, became the public law, as it is the Cabinet rule of Europe, and the principles of the Holy Alliance had been adopted and

* This is admitted in the recent pamphlet, "L'Empereur Napoleon III., et L'Italie," which may be quoted as a French state paper on the Italian question. Speaking of the abuses of Roman misgovernment, it says:—"Ces abus excitent au sein de la population romaine un esprit qui la rendrait facilement injuste et défiante et qui n'est maintenant que par la présence de nos soldats. Nous devenons nous responsables de ce que nous protégeons et notre occupation elle-même en se prolongeant dans de pareilles conditions s'userait et compromettrait le nom et l'influence de la France."

sanctioned by England. When Canning sent a fleet to the Tagus as a counter-demonstration to the Holy Alliance in Spain, England took her right place as the champion of constitutional against absolute governments. France is now in the right in demanding a constitutional government in Rome, and we should do wrong to ourselves and the liberties of Europe, to allow any petty jealousy of French intervention in Italy to drive us to take the opposite side. Alas! that statesmen so seldom act on any higher principle than that most shifting doctrine of the balance of power. Are we always to view European politics through the green spectacles of rivalry to France? If France is in the right, may we not say so? If in the wrong, let us be equally honest.

It is the common device of the partisans of Austria in the English press not to whitewash her, but to blacken France.

"*Le diable n'est pas si noir qu'on le peint*" is a little too much for the constitutional stomach of England; so, putting a bold face on the matter, the pro-Austrian *Times*, with charming frankness, admits that Pope, Kaiser, and Bomba are as bad as can be, but asserts that French intervention would bring tenfold worse woes on Italy; that French professions of liberalism are all hollow; that she only wants to oust Ferdinand for Murat in Naples; to crown the young prince as King of Rome in place of the Pope; and to portion off that troublesome cousin, Napoleon, with a slice of Lombardy. Now, whatever the Emperor's *arrière-pensée* in his late championship of the liberties of Italy, our policy should rather be to close with his proposals at once, and take him at his word. He professes to desire the independence of Italy—deprived of all intervention, French or Austrian—and to give the people those constitutional checks against their rulers which Sardinia alone enjoys. We should rejoice at such unwonted liberalism, and thankfully take it as an instalment of what he means to bestow in France as soon as the times are ripe for it. With his real designs we have nothing to say, and we suspect that secret diplomacy never will fathom them. There is a wisdom in simplicity worth all the craft of all the cabinets in Europe; and if

Lord Malmesbury—guileless and glib man, as the *Times* would call him, in pity—would take the Emperor at his word, and commit England to a French alliance on Italian affairs, it would be a piece of wise simplicity for which the country hereafter will thank him. Let the terms of the alliance be strictly defined, and both sides be solemnly pledged not to acquire territory in Italy at the expense of the other, and great good would result of such an alliance.

The imbroglio of Italian affairs, simplified and cleared of all technicalities, stands as follows:—Absolute Austria gives law to the whole peninsula, Sardinia only excepted. The people of Italy have long declared this an intolerable grievance; all classes are agreed in that, from the peasant, who drives his team of oxen afield, to the prince, who sulks in his palace, and will not sit in a café or theatre with the hated *Tedeschi*—professional men, students, shopkeepers, all classes are unanimous in raising the cry *fuori i barbari*. If the Italians were polled, man by man, Europe would find that, on one subject at least, united Italy was not a dream. The expulsion of Austria is the one rallying cry, from top to toe, of Italy. Constitutional Sardinia is the champion and mouthpiece of this deep-seated desire of all Italians. Mazzini has either abdicated or been deposed in favour of Victor Emmanuel in the leadership of Italy. Italians have learned in ten years to discard the dagger and trust the tribune and press. The last fatal error of Orsini has opened their eyes, and we may leave tyrannicide to cracked-brains like Walter Savage Landor. Italy has done with all such fine nonsense as this—

"When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away."

Absolute Austria and constitutional Sardinia are thus pitted against each other for the primacy of Italy. If the election is to go by a show of hands, then Austria must retire from the contest, for she has not a man in Italy to back her who is not bribed or bought. In this crisis of affairs, Europe is called in to decide whether constitutional or absolute government shall carry the day in Italy; and absolute

France has cast in her lot with constitutional Sardinia, and against absolute Austria. Now, are we to come to this contradiction, that constitutional England is to back up absolute Austria, because absolute France has sided with constitutional Sardinia? Can absurdity higher go than this attraction of opposites? Is the great law of electricity to govern cabinets, as well "that like electricities repel, and unlike attract"—that despotic France is to attract free Sardinia, and, therefore, despotic Austria free England? Are cabinets to play a contre-danse up and down Italy, and liberal England and absolute France to change partners? Let us have done with these caprices of cabinets, and let England only ally herself for constitutional ends. There is a bad school of foreign policy, which the doctrine of the balance of power has brought in among English statesmen. To the balance of power, as understood in the old Greek sense, we have no objection, but, on the contrary, every liking. The enemy of Europe is some one overwhelming power—as France under Louis XIV., or Napoleon, in 1813, or Russia, in 1854—and the other states are bound to ally themselves for self-defence, as the states of Greece were called to ally before they were struck down, one by one, by Philip of Macedon. This theory of the balance of power we understand and recognize. This was the policy of William III., and to this moderate use of the doctrine it would be well if our Foreign-office had faithfully adhered. But out of this balance theory there grew, as a kind of ex-crescence, an opinion that we were bound in some way to interfere between one absolute state and another; that the monarchies of Europe are like the ten toes of prophecy, and that one big toe must not overlap a little toe without another big toe stepping in to regulate the difficulty.

This doctrine of the balance of power grew up side by side with another similar fiction called the balance of trade. Financiers thought that they should square the account between exports and imports, and overlook every merchant's ledger for fear that he was buying without selling, and bringing into the country more goods than he sent out. In the same way, diplomatists thought that if three ab-

solute states were in league against two, we had one-sixth greater interest in backing the two against the three than the three against two. If, for instance, Russia, Prussia, and Austria chose to arm against France and Spain, the balance would be kept even by our taking the part of the two against the three. It was a kind of mental arithmetic like that of Chatterton, who, after balancing the glad and the sorry of the death of some stingy patron, was glad by £3 he was dead. This most mischievous addition to the original doctrine of the balance of power, has often brought us to the brink of war for a contingency that never arose. Thus, fifteen years ago, if diplomacy had its way over common sense, we should have plunged into war with France, because her Citizen-king chose to marry his younger son to the sister of the Queen of Spain. It was a clever, knavish act, no doubt, to marry Montpensier to the blooming and healthy Infanta, and to pass off the Queen of Spain on an incapable idiot: and who could have foreseen that what man proposes God would dispose of in his own way by making Isabella a mother, and leaving the Duchess of Montpensier barren—doubly thus barring the succession of a French prince to the Spanish crown? Thus, for a contingency, which in fact has never occurred, we were on the brink of war. There was a tradition of the balance of power, and diplomatists of pedantic mind could not see that the alliance of the Spanish and French crowns was a real danger to William III., and only an imaginary one in our day—they could copy the policy of one great king at the Foreign-office as the Chinese tailor copied the Paris-cut coat, by putting in the patch on the elbow.

It would be folly, then, to fight Austria's battles in Italy for the sake of the balance of power; and may Carlyle's prediction of a live coal underneath our Foreign-office, as the only cure for its blunders, be applied before we act in this way. It has become a fixed tradition of English diplomacy that Austria must exist as a kind of make-weight in Europe. Our answer is that of Dr. Johnson to the pickpocket, "I see no necessity." The whole doctrine of the balance is founded on a delusion. There are

now five great powers, and the notion is, that between them Europe is propped up like a flag-staff with five dependent ropes. But a century ago there were only four, and Frederick II., Carlyle's hero, magnanimously resolved to rig his little Brandenburg to the great mast of European monarchy. Since then the flag-staff has had five holdfasts instead of four; but does it rock the less? If Spain or Italy were to revive, who could refuse them the right to grapple on as well as others, and if, in hooking her tackling on, Italy fall foul of Austria, and the rigging is tangled between them, are we to come, hatchet in hand, and cut off Sardinia's main ropes because Austria demands it? Prussia, a hundred years ago, ranked exactly where Sardinia ranks now—she fought her battle out with Austria, and won—thanks partly to Pitt and the English alliance. If Lord Derby would be the English Chatham in daring as in debate, he must act as Chatham—throw off all traditions of ancient allies, treaties of Vienna, balance of power, and such plausible excuses for muddling away the reputation of England, and act with a strong determination to support constitutional against absolute rule in Italy.

We want no war of nationalities; we do not want to dismember Austria by a Pan-Slavonic league on one side, or a Phil-Italian on the other. We regret that German newspapers (too often under dictation of the police) take up the quarrel of Austria as their own, as if it were a case for Italy to arm against Germany—the clash of Latin with Teutonic supremacy. But all this is a pretext got up by Austria; and the petty courts of Germany lend themselves to it as a demonstration against popular rights. But Englishmen should not be thus easily deceived. The German people have no more interest in the subjection of Italy by Austria than we have in the property of southern slaveholders. It is not their quarrel; however, it serves Austria's interest to bind the name of Germany to her ambition in Italy.

The question for us is not—is it Peace or War—and if war, shall we back up France or Austria? The way French pamphleteers have misled the public, here and in Paris, on this

point, is singular. But the real question is—shall Austria continue to oppress and misgovern Italy in face of constitutional Sardinia? Of the peace or war eventualities we have nothing to say; but it is our duty to continue to show the same sympathy we showed for Sardinia three years ago, now that things have come to a crisis.

To say, with the *Times*, that we stood by Sardinia as long as she confined herself to internal reform; but that, in putting herself forward as the champion of Italian wrongs, we cannot any longer support her, is to act treacherously to her. We must have known that the example of *one* constitutional state in Italy was contagious to the rest. We should either have discountenanced her liberal policy from the first, or not shrink from the consequences now. To do Austria justice, she showed, from the first, her sense of Sardinia's policy; and for some years she has broken off diplomatic relations with Sardinia, as we have with Naples. We are as strongly pledged to Sardinia as Austria is to Naples. The relation of patron to client is well understood in both cases. There are obligations incurred which bind as strongly as treaties signed and sealed?

Sardinia has acted all along on the understanding that England was with her; and now that her constitutional principles, learned from us, have infected the rest of Italy, are we to stand off, and say that we know nothing of this propagandism, and have no intention of involving ourselves in Sardinia's quarrel with Austria?

It is clear, then, that we *are* compromised in this Italian question, and cannot affect indifference to it. To stand still is even more dangerous than to go forward. If we stand still, then we play the part over again that Austria played in the Crimean war. We desert our natural ally, Sardinia, and do not conciliate Austria. But if we go forward we may either avert war altogether, or bring it to a speedy and honourable conclusion. We are in favour of Lord Palmerston's proposal, of bringing the case of Austrian occupation of Italy before a European congress, sitting either in Paris or London. Austria may then be brought to terms. Perhaps she may be led to see that Lombardy is not worth the cost of keeping it quiet, and may accept an

indemnification on the Danube for what she consents to give up beyond the Alps. The Moldo-Wallachians have given the Congress of Paris a ground of interference, and unless the powers of Europe interfere, Turkey will take the matter into her own hands and compel Moldavia and Wallachia to elect a separate Hospodar, as the terms of the treaty direct. We have thus a conjuncture of things which may not occur again, to settle two difficulties at once, and relieve Lombardy of that military yoke which, perhaps, may suit the Danubian provinces better. The Congress of Paris only half did its work; and what it left undone we must revise and set in order without delay. Lombardy wants a constitution, and the Danubian provinces a military regime like that of Austria, to reduce them to order. Austria, who is out of her place in Italy, would find work to suit her on the Danube; it would only add another province to her large Slavonian possessions, and erect another barrier, the strongest of all, between Russia and Turkey. Russia, perhaps, might be averse to such an arrangement, which would stop the way to Constantinople by a military force as great as her own; but for this very reason Europe should be all the more anxious for it; and if England and France were allied and in earnest in pressing such an exchange, there is little doubt it could be effected. At present Austria trusts to English jealousy of France, and as long as she can divide our interests on Italian questions, she will hold her ground in Lombardy. But one threat from England to blockade Pola and Trieste, and Austria is at our mercy. She could not drag her cannon and supplies over the Stelvio, and would soon make a virtue of necessity, and take the compensation on the Danube offered her. On every account then,

it is our wisdom to go forward. Lord Palmerston's spirited foreign policy may be a sham, or a grand and noble reality. It is only a sham, if having gone so far, we say hold, enough. It is a noble reality, if we call Austria to account in a European congress, and admit that Count Cavour's indictment of Austria, at least deserves a hearing. In medical practice, we now get the start of the disease, by applying a prophylactic—a congress may thus prove a prophylactic to war. It is certainly safer to attend to the symptoms in time and not drift into war as we did with Russia five years ago. Again, then, we repeat what we set out with, that it is only a real statesman who can tell the balancing of the clouds, and look beneath cabinets and protocols to the real symptoms of coming war, "distress of nations with perplexity." He must know very little of Italy who does not know that there is both distress and perplexity—the distress of long endured oppression and the perplexity how to get rid of it. That Europe can be quiet, with Italy unquiet, is out of the question; it is to preserve the peace of Europe that we would put Austria on her trial, and demand these reforms which all Italians agree are indispensable. Poerio, for acting in Naples as Count Cavour acts in Turin, has languished out ten years in a damp dungeon, and is then shipped across the Atlantic as a convicted felon. What security has Italy that constitutionalism may not be trampled out in Turin as in Naples under Austrian influence? Every Italian knows that the crimes of Ferdinand reflect upon Francis Joseph; what the one does the other connives at, and therefore they do not waste indignation on the minions of Austria, they lay the charges direct at her door. All this, Englishmen ought to know better than they do. Mr. Gladstone roused the nation as one man

* "We have been lately reminded," says the writer of the pamphlet on "Napoleon III. et L'Italie," "of the existence of an important document, which accounts for the resistance of the King of Naples to the pressure put upon him lately by England and France. By the 3rd Article of the Convention of April 29, 1815, the two governments of Austria and Naples agreed to draw up a treaty of alliance, with the object of consolidating the state of internal and external tranquillity in Naples and throughout Italy. This treaty, ratified in the July following, stipulated by a secret article, 'that his Majesty, the King of the Two Sicilies, will not admit any changes that do not recommend themselves either to the institutions of monarchy in general, or to the principles pursued by his Imperial Majesty in the internal administration of his Italian provinces.'"

by the tale of Poerio's wrongs. But it would be a lame conclusion to stop in Naples. We must travel to Vienna to lodge our complaint with the proper authorities; and, therefore, we must not shrink from holding Austria responsible for Austrian misgovernment, from Milan to Messina. If the Bourbons have forfeited their right to Naples, so have the House of Hapsburgh to Lombardy. There is only one cure for Italy—a constitutional government of the existing states, under the banner of a federal unity. To this the presence of Austria is a fatal barrier; but that once removed, the rest would quickly follow. We have not to make constitutions for Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, they have been made long ago, sworn to, and perfidiously broken. We have only to call into life what exists on paper. Prussia was not revolutionized the other day, when the Regent returned to the constitution which King Frederick William broke faith with ten years ago. In Tuscany and Naples the sovereign has only to do likewise to become as popular as Victor Emmanuel in Turin, or the Regent in Prussia. A little honesty would save a great deal of bloodshed. We do not ask to revise the map of Italy, or de-

stroy existing boundaries; we would leave the Grand Duke where he is, and so with Modena, and Parma, and Naples. We would not touch the Patrimony of St. Peter; we would only desire to see it secularized, as bishops' lands are in England; and the reforms begun by Pius IX. faithfully and fully carried out. With these concessions or rather conservations of constitutions, long held back by fraud, Italy might be happy under the existing dynasties, as Sardinia under the same House of Savoy, once as illiberal as the rest. Our dream of Italian unity is a very moderate one—it resembles the description Niebuhr gives of early Rome—when each separate hill formed a citadel, fortified for itself, while the whole seven were surrounded with a wall enclosing all, "*Septemque una sibi muros circumdedit arces*;" so Italy might be a federation of states such as the seven existing states—Sardinia, Lombardy, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, with a distinct boundary to each, but a common wall of defence outside and enclosing all. If this is all Italian liberals now ask for, it will be the wisdom of conservative Europe soon to grant it.

THE BURIAL OF THE REV. T. WOLFE,

WHO DIED IN THE DISCHARGE OF HIS PASTORAL DUTIES AT CARRICKFIN, A PENINSULA ON THE COAST OF DOWNAL, AND WAS INTERRED AT MYRAGE, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1856.

Now the storm is hush'd and over, past the fever's cruel pain,
Bear him gently, bear him kindly, O thou wildly rolling main;

From his wild home on the foreland to our sullen northern shore,
On thy heart that beateth ever, bear the heart that beats no more.

There's a wailing on the waters—take him slowly from the boat;
Bear him up the rugged shingle—lift her anchor, let her float.

Harsh her keel grates on the sandbank, with a sound like human pain,
For that burden so beloved she shall never bear again.

Bear him gently, bear him fondly, by the bay-indented shore,
'Neath the purple shadow'd Errigle from far and lone Gweedore.

By the black rock, and the sand reach wash'd brown with churning surf,
To the cross of St. Columba lying dark along the turf.

They are foot-sore, they are weary, they must turn away at last,
The poor hearts that loved him dearly, and whose dream of light is past.

All the high hopes and the cheering that one steadfast human heart,
In the strength of Christ's great mercy can to other men impart—

They are over—for the pastor, for the friend is borne along,
Linger fondly o'er the coffin—sing again his chosen song.

Onward, onward—now they hear a sound as from far cannon borne,
Where the full Atlantic raving rushes madly on the Horn—

And Muckish, like a giant huge, all the dim horizon guards,
Where the risen sun looks golden on the winter woods of Arda.

Now pause again, ye bearers, lay him down for a little while,
Ye must tarry, the mourner's coming, in the low church's aisle ;

Where the four bare walls look out on the hill and the distant tide—
Too late for the dying words, let him stand at the coffin's side.

Let him cling to the soulless clay till down by the cross they part,
Triumphing hope on his lip, the arrow of grief in his heart.

Ah, many a time in the glorious land of the cedar and the palm,
He shall draw out that golden arrow and find it tipp'd with balm—

Bringing to him who labours abroad in the heat of the sun,
Gleams of the home where he resteth whose work was so early done.

In the south where suns are brighter, and the breeze more softly blows,
And calm lakes like silver dew-drops in the bosom of a rose,

Lie hid in purple mountains where a grand dark shadow rests,
In the hush of utter loneliness for ever on their breasts.

There were three who went together when the blessed Christmas broke,
Brought red berries from the holly, and green ivy from the oak—

That the types of life immortal for the feast of life might wave,
Now the three are keeping Christmas Eve beside an open grave.

They keep their trysts—but two of them with their hearts by sorrow riven,
And those words that sink in anguish, though they come to lift to Heaven.

Hear the tender voice that trembles as the "Dust to dust" is said,
See the tears that with the earth fall on the beautiful young head.

And one ; ah, never, the warm bright sun that gilds us as we bend—
Not the hot tears of his brother, not the sweet voice of his friend,

Shall kindle that heart, or link again that delicate chain of life,
That strain'd against the fever's grasp and was shiver'd in the strife.

But whether he striketh now his harp with the high Seraphim,
Who sang in the fields at midnight lone, the first great Christmas hymn ;

Or whether beneath that awful shrine where weary saints find rest,
He meets the souls who dropp'd before him asleep on Jesus' breast.

He is safe, he is bless'd, where sorrow and sin can vex no more,
Where the works of the saints do follow them through the pearly door.

And if in their holy communion our tears his spirit move,
'Tis but with a wondering pity born of sublimer love.

Now leave him, for the westering sun sinks into his crimson bed,
And the breeze he cannot feel comes cold above his coffin'd head.

Leave him lying where he would be in the shadow of the cross,
Hoarsely sighs the wind of even, and we see the breakers toss.

And the dark rocks about Torragh, look like battlements of gold,
O, the glory of those amber clouds o'er waves of sapphire roll'd !

And O, that we were safe at last, in the golden city's street,
With the jasper walls above us, and the crystal at our feet !

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for the birth-place of Homer, who was the father of Greek poetry. So of Chaucer, who was the parent⁴ of our English song, it may be said that he had seven chief biographers, and nearly thrice that number of admiring commentators.

Foremost in the Scriptorium Roll is John Layland, or Leland, the first and last of England's "Royal Antiquaries," Chaplain to Henry VIII., about the year of grace 1540: the author of "Scriptores Britannici:" a master of the tongues, in which he was an accurate heptaglottist; in travel, a marvel of untiring inquisitiveness, so that in his wandering he took "notice of Roman, Saxon, and Danish buildings, and all tumuli, coins, crypts, urns, weapons, tombs, and inscriptions; and travelling everywhere, there was scarcely either cape or bay, haven, creek, pier, river, or confluence of stream, any breaches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, moors, heaths, forests, chaces, woods, cities, boroughs, castles, manors, monasteries, and colleges, which he had not seen, and therefrom noted a whole world of things memorable." This ubiquitous antiquarian composed our poet's life in eulogistic Latin; and shortly after him, in the reign of Elizabeth, another biographer is seen—the quaint and accurate Thomas Specht—the friend and correspondent of Francis Beaumont gentleman and dramatist, whose admiration of the poet was not less than his own: while next in chronological order is Thomas Fuller—divine and royalist—in wit, a meteor; in memory, a miracle: he demised under the reign of the Second Charles, when the king had had his own again; and his "Worthies of England" in which Chaucer is briefly noticed, was published in 1662. Then appears "John Urry, Armiger," the enthusiastic lover and eulogist of our bard: he died 1714, and his edition of Chaucer's works, was published by "Bernard Lintot, in 1721—between

the Temple Gates." To him succeeds Thomas Tyrwhitt, F.R.S., a gentlemanlike and learned dryasdust. He is followed by Sir Harris Nicholas, knight; and the copious Godwin closes the roll in his quartette of four volumes, octavo. Doctor Johnson has no life of Chaucer, as he has none of Shakspeare, or of Spenser. At times he celebrates the owls, and passes by the eagles. There is a very full and agreeable little book published by Whittaker and Co., London, in 1841, entitled "Chaucer Modernized." It is a highly Philo-Chaucerian and chivalric small volume, and sets out like Don Quixote, or Sir Launcelot Greaves, bent on righting wrongs on behalf of its poet against every translator who had ventured to meddle with the ark of the antique text, or the sacredness of the Saxon; and thus he casts out of the saddle Messrs. Ogle, Lipscombe, and Boyce, all three modernizers, and runs a tilt against Henry Brooke, who in 1750 rendered into English "Constantia, or the Man of Law's Tale;" and is only half pleased with Lord Thurlow, who revised and published "The Knight's Tale;" also "the Flower and Leaf," which is the most beautiful and pure of all Chaucer's works. No doubt Thurlow had great facility in reading these poems, from his being so conversant with black-letter phraseology, in his search among ancient legal authorities.

William Wordsworth also comes in but for cold approval from this jealous little volume, as regards his versions of "The Prioress' Tale," &c., &c.; but it is extremely civil to Mr. Cowden Clarke, whose modernization, in 1835, it loves the best. The life of Chaucer in this volume is excellently furnished; but to any person who reads in order to obtain information, the detail of one biographer is that of all. There is small variety, some conjecture, and much obscurity. Each adds little to each; and the most remote is the best, because it furnishes sub-

⁴ Camden calls Chaucer "our English Homer," and the same name is given him by Roger Ascham, and Sir Richard Baker, the Chronicler.

stance as well as authenticity for the rest. The very isolation of Chaucer—his figure standing so far back on the canvas of history—a lonely statue at the end of a deep vista, naturally produces a little mistiness around his person, his life, and his belongings: though his works, which are his *alter ego*—his mental identity—come out as clear, and as strongly defined in their peculiar characteristics, as the sharp outlines of some blue mountain against a red or bright sky. Far back along the track of 400 busy years: beyond the present era of poetic suggestiveness, and misty subjectiveness: beyond the gold-gleaming cloud-texture where Tennyson, Keates, and Shelley warble, like nightingales singing through the dark;—beyond the epigrammatic and brilliant fancifulness of Moore; the passionate egotism of Byron; the classical finish of Thomas Campbell; the romantic objectiveness of Walter Scott; the harmonious exactitude of Pope, frozen and faultless; the oak-ribbed numbers of Dryden, nervous and robust; the colossal conceptions of Milton, glittering in their lustre and coldness like the aiguilles of an Alp; far, too, beyond the bodyings forth of the Shakspeare mind—wondrous, boundless, and transcending all; beyond the pipings of Spenser's sweet and modest flute; more distant still, and beyond that long and lamentable time when "York and Lancaster drew forth their battles;" far up into the heart of history, beyond these smoking fields of civil war, there is a peaceful background, canopied by a blue sky, where in the very bosom and depth of tranquil English life, amidst grange, and homestead, and thorpe, and hamlet, and trim paddock, and green park, and hedgerow, and lawn, and red lane, and white-blossoming orchard, and garden, and living real groups around him—the kingly Edward and his stately son "the Sable Warriour," and the princely Gaunt, and the holy Wickliffe, and the "moral Gower," and the artistic Occleve, and "the philosophic Storde," and the monastic Lydgate—all blending with the ideal—the knight, and gentle squire, and mincing prioress, and meek nun, and franklyn, and "gap-toothed wife of Bath," and burley host, and sturdy swearing miller, and cozening somphnour, and lawyer, and good pious

person—sits Chaucer on a gentle eminence, and blows from the oaten stops of his pure Saxon reed strains soft yet strong, and full of native life and fire, creative, like Amphion's harp, and enduring as the tongue they formed and the language they perpetuated. His was, indeed, the "well of English undefiled." The people's language first gushed from the pen of our poet—the language in which Spenser afterwards warbled sweetly, like a forest thrush; the vernacular in which Shakspeare clothed the magnificence and all pervasiveness of his great mind; the tongue which our early dramatists—Jonson, and Fletcher, and Beaumont, and Ford, and Shirley, and Marlow, and Massinger employed to melt, and terrify, and startle, and amuse their readers—if not created, was renewed and regulated by Chaucer's mind, and made attractive by his genius. What Boccaccio did for the Italian, Chaucer effected for the English. He attacked the French tongue, then the fashionable dialect, by good-humoured satire, and gentle ridicule; and we can see how well he was supported in this matter by the great and wise monarch with whose court he was so long associated, from the fact that Edward the III. enacted, during his reign, that all legal pleas should be heard in the English language, and not in the French.

As a poet, Chaucer stood almost alone in his country and era, with the exception of two distinguished men, both of whom were admirers and survivors. One was John Lydgate, "the Monk of Bury," who, according to Pilseus, was poet, rhetorician, philosopher, &c., &c. In his own day he was renowned for the smoothness of his rhymes, though to us they are harsh and barbarous, with some exceptions of which his well known eulogy commencing—

"My master Chaucer, chiefe poete of Bretagne,"

is one.

Chaucer's other contemporary was John Gower, whom Shakspeare oft exhumes and uses as a chorus to speak his prologues—his soubriquet was "the moral Gower:" he was an eminent lawyer, and sat as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He had for his patron, Thomas of Woodstock,

afterwards Duke of Gloucester, who, of all Edward III.'s sons, was the most violent, the most avaricious, and the most literary. He is reckoned among royal authors from his book "On the Laws of Battle." Gower deeply deplored his murder by his nephew, Richard II., and when that weak monarch was deposed, he added several historical parts to his "Vox Clamantis," in which with one hand he blackened the fame of what Davie Deans would call "the late man," and with the other he blanched the reputation of his royal successor and cousin, "Harry Hereford"—thus adoring, like a wise man of the west, the rising sun.

With the exception of these two minor luminaries Chaucer shone alone—a bright and solitary pole-star in the English firmament of poetry. There was none before him, if we except such obscure hardlings as Grosteste, De Barra, and Longland—men who wrote chiefly against the corrupt practices of the monks; and none came after him, "*nil talis oriturus*," for more than a hundred years, which gives rise to a pretty thought on the part of Thomas Warton, that Chaucer resembled a premature day in spring—succeeded by chilly and repelling weather. Yet literature was not altogether undervalued at this period. The Black Prince, and his brother, John of Gaunt, were erudite men for the times, and loved the book almost as well as the battle-field—they were intellectual princes. Thomas, their brother, though fierce and rapacious, was a very accomplished man,* and their sister, Lady Margaret, who married Lord Pembroke, had all the reading of the age, and was pure-minded and refined. She was Chaucer's lady patron, as John of Gaunt was his lordly friend at Edward's court; and Chaucer impersonates and compliments her as "The Daisy," in his exquisite poem of "The Flower and the Leaf."

Most of his biographers assert that Chaucer was born in London, in the year of grace 1328, which

was the second year of Edward III.'s reign. The authority for the designation of his birth-place is a passage in his "Testament of Love," in which he eulogizes London as a city where he was "forth growna." This is scarcely decisive enough against the declaration of Leland, who says he was born in Oxfordshire or Berks, or of old Camden, who avers that he first saw the light at Woodstock—certainly this latter was a more becoming natal place for one who loved the forest, and sketched the wild wood, with its song of birds, so well, than the roar and the smoke of London. If such were the case, the Black Prince was born at the same place, two years after the birth of our Geoffrey. Camden adds eulogy to his information. "This Chaucer," he says, "is one to whom I may apply what the learned Italian says of Homer"—

"Hic ille est, cujus de gurgite sacro
Combibit arcanos vastum omnis turba furores;"

which "being done into English by Master Kennet, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford," runs thus—

"This he to whose immortal spring of Wit
Each Water Poet owes his Rivulet."

Chaucer was born seven years after Dante's death, who died in 1321. He was a contemporary of Petrarch and of Boccaccio. We have no record as to his father, much less his grandfather, and this seems to establish the fact that he was not of gentle blood. Richard Chaucer, a vintner by trade, living at Kirton's-court, London, dies in 1348; but this person could not have been our poet's father, inasmuch as he left all his property, houses, &c., to the church of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury. Now in this year Chaucer was at college, a youth of twenty, rising fast to fame; and had this devout vintner been his father, he would naturally not have disinherited the Cantabrigian to endow the church. It is much more probable that this Richard was progenitor to "one Elizabeth Chaucer, a nun of St. Helens." Others speculate on the word "Chaucier," which being the old French for shoemaker, they assert that some of

* In the death-bed scene of "Old John of Gaunt," in the play of Richard II., Shakespeare makes his brother, Edmund Langley, Duke of York, speak like a man of education and much discrimination. The stately young prince of the days of Cressy and Poitiers was then "Good old York."

our poet's ancestors drove an awl, under the patronage of St. Crispin ! But this is as absurd a conclusion as to say that our English Lord Colchester must needs be a Romish ecclesiastic, because his name is Abbot, or that the Earl of Shaftesbury manufactures casks, because he is a Cooper ! Specht, who is laborious and loving, takes pains to prove Chaucer well-born : he mentions two "Chauceirs," whose names are in the Tower Records of the reigns of John and Henry III. He also states that "The Roll of Battle Abbey" records the Chaucer family as having come to England with William the Norman, but he does not give the links. In Chaucer's published auto-genealogy he appears without a father ! which Melchisedechian omission is as suspicious as it is extraordinary. He displays in this pedigree a coat of arms, created with a horse's head ; his blazoning, however, is much condemned by judges of heraldry, as poor and defective. Had Chaucer lived in these accommodating days our heralds could have managed better for him, and no inquisitorial aristocrats, like Thomas of Woodstock, or John of Gaunt, "whose pride of birth surpassed all men," would have questioned his claim, or criticised his scutcheon. In this genealogy, it is remarkable, that while Chaucer and his sons, Thomas and Lewis, alone appear, he has the whole pedigree of his wife's sister, Catherine Swinford, Duchess of Lancaster, on full record, with all her royal and noble appendages, as if to make up for his own deficiency of good connexion. Chaucer writing in the English tongue, which was the language of the commons and not of the court, is, perhaps, the best argument of his having sprung from the people. With the Saxon, evidently, had been his young associations, and the stern and simple vernacular of his country, with which he had been familiar from his childhood, he selected, in a wise and manly spirit, to be the vehicle and exposition of his manhood's feelings and thoughts. But it is little matter to inquire whence Chaucer sprang, from peasant or Plantagenet, knight or churl, for, indepen-

dent of all ancestry, he was a genuine gentleman, one of nature's undoubted aristocrats—a chevalier from the cradle, with a mind endowed by nature with brilliant and far-searching genius, and afterwards exercised and strengthened by study, and enriched with learning.

Listen to old Leland's account of him, at his exit from Oxford, where he completed the studies which he had commenced at Cambridge. "Hinc evasit, acutus Dialecticus, dulcis Rhetor, lepidus Poeta, gravis Philosophus, sanctus Theologus, mathematicus ingeniosus." In his "Courte of Love," composed when a youth, Chaucer speaks of himself as "Philogenet of Cambridge, Clerk." He had been nourished in the lap and from the breasts of both the academical sisters, and had bathed his mind, as well in the philosophic streams of Cam, as in the classic waters of Isis. There is much controversy about his belongings when at the university. Specht affirms he was at Clare Hall, when at Cambridge, and afterwards at Canterbury Hall,* Oxford. "Here," says Wood in his *Annals*, "Chaucer met, and was pupil to Wickliffe the Reformer." Others, among whom is Mr. Urry, his biographer, affirm that his college was Merton ; and Rapin makes Wickliffe to be an alumnus of Merton also, and that here Chaucer was with Strode and Occleve. The latter of these was subsequently his disciple, his eulogist, and he to whom we are indebted for the preservation of the poet's form and features. Thus, as much of uncertainty surrounds the spot of his academical labours, as his descent and birth-place. If he were a friend and companion of Wickliffe at Oxford, he probably imbibed some of that great reformer's anti-monastic propensities, which he displays so constantly and so strongly in his after works, and especially in the *Canterbury Tales*, where the monk lashes the sompnhour (or apparitor), and in caustic recrimination the sompnhour is severe on the frere, and the pardonere. At all events, there can be no doubt who was the original of Chaucer's "Poure Parson," "rich of holy thought and work, and who Christ's Gospel

* This college was afterwards suppressed by Henry VIII., and joined to Christ Church.

trewly did preche." It was a faithful likeness of Dr. John Wickliffe, who was the parson of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he lived and died, safe from his enemies, under the protecting shield of John of Gaunt, and his mother, the good Queen Philippa, the Lords Percy and Clifford, and other powerful friends.

From Oxford Chaucer appears to have passed to the Continent, and travelled much through France, Holland, and other countries. We can imagine how keenly he observed the men, the manners, and the customs of the people, and the places he moved among—what matter he hived up in his mind to be put forth in the power and sweetness of his future poetry—what pictures were traced on the tablets of his memory—what a fund of practical knowledge, and what a measure of *savoir faire* to fit him for court and author life, he must have amassed in his youthful peregrinations; and so it was that on his return, having entered himself at the Inner Temple, he shortly afterwards became a courtier, and appeared in the character of the King's page.

His friends aver that he owed this appointment to his many distinguished qualities of body and mind, to his great modesty, and his great merit—his person we should say was attractive and beautiful. Oceleve's picture, revised and retouched by George Vertue, "a faithful engraver," represents his face of an exceeding sweetness, good, mild, and thoughtful; the hair lank and ill-cut on the front; the forehead broad, smooth, and well filled out; the eyes very far apart, and full of loving gentleness and humour; his nose straight and massive towards the nostril; his whiskers small and thin; the mouth a little sensual but compressed, sensible, and resolved; he has a bonnet or cowl on his head; his beard is bifurcated and bushy; and a pen in its sheath hangs from the button of his vest. In the old picture he has a string of beads in his hand, and underneath is written

"Thos. Oceleve, Contemporaneous and Discipulus ejusdem Chaucer: ad. viv.: delineavit."

To which the copy is subscribed

"Geo. VERRUX, Sculptor, 1717."

An old author tells us that—

"His face was fleshy; his features regular; his complexion fair and pale; his yellow hair short and thin; his beard forked and wheaten in colour; his eyes downcast; his dress dark; his stockings red; his boots pointed."

Here is another portrait drawn in "A Vision" by Mr. Green, M.A. for Cambridge, and rhymed unto all time and posterities.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

"His stature was not very tall,
Lean he was, his legs were small,
Hosed he was with stock of red,
A buttoned bonnet on his head,
Under which did hang, I ween,
Silver hairs both bright and sheen;
His beard was white and trimmed around,
His face both sweet and merry found.
A sleeveless jacket large and wide,
With many foldes and skirtes beside,
Of water chamlet did he wear;
A whittle by his belt he bare.
His shoes were curved broad before,
An inkhorn by his side he wore;
And in his hand he bore a book—
Thus did the auncient poet look."

Chaucer was evidently an old man when this painting poetaster took his photograph. Chaucer makes little of his own person: he calls himself a "puppet" and "elvish." Perhaps he measured himself by the royal giantism of the court. Edward III. was a splendid and heroic-looking monarch—an Agamemnon among men—long haired, long bearded, eminently tall and powerful, and a true Plantagenet in thews and sinews, and all his sons resembled him in height, frame, and personal beauty. Of the king an historian writes, "Edward was six feet in stature, exactly shaped and strongly made; his face and nose somewhat long and high, but comely exceedingly; his eyes sparkling like fire; his look manly; and his air and movement most majestic."

We can well imagine all this after viewing the stately marble figure recumbent on his tomb at Westminster, where is his two-handed sword of great length and weight—an Excalibur—which few could draw, and fewer wield as mortals now are!* The Black Prince had the size and nobleness of his race—there is great melancholy in his sweet face—the Queen had nursed him at her own bosom, and the mother was so innocently fair,

* Edward's sword is seven feet long, and weighs eighteen pounds.

"the roseate blooming Flemish girl," and the child so large and lovely, and graceful, that the painters of the day transferred them to their canvas as the Madonna and Bambino. Of the other sons, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was fair, and featured like the Flemings—a Titan in size. An old chronicle says he was "by the shoulders above all men in the kingdome," in the battle a lion, "in the hall maide like for gentleness." He had not the intellect of his brothers Edward, John, and Thomas, but was thoroughly good-natured, as was his brother, Edmund Langley, who also was of the race of the giants, and extremely handsome. John of Gaunt resembled the king most in the dignity of his presence,* and his piercing bright eyes: his fine grave countenance combined intelligence, majesty, and sweetness. Thomas of Woodstock, Edward's fifth son, had most talent and least temper of them all—he, too, was a stately branch of the kingly tree, but he was violent, excitable, and cruel. Among such sons of Anak, our poet, in personal appearance, must have figured as a minnow amidst the Tritons, or a wren in a nest of golden eagles; and this "downe looking Chaucer," "who looked hollow" with his quiet and subdued manner, to whom the rude and outspoken host is made to say—

"What man art thou,
That look'st as if thou hadst found a hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare"—

must have felt, in his self-consciousness and true modesty, as an humble shrub, encircled by these royal English oaks of the forest. Yet quiet and noiseless as his engraved picture, and the records of his manner and bearing would seem to make him, he is said to have undergone a fine during his sojourn at the Temple for beating a Franciscan friar in a tumult which took place in Fleet-street; thus practically ignoring the influence of his own education in the laws of his country, by incurring a penalty for breaking them.

Previously to Chaucer becoming a courtier, he had appeared in the world as an author. His "Courte of Love" was composed before he was twenty, and written at Cambridge. It is a very elaborate production, containing near-

ly 1,500 lines, some of which are spider-spun out into long threads of minute dullness and tiresome detail—for Chaucer at first wrote too much to write well—and his poems, like some of Edmund Burke's orations, were occasionally over long to be enjoyable. This poem is the work of a very young man, and the passion here designated as love scarce deserves the nobility of the name: it is little better than appetite, mixed up in a somewhat revolting way with the semblance of religion; a blending of earth and sky; the grossness of the flesh with the etherealness of things spiritual: and this is too often a blot on Chaucer's writings. In this poem he is severe on the abuses of the Church of Rome, and freely satirizes her nuns and friars, black, white, and grey. Perhaps the pungency of his strictures might have produced the rencontre with the Franciscan; if it were so, Chaucer is unduly pugnacious against the order, for, not content with punishing them in his pages mentally, he must belabour them individually in the street.

When this poem was composed in homely Saxon, there were 6,000 fellow students with Chaucer at Cambridge, many of them members of the aristocracy, speaking only the French, and scorning the rude aboriginal dialect. For our poet, then a mere strippling, to initiate a new field of literature in so unpopular a tongue, evinced a daring originality and a determined independence, the result of the out-breaking of a powerful mind, conscious of its own stores and strength, and perhaps illumined with a prescience of the future. We may imagine so bright an intellect piercing into the days to come, and beholding, as in a vision, how green and vigorous, and leaf-bearing, this grand old English oak was yet to be, which his hand now planted in the soil of his country's mind, and that the sapling would yet become the monarch of the woods, where sweet birds and bards would sing in time to come, and beneath whose broad shadow the national intellect would yet learn to ripen and to repose.

Thus Chaucer, at eighteen, wrote English which Gower only learned to compose at sixty years of age, and

* Chaucer terms him, "one of the best therto of brede and length."

then even on a kind of compulsion, giving way to the tide of favour and of fashion, which the younger poet's hand had first wakened up and set a flowing.

"The Courte of Love" was written in the year 1346; the great Plague was in 1349. In this tremendous visitation 100,000 Londoners perished: the sickness went by the name of "the Black Death." The princess Joanna, Edward's second daughter, died at Bayonne of the pestilence. She had gone to that city to meet the Infant of Castile, afterwards King Pedro the Cruel, to whom she was affianced in wedlock. God of his great mercy took this fair and gentle princess from so black a misery as being wife to the most merciless and falsest man in Europe. This plague furnished a plot to Boccacio for his "Decameron," a work which, however renowned for its lingual excellencies and its vivid invention, is infamous for its morals, and conveys a dark picture of the low and sensual condition of the higher class of Florentine society at the very time when this terrible death-warning was raging in their beautiful city.

Chaucer does not appear at this time, we know not where he was: nor does he ever allude in his works to the institution of the Order of the Garter, which took place in the same year, 1349.

In 1350, Chaucer wrote his "Troilus and Cresseide," and dedicated it to Gower and Strode, both men of Oxford, where he was then a student; it is undeniably a great poem; exhibiting a wondrous cleaving to nature, and an intense reality, the plot unwinding link by link—at times tedious, but always truthful. The character of Cresseide* is much more interesting than that of the "proterva puella" which Shakespeare paints her; and Troilus is a true and tender knight, the mirror of valour and gentleness, and one of that school of pure chivalry which Cervantes' pleasant madman raves about, and Froissart depicts. This poem forms the great basis of Chaucer's fame: its popularity was strong and steady; and Sir Philip

Sydney, two hundred years afterwards, in his "Defense of Poesie," selects it as the grand memorial of its author's genius, in which he "undoubtedly did excellently well."

Till Chaucer produced his "Canterbury Tales," at the close of his life, no poem of his ever equalled this in interest and power. It was his young mind's offspring in the first dawning of his fame, as the "Tales" appeared when his day was about to set.

Beyond all doubt his works are not known in proportion to their great merit. The early English must be learned before they can be enjoyed; this, Mr. Godwin asserts, any one with a tolerable memory could achieve by a three weeks' study. It was a great triumph of the genius of Burns and Scott that their poetry and prose had such an overcoming charm with the English public that the difficulty of understanding the national patois was absorbed in the pleasure produced by the perusal; but the Scotch is still spoken by millions, and interpreters are more ready than rare; whereas the tongue of Chaucer has passed away, except from the pages of works as old as his own. Yet to his intense admirers the difficulties of his language are regarded as producing a kind of esoteric sacredness which involves the text with a mystery akin to the Books of the Sibyl or the Apocryphism of the Llama of Thibet. His unintelligible obsolescence, to minds so framed, resembles the high flavour of an antique Stilton or the taste of an æruginous coin; and one connoisseur has gone so far as to say "he would wish to keep Chaucer for himself and a few friends;" like Lady Margaret Bellenden's "auld Burgundy"—the Burgundy of the —39—which her Tory butler would by no means "suffer to gang down a whig thrapple," nor any gentlemen till he was "sensible of their principles."

Yet, perhaps, though little known by the reading masses, no poet has been more admired or commented on by the discerning few. In his own day, Gower, Lydgate, and Occleve celebrate him in their rhyme; in Henry the Eighth's time, Gowain

* Mr. Urry, in his Introduction to Henryson's Epilogue to the Troilus, calls this young lady a very hard name, which, perhaps, her subsequent conduct justified him in conferring.

Douglas, the Bishop "who *could* pen a line," has a stanza on Chaucer as eulogistic as it is old-fashioned; and Dunbar, who wrote before Douglas, sang his praise in rough Caledonian measures; Edmund Spenser* warmly commemorated him; Roger Ascham affirms that "Chaucer's sayings have as much authority as those of Sophocles or Euripides in Greek; Shakespeare based his play of *"Troilus and Cressida"* on his great poem, and imitates him in his sonnets, and in *"Romeo and Juliet."* Milton's noble lines in the *"Penseroso,"* like the ring of a golden bell, show his estimate of Chaucer and his unfinished poem. Dryden and Pope translate him; the former eulogizes him in his prose, the latter, unintentionally, libels him by the coarseness of his *"Imitations."* Aken-side and Denham versify about him. While in these our times Ellis, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, and Campbell, and "poor" (great) John Keats, &c., &c., all worship his distant star, and acknowledge his excellence.

His poetry has one great defect, which is its occasional pruriency and even profligacy, and the unnatural and unspiritual blending of things carnal and heavenly. Chaucer painted this way, but he *felt* not so. His mind was gentle, and refined, and exquisitely sensitive to what was lovely and noble—witness his *"Flower and Leaf."* Chaucer's blots of licentious language were the sin of the age more than of the man. His recitals are at times coarse and abhorrent, but they display the manners and habits of the times: they are—

"Nature painted too severely true."

They are revolting, but they are real;

like the warts on the face of Oliver Cromwell, or like the black patch on the neck of my lord in Hogarth's original picture of *"Marriage a la mode,"* now in the Hall of Marlborough House.

In the evening of his life, Chaucer bitterly bewailed the popularity of some of his poems, which are "sounen unto sin;" and altogether his having written so loosely, and "prays Christ to forgive him for guilt incurred thereby;" and on his death-bed, he repeatedly cried out, "woe is me, that I cannot recall or annul these things, but, alas, they are continued from man to man, and I cannot do as I desire."

In 1358, Chaucer became a pensioned officer in the Court of Edward III., who styled him, "*dilectus noster Valettus,*" and afterwards promoted him to be his shield-bearer, with a salary out of the Royal Treasury. A Court, we have already said that the Duke, John of Gaunt, was Chaucer's friend and patron; he was twelve years younger than our poet. When only Earl of Richmond he had married Blanche Plantagenet, second daughter of the Duke of Lancaster of the blood Royal, who on the death of her sister, the Duchess of Zealand, inherited all her father's estates; on which occasion, also, Gaunt assumed the title of Duke of Lancaster, being now, in right of this new honour, entitled to bear the great sword called Curtana, before the king on his coronation day. John was a very noble prince and accomplished knight, but he was unpopular with the people from his pride and the occasional *fierté* of his manner. He and his duchess, too, favoured the new opinions, as they were called, and were

* In Spenser's attempt to conclude the *"Squire's Tale,"* which is left unfinished, and which Milton refers to in his *"Penseroso,"* he addresses Chaucer as the "renowned poet"—

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled
On fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fyled.

"Then pardon, Oh, most sacred, happy spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steal from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive,
And being dead, in vain yet many strive;
Nor dare I like, save through infusion sweet
Of thine own spirit, which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feet
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete."

Faery Queen.—Book iv., canto 11.

warm allies of Wickliffe and of his cause. The Roman Catholic historians strive to make it appear that John of Gaunt, aspiring to that crown which afterwards graced his son's brows, attached himself to the Lollards from motives of policy, hoping that through the influence of a party so likely to succeed, he might have much help in a day of need. But this argument is dissolved by its own weakness. A numerous body of Oxford scholars had declared for the Reformation of the Church; with these the mind of Chaucer much concurred, and his admiration of the Lutterworth parson drew the cords of sympathy and friendship more tightly still between the poet and his princely patron.

We have a scene revealed to us, on the tablets of history, which graphically displays the Duke's decision for Wickliffe as well as the haughtiness and violence of his disposition. The scene is in St. Paul's; the Bishop of London, who was William Courtenay—Gaunt's own cousin—and Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, are acting for the Pope, Gregory XI., and have summoned Wickliffe to answer for his opinions. He attends accompanied by Lord Percy, who is the Earl Marshal of England, and John of Gaunt, who comfort him by the way, and assure him "he had nothing to fear," and that he might "make his defence with courage against the bishops, who were but *mere ignorants* in respect of him." This was probably the truth—nay, the circle of their ignorance might be extended further without any outrage on probability. The Doctor enters the nave of the church, accompanied by the two proud nobles; the bishops are there in lawn, rochet, and mitre to receive him; they are on their thrones; the Doctor meekly stands before them, a lamb to be shorn. Lord Percy bids the Doctor sit down; no doubt he needed rest; but this harmless courtesy angers the Bishop: and the following conversation takes place:—

"*Bishop of London.*—Lord Percy, if I could have guessed that you would have played the master here I would have prevented your coming.

"*The Duke of Lancaster.*—Yes, he shall play the master here for all you.

"*The Lord Percy.*—Wickliffe, sit down; you have need of a seat, for you have many things to say.

"*Bishop.*—It is unreasonable that a clergyman cited before his Ordinary should sit down during his answer. He shall stand.

"*Duke of Lancaster.*—My Lord Percy is in the right; and for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will take care to humble your pride, and not only your's, but that of all the prelates in England. Thou dependest upon the credit of thy relations, but far from being able to help thee, they shall have enough to do to support themselves.

"*Bishop.*—I place no confidence either in my relations or in any man else, but in God alone, who will give me the boldness to speak the truth.

"*The Duke, speaking softly to the Lord Percy.*—Rather than take this at the Bishop's hands, I'll drag him by the hair of the head out of the church."

Rapin, in whose English history we find the above scene, endeavours to soften down the unwarrantable heat of spirit exhibited by the Duke by the fact, that they who chronicled the event, being friends to the Church, omitted much of the provocative language used by the bishops; at all events the sparks kindled during this fierce discussion produced such a flame among the London rabble that Gaunt's palace in the Savoy was sacked and plundered, and he himself hardly escaped personal violence.

His Duchess Blanche, to whom he was greatly attached, died in 1369: on her death Chaucer wrote his *Epicedium*, called the "Book of the Duchess," as he had ten years before composed his "*Dreame*," on her happy and auspicious marriage. John of Gaunt's grief for his wife was extreme for a season, but, like the shepherd in the pastoral—

"Ambition he saw would soon cure him of love;"

for in the year 1371, and during the Spanish campaign, he was accepted by Constance, eldest daughter of Don Pedro, and on his marriage became, in her right, King of Castile and Leon. With this lady he lived for twenty-three years, we should say not happily—the usual lot of such *unions de convenance*—and, at her death, in 1394, the Duke married Catherine Swinford, by whom he had previously three children,—Cardinal Beaufort, Thomas, Earl of Exeter, and the Duke of Somerset.

This lady was sister to Chaucer's

wife, Philippa—they were both daughters and co-heiresses of Paganus or Payne Pycard de Rouet, a Hainaulter, and King-of-Arms for Guienne. Philippa Pycard was maid-of-honour to her namesake, the Queen of Edward III., and was “so liked and loved” of Gaunt and his Duchess that they made up a match in their favourite Chaucer’s favour, and after a protracted courtship—an useful probation for the volatile spirit of which poets are made—he married her in the year 1370, when he had attained the sober maturity of forty-two years of age, and shortly after the death of his noble and kind patroness, the Duchess of Lancaster. Of her personal appearance, Chaucer speaks in his “*Dreame*,” describing her—

———“ With such a body and a face
Of so great beauty, with such features
More than in any other creatures.”

She lived long and was much attached to him, and the soft quiet domestic love, which Chaucer could paint so well, appears to have been illustrated beneath the happy shadow of his own roof-tree. Philippa bore him two sons—Thomas, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lewis, to whom the poet dedicated the “*Conclusions of his Astrolabe*.” Chaucer’s wife accompanied him into the Netherlands, during his exile, in the year 1385, at which time he was about fifty-eight years of age.

During the life-time of the fair Duchess of John of Gaunt, Wickliffe was in the highest possible favour with them both. Born in the lowest walks of life, he had risen by the elasticity and vigour of splendid abilities. Original, subtle, and of great intellectual ambition, he surpassed all his competitors, and in the depths of scholastic reasoning was *facile princeps*, and without a peer; to all this he added the weight of a most unblemished character. When thirty-seven years of age he was elected Master of Balliol College. He had written boldly against the Pharisaical pretensions of the mendicant friars, following in the footsteps of Richard Armachanus—our Irish Primate—and, a little afterwards, we find him dedicating a work to John of Gaunt. The monkish his-

torian, Knighton, and others, while they heap contumely on this great reformer’s name, can find no words sufficient to express their admiration of his abilities; and we have it admitted by them that such was the success of Wickliffe’s opinions and preaching, that, in the year 1382, “every second man throughout England was a Lollard;” but this manifestly is an exaggeration. We can imagine how much the fine, and manly, and liberal mind of Gaunt must have grown under the counsels and companionship of such a man; and as Chaucer partook of the intimacy, we can readily believe the united testimony of Lewis, Fox, Specht, and Urry: that the poet and Wickliffe were close and attached friends.

In 1373, during the illness of the Black Prince, and after the termination of the disastrous French campaign, we find Chaucer nominated an envoy to the republic of Genoa, to transact some business for the state, relating to the hiring of ships of war from this great maritime nation. Having finished his special work, Chaucer went across Italy, and visited Petrarch at Padua. This amorous sonneteer was now in his seventieth year; he died the following summer. It is supposed that on this occasion Petrarch read for Chaucer his versification of the “*Patient Griselda*,” which he took from the *Decameron*, and which Boccaccio had himself borrowed from some author of the olden time.

Chaucer states of his own versification, that he

“ Learned it at Padua of a worthy clerk,
Francis Petrarch;”

and this he says while impersonating the “*Clerk of Oxenforde*,” who narrates this most pathetic but unnatural story among the *Canterbury Tales*.

About this time, our poet had a grant of a pitcher* of wine per diem conferred on him by the King’s chief butler and on the part of the city of London, and promised for his life. This was a common donation in those days. Rymer tells us that King Edward’s old aunt, the Lady Mary, had a royal grant of ten tuns of wine yearly “towards her sustenance.” Nor must we infer any doubts of the lady’s so-

* A pitcher, or lagena, was equal to our modern gallon.

briety from the largeness of the provision, especially as we know that she was a votareess; and until a few years ago, our most noble family of Ormond had a prisage from the crown, as royal butlers, of two tuns of wine in every Irish-bound ship, which the late marquis in 1810 compounded for with the crown for the sum of £210,000.

In 1774, Chaucer was made Comptroller of the Customs, a dry and matter-of-fact office for a poet, but producing a great increase of income to one who, from his social habits and the expensive society he mingled with, must have had a perpetual drain and demand on a fortune not over large. He had other lucrative crown grants also bestowed on him.

At this time, and in the midst of this golden shower, he produced his "House of Fame."

This poem is in the form of a dream, in order, probably, to permit the poet's fancy to have the most unbounded scope; and after eulogising this dream, which was such

"As neither Scipio,
Nor King Nabugodonosore,
Pharaoh, Turnus, or Alcimore"

ever enjoyed, he introduces us in the second book to a great eagle with golden feathers, who swoops on him and takes him up

—"In his claws starke
As lightly as I had been a larke,"

and soars with him into infinite space. Chaucer's bird is a talking philosopher, and during his flight lectures learnedly on physiology and the condition of things in general, till they arrive at a tall "rock of ice and not of steel," on which is, "built of one green beryl stone," the House of Fame. The imagery is wonderful—rich and shifting like one of Scherezade's bright fictions, tinted and accurate like the pictures of a kaleidoscope, and fresh as morning. The poetry is wild, muscular, suggestive. It is altogether a singular work, full of thought, pictures, and ingenuities of imagination. It has a little learning, a great deal of humour, and ten times as much originality as the third book of Pope's *Temple of Fame*, which is manifestly copied from it.

In 1377, Edward III. died, having

survived his son only one year. Both were grand and august princes, with many superb qualities, yet stained with the crimes of the day—an insane passion for war and conquest, and much cruelty. This latter fault was fearfully pre-eminent in the Black Prince's conduct during his last campaign,* when he was soured and unstrung by disappointments and disease.

Chaucer had all his pensions and offices confirmed to him during the first weeks of the reign of Richard II., through Gaunt's interest; but the power of that great duke had reached its zenith, and was now turning, like the sun of a long tropical day, to its declension. Yet still men looked to him as the second man of the kingdom, though evil tongues were busy "filching from him his good name," and seeds of partizan bitterness were sown which grew up afterwards into a harvest of ripened hatred and persecution. On this occasion, Chaucer stood fast by his ancient patron and constant friend, and it is supposed that "The Complaint of the Black Knight," published in 1378—though to all appearance but a lover's threnody—was a metaphorical picture of the grief which Gaunt's noble heart endured from the unmerited slander breathed against him.

In 1382, Chaucer performed a happier task, and one more in consonance with his genial spirit. Richard II. had married Anne of Bohemia, a daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., and granddaughter to the Blind King who had died so nobly at Cressy, and whose ostrich plumes and motto are now the coronet of England's Prince of Wales. The bride was fifteen years of age—the bridegroom scarce older. All historians agree in recording her as charming: she was fair, kindly, gay, amiable, and chaste; educated beyond the era she graced, she had read the Sacred Scriptures in more than one language, and through life had been the unswerving friend of Wickliffe: she had the power to elicit from her boy-husband the most enthusiastic and continued love; and her conduct and bearing were so blameless and so gentle, that she has ever been styled "the good Queen Anne." She had

* Witness the barbarous massacre by his orders at Limoges in 1370.

playfully censured Chaucer for being over-censorious in his poems on her sex, and now challenged him to write an encomium on the injured party, by way of making the *amende*. This produced "The Legende of Gode Women," in which Chaucer apologises for his former strictures on the gentler sex, and humorously satirizes his own. The poem is laboured, as works written for royalty generally are; and the catalogue of female worthies is rather questionable, and needs revision. Among the "gode women" appear Queen Dido, Cleopatra, Medea, Helen of Troy, and Dejanira! of whom it may be said, in the judgment of modern morality, that it is hard to pronounce which was the worst or the weakest. Chaucer's ideal of goodness in this poem seems limited to the exhibition of fidelity and devotion in love: he leaves the *morale* out of the question. Here he compliments Queen Anne, of whom he says:—

"So charitable and true,
That never yet, since the world was new,
To me was found a better one than you."

This language seemed almost prophetic, inasmuch as it was through her influence that Chaucer, a few years afterwards, was released from his captivity in the Tower.

He adds—

"And when this book is made, give it the
Queen,
On my behalf, at Eltham or at Shene."

This latter place contained a splendid palace, the loved resort of Anne, and where she died in 1394. Richard, in the extravagance of his grief at this event, dismantled the building. Shene and Richmond are the same, and it was so named by Edward the Confessor from the brightness and beauty of the landscape and the air around it, characteristics it retains to this day.

It was about this time also that Chaucer produced the purest and most beautiful of all his creations—"The Floure and the Lefe." The subject of this poem is childish and fantastic to the highest degree; but the descriptions of woodland scenery, the freshness of the morning, the gold-finch piping on "the medlar tree," and the nightingales answering in song from the laurel—the hue and shadows of the woods, the rich greenness of the meadows, the brightness and glory of

the garden flowers scenting the gentle air, the blue fields of sky, and the splendour of the sun—these are all painted in the freshest and most glowing colours, and with the truest and purest taste. It was much for one who was so coarse-minded as Dryden that he relished this pure and delicate poem the most of all Chaucer's productions, "both for the invention and the moral"—the former is manifest, the latter is obscure and affected, and anticipates the euphuism which had not yet appeared.

Very early in the morning, the poet walks forth in the field and in the forest, where he sees a vision of two bands of knights and ladies; their dress and equipments are vividly painted. Some are clad in white velvet, seamed and laced with emeralds; some in green—the knights in golden armour, nailed and clasped with jewels—chaplets on their heads of oak, woodbine, agnus castus, &c. They advance, and dance, and sing, and the knights joust with the lance; finally, the nobler party do reverence to the laurel Leaf, which is emblematic of knighthood and constancy: the other party adore the Flower, the symbol of idleness and pleasure. The conceit is pretty, but feeble; and no one would care for it, were it not redeemed by the infinite wealth of the descriptions, and beauty, and purity, and freshness of the pictures, which stand as if in frames on every page, like the highly-coloured medallions of the ancient masters which we meet on the doors of old ebony cabinets.

In the year 1384 we find Chaucer, of necessity, self-banished to the Netherlands. There had been a civic contest for the mayoralty of London, in which as much or more party spirit was exhibited of the most violent nature than we see now in the election for a knight of the shire. Whether the ruling element which produced this "civium furor" was of a political or a religious nature, it is hard, amidst the accounts of conflicting historians, to decide. It certainly was the court ministry against the city party. With the latter John of Gaunt was associated, and so was Wickliffe, and likewise Chaucer. The popular party were thoroughly defeated; their leader, John Combertoun, imprisoned in Carisbrook Castle; and a process for a trial for his life issued against Chaucer by Judge

Tressilian, who was himself subsequently hanged in the year 1388.

In a sketch, which of necessity must be so brief as this, it is not possible to go into the detail of the causes which produced Chaucer's expatriation, or the occurrences which followed his return to England, namely, his imprisonment in the Tower, and subsequent release. "The Testament of Love" was written during his confinement. It is couched in a melancholy strain; he had strung his harp with dark wire, and its notes were sad, even to querulousness. In 1389, John of Gaunt arrived from France. He was now in high favour at his nephew's court, though the sunshine was but for a season; and King Richard rewarded him with the fief of the Duchy of Aquitaine, in the same manner in which it had been held by his brother, the Black Prince. Chaucer's fortunes again rose with those of his royal patron; he was appointed "clerk of the works," which office he held for a year and a-half, and then resigned into the hands of the Queen, who had procured it for him. He was now sixty-three years of age, and having sustained of late some rude buffetings of fortune, no doubt he had longings for the "*otia tuta*" and quietude of a country life, and found himself at times "babbling of green fields." He retired to Woodstock, into a house which had been given him many years before by Edward III. Round it lay a tract of rich forest scenery, whose oaks, and spreading elms, and green knolls, and shady, solitary deer-tracks, and light-mottled sod, and quivering leaves, and depth of shadows, had furnished the all-regarding eye of our poet with a thousand subjects from this wild studio of great nature, and which he transferred to the canvas of his immortal verse so vividly, and in a manner so true to the real, as never to have been surpassed by any poet, in any nation, or at any time. Whatever defects there may be contained in Chaucer's poetry, or whatever excellencies, his landscape painting is perfect; it is ever freshly, at times startlingly faithful—it is just what we have observed in the garden, the grange,

or the forest a thousand times, but never thought to have seen photographed into print, and painted before our eyes on the pages of a book.* Chaucer's mind appears to have drawn the landscape bodily into itself, assuming its form and tints, embracing and absorbing its reality, and then to have flowed forth through his picturing pen in a stream of images, representing and reproducing nature, not as she is in fancy but in fact. His epithets are simple, yet suggestive; not affectedly or elaborately so, but just the very words to suit the very thing—the aptest adjectives coming, as it were, naturally and of themselves to be wedded to the subjectives which follow, in which union there is strength—such epithets, and so suitably expressive, as we find in the dramas of the Great Master. For example, poor Lear's "climbing sorrow;" "the humming seas;" "the nipping and eager air;" "the trembling winter;" "the unwedgeable and gnarled oak;" "the streaked gilliflowers;" "the willowed cabin;" "the reverberate hills." Here is but one, at the most two, words of epithet, and yet what a power of reality, producing beauty and pleasure in the mind of the reader. Chaucer had this endowment, the natural faculty of genius. Take one or two examples: describing a hot summer noon, he says—

"The goldfinch eke that from the medlar tree,
Was fled for heat into the bushes cold."
"Floure and Lefe."

And again, in the whole of the descriptions of the Well of Narcissus, in the "Romaunt of the Rose," and the brilliant vignettes in "The House of Fame," and the brightness and natural loveliness of these images shine through the homeliness and obsolescence of the Saxon,—like sunshine irradiating the rooms of a cottage, like a richly bound volume with a covering of canvas, or like a fair young girl in a peasant dress of simplest russet.

We are now arrived at the most notable epoch in Chaucer's life, when his greatest poetical work came forth,

* "I do not know that any country, except Italy, has produced Chaucer's equal in variety of invention, acuteness of observation, or felicity of expression."—*Henry Hallam's Literature of Europe.*

and his mind strongly blossomed in the evening of his days, and bore richer fruit than it had ever done, even at a more genial season. Like the classic swan, he sang most sweetly when about to sing no more: like the "octogenarian chief," Dandolo, his crowning victory was won when an old man. About 1393, seven years before Chaucer's death, "The Canterbury Tales," were composed. He had been quietly ruralizing at Woodstock, for more than two years, when tidings reached him of the publication, in *English too*, of Gower's "*De Confessione Amantis*," a work written at the command of King Richard, and under the patronage of his literary uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, who more than once had displayed animosity against Chaucer. Up to this period, Gower had written in Latin and French, now he drapes his mind in Saxon, and walks out before the world in an English dress. This was the Brutus stab—the unkindest stroke of all to Chaucer; the intrusion into his proper and peculiar field; this leap of his friend's Pegasus over his own poetical palings; this intellectual trespass coming so unexpectedly, appears to have stung Chaucer into a new vitality of creative energy. Like good Sir Launcelot du Lac, who seemed to lie for dead at the chamber of the Sanegreall four and twenty days, and then awoke to greater prowess; so, for an equal number of months, the mind and pen of our poet had appeared to slumber, but now arose, quickened to a display of tenfold power. Some lines, too, in Gower's poem, though meant in all courtesy, grated on his sensitive ear as savouring of pretension, which Chaucer's proud heart would by no means allow. They are these: *Venus loquitur*—

"And greet well Chaucer,
Therefore, now in his days old,
Thou shalt him tell this message—
That he, upon his latter age,

To set an end of all his work
(As he who is mine old Clerk),
Do make his testament of love,
As thou hast done thy 'shryfft' above."

Chaucer had no idea of being thus courteously ignored, and let down from off the stage of publicity through a trap-door, contrived by the patronizing considerateness of a man whose friendship he now suspected, and whom he felt to be his inferior in poetic skill: and the blaze of resentment and wounded pride in his heart supplied the warmth through which the "Canterbury Tales" were hatched into existence.

True, he was "in his days olde," and "upon his latter age," yet few men, even though senility approach, care to be publicly told so: and fewer still, of active habits, will bear to be counselled to "set an end of all their work," even though more than three-score winters may have whitened their head with the snows of age, or curved their back till it resembles the blade of Time's reaping hook.

In Chaucer's wanderings through London, he had seen in Southwark the Tabard Inn, which is still standing; this he took as his basis of fancy, and filling it with a jolly host and twenty-nine pilgrims, all bound for the shrine of St. Thomas A'Becket, at Canterbury, he makes each deliver a tale as they travel, *faisants le chemin*, which tale is perfectly suitable to the rank, education, habits, and moral bearing of the narrator.

Thus, the "*Knight's*" tale of Palamon and Areite is splendid and chivalrous: "for he was a very gentle, perfect knight; his son, the "*Squire*," who, in appearance, was "fresh as is the month of May," and in manner, "courteous, lowly, and serviceable, recites the exquisite tale of Canace,† which is wild, elegant, and romantic, and such as a gentlemanly, nice youth would delight in. Then, the *Miller's* tale is coarse and sensual, but amazingly able and graphic; he was a

* That is his "*Confessio amantis*."

† "Or call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride."

Il Penseroso.—MILTON.

stout carle, with "beard red as fox," and "broad as spade"—a cheating, fighting, good-humoured ruffian, and to these qualities his tale agrees. Then, the *Prioress*, who is nice, coy, dainty, and ladylike, recites her tale of a Christian child murdered by Jews, with a miracle appendant: and her narrative is pretty and pathetic, and highly characteristic. The *Shipman*,

"Who of nice conscience had no keep,
So that he fought and kept the upper hand,"

is loose and jolly in his narrative. The "*Wife of Bath's*" prologue is like herself, witty and boisterous, and over coarse and strong for one of the purer and weaker sex: her prologue is better told than her tale. The "*Frere*, called Hubert," and the "*Somphnour*," or ecclesiastic summoner, who "had a fire-red cherubim's face," are violent in mutual invective, and on a discreditable par as to decorum. The "*Franklyn*," an opulent "*Rentier*" and country gentleman, who, though "white was his beard as is the daisy," was a *bon vivant* and epicure, tells of Aurelius and Dorigene, a narrative illustrative of overstrained courtesy and fantastic feeling, and principle sacrificed politely to an old promise. The "*Doctor*," who is half astrologer, and half chirurgeon, and altogether infidel, "whose study was but little on the Bible," borrows from Titus Livius the old heathen story of Appius Claudius and "the Knight Virginus." The "*Monk*, my Lord Dan John," a cleric of rank and wealth, a keen sportsman and "fair Prelate," shows a small measure of learning dissolved in a decoction of pedantry, but is demure, moral, and extremely tedious. The "*Clerk of Ozenforde*," "who rode as still and coy as doth a maide,"

"Of study took he most heed,
Not a word spoke he more than there was need,
And that was spoke in form and reverence,
And short, and quick, and full of high sentence."

This good and learned man narrates the matrimonial trials of Griselda, a pure and pathetic fiction. The "*Poor Parson* of our Town," representing Wickliffe, of whom Chaucer says—

"Christ's lore and his Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself;"

is asked by my Host, irreverently, to tell them a fable, but he refuses, and instead gives them a sermon of great length, and in prose, from a verse of Jeremiah. These are a few of the characters selected at random. The picture of "our host" is sketched with singular skill and unflagging spirit. He assumes the lead among the company, and is willingly obeyed: he is a loud, bullying, out-spoken, shrewd, point-blank, good-humoured, and most impudent fellow, exquisitely drawn from tap-room life. Chaucer is happiest in delineation when he is safest, and nothing can be more graceful, pure, and even holy, than many of his scenes and actors, when he throws around them the delicate and tender lights produced by high resolve, secret sorrow, or uncomplaining endurance. Chaucer's own tale, for he, too, is found among his own pilgrims, is a ranting rhyme concerning Sir Thopas, an outlandish knight, the description of whose armour and habiliments is even more graphic than Walter Scott's, in his "*Marmion*" and "*Ivanhoe*." This rhyme the rude host most bluntly interrupts, averring that his "ears ache with such drafty speech," when Chaucer delivers the beautiful, though too lengthy, "*Tale of Melibæus*,"* of which Mr. Specht pronounces, "that it is a narrative full of moralitie, wherein both high and low may learn to govern their affections."

The incidents of Chaucer's life after he had written the *Canterbury Tales* were not momentous, and are scarcely defined by his biographers. About this time, 1394, he received various marks of favour from the court. His eldest son, Thomas, also was honoured with sundry royal grants and lucrative offices, during this and the succeeding reign. His second son, Lewis, "Little Lowys," for whom he composed his "*Conclusions of the Astrolabe*," was a lad at Oxford in 1391, and probably remained there for three or four years. The times were still most unsettled. In 1396 John of Gaunt publicly married Catherine Swinford, the mother of the three Beauforts; and imme-

* The manuscript of *Melibæus* was in the possession of the late Marquis of Stafford.

diately afterwards had the address and the influence to procure from Parliament the legitimation of his children's birth. Chaucer was now this great peer's* brother-in-law, and he did not neglect the man who held his patent of nobility from nature, and of whose affinity he might be proud, but bestowed upon him the princely park and estate of Donnington Castle, near Newbury, in Berkshire, afterwards the residence of the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk. Here Chaucer retired in 1397, and here those oaks which Evelyn celebrates in his "Silva" as being so excellent that "they cut a grain as clear as any clap-board, as appeared in the wainscot made thereof," did Chaucer walk, or rest, beneath the growing weight of his long and eventful life; but he did not die

here, but in London, where he removed a year previous to his demise, purchasing a house which stood in a fair garden at Westminster, from the abbot, and where, if we may trust the lines entitled "Good counsel of Chaucer," as a picture of his mind, he died, although in great anguish of body, yet in a suitable and hopeful frame of spirit for one who had always known truth and rejected error.

He departed this life on the 25th of October, A.D. 1400, aged 72; and close to where his spirit passed away, his honoured dust reposes, marked by a time-worn monument, in the magnificent burying vault which England assigns to her poets—the venerable Abbey of Westminster.

B.

* Gaunt died in 1399. The description of England which Shakspeare puts into his lips, when on his sick bed, is so apt and beautiful, that they who know it well will excuse its insertion, for the sake of those not acquainted with it.

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi Paradise:
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of War:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Against the envy of less happier lands.
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England:
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings
Feared by their breed, and famous for their birth,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
England, bound in with the triumphant sea
Whose rocky shore beats back the caving surge
Of watery Neptune" —

Richard II., Act 2, Scene 1.

SANFORD'S STUDIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

HISTORY, Mr. Buckle says, is to be written over again. He has himself begun the first book ever attempted upon the new plan; though he has not yet gone far enough to demonstrate the benefit to be derived from it. How he is to make statistics the groundwork of the history of periods antecedent to the collection of this kind of information, we do not quite see; but at all events, till he has overtaken the successive epochs we have been accustomed to view according to the mistaken method, historians may be at liberty to proceed upon the old plan, and recognise the moral elements, and *man*, as influencing events.

Whatever may be the opinion, moreover, as to the theory according to which history is to be written, it is plain that so long as we are not in full possession of all the authorities and all the facts which bear upon the subject, our knowledge of the past must be imperfect, and our opinions may be modified by fresh accessions of information. The vast advance which has been effected of late years in this department of learning is due almost entirely to the increased value set upon *original authorities*, and the bold rejection of all evidence which does not stand the test of proof. This revolution—for it deserves the name—has extended itself over the past to the earliest records of nations; and we have had in our own time to expunge from the page of history much that had become, by the tacit acquiescence of successive eras, stereotyped in the general mind, and almost sacred from the revision of man.

The reconsideration of original documents which were always accessible, and the results of research in the discovery of new ones, have of necessity cast upon the historian the task of remodelling all such existing histories as have reference to the periods thus freshly illustrated. The consequence is, that the world is pre-

sented from time to time with what may be called a *palempsest*, in which, reign by reign, and epoch by epoch, the new is written over the old, and truth made legible upon the page formerly occupied by error or falsehood.

Up to the present time this process remains incomplete, even as regards the past of our own country. It is only now that English history is beginning to be authentic, for it is only now that it is beginning to be accurate. The stores of knowledge so long buried beneath prejudice on the one hand, and credulity on the other, are but now coming to light. The historian finds these heaps accumulating about him, and is fain to confine himself to some particular period, from the impossibility of availing himself of the vast treasures at his disposal; and hence we may be justified in our conjecture that the attempt to accomplish a continuous and general history of our country is still, even in the ablest hands, premature; and that it must be left for a generation to come to generalize—or rather, epitomize—from the digested mass we shall leave at its disposal, a work which can claim the title of a *History of England*.

No doubt, there is something unsatisfactory to common minds in the subversive process going on at present. Men do not like to think that they have been misled or mistaken. They feel a natural repugnance to any movement which appears to strike at the root of conventional beliefs. They fancy they see danger to the superstructure they occupy in the insecurity of the foundation. With so much to examine and digest for themselves, they like to put aside something which has already been examined and digested, to serve for easy reference in case of need. The removal, therefore, of any thing from the category of what is certain to what is problematical, is the imposition of a fresh burden upon the judgment, calculated to disquiet any mind

not primarily employed upon the subject. Hence a certain amount of prejudice has to be combated by him who aspires to propound a new view of old facts. But the inquirer who does so is bound by interest as well as honesty to be very cautious in drawing his inferences. It is perhaps better that the two provinces should be kept distinct—that the explorer should confine himself to exploration; and that the historian should operate upon materials of which no personal right of proprietorship shall unduly magnify the importance or control the tendency.

Unless we are very much mistaken, the truth of the observations we have made is in some degree exemplified in the volume before us. We trust we may not offend Mr. Sanford when we state that we view him in the light of one of those painstaking and laborious explorers who revel in the aroma of original documents, and pursue authorities by a keen and sagacious instinct into the most inaccessible corners of dusty libraries. This we suspect to be his taste—let us rather say, his talent. He deserves credit, indeed, for more than this. He writes in a style at once lucid and harmonious. He lubricates dry facts with the varnish of scholarship and good taste. But we fancy we can discern that it is the rusty material and not the polishing process he relies on. He extracts the one for himself, and performs the other for the public. His heart is in the relic, while his hand is upon the shrine—in other words, he is more of an antiquary than of an historian.

This, according to our views, is as it should be; but, if so, there is the less excuse for those faults which we shall have to point out by and by, and which render a book that is a useful guide so far as facts are concerned, a questionable authority in matters of opinion. It may be urged, indeed, that the author has abundance of precedents to shelter himself behind. Every day the public is presented with memoirs, sketches, surveys, biographies, histories of particular periods, written in the light of new facts, but all more or less tinged by the reflection of prejudice. Nor does this always owe its origin to the deliberate adoption of a wrong method—to a synthetic mistake—to the

error of hunting out evidence in support of preconceived opinions or theories. It has been shown over and over again by recent conspicuous examples that the mind has a tendency to become impressed with a bias, even when it seems to look truth most openly in the face; and that in some cases the worship of opinions, in others hero-worship, obscures the intellect, and neutralizes, or more than neutralizes, perverts the strongest judgments. That this should be so, is the most convincing argument for the division of labour we have recommended, a system which would render the acquisitions of the historical antiquary available for the purposes of historians of every variety of opinion, constituting them the common, and recognised, and indisputable basis of all subsequent history.

Mr. Sanford is no novice in the literature of the times he has undertaken to elucidate. He has been, it appears, for the last sixteen years a patient and laborious investigator of that most important period of our national annals, in which the long-continued struggle between royalism on the one hand and republicanism on the other, became a combat à l'outrance, in which the lists—the soil of England—were stained with the blood of the combatants on both sides. According to the statements contained in the preface to his work, he supplied Mr. Carlyle with a portion of the material embodied in the second edition of the essays the public are so familiarly acquainted with; and anticipated Mr. Forster in many of his historical discoveries. In addition to the sources of information generally available, he has made extensive use of the stores contained in the British Museum, including D'Ewes' MS. "*Journal of the Long Parliament*." He has examined and made extracts from the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian Library; and through the instrumentality of the Right Hon. Maziere Brady, Dr. Todd, and others, has availed himself of the forgotten Council Books and other records still preserved in our own metropolis. Armed with this array of materials, Mr. Sanford has applied himself to digesting and combining them into a partially connected narrative, of which we accept the present instalment as an interesting sup-

plementary contribution to the literature of a period already largely illustrated by previous authors.

The matter of the volume before us is arranged under several distinct heads, taking the form of essays; the earliest ones containing a summary of English history from the later Tudors to the beginning of the reign of Charles I. These introductory essays we have no intention of examining at any length at present. They do not profess to be original; and it would occupy us in a manner we have no relish for, to set about amending the version according to our idea of what it ought to be. The essay on Puritanism viewed in its social aspect is, no doubt, an interesting sketch of the leading characteristics which distinguished that synonym for republicanism; though in the incidental allusions to the Cavalier or Court party, justice is too often sacrificed to contrast; and the errors and short-comings of the Church and State, as opposed to the new politico-religious combination, are magnified so far beyond their due dimensions as in some degree to shake our confidence in the guidance we are expected to follow in tracing the progress of the struggle between the old and new beliefs. The impression thus produced is not removed by the essay which follows, and which is styled "Antecedents and first years of King Charles." The character of the unfortunate monarch, which has been, to the detriment of his memory, so much overdrawn by the pen of the historians of his party, is here as deeply maligned; and as it was by those taken too exclusively from the coloured descriptions and partial memories of his own followers, so by this author it is derived as exclusively and as rigorously from the records of his enemies, exaggerated, as they are known to have been, by excitement, and distorted by passion. The whole course of Charles's early life is ransacked—for no term less strong would be appropriate—for instances which might redound to his disadvantage; and no one act or sentiment of his is brought forward, calculated by an advantageous impression to help the reader to form a just estimate of his character; nor is any allowance made for the necessary bias of his mind on the subject of his own posi-

tion relatively to his subjects, taking into consideration what his education had been, and what the general principles with regard to the Royal authority were at that time. The "Divine Right" was a mistake, it is true; but it was a mistake in which kings and people had long acquiesced; a mistake which was only then beginning to be perceived by the former, and suspected by the latter. Charles made a stand upon the bridge by which monarchy retreated from absolutism into constitutionalism. If he was to blame in thus refusing to be overborne, he was at least the principal sufferer; trampled as he was under the feet of those who so rudely opened the way for us to the liberty we now enjoy. We are sorry to see that Mr. Sanford has put these considerations too much out of sight; and in estimating the character of Charles, has formed his judgment, not by the light of the age he lived in, but by that of to-day. Even in particular facts, where there is room for question, he has put the least favourable construction upon acts which might have admitted of a more indulgent explanation. For example, at the time when Charles succeeded to the throne, and a war with Spain seemed inevitable in consequence of the Prince's proposed marriage having been broken off, the new Monarch applied to the Commons for subsidies to enable him to prosecute the war; in doing which he observed, in language which, however it may have overstated matters, can be considered as little more than conventionally courteous, that "this action" was "begun" by their "advice and entreaty." The observation, of course, had reference to the Parliament which had expired at his father's death. Mr. Sanford's remarks are as follows:—

"There is something *extremely mean* in the attempt here made by Charles to represent himself as the mere tool in the hands of the previous Parliament, employed by them to further their own views; and it is difficult to conceive the *effrontery* with which this representation was put forward in the presence of so many who were well acquainted with the inflammatory appeals made by the Prince and Buckingham to induce them to embark in this undertaking."

In estimating the early disposition

of Charles, Mr. Sanford has displayed a bias almost equally strong, though he has not expressed himself in the same unmeasured terms. He has compiled, out of the private correspondence of the foreign ambassadors to the court, all more or less prejudiced against the Prince, a character such as few, even of his enemies, have felt justified in attributing to him. Morose, suspicious, tyrannical, immoral; such is the picture we find presented to us of the youthful Charles. It will take a more trustworthy body of witnesses than the envoys of Roman Catholic States at the Protestant Court of England, to dye the character of the unfortunate Prince with stains yet deeper than history has ventured to sully it with. And when we find, as we turn from the lawful Sovereign to the rebellious subject, that an equal amount of ingenuity is exhibited in keeping misdeeds out of view, or explaining them away; in magnifying virtues, and exaggerating exploits—an unpleasant suspicion crosses our mind as to the impartiality of the historian, causing us to look with uneasy scrutiny even upon passages where everything on the surface seems candid and ingenuous. When Oliver Cromwell is the theme, any trifle is sufficient to justify a commendatory remark. He writes about an hospital patient in a local charity patronized by himself, and says, "if the town do not pay for his cure, he will." "The note," remarks the essayist, "shows at least a kindly feeling, and so far is valuable." So, too, with regard to a particular circumstance connected with Sir Thomas Steward's will. In removing some imputations on Cromwell's character in connexion with that document, he adds,—"It is something that this speaks so decidedly in Oliver's favour." We look in vain for a single extenuating remark in the case of the unhappy King, whose faults, if numerous, were magnified by the vigilance of untiring enemies, and whose very virtues were distorted into crimes. The most trivial circumstances are related, if they are calculated to "add to our contempt of Charles." When, after hostilities had commenced, an application was made for a safe conduct for some members of both houses, *the request was granted*, with the proviso, that

they were not traitors, or excepted from pardon in any of his proclamations. These are designated as "very insolent terms." When, in November, 1642, proposals for an accommodation were entertained, the author justifies their rejection by the Parliament on these grounds: "Of all Princes, Charles was one of the last to whose generosity, in the hour of his success, it would be wise to appeal."

This tone of depreciation manifests itself wherever a royalist character has to be drawn. There are some of the spirits of that day, which, from various causes, we have been accustomed to view by the blended light of romance and history. For instance, we do not like to approach the picture of the gallant though unfortunate Rupert, with our hats on. We resent it if we see others presume to do so. The genius of the philosopher throws a cloak around the defects of the warrior; and we claim a larger share of respect for the memory of one who, ever and anon called forth into precipitate action by the exigencies of his ill-starred race, as often fell back upon the calm pursuits of science, in which his triumphs were more unquestionable and less invidious. We find but few personal notices of Prince Rupert here, though animated sketches are given of most of the Parliamentary leaders. Where he first appears, however, it was necessary to say something. Accordingly, Mr. Sanford speaks:—

"Rupert's character," he remarks, "is sufficiently portrayed by the fact, that he first introduced to our language the word 'plunder,' which (happily for earlier times) is of foreign extraction. I find an entry in a newspaper (the *Perfect Diurnal*) of as early a day as September 13th, 1642, that 'a letter was shewed to the Commons, setting forth the late carriages of Prince Robert (*Robber*, he was soon called), with his troops, and his cruel outrages in all places where he comes, accusing him to be a loose and wild gentleman.' Rupert was, however, generous in his disposition, and not insensible to better feelings. As a soldier he was something more than a mere dashing cavalry officer, as he has been often called. His marches show considerable military skill, but his impetuous spirit constantly undid the success which his tactics had achieved. His private character is very accurately described in the newspaper extract."

This is all Mr. Sanford deigns to say of the hero—for his long series of desperate adventures by land and sea entitle him to the designation—who, in the eloquent words of Eliot Warburton,—

“royal, warlike, and renowned, retired from the world, and adopted the student's bravely ascetic life; the same energies that once led legions along the battle-field, and fleets across the ocean, now devoted to the discoveries of science and the creations of art.”

No less contemptuous terms applied to him who discovered or improved the art of mezzotinto engraving; who, in successive contributions to the transactions of the Royal Society, suggested improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder; proposed a mode of blowing up rocks in mines, or under water; devised an instrument to cast platforms into perspective; an hydraulic engine; a mode of making hail-shot; and an improvement in the naval quadrant: who, under the head of mechanical inventions, made improvements in the locks of fire-arms, and invented guns for discharging several bullets very rapidly: who, in chemistry, discovered the composition now called Prince's metal; and a mode of rendering black lead fusible, and re-changing it into its original state; besides, possibly, inventing the puzzle which bears the name of Rupert's Drop: who, as an artist, elicited the commendations of so competent a judge as Evelyn; who, as a speculative economist, was the originator of the Hudson's Bay Company; and of whom, finally, as a man, the historian records, that he died, “generally lamented; having maintained such good temper and exact neutrality in the present unhappy divisions, that he was honoured and respected by men of the most differing interests.”

Such is the man whose character is said to be “very accurately” summed up in the “newspaper extract,” as that of “a loose and wild gentleman.” Truly, a word was wanting for Rupert.

We have freely adverted to that bias in the mind of Mr. Sanford, which prevents his book from being a perfectly safe guide to the student of the period of English history he has undertaken to examine. Having

thus performed our duty, we gladly turn to the other side of the picture, and point attention to the mass of useful and interesting matter to be found in the volume before us. It forms, indeed, an indispensable supplement to the works of Carlyle, Forster, and Guizot; and no complete history of the time can now be attempted, in which the stores here collected must not be drawn upon. Such being our estimate of Mr. Sanford's labours, we beg to add our voice to the many which call upon him to fulfil the hopes held out here, and take up the subject where he has left off, at the crisis of the Battle of Marston Moor, making use of as much original information as his untiring spirit of research enables him to collect, to illustrate the progress and crisis of that Great Rebellion, which changed the face of government once for all in England, and in the end converted a nominally into a really constitutional monarchy. With less ambition to deduce conclusions, and more to supply evidence; with increased antiquarian enthusiasm, and diminished political zeal, he will merit more and more unqualified commendation, and obviate the disagreeable necessity imposed upon us on the present occasion, of cautioning his admirers against the seductions of his style, and of entering our protest against some of his political opinions and predilections.

We have already adverted to Mr. Sanford's views of Puritanism in its social aspect. Although, perhaps, Washington Irving and Milton have both of them helped him to his estimate, yet considerable credit still remains due to him for the mode in which he portrays the religious character of Puritanism. Much misapprehension has always existed as to its true characteristics, both independently and as contrasted with the moral and religious creed of the cavaliers. In the comparative view, no doubt, Mr. Sanford, as might be expected, bears too hard upon the court religion. This cannot be helped. It is a matter of feeling with him. But, in the positive aspect, he is moderate and sensible, and is ready to admit that the Puritan would, even at the present day, be considered by some “over-strict and scrupulous.” It is after such an admission that he

enters into the explanation which follows :—

"In referring to these and similar characteristics of the Puritan, it has been generally forgotten, that in the reign of Charles I. the great majority of the Puritans were not separatists from the communion of the Church of England, but formed a party *within* the national church. Although, therefore, their earnest opinions gave a certain peculiarity to their manners, there was not the broad social difference which (far more than any religious creed) severs the churchman and dissenter of the present day. The Puritan was not, as the modern dissenter, hardly to be found except in the middle and lower classes; and within these, still more restricted in his social intercourse by the special demarcations of his creed. His peculiarities of religious opinion did not with society at large imply the probable absence of higher social rank, and of the social influences connected with formal membership of the Established Church. Social disabilities of this kind (fertile sources of infidelity to conscience and silly assumption on one side, and querulous, self-sufficient rudeness on the other), which are the crying evil of our present religious divisions, did not attach necessarily to the Puritan then, and indeed scarcely existed at all. A considerable minority among the peers and landed gentry were socially as well as politically 'Puritans.' The wealthier merchants were generally of that cast; and a strong body of the beneficed clergy, who had their representatives in the national universities, were openly identified with that epithet. There was, therefore, little occasion for that *gaucherie* often and very naturally resulting from isolation in one small circle of associations; or for the feeling (sometimes unwarranted) of being, beyond the boundaries of that circle, a social 'pariah.' Nor, again, was there the resulting tendency on the part of the excluded to exaggerate their points of difference from the exclusives, and to assume an attitude of defiant want of sympathy with society on trifling points of ceremonial observance. Puritanism and 'Cavallerism' (if I may coin such a word) were two rival principles, contending for the regulation of social habits as much as for political ascendancy, and in both respects on something like equal terms. Puritanism, therefore, was not in the former respect the enforced attitude of a sullen inferiority, any more than it was in the latter the more reckless desperation of a defeated faction.

"But there is one imputed offence on the part of the Puritan, against the

taste of modern society, which perhaps it may not be possible entirely to remove—his alleged moroseness. In the usual sense of the term we may at once deny the charge, so far as concerns the great majority of the Puritans, and certainly nearly the whole of the Puritan gentry. We must plead guilty, however, if it is merely meant to imply the absence of that buoyant gaiety of demeanour which, with all his coarseness and frivolity, forms the undoubtedly attractive feature in the Cavalier. The habitual expression of the Puritan gentleman was grave and subdued; and this was the inevitable result of a mind constantly occupied with the deepest and most absorbing questions. It would appear as if the spirit of the religious reformation, from the intimate connexion which it speedily formed with our political history, had penetrated so deeply into the mind of the English nation, as to affect permanently the national character, and tinge it with a reserved gravity, which up to that time was not its marked characteristic."

It is, indeed, curious to observe how the history of a nation may be traced in the very air and demeanour and temperament of its population, just as its ancestry may be found indicated in their outward aspect and physiognomy. We represent, to the present hour, the Reformation and the Great Rebellion—the Restoration and the Revolution, just as we represent the British, and the Danish, and the Saxon, and the Celtic, and the Norman blood. We have our descent carved upon our brows, and our history written in the expression of our countenances and the peculiarities of our address and demeanour. We are, in short, physically and psychologically, made up of our own antecedents,—a result. Thus, we of to-day belong to the Great Rebellion by hereditary descent; but not more than we belong to the Royalism of that era. The relationship in both cases is that of lineal ancestry—let us, therefore, extend to each the meed of respect and honour which is its due. Having a proper regard to the twofold interest we have in the politics of that day, we may feel the less scruple in lending ourselves to either side, and be at liberty in this instance to give their due value to the virtues and achievements of the Roundheads, here so vividly set before us. It would be plain, even if we were not expressly told it, that Mr. Sanford has his idol,

as Mr. Froude has his—and that to Oliver Cromwell the hero-worship, apparently so indispensable to all the historians of our day who have not fallen in with the theory of Mr. Buckle, is offered up. Immense pains are taken to demonstrate that Tennyson is mistaken when he speaks of “the gloomy brewer’s soul”—that the “malt-house” was for the use of the family; but—this point established—we are treated to much amusing and some valuable information, part of which is new, bearing on the personal character and history of the future Protector. There is something, doubtless, to make a man smile, where the following extract from a character of Cromwell by Maidston is commented upon by the author :—

“He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure, though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to himself, of which there was a large proportion, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers.”

Mr. Sanford adds—

“Every part of this description is borne out by facts in his life, and proceeding from one who was in attendance on his person, and written as it was, privately to a friend, after the fall of Oliver’s family from power, and on the eve of the Restoration, it is entitled to the greatest credit. In many respects there is no saying more true, than that ‘the child is father to the man;’ and we may with perfect safety deduce from this account of maturer years, that Oliver in his boyhood was passionate, but easily appeased, impetuous, but warm-hearted, fearless, but subject to the controlling influences of a kind and compassionate heart.”

When it is remembered that in the same volume King Charles is represented as cold, cowardly, and cruel, it may naturally be asked—where is truth? With reference to Cromwell’s earlier years, however, it is only justice to the author to quote his own justification of the estimate he has made of his character at that period of his life.

“Some readers may perhaps think that too great a space has been devoted to the question of Oliver’s conduct in early life in proportion to the real importance of the subject. Independently, however, of what I have already said on the weight which attaches to our deci-

sion as to the credibility of these stories, and of the plea which might be adduced from our natural desire to gain an accurate notion of every part of the history of a great man, and especially of that period of his life by which his mind would be so greatly affected in its formation, the minute investigation which has been made will be found of considerable importance in connexion with the solution of a doubt which will suggest itself to the minds of many reflecting readers. Though all these writers differ with one another in the details, it may be said, they all agree in attributing to Oliver gross debauchery and headlong expenditure in the early part of his life. Though it may be true that they quote no authority for their statements, and that these apparently rest merely on rumour, the common parent of them all, yet, it may be urged that this rumour would not have arisen without some foundation in fact. In answer to this, I allow that the rumour points to a change having taken place in Oliver’s character at this period; but as to the nature of that change, it may be asserted that it is as inaccurate as such a source of information is usually found to be. The truth seems to be that it was in these years that Oliver Cromwell became a Puritan. Whether the commencement of this mental revolution preceded or followed his marriage we cannot ascertain; but we possess some words of his written nearly nine years after his first entrance into public life, which prove that even then the struggle continued, and the rest had not been achieved; that the black clouds which enveloped the past still threw their heavy shadows over his onward path, though the light of heaven pencilled upon their gloomy canvas the emblem of faith and hope.”

This is well expressed; and an ingenious argument is drawn from some letters of Oliver’s at this period, which have been supposed to afford proof of the moral delinquencies of their writer, tending to show that the expressions relied on belong to the conventional phraseology of the Puritan of the day, and ought to be taken as a measure of the contrite humility of the writer, rather than of the extent of criminality of his external conduct. We are willing to accept the deduction; but cannot admit it as qualifying or justifying the known and overt acts of his later life, which are matters of history, and must ever form the basis of our estimate of Cromwell’s character. The Irish campaigns speak for them-

selves : and when we reflect upon the sanguinary scenes which marked his successive victories, we cannot peruse without disgust the following little-known letter, describing the defeat of Goring's army at Langport, in 1645.

"THE COPY OF LIEUTENANT-GENL. CROMWELL'S LETTER to a worthy Member of the House of Commons.

"Dear Sir,—I have now a double advantage upon you, through the goodness of God, who still appears with us; and as for us, we have seen great things in this last mercy. It is not inferior to any we have had, as followeth:—

"We were advanced to Long Sutton, near a very strong place of the enemy's, called Lamport, far from our own garri- sons, without much ammunition, in a place extremely wanting in provisions, the Malignant clubmen interposing, who are ready to take all advantages against our parties, and would undoubtedly take them against our army, if they had opportunity. Goring stood upon the advantage of strong passes, staying until the rest of his retreats came up to his army, with a resolution not to engage until Greenville and Prince Charles his men were come up to him. We could not well have necessitated him to an engagement, nor have stayed one day longer with¹ retreating to our ammunition, and to convenience of victual.

"In the morning word was brought us that the enemy drew out. He did so, with a resolution to send most of his cannon and baggage to Bridgewater, wh. he effected; but with a resolution not to fight, but trusting to his ground, thinking he could march away at pleasure.

"The pass was straight between him and us. He brought two cannons to secure his, and laid his musketeers strongly in the hedges. We beat off his cannon; fell down upon his musketeers, beat them off from their strength, and where our horse could scarcely pass two abreast I commanded Major Bethel to charge them with two troops of about 120 horse, which he performed with the greatest gallantry imaginable; beat back two bodies of the enemy's horse, being Goring's own brigade; brake them at sword's point. The enemy charged him with near 400 fresh horse. He set them all going until, oppressed with multitudes, he brake through them with the loss not of above 3 or 4 men. Major Desborough seconded him with some other of those troops, which were about three. Bethel faced about, and they both routed at sword's point a great body of the enemy's horse; which gave such an unexpected terror to the ene-

mie's army, that set them all a running. Our foot in the mean time coming on bravely, and beating the enemy from their strength, we presently had the chase to Lamport and Bridgewater. We took and killed about 2,000; brake all his foot. We have taken very many horse and considerable prisoners; what were slain we know not. We have the lieutenant-general of the ordnance, Col. Preston, Colonel Heveningham, Colonel Slingsby we know of: besides very many other officers of quality. All Major-general Marmie's party was with him, 7 or 8 miles from us, and about 1,300 of our foot, and 3 regts. of our horse; so that we had but 7 regiments with us.

"Thus you see what the Lord hath wrought for us. Can any creature ascribe anything to itself? Now can we give all the glory to God, and desire all may do so; for it is all due unto Him. Thus you have *Long Sutton* mercy added to *Naseby* mercy. And to see this, is it not to see the face of God? You have heard of *Naseby*; it was a happy victory. As in this, so in that, God was pleased to use his servants; and if men will be malicious and swell with envy, we know who hath said, 'If they will not see, yet they shall see and be ashamed for their envy at his people.' I can say this of *Naseby*, that when I saw the enemy draw up, and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle, the general having commanded me to order all the horse, I could not (riding alone about my business) but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to nought things that are, of which I had great assurance, and God did it. Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord, and declare the wonders that He doth for the children of men!

"I cannot write more particulars now. I am going to the rendezvous of all our horse, 3 miles from Bridgewater; we march that way. It is a reasonable mercy. I cannot better tell you than write that God will go on. We have taken two guns, three carriages of ammunition, in the chase. The enemy quitted Lamport; when they ran out at one end of the town, we entered the other. They fired that at which we should chase, which hindered our pursuit, but we overtook many of them. I believe we got near fifteen hundred horse. Sir, I beg your prayers. Believe and you shall be established. I rest
Your Servant,

"[OLIVER CROMWELL.]

"[Langport, July the 10th, 1645.]"

The concluding portion of Mr.

Sanford's book is devoted to a detailed account of the Battle of Marston Moor, derived from various sources, and forming a very graphic and interesting historical picture. Here Mr. Sanford's powers of examining a subject shine out to great advantage. He has shown what he might have accomplished in the political and personal portions of the work, had he refrained from exercising the functions of an advocate to the extent he has done. Having, on the field of battle, nothing but facts to deal with, he has gone to work without the *arrière-pensée*, and the result is the masterly narrative we find in the text. Let us repeat our hope, that the tone in which this volume is concluded may be an earnest of that with which another may be entered upon, and that facts instead of arguments may be the staple of the author's future labours in the field he has chosen.

Into the details of this memorable action it is not our purpose at present to enter. The reader is sufficiently acquainted with the general features of the battle. It was resolved upon by Prince Rupert, who, according to our historian, strained the words of a letter of Charles's beyond their legitimate meaning, to justify him in bringing on a general engagement. In order to render this interpretation correct, it might seem necessary to exhibit proofs of the King having shifted the discredit of defeat off his own shoulders, by appealing to the letter, and showing that no authority for the decisive action was contained in it—yet nothing of the kind seems ever to have been suggested—and the terms of Charles's note to his nephew, of the 11th of July, are, as we conceive, decisive as to the correctness of the interpretation placed upon the words of the letter by the Prince. However this may be, on the 2nd of July, 1644, the two armies, that of the King, commanded by Prince Rupert, and that of the Parliament, led by the Earl of Manchester, found themselves face to face upon the plain, or moor, of Long Marston, in Yorkshire.

After much manœuvring, the arrangements on each side were completed, and

"By about two o'clock of the afternoon the two armies were drawn up in complete battle array, the Royalists

having been engaged till then in bringing over a part of their foot from the other side of the Ouse. The numbers on both sides were nearly equal, the Prince having some 23,000 or 24,000 men, and the Parliamentarians 'somewhat more.' The great ordnance then began to play, but (as usual in that century) with but small effect. 'The first shot killed a son of Sir Gilbert Haughton, that was a captain in the prince's army; but this,' says the Royalist Sir Henry Slingsby, 'was only a shewing their teeth; for after four shots made, they gave over, and in Marston corn-fields fell to singing psalms.'

"About five o'clock there was a general silence, each expecting who should begin the charge, as the ditch and hedge-bank must be crossed by the Round-heads, if they would attack the Cavaliers on the moor; or by the latter, if they would charge their opponents in the great rye-field and closes; so that a great disadvantage would result to those that began the charge, seeing the ditch must somewhat disturb their order, and the others would be ready on good ground and in good order to charge them before they could recover it. 'How goodly a sight,' exclaims Mr. Ash, 'was this to behold, when two mighty armies, each of which consisted of above 20,000 horse and foot, did, with flying colours prepared for the battle, look each other in the face.' 'You cannot imagine,' says another eyewitness, 'the courage, spirit, and resolution that was taken up on both sides; for we looked, and no doubt they also, upon this fight as the losing or gaining the garland. And, sir, consider the height of difference of spirits; in their army, the cream of all the Papists in England, and in ours, a collection out of all the corners of England and Scotland, of such as had the greatest antipathy to Popery and tyranny; these equally thirsting the extirpation of each other. And now the sword must determine that which a hundred years' policy and dispute could not do.' It may have been during this interval of inaction that Prince Rupert himself examined a prisoner as to who were the leaders of the opposing army. The man answered, 'General Leven, my Lord Fairfax, and Sir Thomas Fairfax——' 'Is Cromwell there?' exclaimed the prince, interrupting him, and being answered that he was, 'Will they fight?' said he; 'if they will, they shall have fighting enough!' The soldier was then released, and, returning to his own army, told the generals what had passed, and Cromwell, that the prince had asked for him in particular, and said they should have fighting enough. 'And,'

exclaimed Cromwell, 'if it please God, so shall he!'

"But it seemed as if the wishes of neither of these commanders were, on this occasion, to be gratified, for seven o'clock arrived, and the armies still remained gazing silently on each other. 'And surely,' says Scout-master Watson, 'had two such armies, drawn up so close one to the other, being, on both wings, within musket-shot, departed without fighting, I think it would have been as great a wonder as hath been seen in England!' That this would be the case, at least for that night, was the opinion of both sides, and on the Marquis of Newcastle asking the prince what service he would be pleased to command him, the latter answered, that he would begin no action upon the enemy till early the next morning, desiring the marquis to repose himself till then; which he did, and went to rest in his own coach, that was close by in the field, until the time appointed. But his rest was destined to be short; for Prince Rupert having erected a battery on the moor, opposite to the left wing of the Parliament's forces, Cromwell ordered two field-pieces to be brought forward from the hill upon which they had been planted, appointing two regiments of foot to guard them. These, marching for that purpose, were attacked by the musketeers of the Royalist right wing, who fired thickly upon them from the ditch. This in a moment brought on a general engagement, at about half-past seven in the evening."

The battle may be divided into three distinct engagements. In the first, Cromwell's horse, on the Parliament right wing, routed and dispersed Rupert's horse, on the Royalist left. In the second, the Royalist centre and left completely defeated the portion of the Parliament army opposed to them, and pursued them a long distance off the field. In the third, Cromwell's cavalry returned from the pursuit of its opponents, fell upon the victorious, but disorganised, main body of Rupert's army, and changed the fortunes of the day; utterly routing them, and finally remaining masters of the field. A charge of cowardice has been brought against Cromwell for his conduct on this day; but, we agree with Mr. Sanford in thinking, without sufficient evidence. The calumny is of Scotch origin, and, coming from the Crawfords, can be easily accounted for.

The usual sequel of a battle ensued.

"The Prince of Plunderland," says an old account, 'he that had by daylight plundered others, had his rich sumpter plundered by moonlight; for till twelve at night our soldiers had the slaughter of the enemy in woods and lanes and fields. This hamper or sumpter was found in the wood, with a guard to defend it. *Our soldiers do not love to tell you what was in it; only they say some papers with C. R., that he should fight, whatever came of it.*' Manchester's army, we learn from a Royalist authority, satisfied with having achieved the victory, left to others (whose motives were less lofty, even as their courage was less sustained) the plunder of those enemies who had yielded to their arms alone. Mr. Ash gives us a peep into Manchester's camp after the day was won. The Royalists being beaten out of the field, the Earl of Manchester, he tells us, about eleven o'clock that night, did ride about to the soldiers, both horse and foot, giving them many thanks for the exceeding good service which they had done for the kingdom; and he often earnestly exhorted them to give the honour of their victory to God alone. He also further told them that, although he could not possibly that night make provisions for them according to their deserts and necessities, yet he would, without fail, endeavour their satisfaction in that kind in the morning. The soldiers unanimously gave God the glory of their great deliverance and victory, and told his lordship with much cheerfulness, that though they had long fasted and were faint, yet they would willingly wait three days longer rather than give off the service or leave him. Such were the soldiers of Cromwell! And this was no mere talk; for, having drained the wells to the mud, they were obliged to drink water out of ditches and places puddled with the horses' feet; and very few of the common soldiers, Mr. Ash assures us, eat above the quantity of a penny loaf from Tuesday to Saturday morning, nor had they any beer at all. That night they kept the field, and the bodies of the dead were stripped. In the morning, says the same authority, there was a mortifying object to behold, when the naked bodies of thousands lay upon the ground, and many not altogether dead. The white smooth skins of numbers gave reason to think that they were gentlemen, and that they might have more honourable burial than the rest, if their friends pleased, Sir Charles Lucas was desired to go along to view the corpses and choose whom he would; which he did, but would not say he knew any one of them (not wishing, it would seem, that

the great loss which the king had sustained should be known), except one gentleman, who had a bracelet of hair about his wrist. Sir Charles desired the bracelet might be taken off, and said that an honourable lady should give thanks for that. As he passed along he said, in the presence of many, 'Alas for King Charles! unhappy King Charles!'

One incident is worth noticing. Among the slain on the King's side was "Martin Townley, of Townley, a Lancashire Papist;" a tradition connected with whose death is as follows:—

"Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Trappes, married Charles Towneley, of Towneley, in Lancashire, Esquire, who was killed at the battle of Marston Moor. During the engagement she was with her father at Knaresborough, where she heard of her husband's fate, and came upon the field the next morning, in order to search for his body, while the attendants of the camp were stripping and burying the dead. Here she was accosted by a general officer, to whom she told her melancholy story. He heard her with great tenderness, but earnestly desired her to leave a place, where, besides the distress of witnessing such a scene, she might, probably, be insulted. She complied, and he called a trooper, who took her *en-croupe*. On her way to Knaresborough, she inquired of the man the name of the officer to whose civility she had been indebted, and learned that it was Lieutenant-General Cromwell."

With the following picture of the rejoicings consequent on the victory of Marston Moor, the volume ends:

"On Thursday, the 16th of July, a solemn thanksgiving-day was kept, by order of the Parliament. 'The acknowledgment, oblation, and due thanks to God for his mercy and goodness to us,' say the old newspapers, 'was in every parish church and chapel, within the jurisdiction and power of the Parliament, humbly offered; the minister of every such parish that day serving the cure relating some certainties (by way of encouragement and stirring up our devotions) of the undoubted victory.' Mr. Alexander Henderson, the celebrated Scotch preacher, in particular, in his sermon before the Parliament, urged on their attention the wonderful providence by which that which they had thought to be the greatest misfortune, the relieving of York by Prince Rupert's army, had turned out the greatest blessing,

by emptying that city of all the forces of the enemy, and enabling them to crush them at one blow in the open field. 'The morning divine service being past, from every fort about the cities of London and Westminster was heard the big voice of the cannon, echoing in the air; the bells kept their time and tune as partners in our joy; and upon Paul's steeple was seen one of the colours won and brought from the enemy, bravely displayed. The night afforded us the pleasure of bonfires, builded by the cost and affection of the lovers of religion and goodness. Thus to the utter disheartening (I hope) of all the Malignant crew, we measured out our time and joy with the truth of the conquest.'"

In bringing this review of Mr. Sanford's volume to a close, we have a few words to say in our own justification, and something also in his. Our task has been a difficult one; we felt from the first that there could be little congeniality of feeling between us. Mr. Sanford does not pretend to conceal the fact of his being one of the Carlyle and Forster school, men who, because they admire the principle at the bottom of the Great Rebellion, have thought it necessary unduly to magnify the individuals who contributed to bring it about. Let one of the ablest, though certainly the most blindly prejudiced of writers, Mr. Carlyle, have his romance out. Let him inflate his ideal into a superhuman reality. We no more object to this than we do to the canonization of the monarch whose chief claim to our reverence is that he bore his reverses as became a man and a Christian. But what we do object to, is the vilification of the unhappy—the effort, for the sake of contrast, to make him whose faults were, at all events, fearfully expiated by his misfortunes, the object of our ridicule and disgust, as well as of our disapproval. The attempt defeats its own object. At no time do we feel more reconciled to a designation which has just been so properly expunged from the rubric of our Church, or more ready to kneel before the shrine of Charles the Martyr, than after the perusal of books like these. We have looked, in our mind's eye, at the lineaments of the Huntingdon enthusiast, and then at those which the genius of Vandyke has immortalized on his canvas, in which the future

seems to have been reflected in the depth of the calm, foreboding eyes—or, with yet more of emotion, at the features themselves, as they have been sketched from the severed head, so startlingly preserved, in the awful serenity of death, for the royalty of our own era to ponder over,—and we have come to the conclusion that events and characters refuse to be necessarily coupled together: that they must remain independent and distinct, and that biography and history must be left to hold their course in separate channels. Our heads may direct us along the path of events in one direction, while our hearts may be permitted to drag us in the track of some individual, in another; and we may thus, without the charge of inconsistency, sympathise with those from whose principles in theory we dissent. Cromwell helped to do great things for England. So far we respect his memory. But let us not be forced to exhibit that respect by trampling on those he overthrew.

The imperative necessity of asserting these opinions has led us into fault-finding farther than we had anticipated or intended. The reader of this review will scarcely have a fair idea of the work from what we have said—scarcely indeed a just conception of our own opinion of it. An anxiety to vindicate the truth from intemperate party exaggeration, has caused us to pass over a vast deal of matter to which no objection of the nature we have been adverting to can be taken. The chapter entitled "Strafford and Pym" embodies much that has not been so well related before, including the memorable trial of the former personage; that designa-

ted "Parliamentary Royalism" may be taken, with some reasonable allowance, as a clear and concise summary of the events which preceded the ultimate appeal to arms, by the King on the one side, and the Parliament on the other; and under the title of "the Earl of Essex," we are presented with a vivid, and in the main, accurate sketch of those partly military, partly political movements, during which that nobleman occupied the highest military post in the Parliamentary armies. Let justice, then, be done to the author of the volume before us. For our part, we very cordially recommend his book to the student of history, convinced that in most cases it will prove its own antidote, and that the good will be extracted and assimilated by the same judgment which rejects the bad. A continuance of these essays of Mr. Sanford's will show how far he is inclined to listen to well-meant suggestions. We have faith in his good and generous feeling; and venture to predict, judging from much of what we find here, that the falling fortunes of the misguided monarch will have their influence in softening asperities, even should the darker qualities of him who was to rise upon his ruins fail to shake his devotion; and that by the time the final and fatal scene is represented upon the page, he will understand, in some degree at least, the meaning of that quivering and convulsion of the English heart, which, history tells us, in weaker individuals, at tidings of the catastrophe, shook the animal or mental organization beyond its capacity of endurance, and cast involuntary victims in death at the foot of the scaffold of Whitehall.

AN HOUR AGO, OR TIME IN DREAMLAND.

THE schools of poetry, so scornfully characterized by Carlyle as the Lake school, the Border-thief school, the Cockney, and the Satanic, which ruled over the heart of this generation during its childhood, have already vanished from the earth; their influence has passed away; their heroes have died out and become extinct. The heads and leaders, indeed, the authors of "Marmion" and "The Giaour" still wear, and will for ever wear their crowns in the Valhalla of the ages; but their imitators and disciples are no more. A new race of poets has arisen, and the commencement of a new epoch has been marked by the simultaneous tendency of all writers, whether of prose or verse, towards the elaboration of truth, as the aim and reward of all their mental toil; the deep eternal truth which lies at the base of all human life. Our leaders of literature now seek their inspiration in the mysteries of passion and suffering as they exist in all social grades—in the highest as in the commonest daily life. And if they lay bare the evils of ignorance and sin, and paint with awful fidelity the coarseness and degradation of a fallen life, it is to arouse in us that noble sympathy which can almost regenerate the heart in which it is born, and that on which it falls.

Of these teachers of our age, with their world-wide sympathies, human tenderness, profound love for the good and beautiful, and scorn of the untrue, who proudly stand on the ruins of the false, feeble, unbelieving eighteenth century, and preach earnestness, faith, truth, and self-reverence in all life's work, reverence, too, for the inalienable rights and dignity of man, Carlyle may be named the leader in philosophy, and Mr. Ruskin in art; whilst fiction has its crowd of witnesses, and poetry its universal priesthood, all devoted to the same high mission: pre-eminent in the latter walk stands Elizabeth Browning, the greatest poetess of this age.

All these poets and writers—poets

all of them, whether in prose or verse—aim at representing in their works the philosophic, the aesthetic, and the social tendencies of the time towards truth, light, and freedom.

In the "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle is depicted, with that quaint humour and pathetic eloquence in which he has no rival or equal, the progress of a human soul from Doubt to Faith. In Bailey's "Festus" we have the history of every human soul, symbolized by the history of one in its progress from sin to suffering, and through suffering to purification and redemption; while in "Aurora Leigh" we stand before our unveiled social life, and see the eternal war between deep true human feeling and false shallow conventionalism: and the grand superiority of nature's nobility over the mere aristocracy of castes and circles is asserted and proved.

Mr. Corkran's poem of "Time in Dreamland" belongs also to this modern philosophical school, and is distinguished by the same high aims and teaching. The subject is the history, not as in "Festus," of a single soul working out its own purification through suffering, but of the great soul of humanity itself considered in its unity—its moral evolution and growth through the progressive intellectual development of the race.

Humanity is a thought of God, and human history its manifestation; this is the idea of the poem.

The world-plan unfolds itself to the author as a gradual revelation or incarnation of this divine thought. But he proceeds by no mere historical sequence; he rejects details, and selects his illustrations only from those philosophical epochs distinguished by their essential nature, as influencing the development of the soul; periods which some grand and sudden apocalypse of intellect made splendid, fruitful, and elevating, and the effects of which were permanent upon the moral condition of the human race.

These remarkable periods, when

the soul seems to receive a fresh impetus, and rushes onward to the light, are always found illuminated by the name of some *one* great man; for all history shows that individuals alter the world not the masses. Of these are the men to whom power is given to pierce the depths of human sympathy and touch the springs of human thought. Their object is always mental freedom; for thought must precede action as light preceded creation. The mental view of things must be cleared before the brain will stir the muscles of the arm to dare and do. And it is strange, though a sure proof of the innate grandeur of the soul of man, that no great flame of enthusiasm ever yet was kindled in the world for any thing that concerned merely the physical bettering of human condition.

Man has the permanency of an animal in his mere animal habits—the eating, drinking, clothing, sheltering modes of life; there it is always hard to move the masses; there they are always suspicious or careless of change. But when the spark touches the mental nature, when the soul comes in contact with an idea, a mere abstraction that seems in no way connected with man's daily life, then enthusiasm burns fiercely and irresistibly, and overbears all opposition. Liberty—truth—patriotism—these are but words; yet for such words only are men found willing to die. For there is no true life but in the soul, and it is only in those high moments, when the heart is lifted above the transitory into the eternal, and all that holds of the Godlike within us is aroused, that we have the sublime consciousness of living, being, and of our privileges as a race “only a little lower than the angels.”

The prophets and teachers whose aim in life was to lift human souls to this elevation are the heroes of Mr. Corkran's poem. The men who, in their age advanced the landmarks of knowledge and planted their banners on the reclaimed space, inscribed for all time with their name; who fought the battle of life bravely for the sake of an idea, but ideas that could free the soul and regenerate humanity. Cosmocrators—world-leaders—the old Platonists would call them. Carlyle names them heroes; Emerson, representative men; but all alike

have the one object, the spiritual and intellectual elevation of mankind. And the period of time selected, wherein such men best acted out their destiny as regenerators, is that wondrous era of mental development dating from the fall of the Byzantine Empire to the close of the sixteenth century; a period which included the grandest discoveries—the greatest men—the sublimest manifestations of art, and the most important events that ever influenced the mental progress of our race; events whose pulsations still vibrate in the great heart of the world. A new continent was discovered, and the ocean path to India opened—the kingdoms of Europe were consolidated—national languages organized and perfected—literature was freed from its monastic bondage and diffused to the millions by the invention of printing—philosophers weighed the stars, while navigators were revealing the earth, and science rose from the knowledge of facts to laws. Civil freedom was established on the ruins of feudalism, and religious freedom won by Luther from a tyrannical and demoralized priesthood.

Whatever is most beautiful in Christian architecture, sculpture, and painting, falls within this period. All the great artists were living then: and while Michael Angelo raised a firmament of marble to heaven, Raphael filled the Vatican with forms of ideal beauty. Centuries have passed by, but still this century remains unsurpassed. In art, science, and literature, religion and government, the soul was liberated in light, freedom, and beauty; and the old world rose regenerated from a baptism of intellectual glory.

The events and the men of such an era form a magnificent programme for a poem; while the requirements are indeed great that could do them justice: a philosophic intellect, the comprehensive learning of the student, the lyric power of the poet, and much of the sad wisdom of life; yet the author is never beneath either his subject or his purpose. In every line there is the inspiration of a calm, noble, reflective mind; and with a generous enthusiasm the temple doors have been opened wide to all great souls, no matter what their sect or calling. All who have gained or given rights to humanity find welcome to

the brotherhood of the Heroes of the World.

Historic truth, meanwhile, has been carefully preserved, and the historic characters are so faithfully drawn, that the poem comes to us like a voice that has traversed the ages, and spoken with the men of all time, in their own language, and in sympathy with their own thoughts.

The fall of Byzantium was the fall of an epoch of the world; the close of a cycle which began when ancient Rome "perished like a mammoth in a drift of northern snows;" and ended when the last of the Eastern Cæsar's fell beneath the sword of Mahomet.

A thousand years separated these two events; seven hundred of which are stigmatized in history as "The Dark Ages"—dark through ignorance, and barbarous through poverty, during which period, says Hallam, "but two really great men appeared in literature, John, surnamed Scotus, of Ireland, and Pope Silvester II."

From the twelfth century light began to dawn, and the elemental strivings of human intellect towards development can be detected. Dante and Giotto were "The Witnesses" in the fourteenth century; and ever stronger and brighter grew the light till it culminated in the splendour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But, truly, when Byzantium fell, in the middle of the fifteenth century; when the Eastern empire lay waste and desolate; its Christian altars overthrown, its children fugitives, and the triumph of barbarism seemed complete over the luxurious civilization of a thousand years, no one could have foreseen that from these very smouldering ashes of a ruined empire, Western Europe was to gain all its light. Yet such was the hidden plan of Providence. The cultivated Greeks, who fled from their fallen capital, carried with them their science, arts, language, literature, and refinements of civilization; and thus the Greek mind, with its high culture, was flung upon half barbarous Western Europe, and gave that immense irrepressible stimulus to thought, which produced all that has made modern Europe what it is.

Florence and the Medici were foremost to offer the fugitives a sanctuary,

and in return they gave Florence and the Medici their glory. From Duke Cosmo, who welcomed them, down to the pontificate of his grandson, Leo X. all that was eminent throughout Italy in learning, philosophy, and the fine arts, owed its origin to Greek teaching, and Italy radiated the light that kindled souls throughout the world.

The great epochs of development which followed this event are brilliantly illustrated in Mr. Corkran's poem. It is a synthesis of human progress, thrown into the poetic form—sometimes narrative, sometimes dramatic. With all the light concentrated upon the Representative man of each epoch; for, in every deliverance from bondage there is a Moses; for every great idea given to the world, there is some one living man its exponent to the age in which it is revealed. Thus, it is the vital life of history is reflected, not its details; the life within the life: and it is the privilege of the poet thus to grasp and illustrate results; details are for the statist and politician, but the poet stands in the centre where all radii meet, and follows out each line of human life to where it blends with the Infinite and Eternal.

To the author of "Time in Dreamland," the significance of each historical event is measured only by its influence on the eternal element within man's nature. His epic is the liberation of the soul, with its manifestations and triumphs; and the only heroes he recognises are the men who, in whatever mode they teach or preach, by art, science, moral nobleness, or heroic action, show to the world that every onward step in human perfection is a true manifestation of the divinity in humanity.

As it is the soul's history, the soul alone perceives it. A vision falls upon the poet, in which, unfettered by the laws of duration or space, he beholds the whole great era of human progress revolve before him through its zodiac of living lights. It is "An Hour in Dreamland," but that hour is a century. The poem opens with some fine lines, telling how the simple-beauty of a mother's life first gave a spiritual impulse to his thoughts, strength for the present, and hope for the future.

She is thus described:—

"Book-learned she was not, yet I ne'er
knew one
Could read like her the sorrow of a face
At first sight of, and, with a mistress' hand,
Bring from the torn dishevelled instrument
Such moving histories——"

"Well, she is now with God; thank God
she is.

Why doth her spirit not bear message down—
Well, if it might, what other lesson teach
Than that already taught by her own life :—
When looks the world most hopeless, *how*
much good
Can be accomplished by a single will !"

This thought suggests the poem.
A pretty prologue follows, in which
the poet and his wife discuss the
ideas of the age :—

"Tremendous social questions, waiting for
The purifying powers of thought and time.

"The Rights of Woman"—woman *hath* great
rights,
And well she uses them. Her's is the
right

To form the infant mind, to sow the seeds
Of knowledge and of virtue, and to strike
Deep through the unsteady soul the piles
on which

God's Temple, character, must firm be built."

——"Hath she no wrongs ?

Hath heaven no wrongs ? What do we not
profane

Save her at least from equal rights of sin."

From the present age the philosopher
is led back to consider the
origin of all the great ideas which
now influence mankind, with the
epochs that produced them, and finds
that

"Enterprises influencing deep

The destinies of states and mankind's fate
Are ever wrought by one inspired man ;
Men who gave their lives
For the world, and whom the world hated."

——"Great forward leaps

Followed by fainting falls have mark'd
Time's course,

Each revelation to mankind vouchsafed
Hath come encompassed by mighty storms.
Each gift from Heaven
Hath claimed its price in combat, for with-
out

Battle unto the death is nought obtained."

Then, as in a vision, he beholds
a great crowd standing in the sun-
light—a lustrous crowd with calm
majestic eyes. And a voice tells him
who he is looking upon :—

"By psalmists, prophets, stand the wise of
Greece,

Plato, Pythagoras, and Socrates !
And Rome's majestic Pagan heroes give
To mightier Fathers of the Church the hand."

They are gathered together to look
upon the fall of Byzantium, while
Michael the Archangel stands by the

soul of the dead Constantine and un-
folds before him the new phase of
human history which is to rise from
the ruins of his empire. He shows
him the Spirit of Truth going forth
from Heaven to preach a new evangel
to man ; and the Spirit of Falsehood
swift following from Hell to turn all
virtues into vices. Thus, by her in-
fluence, reverence for authority be-
comes abject slavery ; religion be-
comes fanaticism, and human freedom
changes to the wildest license and
infidelism. But still the angel shows
how

"Truth rises fresh

From the eternal combat with the false.
The conquest of the worst lasts but a day,
The ever-living word immortal burns."

Then he leads Constantine to his
place amid a pyramid of thrones,
whereon are seated the crowned kings
who are of the just :—David, "whose
soul dissolved upon his harp in
psalms," Alfred, the saintly Louis,
and mighty Charlemagne.

——"But many thrones

Did empty look, save on their steps there sat
Faces of disrowned sorrow, round whose
brows

Was girt a burning mark."

Then a long trail of light settles
down "by a ship's helm, in a breeze-
freshened sea," and in the ship he
beholds

"A group of calm, grave men,

With reason on their brow. And women
sweet

With soul o'er all the face. Before their eyes
Were spread strange manuscripts. Alas !
they were

Lovers of learning from the city fled."

The vision changes, and the poet sees

"Those Grecian wise

Whose features Raphael to us revealed
When Athens' school arose before his eyes."

Their eyes are bent upon fair Florence,
where the fugitive Greeks of fallen
Byzantium have found repose—

"And pay

The merchant Cosmo back with deathless
fame."

Already out of evil has sprang forth
good, and the first sparks of intel-
lectual power in Europe rise from
the ashes of the empire which the
Turk had trampled beneath his feet.
A description follows of the court of
the wise Lorenzo "the Magnificent,"
with his learned friends Mirandola
the poet, and the quaint Ficinus the

Platonist, and how in their warm philosophic enthusiasm

"They wept o'er Socrates as 'twere to-day
He drank the hemlock and spoke words divine.

Discouraged of Plato—How he taught
That love of the Creator leads to love
Of all which doth show forth our Maker's laws."

But the vision changes again suddenly from these refined and spiritual Platonists to the tragedy of the Pazzi—a conspiracy instigated by Pope Sixtus IV. against the Medici, whose towns he coveted and whose glory he envied. Falsehood has now her hours of triumph, masked in the garb of religion; Griellano, brother to the great Lorenzo, is stabbed by a priest as he kneels to receive the Host at the altar, and Lorenzo himself is wounded, but not slain. He lives for vengeance; and, by his orders Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, head of the conspiracy, and two priests beside, are hung in the streets of Florence, while the crowd shout—"Unto the Pazzi death!"

The death of Salviati is one of the best passages in the poem, but too long for quotation.

Savonarola now appears upon the scene—the inspired, doomed Dominican; with his fierce denunciations against sin, whether beneath the cowl or the tiara; his fiery wrath against all that taints and corrupts the soul; and his burning words of love, tenderness, and pity, for all human weakness; the divine-souled yet human-hearted man who wrote these words—"I entered the cloister to learn how to suffer; and when sufferings visited me, I made a study of them; and they taught me to love always, and to forgive always." The vision passes on and shows us Savonarola in prison with the patriot Machiavelli, and Saint Augustine is seen weeping in heaven with his mother Monica, while they gaze on Florence—

"Behold, she said, yon martyrs who redeem
The wickedness of men with agonies."

And they bend to listen as Machiavelli speaks:—

"Thou hast done well, my Jerome, right well done,
To brave those impious Borgias in their might.

Never did one of old immortal Rome
Perform a work more noble or more wise.
A patriot saint thou art, a tribune priest,
A man of God! a veritable man!"

"Jerome, go on;

March bravely, brothers, to the martyr's crown,
Tho' burning fire make red the heavens,
like face
Of demon impotently glaring—On!"

Savonarola answers:—

"I will, God helping me. I will reprove
Vice in high places, time'd, scepter'd,
crown'd,
And raise God's law above all human thrones.

Men thirst for life;

The keen, sweet sense of living—life in the breach—
Before the dice—the cup—or on the lip.
Oh! catch them up into the higher life,
As live they must and will; and that's his task—
The teacher's."

MACHIAVELLI.

"Alas! then I'm no teacher."

SAVONAROLA.

"Yes, but thou art a teacher thine own way.
Grandly thou sittest on the throne of time
And the past, present, and the future, like
The river's source, the river, and the sea—
Cause, course, and consequence—behold at once!

My work is done. Thine only is begun.
My voice shall like a player's pass away."

MACHIAVELLI.

"Not so. Examples never die. The tale
Of noble deed which gives the poets' song
Nurtures the spirit of the growing man.
A whole life's volume bursts in act and word,

A grand immortal blessedness of bloom."

The vision changes, and the poet sees an altar—but the altar is of fagots piled for a funeral pyre, and the victim is Savonarola

"Bound in the talons of a fiery wee."

But

"Where in the market-place the people see
A felon burning—angel eyes discern'd
A sacrifice."

Again, a prison.

"There a wan, old man; a dungeon deep;
And men with faces clammy as cold walls,
And hearts unfeeling as the flag they tread,
Stand pen in hand—and no confessions come.

Nature can bear no more—he swoons, he swoons!

Nicholas Machiavelli swoons in sleep
As the deep grave profound. His towering mind
Boundless as space and time, thick thronged with stars,
Is trampled out as by the foot of beast."

Falsehood has had her revenge in martyrdom ; but the torch of truth that fell from the hand of the dead Savonarola is grasped by the young Luther, and the miner's son kindles a blaze in Germany that speedily lights the world.

Truth flies from Papal Italy ; and we behold her next standing by the side of the aged Guttenberg, at the moment of success, when intellectual freedom has been achieved by his discovery. Faust, and his daughter, Faustine, appear upon the scene to share his joy, with Schoeffer, Guttenberg's assistant, who is the lover of the young Faustine. But their marriage had been opposed by her father for want of means. Guttenberg, the lone, old man, who has no passion but science, no joys but in contemplating its grand results, and to whom both fame and fortune would now come too late—generously imparts the secret to his assistant, which enables him to win bride, and fame, and fortune, all together, and thus the triumph of intellect becomes the sacrament of love, for—

"Upon the marriage altar of this pair,
See the first printed Holy Bible laid ;
Thronged down the angels ; they that temple
filled,
And from the temple, up to space and space,
A broadening beam of angels, to the Throne !
Truth held the Bible in her own fair hands,
While Falsehood, scathed and wounded, fled
the light.
Yet, breathed she still, in consciousness that
yet
The struggle was not o'er for many an age."

Again the vision changes. The human mind has already sprung to adolescence, and over all the broad Continent of Europe can be traced the strong efforts of the soul to liberate itself in all modes of human life, social, political, and moral.

Luther smites down corruption as with an archangel's sword, and the Reformation is achieved.

Feudalism sinks beneath the keen edged wit of Erasmus ; and the civil and sacerdotal tyrannies, which for a thousand years had "ground down men's bones to a pale unanimity," tremble and fall before the strong words of a few earnest, heroic men.

Science, too, at the same moment, by maritime discovery, opened the ocean highways to commercial freedom, and a universal brotherhood of nations. The men of the epoch pass

before us as in a vision, grand and calm in the consciousness of all they have achieved. Let us arrest some of these majestic shadows as they pass.

Two men are standing by a vessel's stern, one, Martin Behem, who gave the Brazils to Portugal ; the other a despised Jew, but the inventor of the astrolabe, by whose aid navigators dared to track the wild wide ocean—yet here, as upon all blessings given to man, falsehood contrives to set her curse. The ship that brings the tidings to King John, of Portugal, of his new possession, brings also a cargo of human slaves, the first offering these rich lands lay at his feet. "The star-taker is the slave maker."

Then Columbus passes along the scene—

—"A sweet, composed, and gentle man,
Eyes deep and full, as if they drank in heaven."

First we see him a wanderer at the courts of unbelieving monarchs, with no proof to offer for the world he promised save his own intense faith—"Faith, the soul's sense, that to the Infinite soars."

The cold, crafty Ferdinand of Spain, however, is too intent on expelling the Moors, that he may plunder their fair cities, to heed him, save

"With scornful eye, and cold deceptive smile,
But, whilst he is surrounded by his knights ;
A goodly sight in sun-flamed coats of mail,
His saintly and heroic Isabel,
Attracted by the glorious light of Truth
Over his countenance suffused, gives ear
Unto Columbus looking grandly poor."

"Upon Columbus, Isabel her eyes
Turned their full orb'd weightiness of strength,
And his bleached not. There was a breadth
of calm,

A purity and gentleness, diffused
Over the visage of that marvellous man ;
And in his darkly glowing eyes, a depth
Of patient power which the Queen subdued
To equalizing sympathy. She asked,
With sweet serenity of smile, the road
Which to those unknown kingdoms rightly
led !"

"Thereupon to her he told the tale
Of agitated hopes that round his mind
Shook like a bannered army."

"She paused in silent prayer : what passed
within

The infinite world of her soul, there were
Around me hosts of spirits who could tell,
But on mine own the mortal veil still hung.
I could but watch and listen, and I heard
As Isabel bent down her head, these words :—
I'll pledge my jewels for this enterprise
That whispered word gave to Castile a world !"

This description is beautiful ; and also the account of his approach to

that new world, hitherto seen only in his dreams, believed in only by faith. Winged messengers come to him "over the waters to his Ark," prophetic of success.

But Falsehood follows quick to mar the good and blight the blessing. By her promptings, Christian men, under the plea of religion, murder from lust of gold; while in Spain, the Inquisition, under the banner of the cross, tortures and kills for the sake of God, and shrieks of agony from the victims of both hemispheres, rise together before the throne of the Highest.

A ghastly crowd of victims make a wall between heaven and the terrible Torquemada, who sinks back to utter darkness, and retribution falls on Spain; from that hour her gold and her glory began to depart from her.

Another scene of the drama, and Erasmus is before us, his delicate feeble frame contrasting with his giant mind. He is in colloquy with a monk and a feudal baron, who prove, wisely and truly, that feudalism and monasticism had their mission once for human good, like all other phases of human condition.

Luther appears now before the poet's vision; the last great hero of the century; the man who, above all others, influenced Europe; who rent the human mind from its old moorings, and gave that impetus to religion, and civil and intellectual freedom, which still vibrates throughout the world. See him first, the young monk of Erfurth, struggling in such mental agonies with the dawning truth that his frame wasted, and he often fell down insensible, till the monks restored him by soft low music. Then, warring against the visible devil at Wartburg—warring against and conquering that false fiend—

"Who never in his proudest hours of might
Dared meet a man whose soul rose fixed on
God."

Again see him, the apostle of spiritual freedom, commissioned by the Almighty, standing in the might and power of that divine diploma undaunted before the Council at Augsburg, before his subtle enemy the Cardinal Legate, and the chief amongst Italian and German nobility; see there this solitary, humble, low-born, spirit-worn monk, prostrating his body three times in the abject humility of old servitude before the proud Cardi-

nal; but again, the next moment, with bold inspired force and eloquence, behold him smite down one after another the hollow shadows they opposed to the truth, till the legate's face grew white with wrath, and his heart quailed, and he dismissed the assembly with a faint sarcasm on the man he could not confute. The monk had conquered. The weary worn ascetic that day lit a torch, whose light still burns after three hundred years.

Some striking lines may be found in the scene where the tempter tries to dissuade Luther from his work of Reformation by fear of the results. He tells him—

"The rude peasants
Tamely meet in arms. They say
The light that thou hast let into their hearts
Shows their condition to be brutes, not
men."

Luther answers:—

"Combat's the test of Truth. Good men and
brave

Baptize their faith in blood."

"The world is all a battle-ground—each man
At battle to himself, by battle tried.
The way to Heaven, friend, lies through
victory;

We thither bring the crowns we do receive
Transfigure back."

Again the tempter pleads by the beauty and the blessedness of "Peace."

Luther answers:—

"That is to say, corruption—Peace, oh Peace!
When it doth mean submission unto ill;
When it doth mean surrender of the man—
His heart, his soul, his thoughts to priestly
powers;
The abdication of his royal rights;
Peace doth stagnating rottenness become."

The great results of Luther's teaching are then sketched boldly and vividly. The peasants gather round their watch-fires at night with low mutterings of bright hopes and stern resolve to claim or take their rights. They demand freedom from the oppression of the nobles; from the greed and tyranny of the Church; and trial by jury of their brothers; and the last words rang on the listener's ears "like hymn of holiest justice."

"Chivalrous Barons in brave council sit
Passing bright Rhenish round, and lo! a
spy
Reports the immethodical rude strength,
In which enthusiasm breathes living soul."

A sound word from a sound heart has rushed like a storm upon the old

social systems of Europe and shivered them to dust. Men begin to think, to reason, to compare the dogmas of the Church and the codes of kings with the original handwriting of God upon the tables of the heart; and steel-girded chiefs "shake in their armour when a true voice speaks."

"The Peasants' War" flames up throughout all Germany, and heroes are with them to lead them or to die for them:—

"The patriots Hatten, Sickingen, and Goez—
Great hearts which stormy sunset's flames
sublime

Do swathe with soft rich beauty."

The sympathizing Alps flash signals back; the watch-fires of freedom flush every mountain-peak like sunset, and Zwinglius associates his name for ever with his country as the apostle and the martyr of Switzerland.

"Heaven hath lighted up with sacred fire
The Alps' stupendous altar. Victory
Shines from the mountain to reflecting lake,
And looks into the watcher's tears with
light."

Thus everywhere from the liberated earth to heaven rises up the triumphant Miriam song of thanksgiving for the passage from darkness to light, from bondage to freedom. Meanwhile Falsehood has raised up an agent to mar the good work; for, according to the idea of the poem, Falsehood follows Truth perpetually as her shadow—a powerful agent gifted with zeal, courage, energy, and strong will, equal to Luther's own; a man of heroic endurance, infinite self-devotion and abnegation; yet whose aim, while he fancies he is doing God's work, is only to bind the fetters again upon the freed mind of man:

Ignatius Loyola, who, recoiling from Luther's doctrines in direct antagonism, stabbed to death every vital energy, every human feeling, every independent mental effort in his disciples, and left only one principle remaining—a mute, blind, passive, unquestioning obedience.

Contrasting strongly with Loyola is a sketch of Calvin. The founder of Republicanism in Christianity—Calvin, with his cold, pure, intellect—resolute will, and terrible zeal—the type after which fashioned themselves the republicans of Cromwell and the stern old heroes of "The Covenant."

The vision passes on now to the tragic scenes of "Saint Bartholomew;"

and the spirit of fierce hatred and bigotry that produced that darkest chapter in religious history is attributed and traced by the author to the teaching of Loyola's disciples the Jesuits.

It is the night of the massacre: Catherine, the Queen Mother, has just given her daughter Marguerite in marriage to Henry of Navarre, whom she destined to be the first of her victims:—

"The Huguenots are in the snare at last,
For Catherine hath with her own fair child
The scene obscuring inchantment crowned."

Then a moan, like human sorrow, is heard among the spirits in Heaven, and a voice tells:—

"They are Medias,
Who felt the Pazzi's dagger at the mass;
And mourn in Heaven, to see that one of
theirs,
A woman, too, of their own house and kin,
Hath gone beyond the Pazzi's crime profane."

While the bell tolls for the massacre, Falsehood and the Evil One, triumphant and exultant; chant the death-song of the victims, and the progress of the assassins, as they watch the events of the night, seated on the belfry:—

"Ring, bell, ring, but not for mass;
Ring, bell, ring, but not for prayers;
Red torches are lighted,
Keen daggers are drawn;
Beware ye benighted,
Ye shall not see dawn.
A curse on peafowl singers, a curse on the mass;
Hist! hist! something wicked is coming to
pass."

The next scene shows us retribution following closely on crime, in the death of the miserable weak-minded Charles IX.:

"One night he broke from tortured sleep, and
stood
Before his mother, in a rain of blood,
Wrenched by remorse from his mad heart,
Through every pore, as if a drop were
claimed,
With its life particle, for every life
Taken in the massacre. So died King
Charles."

Meanwhile, the spirit of Loyola is working in Spain also, producing the dark cruelties and crimes of the bigot, the stern-hearted Philip; while the spirit of Luther—the spirit of truth and freedom—rushes up in light from the swamps of Holland, making the name of the Netherlands synonymous in history with heroism

and glory, and Falsehood trembles before

—————"These children of no soil;
These dwellers on the land where dwells the sea."

A grand scene follows: the defence of Leyden, made memorable by that splendid act of William of Orange, who, finding no other way to dislodge the enemy, ordered the dykes to be broken, and thus, submerged his country to save his country. Falsehood sees with dread that

"Midst these unfavoured shoals, where man bath nought

Save his own right unconquerable soul,
A true, strong man hath risen."

This true, strong man must be got rid of; this man who stands right in the way of bigotry and oppression. And the Jesuit Balthazar, the disciple of Loyola, is found a ready instrument for the dark deed.

William of Orange, the lion-hearted defender of his country's rights, is assassinated by the secret orders of Philip of Spain, who vainly thinks that truth and freedom will fall by the same blow. But, as he falls, England grasps the flag of freedom from the dying hero and nurtures it evermore upon English soil.

Henceforth Spain and England represent the two antagonistic forces of Truth and Falsehood. One comes with the might of the Armada, haughty in power, certain of triumph, dares—and *fails*. The other, strong in right, humble in spirit, dares—and *conquers*. Then comes the award of divine justice. Philip of Spain, the gloomy, relentless bigot, dies a loathsome mass of corruption, haunted by the image of his own murdered son; while the murdered William of Orange beholds from heaven his grandson mount the throne of England; the representative to the world of those eternal human rights for which he had fought and fallen. And the poem ends with a chant of glory to England and her mighty Shakespeare, whom the poet considers as the result and crowning of the great century whose storms had produced him.

"A genius cradled in the Armada storm
And in his magnitude of deathless song
Will mankind grow familiar with an age,
The greatest in the world, because it brought,

Through its capacity, this genius forth,
Its glories full incarnated in him.

As wild seas lost in caverns leave their shrieks

Amidst the rocks without. So passions strong

Rolled off their frenzy as they thronged his breast,

And moaned into a music that made weep
Soul purifying tears."

We have now traced the design of this remarkable poem, have guided the reader through this Valhalla of "The Lords of Life," and paused before every great historic name. We feel conscious, however, that our necessarily brief extracts can convey but an inadequate notion of the massive grandeur of a drama where each character is one of the world's great heroes. Yet, even our fragmentary quotations will prove the wealth and beauty of the poem, which abounds in passages that are vigorous in thought, epigrammatic in terseness, and resonant with harmony of expression.

Nor does the poem fail to touch by sympathy while it elevates by admiration. The characters are not abstractions merely. A human heart vibrates in each of them, and some natural touch of affection shows the human tenderness with the divine power. We are not dazzled by the glory, for we see it through tears.

"All heroes," says Fichte, "offer up their lives for the race. Every thing great and good on which our age rests has been bought by the sacrifices made by the heroes of the past for ideas;" and he defines the hero—"Heroes are men who sacrifice life and its enjoyments for the sake of the idea. They enter into a new life-element of spiritual clearness and purity, whereby life in any other form becomes absolutely distasteful to them."

But what have we that is not bought with suffering? by lives that toil on in darkness and gloom to hew out for others the elements of heat and light. World-saviours and light-bringers—all are doomed, like the workers at the Gobelin tapestry, to work a life-long ever, ever at the bright threads, but, at the *back* of the picture—never seeing the result, never hearing the praise. Yet, one day the work is done, and then, face upward to the light of heaven, it meets the admiration of the world, but—the worker is in his grave.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

A TRUE TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A SCOTTISH maiden ! What a pleasant vision do not these words call up. Who that has ever kept his twelfth of August on the northern moors could fail to be reminded by them of some bright-eyed Highland lassie whom he has met at early dawn of day crossing the mountain stream barefoot, with her plaid thrown over her fair hair, and her clear voice singing out an old sweet ballad of her native land ; or haply, if he has had an *entrée* to the homes of the Scottish aristocracy, they will bring before him some yet fairer picture of a pure pale face, where eyes of a blue, tender as the morning sky, spoke of a noble and truthful soul within ; and he has learnt to love the race that once had such deadly feuds with his Saxon ancestry, because of the "glamour" cast around him by the golden-haired daughters of the land.

But very different is the real picture of that Scottish maiden of whom we are about to speak ; nor was she any vision of the fancy, but a terrible reality, whom all men knew and feared throughout broad Scotland, two hundred years ago. A dark and stern lady was she truly, and one who brooked no rivals—for they whom she had once embraced were never clasped to mortal heart again ; and the lovers whom she pillowed on her bosom, slept a sleep that knew no waking. Few there were, even of the bravest, who did not shudder somewhat as they saw her keeping her unchanging watch through storm and sunshine, beneath the shadow of old St. Giles, the principal church of the Northern capital ; and oftentimes, when they saw how the ground beneath her feet was stained with blood, they muttered curses on the "loathly maiden," that had done to death so many a gallant Scot. Yet to some this ghastly lady (which was none other than the public guillotine) appeared to have attractions, such as many a bright-eyed damsel would have envied ; for it is recorded of the noble Marquis of Argyle, the last who had died in her embrace, when our story commences,

that he ran eagerly up the steps, and exclaimed, as he laid his head on the block, "This is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed." This saying of his was often cited, and the world wondered what hidden pang had so darkened life for the gallant noble, whose homage was courted by the fairest ladies, that he should die with words of such bitter meaning on his lips ; but when, some few years later, the maiden pressed with her cold hand the throat of him who proved to be her latest victim, the strange and tragic circumstances of his death obliterated all recollections of the Marquis and his dying words.

It happened singularly enough, however, that these two, the Lord of Argyle, and Kenelm Hamilton who succeeded him on the block, had been in life the deadliest enemies ; and by a peculiar chain of circumstances, which we shall now proceed to detail, the death of the one caused that of the other.

It was about a month after the execution of the Marquis that Hamilton, whose race, so closely allied to the kings of Scotland, was even prouder than Argyle's, found himself, compelled by political business, to pass a night in the little town of Inverary, close to which stood the magnificent castle of the same name, which had been the heritage of his dead rival.

Never, perhaps, did any one approach that beautiful spot with greater ill-will than Kenelm Hamilton ; he was a young man of a peculiarly fiery and impetuous disposition, of whom it was often said that his love and his hatred were alike to be dreaded, so ardent and passionate was he in either ; he was the second son of that noble family of Hamiltons, between whom and the Argyles there had been a deadly feud for many generations past. Never, however, had it burnt more fiercely than in the time of which we write, when the families had been represented by the Marquis who had just been compelled to lay his lofty head at the maiden's feet, and Kenelm, with his wild and angry

temper; for his elder brother was an idiot, who bore the family title, but lacked the wit to defend their honour when assailed. Deep had been the hate between Argyle and Hamilton, which even the new-shed blood of the former had not availed to quench; for, in addition to the old clan feud, there was a private quarrel between them which had fearfully embittered their traditionary hatred. The Marquis of Argyle had been betrothed almost from boyhood to his cousin, the Lady Ellen Graham, and although their engagement had been a matter of family arrangement, he loved her well and truly: not so the lady, however. She had not been consulted when she was bound, while yet a child, to the Marquis, and with the true feminine spirit of contradiction, she resolved to choose for herself, and accepted the addresses of Kenelm Hamilton, who, by some unlucky chance, had fallen in love with his rival's bride. Their wedding was even now fixed to take place in a few months, and this circumstance, no doubt, explained the last words of Argyle, which were destined to be the means of one day bringing his enemy to the arms of this same cruel maiden, whom he himself had embraced with so much fervour. And now the recollection of that last bloody scene was, doubtless, heavy on the heart of Hamilton as he rode down the mountain path which led to Inverary Castle and the little village that lay at its foot. It was a cold and gloomy winter night: the darkness was intense, and the wild north wind went shrieking and howling through the pass as if it bore upon its wings the souls of those who had expired in some great agony, while the dark Scotch firs stood up like spectres among the bleak grey rocks. Truly it was an evening on which the stoutest heart might gladly seek a shelter, and Hamilton was fain, though sorely against his will, to rest for the night in the domain of his enemies. This had been no part of his intention when he set out on his journey; he had then been accompanied by two of his retainers, and he designed to have passed at a little distance from Inverary early in the day, and to have lodged for the night in a castle at some distance, and belonging to a kinsman of his own; but, appily that morning one of his

guides had been thrown from his horse and injured so severely that his life was despaired of. Some hours were spent in conveying the wounded man to a resting place; and Hamilton, whose mission admitted of no delay, was obliged to leave him in charge of his comrade and push on his road, although the short December day was already closing in when he started again.

He rode on as rapidly as he could, but the darkness soon became so impenetrable that he repeatedly lost his way; and when, at last, the lights of Inverary gleamed through the driving mist and rain, he felt that it had become a matter of necessity that he should rest there for the night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

In these turbulent times, when every man's hand was against his fellow, there would have been considerable risk in a Hamilton venturing into Inverary, and especially this particular Hamilton, had he been known; but Kenelm trusted that the darkness of the night would prevent his being seen by any but the landlord of the inn where he meant to sleep, to whom he was personally unknown, and who would not be likely to suspect that a solitary horseman, unattended by a single retainer, could bear so proud a name.

In this supposition he was proved to have judged rightly. Kenelm rode unmolested and unobserved through the little town, the streets of which were, in fact, almost deserted; as the tempestuous weather had driven all the inhabitants into their houses, and he saw, to his great satisfaction, that even the door of the inn was shut—a sufficient proof that no guests were expected at the “Argyle Arms” that night. The landlord, a Campbell, of course, and as sturdy a Scot as one could wish to see, himself came to the door to welcome the stranger, and after sending his tired horse to the stable, he ushered him into the huge stone kitchen, briefly remarking that he must be content with such cheer as the family provisions could afford, for that he little expected any visitors on a night so “uncanny.”

Hamilton assured him he was not disposed to be fastidious, and having thrown off his dripping mantle and disencumbered himself of his heavy

riding boots he sat down on the oaken settle opposite the hugh fireplace ; while Campbell went out to see that the horse was attended to.

Left to himself, Kenelm began to look around him, and he was much struck by the scene which presented itself within the room. The huge fireplace, which was filled up with wood, sent a bright and ruddy glow over the whole room and lighted up with a brilliant glare the figure of a young woman, who sat at one corner of the ample hearth, and who was the only other occupant of the apartment besides himself. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of this girl, which riveted Hamilton's gaze in spite of himself. She sat perfectly motionless, excepting for the rapid movement of her fingers, which she was employing in knitting : her plaid thrown back from her head left her pale face exposed to view, which was marked by a singularly frigid and yet by no means vacant expression. This was caused in part, no doubt, by the fixed stare of her large light blue eyes, which never moved in their sockets nor brightened with a sparkle of life ; it was evident that she was stone-blind, while there lurked certain lines round the thin compressed lips which seemed to indicate that she had all the acuteness, amounting almost to cunning, which often characterizes persons thus afflicted.

The countenance was far from beautiful—scarcely even pleasing—yet it impressed Hamilton with a sense of power such as we often feel and yet cannot define in the presence of persons unknown to us. She gave no sign of being conscious of his presence, but he felt she was aware that he was in the room ; and as he continued to watch her sitting there in her strong impassiveness, an indefinable feeling of shrinking and dread took possession of him, for which he could not account. He had been thinking of his rival's bloody death, and it struck him that the implacable "maiden" who had taken Argyle's young life might have been fitly represented by this weird damsel who sat there so like a blind inexorable fate weaving a web of inevitable doom.

The gallant knights of those times, who feared neither death nor danger, were greatly prone to superstition ; and

Hamilton, hot blooded and impetuous as he was, proved no exception to the rule. He was, therefore, heartily glad when the innkeeper returned and broke the ominous silence which had so oppressed him.

"Here, Elspeth," said Campbell, addressing the figure in the broad Scotch of those days which we will not attempt to reproduce, "Here's a gentleman, cold and hungry, come and see what you can find for his supper."

Hamilton listened anxiously for the sound of her voice, feeling as if it would be a relief to hear her speak, but she never opened her lips ; she rose up, however, at once, and began to move about in a strange mechanical manner, her blindness becoming more apparent as she guided herself by the touch, while the staring glassy eyes seemed to him absolutely ghastly as she passed near him. She placed some oatmeal cakes and dried fish on the table, along with a jug of whisky, and then returned to her place by the fire, where she sat unmovable as before.

"Is that your daughter," said Hamilton to the innkeeper, as he invited him to draw near and eat.

"My only child ; and blind from her birth," was the reply, uttered almost with sternness, as if the subject were painful. "Elspeth's not like other folk, and you had better take no heed of her."

Hamilton took the hint and said no more, while he applied himself to the rude fare set before him with a keen-set appetite. Nor did he spare the whisky, which was wonderfully cheering after his wet ride ; and when he had finished his repast, he felt, as he said, like a new man altogether. Filling his glass again, he invited Campbell to join him, and the two began to converse together on the events of the day. Kenelm sat with his back to the blind girl, and, as she never moved or spoke, he soon forgot her presence altogether, and had well-nigh forgotten also the necessity of concealing his name and lineage from these retainers of his foes, when he was startled into a sudden remembrance of his position. Alluding to some political event, he mentioned that he had been at Holyrood the day before.

"Ye come from Edinbro', then," said the innkeeper, kindling with a

sudden fierceness, and, clenching his fist, he struck it on the table with a violent blow, exclaiming: "Curses on the bloody city!—the city of murderers! and may the fire from heaven come down upon it and consume it!"

"Amen," said a deep, stern voice, almost at Kenelm's ear, and he started involuntarily as he saw that it had come from the blind woman's lips. Something, too, in the sudden passion of the Campbell had stirred the angry blood within himself, and whilst an involuntary instinct told him what train of thought had thus fired the retainer of Argyle, he had much ado to hide his own antagonistic feelings.

"You speak sharply, Master Campbell," he said, at last. "The capital of Scotland is beholden to you in truth."

"Ay," said the Highlander, his brow growing red with suppressed rage; "but why should I curse the senseless stones, though they were stained with the blood of the noble Lord Argyle. Rather let me curse his enemies, who drove him to the death—his bitter foes, who made his life so dark to him that he was fain to break some petty law that he might die. Curses, then, I say, upon the traitor Hamilton, who stole his bride."

"Amen," the deep voice answered, but this time Kenelm heard it not; his fiery passions were aroused beyond control; he forgot all but that he had been called a traitor, and, starting to his feet, he advanced on the Campbell, saying—

"Man, know you to whom you are speaking."

"I neither know nor care," said the innkeeper, rising also. "But I say yet more: not only curses upon him, the traitor, but upon her, his lady light-o'-love, who would have brought a stain upon Argyle's time-honoured house had she become his bride!"

This was too much. In another moment Hamilton's dirk was gleaming in his hand. "Villain, unsay that word," he thundered out; "she is pure as driven snow."

"His lady light-o'-love," repeated the Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had closed with him ere the words had well passed his lips—one fierce

struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground as his assailant plunged the dagger into his breast up to the very hilt, exclaiming, "Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat." One deep groan—one strong convulsion of the stalwart limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion cooled in the presence of death. The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man he had been talking to so amiably but a few moments before, was lying there murdered by his own hand. But suddenly as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden upturned towards him as she knelt on the ground by her dead father, towards whom she had crept with a step so stealthy that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering, from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white, ghastly face; but as he receded she crept towards him on her knees and laid her hand, which she had steeped in her father's blood, on his till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low stifled voice—"You have murdered him, and you shall die for it. None saw the murder, for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape: the vengeance of Heaven will track you out one day." Then flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed—"My father, oh, my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have rung upon the ears of every person in the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself; he must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse; the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted his horse without saddle or bridle, and the clattering of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace

till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of justice was as stern as it was summary; and he felt well assured that the present Marquis of Argyle, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest till he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under cover of a dark fir wood, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in the fact, that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not identify him; and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him, except her dead father himself. He was now not very far from the house of his kinsman, where he originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent so fatally in the inn at Inverary had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the time when he would, according to his ordinary style of travelling, have reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin; and next morning his servant joined him, having left his comrade doing well; so that no doubt was for a moment entertained that he had ever deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact did become known, it created a great sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case—a murder committed by an unknown assassin in presence of one sole witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing the murderer, was, even in those days of bloodshed, a striking event, and the

mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyle, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed; being stimulated to unusual activity in the search, by the strong suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons. This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim; which Elspeth detailed word for word, but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation the search was given up; but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice, and the Lord of Argyle declared that if ever in his lifetime the assassin were discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the interval ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household, after the good old fashion of these times, which recognised a claim on the part of all the helpless and afflicted of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark foreboding, which never left him night or day. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he was the first he had *murdered*; the first whose life he had taken otherwise than in honourable warfare; and already the unfailing retribution of actual crime had commenced in the deep secret of his heart. Wherever he went, alone or in crowds, from the hour when the low solemn warning of the blind girl came to him as he stood with his feet dabbling in the blood of her father. He heard that voice ringing in his ear, and telling him that vengeance would surely find him yet, and the sleepless justice of the Invisible track him out when least he looked for it. Not even the joy-bells, on his wedding morning, could drown that ominous whisper in his soul, nor the sweet tones of the gentle Lady Ellen, while she murmured her bridal vows. Still was it sounding there, when the feeble cry of his first-born

spoke of new ties to make life sweet ; and, later still, he heard it through the firing of the salutes that greeted him as ambassador on a foreign shore. Years passed on, most of which were spent at one of the continental courts; and when, at last, he returned, with his wife and family to Edinburgh, the murder of the innkeeper had not been thought of by any one for a long time past.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the Scottish capital, Hamilton was walking along the most fashionable part of the old town, where the houses of the nobility were chiefly to be found, when his attention was attracted by a fray, which was going on in the streets between two young men. Such a sight was by no means uncommon in those days ; but the fury of the lads was so great that it was evident some serious mischief would ensue if they were not separated. Hamilton, whose rank in the city entitled him to interfere, at once rushed in between them, calling to them in a loud voice to desist immediately from further quarrelling, and with a firm grasp of his strong hands on the shoulder of each he sent them reeling to the opposite sides of the street.

The affair had collected a considerable crowd, and Hamilton's rank and position were well known amongst them, so that they all made way for him as he turned to resume his walk. One moment he stood there in all his proud prosperity, receiving the homage of the people as his right, and scarce bending his lofty head in acknowledgment of it—the sunshine of a bright summer sky streaming down upon his noble and commanding form seemed but to typify the brilliancy of his wordly prospects. One moment he stood thus, and the next, the vengeance that had so long tracked his steps unseen laid hold upon him with a deadly grasp, and the sun of Hamilton's career sunk down to set in blood. A shriek, so thrilling and intense that it seemed to pierce his very heart, suddenly rung through the air, and all eyes, as well as his own, were turned to the spot from whence it appeared to have arisen—and there a sight presented itself which caused the stately Hamilton to grow pale and tremble like a child. On the highest step of the stone stair which led to the door of the Marquis

of Argyle's town residence, a tall hag-gard-looking woman was standing—her arms were outstretched towards Hamilton, and her eyes, whose glassy vacancy showed that they were sightless, seemed to glare upon him with a horrible triumph as she shrieked out in tones that were heard far and near—"Seize him! seize that man whoever he may be—he is the murderer of my father, I know him by his voice." Many of Argyle's retainers were amongst the crowd, and the Marquis himself had been drawn to the window by the noise of the quarrel. All knew Elspeth Campbell the blind woman, and remembered her father's mysterious murder—all could testify to the acuteness of her sense of hearing, and to the repeated expression of her longing desire that she might hear the voice of the assassin so long sought in vain, for she remembered the full rich tones that had called on her father to unsay his words one instant ere he fell a corpse, and she felt certain she should know them again if she could but once hear the murderer speak ; and now, after the lapse of all these years, the well-known voice had struck her ear, and again and again she screamed out—"Seize him! seize him! I know he is my father's murderer." In another moment Argyle was confronting Hamilton, too thankful to have such a charge established against his ancient enemy. The people crowded round, and if any had been disposed to doubt the blind woman's recognition, Hamilton's own awe-struck conscience set a seal upon its truth, for he attempted no defence, but kept his appalled look still fixed upon the blind woman's ghastly face, he let his hands fall at his side and exclaimed—"It is the hand of God, and I am lost."

He spoke truly ; he was lost indeed. Argyle speedily brought him to justice. The blind woman's evidence was unquestionable, nor did he attempt to controvert it ; it was as if the very blood of the murdered man had risen up to cry for vengeance ; and all men deemed it a righteous sentence which doomed him to the scaffold.

Not many days after that bright morning when he stood, as it seemed, on the pinnacle of fortune with admiring crowds around him, he found himself again the centre of a large assem-

blage, the object of interest to all. The deadly maiden had been prepared to receive another victim, and at her feet the noble Lady Ellen Hamilton sat weeping bitterest tears, as she saw the lover of her youth, the husband of her riper years, led up to die.

They let him pause one instant to take leave of her. "My Ellen, do not weep," he said, "this is but the work of God's unsleeping justice. I ever knew that I must die for that rash deed. The blind woman's voice has haunted me through all these years, as it seems mine has haunted her. She told me vengeance would overtake me, and it is come—merciful it is that it meets me on the scaffold and not in the fires of hell." He kissed her pale lips and passed on.

Still nearer to the fatal maiden stood the blind woman, who had murdered him as surely as he killed her

father. He laid his hand on hers:—"Elspeth, you are avenged," he said; "I am about to die. Now, let your hatred pass away, and pray for me."

"I will," she answered, and tears fell from her sightless eyes as he passed on to suffer.

In another instant the maiden had done her work, and the last of her victims lay slaughtered in her terrible embrace.

The instrument of death thus strangely named was never used again. It was superseded by the more modern fashion of executing criminals, and it may now be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, with the dark stains yet corroding on the fatal knife, which were left there by the blood of him who in very deed and truth was brought to justice by the signal retribution we have recorded.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

FOR many years the British Institution was looked upon as an exhibition of works of art, which, although of relatively small dimensions, was only second to that of the Royal Academy in interest, and, in some degree not much inferior in the quality of the productions it annually contained. Great interest, moreover, was attached to its opening on account of that being the first event of the kind in the year; the appearance of the sentries in Pall Mall, pacing the front of the Exhibition, was always supposed to be in some sort the opening of the Annual Art Ball, and its private view was a kind of field day when many fine pictures would be seen. Moreover, the British Institution, from the peculiar circumstances of its origin and constitution, being considered under the management of an independent body of gentlemen unconnected with art except as patrons, and, therefore, not liable to be influenced by the actions of cliques or family intrigues, was expected to be free from many of the besetting sins popularly attributed to other public galleries.

Under these circumstances, the reader will say that much might be looked for, and that, if there could be

an exhibition where a young artist could reasonably anticipate fair recognition, it would be at the British Institution. Here it would be thought good pictures would obtain good places, and that, at the very least, there would be no flagrant departures from good taste; we should have here some amount of tolerable executive skill demanded by the highly educated amateurs who form its council.

The result however is, we deeply regret to say, lamentably the reverse of this. No competent critic or judge will deny that, for some years past, this exhibition has declined in interest, in the intelligence displayed by its artist-contributors, and in the class of works put before the public. At least it will be said the most tangible sign of prosperity and good management is observed in the excellent names to be found in its catalogue. Probably for a coarse test no better could be found than this—the number of good names on the list of contributors. Let us, therefore, take men of recognised rank in art, whose merits few will dispute, and see what is the result.

Time was when the catalogue showed the names of Maclean,

Leslie, Egg, Frith, Poole, Landseer, and others, men of unquestionable standing. What is the case now? Of all these names for the last three years we find only Sir Edwin Landseer and Mr. Frith each represented by two of their smallest and most unimportant works. Also, of the great band of young men whose efforts have so altered the course of art in a few years, not a single name of any value—if we except Mr. Joseph Clark—has ever placed a picture on these walls, or—what comes to the same thing, as far as the public is concerned—have had them placed there by the directors. These things are sturdy and irrefragable facts, and they do, indeed, point out a sad misuse of the great influence which should accrue to an institution so constituted as the “British Institution for Promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom.”

When we sum up the contents of the present display by asserting that, with few—very few indeed—exceptions, it contains absolutely nothing but examples of the most wretched imbecility, heartless absence of feeling for the true ends of noble art, and the most lamentable ignorance on mere executive points;—when we thus sum it up, we say, the reader will join us in regretting that so much positive injury has been inflicted on that art which the institution was intended to foster—inflicted, of course, in an equal degree to that in which base and false art has been encouraged. It is a painful thing to say this, but let us be heard in proof. The great mass of pictures on these walls are of that long ago, we had hoped, exploded class of half-length figures of women, variously designated “Reflection,” “Disappointment,” &c., executed without the slightest feeling for art or its requirements, or for nature herself (if these be not the same thing). Scores of such are here. These, with an enormous number of bad landscapes of the most meretricious sort, and the lowest and most commonplace examples of *genre*, constitute the main body of the productions put forward as the works of British artists. To a foreigner such a gathering must be astonishing.

In the course of the following remarks we shall enter into the parti-

culars of this subject, prefacing them with assurances that we rather choose for comment such pictures, which, with few exceptions, do display a small amount of intelligence or executive power on the part of the artists, and that the vast majority passed over in silence are too inane to admit of even the slightest notice. If what we have said before respecting the want of good names in the catalogue be not significant enough the details cannot but prove our assertions, and may point out how loudly this state of things requires alteration. To those interested in the British Institution, and who sanction it with their names, we wish more particularly to appeal, for they alone, as it is at present constituted, can apply the remedy.

We will vary this painful part of our theme by introducing to the reader the few good works which shine amongst the rest with extraordinary light. A recent article in the *Dublin University Magazine* summed up the productions of the past year, and felicitated the public upon the unusual signs of excellence and intelligence that had been discernible in art during that period. We should have added the name of W. Maw Egley to the list of progressing artists if we had then seen his little work at the British Institution, 318, “*Omnibus Life in London*.” This painter has been hitherto known to critics and by them opprobriated, to coin a word, for his feeble renderings of Tennyson, of which a notable example appeared here last year in the shape of the most weak of versions of “*The Lady of Shalott*”—a work of which, under the present circumstances, the less said the better; let it suffice that the painter was evidently incompetent to translate into colour or design a theme which the Laureate rendered so pathetic and profound, and treated with such wonderful command of picturesque words. From the lost *Lady of Shalott* breaking the web and purpose of her life to the interior of a London omnibus was a long step, but the work before us shows it was a bold step in the right direction.

“*Omnibus Life in London*” shows one of those convenient vehicles stopped to receive a new passenger. We look down from the upper end towards the door:—seated on the right

thereof is a beautiful apparition of a young girl some seventeen years old, who has attracted the attention of her companions by her extreme delicacy and beauty of feature, prettily and lightly dressed in the neatest and most modest of fashions, there she sits quite abashed by the evident admiration given to her. Her *vis-a-vis* is a youth, "a youngswell" of the bank clerk order, that is to say, a little in extremes in costume, but obviously one of the most innocent of characters; his eyes round themselves into globes of admiration, and his whole soul is evidently absorbed in the charming sylph before him; there is something quite amusing in his total abstraction, even his own splendidly robed person gets not a glance from him. At his shoulder, and nearer to us, sits a widow of some thirty-five, whose expression as she studies the face of the girl with condescending approval, and the alightest of dashes of commiseration for her being "really very pretty," is most capitably told. On the same side come a farmer-looking man, a tradesman—not quite so overcome as his companions, and nearer to us still, quite in front of the picture, sits a corpulent woman, with an extensive charge of bandboxes and bundles, the removal of which to accommodate the new-comer, seems rather to annoy her, her fingers peering through her gloves, and shabby attire, import the under-servant out of place, as does a somewhat coarse though good-hearted face. The new-comer herself, whose step hesitates at the door while she lowers her parasol in the act, illustrates the artist's discernment of character. She is a young woman of about twenty-five, tolerably good-looking. She has made up her mind to create a slight sensation on entering; her dress, with its indications of love of demure finery, marks her opinion of herself sufficiently, if the expression of surprise and faint shade of jealousy that appears in her face at sight of her pretty predecessor, who already forms a cynosure with which she is conscious she cannot contend, were not enough. This is a subtle little bit of character cleverly worked out.

Opposite to the enamoured youth, and at the elbow of the pretty sylph sit two or three staid personages, the most important of whom is a married woman of between twenty

and thirty years of age, having on her lap a fine sturdy, self-willed looking young urchin, who is much discomposed with the confinement of the carriage, and struggles with his fate in an awkward way, shouldering from her grasp with the best of wills. For executive quality of painting this face and figure please us best of any part of the picture, being more solid and simply true than any of the others. Nearest of all on that side comes his neatly dressed sister, a little girl garmented in all finery of crochet, patent-leather shoes, silks, broad hat, etc. Her face, which has evidently been painted from nature with great care, is in the shade, and a line of strong light running down its contour marks that out distinctly and sharply. The conductor, a red-headed, somewhat emaciated individual, stares in over the head of the lady entering, to catch a glimpse of the fair attraction. The sides of the vehicle are placarded with advertisements, the famous pair of trousers marked seventeen shillings and sixpence, which after standing upright bodiless for so long have at last sat down on an imaginary chair to display their miraculous fitting quality; also the "South African Sherry" is vigorously puffed by a poster representing four dyspeptic and stomach-writhed men seated round a barrel, tasting a yellowish fluid, which their looks by no means certify to be less than the vilest vinegar.

The execution of this picture is sustained throughout with the utmost care and the highest degree of finish: the character is, as we have shown, of the greatest conceivable variety, and displays much power of humour. The faults of the work are a certain hardness and metallic look that goes through the whole, carrying with it a want of atmosphere and relief; but for the drawing, indeed, it would be difficult to say whether some of the figures were nearer or further off than the others. The widow's face, too, is quite out of drawing, a fault which in some manner mars its expression. These are faults which with more practice the artist will be soon able to overcome: that done we shall hail him as a remarkable painter, and a great credit to the British school.

Mr J. Gilbert has a large picture of Falstaff Reviewing his Ragged Re-

giment, painted in his usual vigorous manner, which if rather coarse and crude, is nevertheless powerfully varied in character. Its general effect is rather hot and gloomy. A curious picture by E. Hopley, 453, "The Birth of a Pyramid, an attempt to realize an Egyptian Tradition," has, at least, the merit of total originality of subject; and if it were executed with greater conscientiousness, would merit higher praise than we can accord to the humorous character evinced in its treatment. The story is, that a daughter of Nef-Chofu, an Egyptian king, had such a multitude of lovers that when she summoned them before her to bring each a sculptured stone as tribute to her beauty and testimony of their hopes, these stones were found numerous enough to build a huge pyramid. There they pass in a motley procession, the most prominent a wizened old mummy of a man, standing kissing his lean hand to the lady, and borne forward on a sort of table of richly-sculptured stone, having four legs of gold; his means of progress are three negro slaves who crawl beneath the table, and are led by a grimacing dwarf, dressed in the most bizarre of costumes. Next to the old noble comes a young admirer, crouching down and clasping his hands to his breast with an expression of ecstatic adoration. His follower is a more composed lover of himself, who stalks along dressed in the extreme of fashion, with knotted beard, winged head-dress, highly-tinted robes, and gorgeous jewellery: true to his character of vanity, he bears not a stone of large size, but a priceless block of cornelian hardly the size of a fist, but so costly as to suggest the idea that he thus offered the value of a pyramid in a handful; this treasure he complacently contemplates. His successor is an Egyptian warrior, who, however, has been assailed by a jealous Nubian rival, his gift of granite taken from him and about to be employed to knock out the brains of the owner. The rest of the picture consists of lovers of various descriptions, attendants, guards, etc. The princess herself stands up before them all, receiving a basket of fruit from a female slave, the choicest of which she appears to be bestowing on the most favoured of her adorers. The costumes and accessories of this picture, from

the jewels worn by the personages, their arms, the standards borne by the soldiery, the columns, the obelisk and façade of a temple in the background, are all studied with much accuracy, and apparently truly reproduced in an antiquarian point of view; the very flowers strewn about are in keeping with the locality in Egypt: the whole picture, nevertheless, shows execrable faults of drawing, a vulgar taste for colour, ignorance or disregard of light and shade, and utter neglect of all those higher qualities of painting which entitle it to be called a fine art.

"Never too late to mend," by G. Holmes, 376, is a creditable little work, showing an old woman mending a terribly worn pair of stockings, the holes in which appeal her soul. Mr. Ansdell has two pictures; 50, "Dos Amigos," a rencontre of two Spanish peasants on the road, an old man, and a young one who bears a woman behind him on his horse; the worst portion of the picture is the haunches of the horse, which are so totally devoid of modelling and form as to suggest the idea of a large india-rubber bottle stuck on two skewers, the latter being the animal's legs. There is some feeling for character and colour in this work. Feeling for colour there cannot be said to exist in the artist's other work, 347, "Isla Mayor, on the Guadalquivir," a large picture, showing the banks of a river, with cattle coming down to drink; these animals are drawn and painted with breadth and vigour and considerable diversity of design; the colour of the whole landscape portion is colder and more dull than we ever saw on the banks of an English river: the atmospheric effect of distance is well rendered. Another animal picture merits warmer praise, 120, "Partridges," by J. Wolf: some birds, whose plumage is perfect in texture and colour, and whose grouping and expression, so to speak, is really admirable for design; they are in a turnip field, the large leaves of the plant overshadow them. These last are rather carelessly and weakly painted. A careful little landscape is No. 87, by H. Bowler: a solitary forest pond,

"Where the waters still and deep,
Safe from ruffling breezes sleep."

There is a sort of melancholy stillness over this work that takes the fancy

greatly. No. 482, by J. Raven. "The wind changed: blowing up for rain," a sketch upon an upland common, having a mill to the front, beyond whose dark arms the great masses of white cloud sweep athwart the glooming sky. The feeling for nature which is apparent in all this artist's works is not less than usual observable here; but we have only to lament that, with this feeling, he does not possess that respect and love for nature which would lead him to work with the utmost care and perfect elaboration of finish.

Mr. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., has an unusually brilliant and clear study of the Venetian waters, 3, "Bragezzi,—fishing craft off the Giardini Pubblici," two heavy smacks, as we should call them, with their richly painted and quaint sails reared against the sky, the which latter portion of the picture is highly successful for aerial depth. Still we must protest against the eternal Venetian fishing craft this painter puts before the public. The still waters of the lagoons are always the same with him, softly trembling in slow ripples, and reflecting the colours and the forms precisely in the same manner as a hundred times before in his pictures. His English coast subjects please us infinitely better, why not, therefore, seek some novel theme out of the Adriatic. David Roberts, R.A., is rather less monochromatic than before in "Chapel in the Cathedral of St. Mark's, Venice," and "The Remains of the Roman Forum, Sunset," 26, 173. How the Roman Forum can have stood such centuries of weather, such storms of change, such mutations of repaired destruction, and yet be pure Naples yellow and white, passes our knowledge and, indeed, belief. Does Mr. Roberts mean us to take his word for this? Can it be possible for him to assert that he sees no more colour in a column which has stood so many centuries than we see in a piece of scene painting? By his version, the modern Romans must yellow-wash their public edifices and ruins at least once a month. If he sees more colour why does he not paint it: the beauty of colour, as he really must know, consists in its intense variety. There are people, whose words we should take on other matters, who boldly assert that Mr. Roberts' drawing of architecture and

disposition of masses are no more true than his colours; in short, that these much admired pictures by the well-known R.A. are mere fictions, wrought out from rough sketches, and painted in the studio. Such a scandalous tale as this is false, of course. G. Stanfield has a view of "Richmond from the Swale, Yorkshire," 138, a carefully painted and bright representation, although rather heavy in colour. The best landscape on the walls is by J. W. Oakes, 292, "Spring-day at Stoke, Salop," a bit of lowland scenery, fresh in newest green; an ancient manor-house stands in the mid-distance, with its dark roofs and time-worn front sleeping in the misty light of a spring day; a willow, with every leaf bright and new with the fresh season, occupies the foreground, with some water of a stream, brimful from recent rains, and rain in petulant showers gather in the large, white clouds that sail above in the fitful breeze. Truly a delightful picture, the realism of which we should recommend to the artist's companions on the walls. "Rain on the Fair Day," 161, C. S. Lidderdale, shows a girl leaning against a casement watching the lowering clouds and driving rain with a disappointed expression. This work is carefully painted throughout, although a little hard and crude in colour. The artist will improve with practice.

By E. Hayes, A.R.H.A., are three coast-scenes of great merit. 21, "Clontarf Roads," is an agreeably painted little picture, showing a level stretch of pale blue sea, overshadowed with soft, hazy, and dreamy-looking sky of the peculiar character in which the artist so much delights, and which is so characteristic of the localities he so frequently paints. In this two coasting vessels lie at anchor, and their scarce broken reflections fall upon each shallow furrow of the scarcely heaving swell until they reach the shore at our feet. The most important, largest, and, to our judgment, best, of this artist's works is, however, 224, "Fresh Gale, Dalkey Sound," showing a fish-boat going out in roughish weather. Beneath the craft a crestless wave rises, angrily and without curve or hollow, but like an unshaped animal wallowing. The colour on this piece of nature is extremely good, its variety great; behind is the coast, with a road upwards

from the shore, all grey and soft again, but so from a different cause to that of the last; now full of salt sea spray and dampness, then soft with evaporated vapours. The third picture by Mr. Hayes pleases us less than either of these.

By W. Haines is "An Interior of a Cottage in Sussex," 364, a nicely painted interior. By J. Clark, is "The Cottage Door," 398. Mr. J. Clark painted "The Sick Child" (R.A. '57); and this little work, although a little brown in colour, well sustains his promise to be a fine domestic artist. A young labouring man stands at the door of his house and tickles a baby with the end of a clay-pipe; the mother, who holds the child in her arms, looks delighted with the sport and the charming innocence of its crowing and pleasure. The finest part of the subject is, however, the figure of an elder child, some four years old, who leans half sulkily against the knees of his mother, and, as the saying is, with "his nose out of joint" at the notice of the junior; the half-pout of his face is really admirably told. The fault of this work is not only the dull brownness of its colour, but that there is a slight evidence of carelessness in not attending to the relative proportions of the personages; the mother is almost too young to be the parent of the infant, and certainly far too much so for the elder child. It is a charming little work nevertheless.

By J. O'Connor is 383, "Mosque at Alger" (? Algiers), a bright little representation of a Moslem street, with a lofty tower rather than minaret standing at an angle, and the party-coloured walls and shop-fronts creating an agreeable picturesque effect. This picture, indeed, lacks intensity of colour, not variety or richness, but that vigour which is the certain reward of care and elaborate study on the spot represented. For atmospheric truth it is remarkably good, the clearness and purity of the air being cleverly suggested. No. 546, "Rue Kléber, Algiers," by this artist, will reward observation for the same qualities although in a less degree.

By Hamilton M'Carthy is a pretty statuette of "The Great Duke," 584, showing him on horseback as he rode of later years, stooping, thoughtful, and yet observant. Mr. M'Carthy has extraordinary power of modelling

horses, and probably understands their structure better than any other sculptor. His "Startled Horse," 585, would be very grand and impressive if on a large scale, but as a statuette it loses much of the real vigour of its design. A serpent rising from the earth makes the horse rear violently; the serpent is certainly much too large, and by this excess dwarfs the horse still more.

These few are literally all the pictures out of six hundred to which we can conscientiously award any praise for honesty or sincerity of purpose. Of the more flagrant examples of the opposite description let us name a few, to support our first assertions. Two pictures, somewhat similar in style of treatment and subject, occupy the places of honour at each end of the rooms. The first, No. 1, "Sardis," by H. Johnson, shows that ruined city standing in a gloomy light of declining day, but it is so murky and opaque in colour, so untrue in light and shade—in short, so utterly wanting in reality of effect, that for all the appearance of being painted from nature, it might as well have had its original in a cheerless old woodcut from the "Penny Magazine," executed in the infancy of the Xylographic art. Much the same might be said of its pendant, "The Pyramids at Sunrise," 489, by F. Dillon. We have heard that sunrise breaks over the desert like a sea of fire, burning up the night mists at once, so that all the horizon bursts into day in a moment. At any rate, we can hardly conceive that in a clear atmosphere the colour of every object should be unvaried brown and grey. We have heard that the Sphinx is a huge and time-stained mass of courses of stones that have faced the centuries stark and bare it is true, but full of the tenderest variety of colour. What of that is there here in the ugly, misshapen, and ill-drawn heap that rears itself in the brown shades, with actual brown shadows in its fissures? It is demonstrable from the laws of atmospheric effect, that no brown shadows could possibly exist in such a circumstance as sunrise over a desert of yellow-grey sand. Can Mr. Dillon ever have seen the place he pleases to treat thus? Can he really understand those laws of nature whose operation it is his duty as an artist to study and represent to us? "The Granite Sanctuary at Karnac," 73, by the same, demonstrates his utter negli-

gence of truth in painting, or contempt for the public taste, which by this time is able to discern between these conventional fictions and the sweetness of nature.

By H. Dawson, is 461, "Stonehouse Pool, Plymouth," intended for a sunrise effect. Now, the writer saw sunrise on this very spot six months ago, and then saw something different from the low-toned, dry, and sand-papered effect here given. The long rays of sunlight shot over the land, and threw vast shadows forward, in masses of greenish purple. The cliffs which are of rose-coloured marble, with great splashes of rich grey and white, lay in the shadow, and showed a thousand hues of the most infinite tenderness massed in the general tint. The bright green grass, relieved by the red cliffs, glittered like turquoise and emerald; the sea when it came into the famous sound, was richest and sweetest blue-green, into whose depths you might discern fathoms down, and every foot was varied in hue as it reflected the cliffs, the pure sky, or the dark trees and buildings above. Reflection is the law of water, and therefore it cannot but be infinitely varied; here however, Mr. Dawson shows nothing but a flat mass of greyish-blue, with streaks of white upon the surface. As for translucency, none at all: sparkle, depth, and motion, equally none. The entire work is faint and misty, scraped out and pale. "Fair light Glen," 25, by S. Percy, member of the Baddington school, is a specimen of that most commonplace style of art, which goes by the name of "Tea-board." Mr. Jutsum's woolly landscapes are well known to the world, and abominated by all who love nature.

The most shameless offender in this class is, however, E. J. Niemann, whose picture of "The Swale at Richmond," 307, will afford observers an opportunity of testing its truth, by comparison with the before-mentioned work, by G. Stanfield. If he can believe that this Plutonic landscape, with its bronze tree-stems, its literally iron cliffs and leather grass, are any thing like nature, he may turn for better information to the latter picture, which, despite its faults, is at least honest. There are masses of trees, meant for such, whose leaves are positively nearly black;

their brightest lights put on with yellow ochre in sordid lumps. No. 151, "Richmond, Yorkshire," is equally appalling; yet these pictures are here placed in prominent positions, as though to claim the admiration of the world.

Let us go from bad to worse, and close the miserable account with reference to a set of heads, painted in a style that would disgrace the most wretched tyro of the poorest school. These are no less than five in number, by J. P. Drew, 177, 220, 230, 404, 419: "Arab Girl," "Country Boy," "Cottage Girl," "A Fair Persian," and "Peasant Boy." Now, all these heads are alike in colour, in texture of skin, and style of drawing; there is little variety of expression in any; all have a certain smear of brownish red under the nostrils; all have black lines in the eyelids; all have red mouths of the same tint; all a blotch of paint, not colour, at the corner of the mouth: there is the same light glittering in a dab of white on the eyeballs. In fact, they are the most utterly vulgar things it is possible to conceive, false in every respect, and ignorant and coarse to the last degree.

Have we said enough to give force to our appeal to the managers of this Institution, that pretends so highly, by reminding them, that the cause of art education is more injured by placing such things here, than can be remedied by art-teaching in years? In vain will the Government strive to teach the people the sound elements of art, when such things are put before the upper classes, from whom so much of tone in these matters must inevitably come. Every one, not informed by study of the subject, would suppose that the directors of such an association as the British Institution, would be incapable of encouraging bad painting, and yet they have suffered to be hung such pictures here in the second exhibition of works of art in Britain. According to their report on the progress of art, there was to be found no better example than a huge, wretched, tawdry court picture, of the christening of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Sir George Hayter, painted some sixteen years ago, long since forgotten, and placed here—for what purpose, Heaven knows. Is it

an example of good art;—can it be supposed to be a delicate compliment to the Queen that this dreary production comes to life again? Her Majesty appreciates and honours Malclise, Landseer, Mulready, Lealie, Millais, Holman Hunt, and all the sound artists of the day, and has encouraged high art in every way. Surely the hanging committee cannot be so obtuse

as to intend such a monstrous piece of flattery as this supposition would assert.

Let us have done with this distasteful subject: we have "made our moan," as the old ballads have it, and trust to have drawn public attention to the state into which the British Institution has fallen; not without effect, let us hope.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES LEVER.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIX.

"A GLEAM OF REAL LIGHT."

I REMEMBER once to have seen—I believe it was in Germany—a day rehearsal at a theatre, where the back of the stage opened by a spacious window upon a beautiful little arbour, in whose leafy recesses the blackbirds carolled away merrily, so as at times almost to drown the voices of the actors. The effect produced was very singular, as the light breeze stirred and murmured through the pliant foliage, wafting many a pleasant odour as it passed—contrasting so markedly with the stiff trees of the scene-painter, mute and motionless as they stood; and although there was a certain truthfulness in the scene, and although there was no want of ability in the actors, so immeasurably superior in vitality were the two or three "realities" present, that attention became at length riveted upon them, to the utter exclusion of the others.

If I have recalled the circumstance now to memory, it is to profit by it; I mean, in short, to admit one gleam of such daylight upon our stage, not, at the same time, without misgivings as to all the peril of my experiment, since I well remember the effect produced upon myself. Thereay of real sunshine that I speak of, is the fragment of a letter from Sir Conway Seymour to Horace Walpole, written from Rome, where the writer had gone for reasons of health, and in which the passing news and gossip of the day are

narrated in all the careless freedom of friendly confidence. Much, by far the greater part, of the epistle, is filled up by artistic discussion about pictures and statues, with little histories of the frauds and rogueries to which connoisseurship was exposed; there is also a sprinkling of scandal, a light and flip-pant sketch of Roman moralities, which really might have been written in our own day; some passing allusions to political events there are also; and lastly, there comes the part which more peculiarly concerns ourselves. After a little flourish of trumpets about his own social success, and the cordial intimacy with which he was admitted into the best houses of Rome, he says, "Atterbury's letters of course opened many a door that would have been closed against me as an Englishman, and gave me facilities rarely extended to one of our country. To this happy circumstance am I indebted for a scene which I can never cease to remember, as one of the strangest of my life. You are aware, that though at the great levees of the cardinals, large crowds of people are assembled, many presenting themselves who have no personal acquaintance with the host, that at the smaller receptions an exclusiveness prevails unknown in any other land. To such an excess has this been carried, that to certain houses, such as the Abbess's, and the Piombino, few out of the

rank of royalty are ever invited. To the former of these great families it was my fortune to be invited on last Wednesday, and although my gout entered a bold protest against dress shoes and buckles, I determined to go.

"It was not without surprise I found that, although there were scarcely above a dozen carriages in waiting, the great Abbezi Palace was lighted throughout its whole extent, the whole court being illuminated with the blaze. I was aware that etiquette debarred his Holiness from ever being present at these occasions. And yet there was an amount of preparation and splendour now displayed that might well have indicated such an event. The servants' coats were, I am told, white; but they were so plastered with gold that the original colour was concealed. As for the magnificence of the Palace itself, I will spare you all description, the more as I know your heart still yearns after that beautiful Guercino of the "two angels," and the small Salvator of "St. John," for which the Duke of Strozzi gave his castle at San Marcello; neither will I torment your curious soul by any allusion to those great vases of Sevres, with landscapes painted by both. With more equanimity will you hear of the beautiful Marquesa d'Arco, in her diamond stomacher, and the Duchessa de Forti, with a coronet of brilliants that might buy a province, not to tell of the Colonna herself, whose heavy train, all studded over with jewels, turned many an eye from her noble countenance to gaze upon the floor. There were not above forty guests assembled when I arrived, nor at any time were there above sixty present, but all appared with a magnificence that shamed the undecorated plainness of my humble court suit. After paying my homage to his Eminence, I turned to seek out those of my most intimate acquaintance present; but I soon discovered that, from some mysterious cause, none were disposed to engage in conversation—nay, they did but converse in whispers, and with an abruptness that bespoke expectancy of something to come.

"To while away the time pleasantly, I strolled through the rooms, all filled, as they were, with objects to win attention, and having made the tour of

the Quadrangle, was returning to the great gallery, when, passing the ante-chamber, I perceived that Cardinal York's servants were all ranged there, dressed in their fine scarlet liveries, a sight quite new to see. Nor was this the less remarkable, from the fact, that his Royal Highness is distinguished for the utter absence of all that denotes ostentation or display. I entered the great gallery, therefore, with something of curiosity to know what this might betoken. The company was all ranged in a great circle, at one part of which a little group was gathered, in which I had no difficulty in detecting the thin, sickly face of the Cardinal York, looking fully twenty years beyond his age, his frail figure bent nearly double. I could mark, besides, that presentations were being made, as different persons came up, made their reverence, and were detained, some more, some less, time in conversation, who then retired, backing out as from a royal presence. While I stood thus in wonderment, Don Cesare, the brother of the Cardinal Abbezi, came up, and taking me by the arm, led me forward, saying—

"'Caro Natzio,' so he now calls me, 'you must not be the last to make your homage here.'

"'And to whom am I to offer it?' asked I, eagerly.

"'To whom but to him it is best due. To the Prince who ought to be King.'

"'I am but a sorry expounder of riddles, Don Cesare,' said I, somewhat hurt, as you can well imagine, by a speech so offensive to my loyalty.

"'There is less question here,' replied he, 'of partizanship than of the courteous deference which every gentleman ungrudgingly accords to those of royal birth. This is the Prince of Wales, at least till he be called the King. He is the son of Charles Edward, and the last of the Stuarts.'

"'Ere I had rallied from the astonishment of this strange announcement, the crowd separated in front of me, and I found myself in the presence of a tall and sickly-looking youth, whose marvellous resemblance to the Pretender actually overcame me. Nor was any artifice of costume omitted that could help out the likeness, for he wore a sash of the Stuart tartan over his suit of maroon velvet, and a curiously elaborate claymore hung by his side

Mistaking me for the Prince D'Arco, he said, in the low, soft voice of his race—

"How have you left the Princess; or is she at Rome?"

"This is the Chevalier de Seymour, may it please your Royal Highness, whispered the Cardinal Gualterio, 'a gentleman of good and honourable name, though allied with a cause that is not ours.'

"Methinks all Englishmen might be friends of mine," said the Prince, smiling sadly; 'at all events they need not be my enemies.' He held out his hand as he spoke; and so much of dignity was there in his air, so much of regal condescension in his look, that I knelt and kissed it.

"Amidst a low, murmuring comment on his princely presence, yet not so low but that he himself could hear it, I moved forward to give place to the next presentation. And so did the tide flow on for above an hour. Well knowing what a gloss men would put upon all this, I hastened home, and wrote it all to Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, assuring him that my loyal attachment to the house of Hanover was unbroken, and that his Majesty had no more faithful subject or adherent than myself. His reply is now before me as I write.

"We know all about this youth,' says he. 'Lord Chatham has had his portrait taken; and if he come to England we shall take measures in his behalf. As to yourself, you are no greater fool than were the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Westmoreland with the lad's father.'

"Strange and significant words; and in no way denying the youth's birth and parentage.

"At all events, the circumstance is curious; and all Rome talks of it and nothing else, since the Walkinshaw, who always took her airings in the Cardinal York's carriage, and was treated as of royal rank, is now no

more seen; and 'the Prince,' as he is styled, has taken her place, and even sits in the post of honour, with the Cardinal on his left hand. Are they enough minded of these things at home; or do they laugh at danger so far off as Italy? For my own part, I say it, he is one to give trouble, and make of a bad cause a serious case of disaffection, in so much the more, that men say he is a fatalist, and believes it will be his destiny to sit as king in England."

I would fain make a longer extract from this letter, were I not afraid that I have already trespassed too far upon my reader's indulgence, by asking his attention to what is less a main portion of my story than a witness to its veracity. It said that in the unpublished correspondence of Sir Horace Mann—a most important contribution to the history of the time, if only given to the world in its entirety—would be found frequent allusion to the Chevalier de Fitzgerald, and the views entertained in his behalf. With all the professional craft of diplomacy, the acute envoy detected the various degrees of credence that were accorded to the youth's legitimacy; and saw how many there were who were satisfied to take all the benefit of his great name, for the purposes of intrigue, without ever sincerely interesting themselves in his cause. In the number of these adherents, the Jesuit father did not figure. His was a true, steadfast, high-hearted loyalty; and as events seemed by their daily course to favour more and more the cause he loved, his spirit rose, his energies developed themselves, and, instead of the subdued priest, living the calm existence of the cloister, there appeared on the stage the bold and daring partizan of an almost desperate cause, and the subtle politician, skilled in all the arts of diplomacy.

Let us turn to him, for a brief space, once more.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PERE MASSONI'S NIGHTVIEWS.

It was late at night, and all quiet and still in the Eternal City, as the Pere Massoni sat in his little study, deeply intent upon a large map which occupied the whole table before him. Strange

blotches of colour marked in various places, patches of blue and deep red, with outlines the most irregular appeared here and there, leaving very little of the surface without some tint.

It was a map of Ireland, on which the successive confiscations were marked, and the various changes of proprietorship indicated by different colours; a curious document, carefully drawn up, and which had cost the labour of some years. Massoni studied it with such deep intensity that he had not noticed the entrance of a servant, who now stood waiting to deliver a letter which he held in his hand. At last he perceived the man, and, hastily snatching the note, read to himself the following few lines:

"She will come to-morrow, at noon. Give orders to admit her at once to him; but do not yourself be there."

This was signed "D," and carefully folded and sealed.

"That will do; you need not wait," said the Pere, and again he was alone. For several minutes he continued to ponder over the scenes before him, and then, throwing them on the table, exclaimed aloud: "And this is the boasted science of medicine! Here is the most learned physician of all Rome—the trusted of Popes and Cardinals—confessing that there are phases of human malady to which, while his art gives no clue—a certain mysterious agency—a something compounded of imposture and fanaticism, can read and decipher. What an ignoble avowal is this, and what a sarcasm upon all intellect and its labours. And what will be said of me," cried he, in a louder voice, "if it be known that I have lent my credence to such a doctrine? that I, the head and leader of a great association, should stoop to take counsel from those, who, if they be not cheats and impostors, must needs be worse! And, if worse, what then?" muttered he, as he drew his hand across his brow as though to clear away some difficult and distressing thought. "Ay, what then? Are there really diabolic agencies at work in these ministrations? Are these miraculous revelations that we hear of ascribable to evil influences? What if it were not trick andleger-demain. What if Satan had really seized upon these passers of base money, to mingle his own coinage with theirs? If every imposture be his work, why should he not act through those who have contrived it? Oh, if we could but know what are the truthful suggestions of inspiration, and what the crafty devices of an erring brain! If,

for instance, I could now see how far the great cause to which my life is devoted should be served or thwarted by the enterprise."

He walked the room for nigh an hour in deep and silent meditation.

"I will see her myself," cried he, at length. "All her stage tricks and cunning will avail her little with me; and if she have really higher powers, why should they not be turned to our use. When Satan piled evil upon evil to show his strength, St. Francis made of the mass an altar! Well, now, Giacomo, what is it?" asked he suddenly, as his servant entered.

"He has fallen asleep at last, reverend father," answered he, "and is breathing softly as a child. He cannot fail to be better for this repose, for it is now five days and nights since he has closed an eye."

"Never since the night of the reception at Cardinal Abbezi's."

"That was a fatal experiment, I much fear," muttered Giacomo.

"It may have been so. Who knows—who ever did or could know with certainty the one true path out of difficulty?"

"When he came back on that night," continued Giacomo, "he would not suffer me to undress him, but threw himself down on the bed, as he was, saying: 'Leave me to myself; I would be alone.'"

"I offered to take off his sword and the golden collar of his order, but he bade me angrily to desist, and said—"

"These are all that remind me of what I am, and you would rob me of them."

"True enough; the pageantry was a brief dream! And what said he next?"

"He talked wildly about his cruel fortunes, and the false friends who had misguided him in his youth, saying—"

"These things never came of blind chance; the destinies of princes are written in letters of gold, and not traced in the sands of the sea. They who betrayed my father have misled me."

"How like his house," exclaimed the Pere—"arrogant in the very hour of their destitution."

"He then went on to rave about the Scottish wars, speaking of places

and people I had never before heard of. After lamenting the duplicity of Spain, and declaring that French treachery had been their ruin, 'and now,' cried he, 'the game is to be played over again, as though it were in the day of general demolition—men would struggle to restore a worn-out dynasty.'

"Did he speak thus?" cried Massoni, eagerly.

"Yes, he said the words over and over, adding—'I am but the "figurino," to be laid aside when the procession is over,' and he wept bitterly.

"The Stuarts could always find comfort in tears; they could draw upon their own sympathies unfailingly. What said he of *me*?" asked he, with sudden eagerness.

Giacomo was silent, and folding his arms within his robe of serge, cast his eyes downwards.

"Speak out, and frankly—what said he?" repeated the Pere.

"That you were ambitious—one whose heart yearned after worldly elevation and power."

"Power—yes!" muttered the Pere.

"That once engaged in a cause, your energies would be wholly with it, so long as you directed and guided it; that he had known men of your stamp in France during the Revolution, and that the strength of their convictions was more often a source of weakness than of power."

"It was from Gabriel Riquetti that he stole the remark. It was even thus Mirabeau spoke of our order."

"You must be right, reverend father, for he continued to talk much of this same Riquetti, saying that he alone, of all Europe, could have restored the Stuarts to England. 'Had we one such man as that,' said he, 'and I had now been lying in Holyrood Palace.'"

"He was mistaken there," muttered Massoni, half aloud. "The men who are without faith raise no lasting edifices. How strange," added he, aloud, "that the Prince should have spoken in this wise. When I have been with him he was ever wandering, uncertain, incoherent."

"And into this state he gradually lapsed, singing snatches of peasant songs to himself, and mingling Scottish rhymes with Alfieri's verses; sometimes fancying himself in all the wild conflict of a street-fight in Paris, and then thinking that he was strolling along a river's bank with some one that he loved."

"Has he, then, loved?" asked Massoni, in a low, distinct voice.

"From chance words that have escaped him in his wanderings I have gathered as much, though who she was and whence, or what her station in life, I cannot guess."

"She will tell us this," muttered the Pere to himself; and then turning to Giacomo, said—"to-morrow, at noon, that woman they call the Egyptian Princess is to be here; she is to come in secret to see him. The Prince of Piombino has arranged it all, and says that her marvellous gift is never in fault, all hearts being open to her as a printed page, and men's inmost thoughts as legible as their features."

"Is it an evil possession?" asked Giacomo, tremblingly.

"Who can dare to say so. Let us wait and watch. Take care that the small door that opens from the garden upon the Pinteau be left ajar, as she will come by that way; and let there be none to observe or note her coming. You will yourself meet her at the gate, and conduct her to his chamber—where leave her."

"If Rome should hear that we have accepted such aid——"

A gesture of haughty contempt from the Pere interrupted the speech, and Massoni said,—

"Are not they with troubled consciences frequent visitors at our shrines. Might not this woman come, as thousands have come, to have a doubt removed;—a case of conscience satisfied;—a heresy arrested. Besides, she is a Pagan," added he suddenly; "may she not be one eager to seek the truth." The cold derision of his look, as he spoke, awed the simple servitor, who, meekly bending his head, retired.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE EGYPTIAN.

OUR reader is already fully aware of the reasons which influenced the Pere Massoni to adopt the cause of young Fitzgerald. It was not any romantic attachment to an ancient and illustrious house; as little was it any conviction of a right. It was simply an expedient which seemed to promise largely for the one cause which the Jesuit Father deemed worthy of a man's life-long devotion—the Church. To impart to the terrible struggle which in turn ravaged every country in Europe a royalist feature, seemed to his thoughtful mind, the one sole issue out of present calamity. His theory was: after the homage to the throne will come back reverence to the altar.

For a while the Pere suffered himself to indulge the most sanguine hopes of success. Throughout Europe generally men were wearied of that chaotic condition which the French Revolution had introduced, and already longed for the reconstruction of society, in some shape or other. By the influence of able agents, the Church had contrived to make her interest in the cause of order perceptible, and artfully suggested the pleasant contrast of a society based on peace and harmony, with the violence and excess of a revolutionary struggle.

Had the personal character of young Gerald been equal, in Massoni's estimation, to the emergency, the enterprise might have been deemed most hopeful. If the youth had been daring, venturesome, and enthusiastic, heedless of consequences and an implicit follower of the Church, much might have been made of him: out of his sentiment of religious devotion would have sprung a deference and a trustfulness which would have rendered him manageable. But, though he was all these, at times, he was fifty other things as well. There was not a mood of the human mind that did not visit him in turns, and while one day would see him grave, earnest, and thoughtful, dignified in manner, and graceful in address, on the next he would appear reckless and indifferent, a scoffer and a sceptic. The old poisons of his life at the Tana still lingered in his sys-

tem and corrupted his blood; and if, for a moment, some high-hearted ambition would move him—some chivalrous desire for great things—so surely would come back the terrible lesson of Mirabeau to his mind, and distrust darken, with its ill-omened frown, all that had seemed bright and glorious.

After the first burst of proud elation on discovering his birth and lineage, he became thoughtful and serious, and at times sad. He dwelt frequently and painfully upon the injustice with which his early youth was treated, and seemed fully to feel that, if some political necessity—of what kind he could not guess—had not rendered the acknowledgment convenient, his claims might still have slept on, unrecognised and unknown. Amongst his first lessons in life, Riquetti had instilled into him a haughty defiance of all who would endeavour to use him as a tool.

"Remember," he would say, "that the men who achieve success in life the oftenest, are they who trade upon the faculties of others. Beware of these men; for their friendship is nothing less than a servitude."

To what end, for what object am I now withdrawn from obscurity? were his constant questions to himself. The priest and his craft were objects of his greatest suspicion, and the thought of being a mere instrument to their ends was a downright outrage. In this way, Massoni was regarded by him with intense distrust; nor could even his gratitude surmount the dread he felt for the Jesuit father. These sentiments deepened, as he lay, hours long, awake at night till, at length, a low fever seized him, and long intervals of dreamy incoherency would break the tenor of his sounder thoughts. It had been deemed expedient by the Cardinal York, and his other friends, that young Gerald should continue to reside at the Jesuit College till some definite steps were taken to declare his rank to the world and the very delay in this announcement was another reason of suspicion.

"If I be the prince you call me, why am I detained in this imprisonment? Why am I not amongst my equals;

why not confronted with some future that I can look boldly in the face? Would they make a priest of me, as they have done with my uncle? Where are the noble-hearted followers who rallied around my father? Where the brave adherents who never deserted even his exile. Are they all gone, or have they died? and, if so, is not the cause itself dead?

These, and such like, were the harassing doubts that troubled him, till eventually his mind balanced between a morbid irritability, and a settled, intense apathy. The most learned physicians of Rome had been called to see him, but, though in a great measure agreeing in the nature of his case, none succeeded in suggesting any remedy for it. Some advised society, travelling, amusement, and so on. Others were disposed to recommend rest and quietude; others, again, deemed that he should be engaged in some scheme or enterprise likely to awaken his ambition; but all these plans had soon to give place to immediate cares for his condition, for his strength was perceived to be daily declining, and his energy of body as well of mind, giving way. For some days back the Pere had debated with himself whether he would not unfold to him the grand enterprise which he meditated; point out to the youth the glorious opportunity of future distinction, and the splendid prize which should reward success. He would have revealed the whole plot long before had he not been under a pledge to the Cardinal Caraffa not to divulge it without his sanction, and in his presence; and now came the question of Gerald's life, and whether he would survive till the return of his Eminence from Paris, whither he had gone to fetch back his niece. Such was the state of things when Doctor Danizetti declared that medicine had exhausted its resources in the youth's behalf, and suggested, as a last resource, that a certain Egyptian lady, whose marvellous powers had attracted all the attention of Rome should be called in to see him, and declare what she thought of his case.

This Egyptian Princess, as report called her, had taken up her abode at a small deserted convent near Albano, living a life of strict retirement, and only known to the peasants of the

neighbourhood by the extraordinary cures she had performed, and the wonderful recoveries which her instrumentality had effected. The secrecy of her mode of life, and the impossibility of learning any details of her history, added to the fact that none had yet seen her unveiled, gave a sort of romantic interest to her which soon spread into a sort of fame. Besides these, the most astonishing tales were told of epileptic cases cured, deaf and dumb men restored to hearing and speech, even instances of insanity successfully treated, so that, at length, the little shrines of patron saints, once so devoutly sought after by worshipping believers, praying that St. Agatha or St. Nasala might intercede on their behalf, were now forsaken, and crowds gathered in the little court of the convent eagerly entreating the Princess to look favourably on their sufferings. These facts—at first only whispered—at length gained the ears of Rome, and priests and cardinals began to feel that out of this trifling incident grave consequences might arise, and counsel was held amongst them whether this dangerous foreigner should not be summarily sent out of the state.

The decision would, doubtless, have been quickly come to had it not been that at the very moment an infant child of the Prince Altieri owed its life to a suggestion made by the Egyptian, to whom a mere lock of the child's hair was given. Sorcery or not, here was a service that could not be overlooked; and, as the Prince Altieri was one whose influence spread widely, the thought of banishment was abandoned.

The Pere Massoni, who paid at first but little attention to the stories of her wondrous powers, was at length astonished on hearing from the Professor Danizetti, some striking instances of her skill, which seemed, however, less that of a consummate physician, than of one who had studied the mysterious influences of the moral over the material part of our nature. It was in estimating how far the mind swayed and controlled the nervous system, whether they acted in harmony or discordance, seemed her great gift; and to such a degree of perfection had she brought her powers in this respect, that the tones of a

voice, the expression of an eye, and the texture of the hair, appeared often sufficient to intimate the fate of the sick man. Danizetti confessed, that though long a sceptic as to her powers, he could no longer resist the force of what he witnessed, and owned that in her art the great secrets were yet unrevealed to science.

He had made great efforts to see and to know her, but in vain; indeed she did not scruple to confess, that for medicine and its regular followers, she had slight respect. She deemed them as walkers in the dark, and utterly lost to the only lights which could elucidate disease. Through the Prince Altieri's intervention, for he had met her in the East, she consented to visit the Jesuit College, somewhat proud, it must be owned, to storm as it were, the very stronghold of that incredulity, which priestcraft professed for her abilities. For this reason was it she insisted that her visit should be paid in open day—at noon. I will see none but the sick man, said she, and yet all shall mark my coming, and perceive that even these great and learned fathers have condescended to ask for my presence and my aid. I would that the world should see how even these holy men can worship an unknown God!

Nor did the Pere Massoni resent

this pride; on the contrary, he felt disposed to respect it. It was a bold assumption that well pleased him.

As the hour of her visit drew nigh, Massoni having given all the directions necessary to insure secrecy, repaired himself to the little tower from which a view extended over the vast campagna. A solitary carriage traversed it on the road from Albano, and this he watched with unbroken anxiety, till he saw it enter the gate of Rome, and gradually ascend the Pincian hill.

"The Egyptian has come to her time," said he to Giacomo: "yonder is her carriage at the gate; and the youth, is he still sleeping?"

"Yes, he has not stirred for hours; he breathes so lightly that he scarcely seems alive, and his cheeks are colourless as death."

"There, yonder she comes; she walks like one in the prime of life. She is evidently not old, Giacomo."

From the window where they stood, they could mark a tall, commanding figure moving slowly along the garden walk, and stopping at moments to gather flowers. A thick black veil concealed in some degree her form, but could not altogether hide the graceful motion with which she advanced.

BY THE BROOKSIDE.

I.

THE icy forest brook
Sang gaily through the dingle:
I found a quiet nook
Where elms and ash-trees mingle.
'Twas summer morning early—
Right joyous blew the breeze—
And brown brown tresses curly
Came dancing through the trees.

II.

O, ripple of the brook!
We never heard it after:
We filled that forest nook
With love's delicious laughter.
Ah, summer hours fly fleet—
Which love has drowned in mirth—
And brown brown eyes are sweeter
Than any eyes on earth.

M.C.

OTHER WORLDS.

BY THE REV. JAMES WILLS, D.D., M.R.I.A.

THE question upon the plurality of worlds has, we are persuaded, been long settled in the opinion of most persons who can claim to have any on such a subject. It has of late been brought into popular notice by several able and informed essayists; and we should not now attempt to add to the number of these, but that we cannot quite acquiesce in the method of treatment adopted on either side. The negative has been maintained with much ingenuity by arguments wholly frivolous and facts wholly irrelevant, and rebutted by arguments which (excusably) resting on the same grounds, leave untouched the only true conditions of the question.

The course of argument which we feel compelled to adopt, must consequently be independent of that followed by those clever essayists, unless so far as they incidentally fall in our way. It seems to have been wholly overlooked, that the question must mainly rest on a consideration of the elementary principles of presumptive inference. Properly speaking, this may be said of most questions; the elements of reason are so involved in the mass of human opinion as generally to render all express elementary statement needless. In this present case, by the remoteness, isolation, and mysterious character of the more prominent data, we are thrown upon the necessity of looking back into the primary elements of presumptive or probable inference, in order to weigh with minuter precision, the more narrow and seemingly lighter array of facts. A question respecting the existence of other inhabited worlds, the abode of intelligence, and governed by the same power who is acknowledged in this particle of creation which we inhabit, has properly no direct or experimental evidence. A broad ethereal abyss places here a gulf which no earthly intelligence can pass; and human conception, ever doubtfully affected respecting "things not seen" and things not comprehended, recoils from the vast and unfamiliar notion of worlds and modes of existence under conditions so impossible to be realized in thought.

On the strength of these considerations, we must request the reader's patience for a few preliminary observations, in confirmation of the theory of probable presumption, which we propose to take as our main ground. When this is rightly apprehended, all that follows (so to speak), lies in a nut-shell; and we may more easily proceed to examine the few actual data which science may afford. Our task should, indeed, be far more light, were it not for the confusion which modern rationalism has thrown on the whole theory of reason.

This working-day world keeps its settled way, undisturbed by the wordy contests with which philosophers—if words could heap Pelion upon Ossa—would play the part of Charon and Mercury in Lucian's dialogue, and unsettle the courses of social life, as they have laboured to shake the laws of opinion and reason. They are, however, happily confined within the more ethereal height in which they are accustomed to move; and the distant hum of their keen encounters, like the fabled music of the spheres, disturbs us little, if at all, in our matter of fact calculations; we proceed in our dull ignorance of the "unconditioned," and in unscrupulous reliance on the common and uniform course which nature has held from the beginning of time, and step with a confidence which modern philosophy might deem blind, on the firm ground of causes and effects, and of the continuity and uniformity implicitly preserved in all their known operations; as also in those settled convictions which the whole of the observable phenomena of the visible world confirm; that this settled course of nature, and that calculable uniformity and continuity, are the plain results of an active ever-watching intelligence, which having designed and organized all in conformity with the dictates of his own Divine nature, governs all in accordance with the same.

From this preface our own astronomical creed will be easily anticipated by most intelligent readers; and were not the subject very considerably obscured and complicated by the

waste ingenuity of some recent writings, we should simply proceed to re-assert the opinion entertained by many eminent astronomers, that the planets are the seats of living and probably intelligent creatures, organized according to the physical conditions under which they have been placed, and governed in accordance with that moral character which is probably the main source of all that has being. It seems almost needless to say what our brief and direct argument should be; as it would, according to the principles thus stated, be enough to claim for the planetary system its definite position in the range and scale of nature's compass and our conviction of the general unity of the Creator's universal plan.

But there is a very peculiar condition of the question arising from the manner in which it has been recently introduced to popular notice.

The philosophical opinions of eminent men of science, not having any immediate view to this particular question or to the special fallacies which it has elicited, have been so adverted to, as to borrow a spurious authority for arguments in which the genuine principle of the question is lost, and the authority of probable inference set aside; and it is not quite unworthy of remark, that in a well-known volume, of no inconsiderable labour and talent, the true grounds of reasonable deduction are slightly set aside, until the essayist arrives at what he considers safe and sure data for his theory of denial; when he inadvertently becomes inductive, and argues as if his reliance had been all through fixed upon the ordinary and constant courses of nature.

In the able argument to which we thus advert, and in others which we have encountered in social communication, so many arguments occur which we cannot help regarding as wholly irrelevant, so many founded on misrepresentation of the facts of physical science and of natural history, that for the immediate purpose of this essay, we must, at the outset, declare that we cannot afford to enter on any detailed notice of any part of these discussions beyond the very little made needful in the course of our own remarks. It is, however, unfortunate, that even with this deduction, we cannot proceed with our own brief

and simple statement, without a distinct and careful previous exposition of the elementary principles of our argument.

It may, for a moment, appear strange to many that it should be thought necessary to say one word either in defence or explanation of these universal and practically received principles, on which the common faith and practice of mankind rest. This necessity, however, arises from the nature of the present application, in which the argument itself, in some degree, consists in the application of these very principles. It would not, indeed, be possible within the limits we have to keep in view, to vindicate them against the opposite fallacies by which they are on every side assailed, whether from the enormous confusion of thought and language produced by modern rationalists, or from the equally fallacious and dangerous aid which this pernicious class of writers have received from recent discoveries, which have been perverted into ground for a senseless materialism. A zealous class of physical inquirers has considered it desirable to reject the mechanism of secondary causes; and between these and the former there may be said to subsist an opposition of equally absurd extremes.

If, on one side, it has been denied as derogatory to the all-controlling Power that created the heavens and the earth, and as favouring the rash and daring assumptions of the materialist, to admit any independent operation of causes; on the other, the wonderful discoveries of the essential principle of self-development in the life and organization of the animal and vegetable creation, has not a little seemed to verify these assumptions. To patient reflection it must seem marvellous that the slightest allowance could be given, either to the narrow dogmatism, which, on one side, denies to the Creator of the world that privilege, which, if wanting to the commonest artisan, would suggest want of skill. As, for example, the construction of a watch which should require perpetual guidance by the artist's finger. Or, on the other, the more daring materialism, which, contemplating the operative forces contrived and impressed by Divine Power and wisdom, con-

verts the very evidence of those powers into a reason for questioning the existence of the Author of Nature, on the very perfections of the evidence of His all-pervading power and wisdom.

Nothing can be further from our thoughts than any slighting notice of the profound and patient application of zeal and talent in the observation of nature to which the world, as it becomes wiser, will feel itself indebted for new and extended views of the power and glory of God: but so it has happened, and this by a course not unnatural, that the sceptic and the rationalist of each sect of unreason—*ambubatarum collegia*—are ever the first to avail themselves of every new extension of physical discovery; but, upon these sad abuses of recent research in natural history, the object of the argument in hand permits a few words by no means digressive.

The utmost powers of imagination would fail even remotely to conceive, or the power of language to give any adequate expression to the boundless compass and profusion of causal links and operative processes which compose even the little that is known of the phenomena of the natural world. Diffused in many branches of scientific inquiry or exposition, they come upon us broken into separate masses, in which not only the great bonds of continuity are lost, but the vast whole lost sight of, to which they all belong. The scepticism of the Positive philosopher finds throughout the unremitting agency of minute and subtle working influences, whether in the forces which secure the planet in its orbit, or develop from the seed, or insect, its germ of life; and if his wretched and mean philosophy could be sustained by such evidence, it lies before him without stint. From the drop of water which holds its countless atoms of complete living organizations, to the broader and remoter mechanism, which meets the eye with the subtle mechanism of light from unmeasured distance, there seems all the proof of a chain of causal order, that displays no interruption, nor wants any assignable link. But, at this point, there is in his theory a disgraceful hiatus, having somewhat of the dishonest character of a garbled quotation. All this

cannot be distinctly seen without also catching a view of the innumerable independent systems of mechanism, so combined as to be only referrible to the one source, the *only elementary source known, or to be known to man, the purpose of contriving Mind and moving Will*. Without this, it is not difficult to conceive forces, physical influences, developing effects, producing symmetrical forms of crystalline, vegetable, or animal existence: but the combining principle of order is wanting, the Power that makes one harmonious world, by the mutual, and yet arbitrary adaptations of all these things.

Such, then, are the precise terms upon which we must request to be understood, in taking our stand on the doctrine of causes, or, in more explicable language, on those constant laws of nature, ascertained by the constant return, and uniformly co-ordinate and mutual variation of phenomena, which appear together or in succession. On the ground of the constancy of this relation, in which consist the laws of nature, we infer their continuity beyond the point where sensible observation ends. On the contrary assumption it was that Mr. Hume constructed his theory of universal scepticism, and pulled down the whole structure of reason. This great fundamental law of reason, thus asserted to be exclusively and universally preserved, is the sole elementary ground of right reason, on every question to which the term "probable," in its commonly accepted signification, can be properly applied. It is practically included in the general reasonings, facts, and circumstances, of which all arguments consist, unless in that class of reasonings which depend on arbitrary definition. If, within the scope of infinity, there exists a line of distance beyond the operation of the causal laws of nature, or beyond which the moral attributes—the purposes which they indicate in the Creator—change into a different will and another purpose; then all reason, whether positive or negative, must fail at this same point. And it is thus (not to be led too far into an endless controversy) that they who, with the modern rationalists, adopt such conclusions, either wholly or partially, directly or implicitly, abandon the sole condition on which

they can properly pretend to reason. They must be confined within their negations and the terminological distinctions and confusions, by which they seem to have any significance. We must, before we pass, confess to a little hesitation in committing these strictures to writing, from our frequent observation of the manner in which the principles of the sceptical theories are noticed by many authoritative professors and writers amongst ourselves, so as to suggest the impression that they are not so much convinced of fallacies, which they allow to pass, or seem partially to adopt, as afraid to incur the charge of not fully comprehending doctrines in which there is really nothing to be comprehended.

Meanwhile, to return to our own line of reasoning—our elementary condition is, the certainty and *uniform continuity* of the causal law, instituted and vitalized by the Author of Nature for the working out of the purposes of His creation. Of this our knowledge is limited by the limit of our faculties, as also by the vast complexity of the workings, and the immensity of the field of Divine operations. But, within the whole, there exist no other grounds of denial, so far as human observation is clear, and sure experience affirms the same one rule of reason. The moral writer—the commercial speculator—the historian—the economist—the criminal lawyer—the mechanist—the chemist—the astronomer—all, whose business it is to deal with realities and arrive at practical results—every agent in every concern—even the ideal sceptic (when not wearing his philosophical bonnet), will, with more or less skill and prudence, follow the one sole method worth any thing in the result.

We have here, however, marked out a large field for human error, and before we descend to the application which our present argument requires, a distinction is to be made, for the purpose of ascertaining how far the common conditions of error may be excluded, when from the lowly field of human experience we ascend to the higher regions where the hand of creation works. It is not necessary to dwell, as we well might, on those complex combinations and interferences by which the moving show of human life is disguised and con-

fused to the common observer. In the workings of natural forces there is indeed enough to task the assiduity of scientific observation and analysis: but in this complexity the success of profoundest genius has involved a confident faith in the uniformity of causes; such was the philosophical creed of Newton, it was the basis of Cuvier's, the efficient guide of his successful path of research into the antiquities of creation. But, when, passing from the region of earthly concerns, and the transitory interests and influences in the atmosphere of human life, on which reason is so often misguided or wholly baffled by the minuteness, latent character, and multiplicity of working causes, we pass upward into the still and changeless processes on which the steady courses of nature rest unmoved within the scope of observation or scientific record—then it is, that this faith obtains the certainty of demonstrative science; the rules of inference, instead of losing by remoteness and generality, become enforced and strengthened by the elimination of the proximate causes of human error. The scope of sensible observation is, it is true, narrowed, but the distinctness and certainty of the universal element become more surely and safely reliable. We are then, in whatever language the question may be stated, engaged in a consideration of the courses of working or the designs of the Author of Nature; and the clouds and darkness which rest on all passing things are removed from the majestic uniformity of the remoter and broader evidence of plan and systematic working, in which men like Newton and Herschell, or Whewell, see counsel and design, the evidence of a supreme Mind. Under this condition it forms no part of the legitimate object of reason to pass beyond the general indications of the system of nature, to look for either difficulties or solutions in details beyond the reach of *sensible* observation; because no human surmise can reach the boundless field of *possibilities*, in the infinite abundance and unlimited variety of the inventive resources of Creative Power. On this point we shall presently explain more fully; but to illustrate our meaning it may easily be understood how little human philosophy could have anticipated the curious and often wonderful

compensations by which known inaptitudes of climate and other inconveniences are neutralized within our experience. Where the ingenuity of the astute sceptic would, if left to itself, have found an impossibility—where King Alfonso would have found a blunder—Divine skill has produced a miracle of perfect workmanship.

Now there are, arising from all these considerations, two manifest points of view in which the question immediately to be solved, must be first looked on as forming its genuine conditions. There is a certain limit of observation within which the characteristic workings of the Creator may be peremptorily pronounced; and there is a fact on which the evidence is so plain, as to exclude anybody who denies it from all claims to be argued with.

First, the solar system is demonstrably a *single system, one plan*, indicating throughout a unity of design; and by the strictest application of the rules of probable inference, as stated in the foregoing paragraphs, we have to inquire what clear indications can be ascertained, either from observation of the Worker, or of his works, as to the nature of that design. Such is the *one sole method* of moral probability. We apply it to human conduct in which error, change of purpose, defect of power, and perpetual interference of causes, cross and confuse in every direction: how much surer in the case where there can be neither error, failure, or change, in which we may meet all cavil with the old law adage, *nullum tempus occurrit Regi*, in a higher and more unqualified sense.

We have said that the planetary system is a single system; it has many nice arrangements, by which its integral members are connected, with a precision of adjustment as plain as the parts of any specimen of mechanic art. Every part has an ascertained influence on every other part; there is a relation between the planetary distances which cannot be otherwise than designed; there is a law of orbital movement very peculiar; and a relation between the distances from the sun and the periods, neither of which can be accidental, nor yet necessary consequences of the laws of motion; yet essential to the permanency and regularity of the solar system. In brief, there is plainly the

evidence of a great design, the result of a single conception. And the question which offers itself is, what may be the purpose of this design, so perfectly and elaborately completed, and occupying so vast a compass of space. If we could suppose a philosophic inquirer, by some accident, bred in some fortunate island, in which houses not being necessary to comfort had never been known, to be wafted on a voyage of discovery into our sterner latitudes, and landed on some coast where the first object submitted to his speculative sagacity should happen to be a well-built and inhabited house, after a full observation of the interior, and uses of which, he should next be called upon to exercise his theoretical wisdom on a row of similar houses, seen (let us suppose) on the other side of a river, not immediately passable,—how absurd would it be considered if he were to insist that they could not have been designed for the same purpose, however similar in execution, or combined by a variety of local arrangements, such as would be pointed out. And still the case does not represent the full evidence of those mutual relations which mark, in the solar system, *one architect and one system*. But, if it be asked how this design is to be ascertained, common sense has one answer only. Something more than a river separates human philosophy from those vast regions, which we yet see to have a common connexion with the world within which we live. Our only data are the indications under our own observation—the uses we can perceive and apprehend. We have under our eye the portion of a vast whole, and must, in reason, look on this part as a specimen, just as one house might show the uses, or one animal frame the pathology and anatomical structure of another. This, however, conveys but an inadequate idea of the whole force of this argument, which may properly be described as the evidence of system. It is not merely the strong argument of analogy, in which, as in the foregoing illustration, like is to be compared to like, but rather the inference which results from this certain knowledge of the structure and uses of the observed integral members of the universal whole of a great structure composed of similar parts. Such is the *physical* argument from which our

two first inferences must follow : these are, the continuity of character which must in probability pervade the integral members of the solar system ; and secondly, what the *general* nature of the design of the whole is most likely to be. Of the first we have, perhaps, said enough for the present. We may, then, next ask what are the prominent indications of the design of the Author of Nature in the observable field of creation.

We may thus be enabled to form some probable inferences as to what should be anticipated from the Creator, simply as such ; and next, what from his known spiritual attributes as God of all worlds.

In this comparatively minute tract of being which we inhabit, the preponderance of life is manifest—varied by countless forms and conditions, accommodated to all elements, provided for with minute skill throughout ; this globe is characteristically the abode of life : if in the scope of material existence it has other uses they are unknown, and beyond conjecture. We feel at liberty to assume life to be its final cause. Its whole surface, and every material arrangement within its entire compass offer an unbroken system of provisions for the manifest support of animal existence. We stand in the midst of a spacious field offering throughout one condition of order and living organization ; and, without any exception, manifesting in great and small, indications of the same creative will and character. And (for the present), not pushing our conclusions beyond the question of mere animal existence, we can have no hesitation in affirming that, so far as man can see, and pronounce on what he sees, the characteristic aim of the Author of Nature is to produce the maximum of life and the results of life. It may, indeed, be reasonably conceived that the great Father of all Being must have some further and deeper pleasure in the minutest thing that lives than human philosophy can reach. Not a gleam of sense or vibration of the faintest perception of a desire or fear—of a pleasure or a pain—can cross the existence of the most insignificant atom of microscopic organism that He who infused that spark of being with its own small particle of mind, cannot as distinctly read, know, and sympathise with, as man even

with his own consciousness. If, like the philosophers of the ancient world, we were to imagine this little globe to hold the main place in all nature, should not our idea of the Author of Nature be that of a God of life, and ruler of the feelings, concerns, and developments of life. We are, indeed, prepared (as will appear) to prove far more ; but so far admits of no doubt—so far, were we writing a book, our argument could be stated inductively, and no exception would be found. But this Master Mind, the Author, Lord, and protector of all mind, and careful provider for all its wants, is known also as the organizer and Master of other realms in the sea of space, where the foot of botanist or entomologist has not trodden, or geology delved for the monuments of former existence. And the question is, in those vast realms of space, has the Lord of Life abandoned his own nature and normal law ?

A slight comparison of the globe, thus assumed as the favoured object of the Creator's gifts, with the other spheres of the system with which it seems physically connected, will carry a strong appeal to common sense. If the reader will make the slight exertion of his imagination necessary to convey him, in fancy, to a distance from the common plane of the planetary orbits, so as to have under his eye the whole system in its order as described occasionally in some reduced scale in popular astronomies. Let us take the Earth as the standard of our scale, at half an inch in diameter ; the moon will be nearly one-third of this, at fifteen inches distance ; and the sun may be taken roughly at four feet eight inches, and at 175 yards distance ; Mercury and Venus, the two inferior planets, will appear in the intermediate space, at the respective distances of 70 and 122 yards ; the first, little more than a third of the earth's diameter, the second equal in size. Outside will be seen, next in order, Mars, at 262 yards from the Sun, about 0.4 of an inch in diameter. Then (for the present omitting the Asteroids) Jupiter, the principal planet in the system will, appear at a distance of 880 yards, with a diameter of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Still further off, in distant darkness, at a distance of nearly 1600 yards, and not much inferior in apparent magnitude, appears Saturn, made remarkable by its rings ;

and further still, two large planets, Uranus and Neptune, holding proportionate distances, the last of which, coasting the very bounds of this world's twilight at a distance of nearly three English miles. Thus, at some distance, proportionably taken, the planetary system would be projected upon an area of six miles, offering each of its members, in its due proportion of magnitude and distance, and detached from the confusion of the starry deep. Now, supposing this vision, translated into the reality, and presented to the eye of any reasonable person accustomed to reflect and capable of measuring consequences—and the slight atom of a star, which we call our earth, pointed out with an assertion that there alone the Author of Nature has seen fit to carry out his main design, that life, and being, are there only—that there only He is or can be known; that on the rest of his creation—on the whole of those giant spheroids that pursue their courses in space—the light of heaven shines to no end, the Sun's bright circle warms in vain. How plainly absurd appears the violation of probability.

But this is not all. The superficial area of this earth is something above 125,000,000 of English miles. Now, compare with this a rough estimate of the remaining amount of planetary area. Omitting fractions and all consideration of the precise oblateness of those bodies, we obtain by a few simple computations an amount of 48,000,000,000 of square English miles, as an approximate area for the six remaining planets. Were we to look no further, reason must reject the monstrous assumption that not more than a 385th part of the whole of these vast areas is converted to the main ends of nature.

On these considerations alone we might be content to rest an indisputable conclusion. They are strengthened by the numerous indications of similar adaptation, made familiar by numerous popular treatises on astronomy; and from which astronomers are unanimous in their impression that the planets are inhabited. There is not a single known adaptation of our mundane orb for seasons, the divisions of day and night, and the distribution of heat and light, that is not to be traced in the planets; and this with a peculiarity of accommodation

to their local conditions. Was this precision merely inadvertent, or was it to convey a false impression to human reason? Jupiter at a distance from the sun, which reduces its heat to twenty-five times less than ours, is, in compensation, gifted with a breadth of unvarying summer climates, by the slighter inclination of its axis of rotation to the plane of its orbit. Thus, the accumulated heat about its broad equatorial regions is unbroken by any winter. A diminution of light, consequent on the same law of variation, is among the objections recently proposed; but neither in the case of Jupiter, nor any of the further globes of this system, can such an objection have any real application. The eye is a system of mechanism, subjected to and modified to work with another independent mechanism, itself the most various in power and application. An eye can be constructed for every shade of twilight, and every increase of solar intensity. We need not travel into the planetary realms for examples: in the most midnight obscurity; in the darkest caverns of earth; in the ocean depths, where the struggling sunbeams hardly pierce, there are eyes keenly lighted to their prey. It is (on this point) needless to claim allowance for the remarkable addition of the four moons of this beautiful planet, or of the still greater number of like appendages to the others as they range further from the source of light. Not to admit the plain significance of this provision, must be regarded as a very bold defiance of sensible appearances. But I here recal these objects to the reader's recollection, because they strikingly answer a false suggestion which runs through the whole of the adverse theory; by exemplifying the presence of the same careful, accurate, and provident design in the organization of those vast orbs, which may be everywhere discerned on our earth. If they are desert and sterile, if they are unclaimed by the Ruler of the living world, they display, at least, the same marks of the same design, to the full extent that human inquiry can go.

But our sceptical adversary has found an objection against which all these significant indications can be of no avail: an impediment which seems to have met creation early in its course with an insurmountable barrier against an otherwise plain and well-planned

design—holding up the sure decree of physical necessity, thus far, and no farther, shall the realm of life and soul extend. There is no doubt that the comparison between the volume and mass of this, and, in like manner, of the other remoter planets, indicates a material surface of small density compared with that of our planet; but the consequence is the pure fiction of its discoverer. There can be no degree of firm coherence essential to the support of any weight, inconsistent with degrees of specific gravity very far below the lightest liquids. For this we must be content to refer to any of the ordinary tables of specific gravities. Nor is it necessary to suppose an equable diffusion of dense or hard, so as to interfere with the general determinations of physical science. The gravitation of any object on the surface of Jupiter, diminished by the square of its distance from the centre, is, at the equatorial region, still further diminished by a vast force of revolution. The equator of Jupiter is a circle of 289,276 English miles; it turns round in about nine hours fifty-five minutes, which gives a velocity of 42,783 feet per second—in this, too, seeming to indicate an accommodation to some natural adjustment for occupying bodies. An easy computation, founded on the ratio between the respective masses and semi-diameters of Jupiter and the earth, gives the weight of a body on the former equal to 2.6 of the latter, and the deduction for centrifugal force reduces this further to about 2.2. Thus, a man of eight stone on the earth's equator, would be about sixteen on that of Jupiter. But all this is extreme trifling. We are not bound to the very absurd assumption that limits the Creator to special bulks, densities, and forms. If, in any thing the boundless resources of the Creator appears, it is in the endless varieties of both animal and vegetable organization. He who can give to each intelligence a body adapted to its place and wants, cannot be at a loss to people the most elaborate of his planets with suitable intelligences, suitably framed. We are unconcerned in the objection; but surely every one possessing the least acquaintance with the insect world, must have often noticed how little necessary is the connexion between weight and physical strength. What may

be the physical nature of the living inhabitants of any planet beyond our own, can only be surmised by a stretch of the most extravagant and chimerical absurdity. We have no data for such theories; but there is ground to suppose that every world has its own suitable inhabitants. There is, however, a point at which this uncertainty is much relieved by other considerations, and to these we shall presently come. So far, little has been said that might not rigidly be referred to that mere analogy from admitted laws of nature, elaborately set forth at the first page of our argument, and we have confined our illustration to the one example, as it is sufficiently plain how the same mode of treatment, by a very little change of terms, may meet the class of arbitrary objections with which we have had to deal. In quitting this physical discussion, there is one suggestion which may be satisfactory to the sceptical theorist, who has amused his leisure with melting down these remote orbs into liquids more thin than water. Whether, on telescopic inspection, they give the peculiar optical reflexions which belong to the liquid surface of sphere or spheroid, unless by the allowance of the additional adaptation of a watery and cloud-bearing atmosphere.

An objection has been found in the seemingly abnormal existence of those lesser planets, generally known by the denomination of Asteroids, thus, indeed, marking the conventional impression as to their real character. The irregularity seems to be irreconcilable with the supposed character of systematic plan on which we have laid so much stress; we should be prepared to dispute the inference of the ingenious essayist, even on the very ground of this apparent violation of order. But, the facts of the case, as well as the general opinion of astronomers, are different. Indeed the general opinion seems so obvious, and rests on so strong a basis of presumption, that (so far as we know) no astronomical writer has thought it to stand in need of special proof. In one recent instance, the general admission has been denied in an elementary work of very high scientific authority, and upon the ground of an ascertained physical principle. This objection we shall, with great deference to the objector (who perhaps

did not consider the facts important enough for a full examination) proceed to dispute.

Our readers are generally aware that the discovery of the first observed of the Asteroids, by Dr. Olbers, was brought about by the circumstance of a supposed gap in the series of distances among the members of the solar system. A very remarkable harmonic law seemed to be broken in the space between Mars and Jupiter, and it was justly conjectured that an intervening planet might yet be discovered. Now, were we to go no further, this is a case of the species of legitimate inference on which so much has been discovered in the history of modern science. It would be wholly contrary to the most widely applicable analogy, and most accurate, to suppose an irregularity so great, and not falling under any general law, by which it might be explained, to exist in the very midst of the broadest and simplest system of Divine mechanism in known existence. Accordingly, it was suggested by Professor Bode, of Berlin, that a planet was likely to exist between Mars and Jupiter. Astronomers turned their attention to the subject, and very soon after, a planet of very small dimensions was discovered by Dr. Olbers, nearly satisfying the theoretical condition of distances. From this, four more were soon found, and, as they were all nearly in orbits offering almost identical elements of period and distance, it was surmised that they were the fragments of a broken planet, which had once supplied the vacant interval.

Now it is somewhat curious that a physical condition, by the recognition of which these small planets were, several of them, discovered, is the ground of objection to the assumption on which it was first applied successfully. If a planet, moving round the sun, should, at any point of its orbit, become suddenly dismembered, the fragments, pursuing separate orbits, would still return to the point at which they parted. And if, as in the case of the Asteroids, these fragments should happen to be numerous, it is to be admitted, that if there were no further condition to be taken into account, they could hardly escape a very great confusion at the point of meeting. But, in this simple state-

ment, there are some high probabilities, both moral and physical, omitted.

First, it is not necessary, or even the probability, that the explosive element by which a world would be struck into fragments, should operate by one simultaneous shock. Such elements are more likely to exist in masses, or in cavernous recesses towards the surface, and more or less widely apart. If this be admitted, there would have taken place a succession of shocks, acting in different points of space, and productive of different points of separation.

But, secondly, let us suppose two ponderous masses moving with vast orbital velocity, to be so separated; the separation must (considering the vast quantity of motion) be probably at a small angle of mutual departure. Now, during some part of this, there would be in action a very considerable force of mutual attraction, by which the orbits would be considerably shifted, so that neither could come precisely to the original point.

But there is a third consideration, which no rightly reflecting person is likely to undervalue. Whatever may be assumed respecting those incidents, usually ascribed to the common operations of nature, it is not to be supposed that in the solar system—the work of so much elaborate contrivance, and indicating so much of design—that any integral dismemberment could happen without special purpose, and controlling care. It may be asked, what purpose could exist for such a violation of the symmetry of God's own works: such questions cannot be answered; but still, we know enough to see how such things might be, consistently with the Divine character, government, and known method of dealings. That planetary wreck exists—an impressive memorial, perhaps, which to angels and devils, and the host of spiritual creation, conveys a perpetual lesson of judgment—telling an awful history of rebellion, revolt, and Divine justice, to the eyes that are privileged to read it.

Having so far cautiously guessed our way at some disadvantage, to satisfy the conventional prepossessions of a sceptical philosophy; it would be the merest affectation to carry on further the illusion of a transparent disguise, by not distinctly putting the question

on its own *essentially theological* ground. For, under whatever form, it is no more or less than a question, as to the purpose and character of the Author of Nature, and includes every indication of whatever kind, from which these elements are to be inferred. All hitherto offered has consisted of inferences from certain conditions essentially moral; nor could the question be conducted rationally on any other condition. With contrivance without a contriver, or design without a designer, reason has no concern. We may therefore, as well conform our language to the clear assumption of the whole argument. There is also a further condition, of great moment, to be observed, which, whatever strength it may bring to our argument, is itself affected by many grounds of caution, and entangled with much customary prejudice. Let us, before proceeding further, try to set ourselves right on these grounds. The error of mediæval ignorance, which limited the observation of nature by the language of the Old Testament, and thus gave the language of inspiration or of sacred authority senses which it never was designed to possess, and in after times, and among infidel schools, created a reaction, which extended universally; so that up to the present day, there exists a tacit convention against the introduction of any direct condition of a religious bearing into philosophical discussion. It must, however, in reason be admitted, that the objection only reaches to the use or abuse of the language of Holy Writ. Nothing can now be more fully understood by the educated classes, than the absurdity of the assumption, that the facts of geology or of astronomy, or any other science could have been conveyed in the early language and to the unlettered ages of mankind, either in language or other form of communication; or that it could have been any part of the Divine intent to convey such information. It is plain, that in every allusion to external nature, the language of man was used, as it still is used, by the obvious necessity which conforms speech to distinct appearances; the natural law of language. We can go even further: it is easy for any one looking to the genius of the Christian religion, to appre-

hend the extreme caution requisite in its teachers, to avoid all accidental obtrusion of extraneous disclosure, however true. In the writings of the New Testament, it is notorious, that terms and sentences, seemingly plain enough, have been distorted into doctrines of which their authors never dreamed.

From any such abuse as these remarks may seem to condemn, our reasoning stands wholly clear. But there is before us a plain distinction: it is from revealed religion only that the Creator is to be known in his higher attributes: as a moral governor—as the author of a spiritual plan—as combining in his dominion other unknown orders of being—as comprising a future in his design. Now whatever the Rationalist, with whom we have done, or the Atheist with whom we hold nothing in common, may say; the Christian Theist will admit, that the God of the New Testament, as of the Old, must also be the same Author of Nature, whose operations of contrivance, and whose multiplied mechanism are to be traced in all things—on earth or in the solar system. The chemist may find ample employment for all the time, exertion, and intelligence he is possessed of, and still contemplate before him new depths of mystery, in the combinations and affinities of matter; and the forces and laws of forces which govern them to the common ends of existence. The geologist may trace the steps of creation beyond the record of time, into periods which have no data. The astronomer may borrow the wing of light for 1800 or 2000 years of its rapid way, and come to no end. The same one pure, broad, and clear Intelligence combines all that has awakened their wonder, and left them still behind; and is still no more or less than the same Lord, on whose name the sinful mortal has been told to call in prayer; a fact which, however startling to the philosopher, is still beyond denial true.

And what in the present inquiry, is the precise worth of this truth? It is this, that the God thus known is not to be contemplated as simply the author of successions of the Saurian tribe, or of the fossil swarms of extinct life, or of the insect and vegetable myriads which fill the natural-

ists' museum with the exuvise of creation; nor are we to look for his domain in planetary spaces, filled with brute animation, or in nebular regions of starry vapour, answering no cognizable end. The God of Nature, as we otherwise know him, is the Lord of living worlds, of a house that has many mansions—at whose nod angels and archangels, and a vast hierarchy of lofty intelligences stand ready to obey. Such, abstracted from its special relations to man, is the view of the Supreme Being, given by his own authentic self-revelation, to his creature, man—a revelation by which he stands prominent as the Supreme Head of moral and spiritual existence, professing justice, and claiming obedience and voluntary subjection; claiming the affections and universal love of his creatures. To this character, the whole human race, in its history and potential characteristics, bears ample and distinct testimony, though crossed by qualifying incidents, which it is part of the province of religion to explain and compensate; and which may find much additional exposition in the broad universality of an empire that is infinite in its compass and eternal in its duration;—for these evils, considerable in the compass of our mortal sight, melt into infinitesimal minuteness in the boundless breadth of the spiritual domain, that knows no end. Dominions, and powers, and principalities—legions unnumbered of angel population, are variously intimated, as within the more immediate body of the Divine government. Nor is it at all a probable supposition, that outside this transcendent circle of spiritual being, the rest is a mindless infinite of mere organism: bird and beast, and worm and insect. God's prime creation light, pervading boundless infinity of space, unmeasurable by numbers, is not vainly wasted on worlds without eyes to see.

But in speaking of the infinite and remote, we are reminded, that we have not quite done with the difficulties which some of our astronomical amateurs have created for themselves. The lengthened periods in which this our own planet is shown to have been first untenanted, and next, only held by brute and reptile creations—seems to warrant a similar assumption in

every other case. It seems to be a reasonable inference that we have no right in reason or analogy to claim for other planets, that which cannot be said to have been (uniformly at least) the privilege of our own. It is a conceded fact, that up to comparatively recent periods, and during periods of vast but indefinite duration, this globe of earth was the scene of other arrangements wholly different from any now contended for in the case of other planets assumed to be similarly occupied. And further (to bring together similar objections), that from the form of this, as of those other globes, it must be inferred that at some period of duration, they must have been originally fluid in material substance. It is added, that large portions of this extensive globe are left barren and unoccupied by man; and it is asked, why we should think it necessary to assume that in the whole system of planetary orbs, there should exist an economy of space, not preserved in that we inhabit. All these objections are indicative of a resolute and sturdy contest for a doubtful victory. They strangely overlook that universal course of things which indicates the uniform workings of the Creative Power. That the field of God's operations is infinity—that the period is eternity—That all are the works of the same mind to whom a thousand years are as "a watch in the night"—from whose hand there is not a single thing we know of—from whose will not a single known result that has not been the slow and gradual result from adopted means—the produce from a germ, the result from principles, elements, conditions, operations, combinations. It is plain enough, for a peremptory claim of admission, that the numerous and variously combined arrangements of this globe, collectively adapted for the support of many-formed life, are mainly and in their larger distributions ordered for that Creature who has combined all its provisions to acquire the dominion over all earthly things. If the globe has been millions of years under a progress of development for this end, the result still remains—the only inference leads to the stupendous contemplation of the awful worker in periods so vast—the far-combined

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in itself some conditions tending to bring the truths of science into a future contrariety to the doctrines of religion—most dangerous and detrimental to both religious and scientific interests; and the more so because the slow and gradual developments of scientific discovery would have the effect of a long and continuous exasperation of dogmatic prejudices resting upon old conventions, too latent and too much uncompensated in common opinion (always, in the main grounded in ignorance), to be dispelled in any effective proportion to the actual advancement of science. Now, if the intelligent reader will give a moment's heedful reflection to these remarks, one glance upon the main points of the astronomy of that period will put him in possession of the real nature of one, and that the main fallacy of the objection now to be noticed. For about fourteen centuries there was received through the civilized world a theory of most consummate ingenuity, framed to account for the apparent motions of the sun, moon, and planets, but with a total ignorance of all that was real in those appearances. The earth was supposed to be the immovable centre of the system; while sun, moon, planets, and starry concave, revolved round it with a variety of motions—all were simultaneously carried round in twenty-four hours by a common motion of the *primum mobile*, and separate movements of their respective circles were devised for their several proper motions. Such in its general description was the theory in which the early Christian knowledge of astronomy was, at the same time, methodized and contracted. Knowledge was then, and for many succeeding centuries, the nearly exclusive possession of the Church—it was obscured and shut in on every side by a dark and contracted formalism, in which philosophy became a mere contest of technicalities. It will thus be easy to apprehend, how in such a state of human knowledge, so little enlightened by rightly cultivated reason, the system of religious faith must have become combined with that of a false physical theory. There would, in the first place, arise a mistaken interpretation of the Scriptures by the application of false ideas respecting the extent and entire char-

acter of the creation. Heaven, hell, and the world of man, would so fill the churchman's conception of all existence, as to exclude "all worlds," and give to man the entire property of his maker's design and providential care. What, offered to such a state of prepossession, might be the startling assertion of an unbounded extension of this domain of being? To thoughtful minds such a proposition would be objectionable, as not in any way declared in Scripture—as opposed to a conviction, the fruit of the old Ptolemaic theory, and surviving its modern exposure; that man and man's world alone can be the object of Divine government; and lastly, a sense that the scheme of redemption, only in conception applicable, or in Scripture applied to mankind—cannot extend beyond the limits of this globe. Now, to all this little more can be answered than the plain objection, that it is a mass of unauthorized assumptions, growing out of the unscrutinized obscurity of old prejudices and false theories. The Scriptures are characteristically silent on all that they are not specially intended to reveal; and so far from telling man what does not concern him to know are very peculiarly marked by a systematic language of typical and symbolical concealment, conveying to future ages lights unseen by the existing. Throughout there is a moral adaptation to a creed of which *faith*, not *sight*, is the moral condition, and a rule of communication such as to exact a conscientious use of human reason. Astronomy or geology are not, and could not in their actual reality have been explained—the whole volume would be little enough to state those facts—the life of the writer too little to comprehend them—there existed no intellect to receive them. Well, but they might have been accurately described when at all mentioned. Such accurate allusions would have been unintelligible then, as they would still be, if received into popular language. It was simply necessary to inform man that those high and glorious lights which it was foreseen he would in future times worship, were (like himself), the work of his Creator. To inform him that other worlds, with which he could not have any communication, existed, nearly beyond his visual scope, in those points of light

to which the science of enlightened ages could attach no adequate notion of distance or magnitude, would be wholly contrary to every observable aim or practice of the sacred writers. There is no ground whatever for the demand of Scripture authority as to the people of other worlds. Scripture is, as it should be, silent on the subject; were it not so, many would be the heresies and metaphysical tenets of sectarian theology on such a branch of revelation.

But is there in the whole of Christian doctrine, founded on the Gospel revelation, anything inconsistent with the admission of other worlds? We should be sorry to bend any statement in the sacred volume into the proof of a theory however rational, but we must say that we consider that, without any express intent, there is much in the general tenor and spirit of Scripture to impress a very different persuasion. We have already had to offer some observations on the character of the Creator as the author of life. The same might, in a yet more extended sense, be applied on the strength of the many distinct affirmations in every part of the Old Testament, the Gospels, Epistles, and the apocalyptic Epistle of St. John, in which the existence of another system of higher life and intelligence is clearly, though in general terms, implied. Now, this indirect but frequent allusion to a higher class of beings—the inhabitants of another local sphere—is not *expressly* given as information for the Christian Church; it is not stated with any precept of doctrinal or practical import, to be received as matter of faith, or foundation of ceremonial observance. On the other hand, the positive injunctions of Christian doctrine rather tend to discourage the direct recognition of any spirit or extramundane being but those described in the unity of the Godhead. Here, then, we have for a first inference the certain existence of a world of intelligence implied, as it were, accidentally at the call of suggestion, but evidently not revealed as matter of necessary recognition. The angelic race have, nevertheless, a tie of connexion with this, as probably with other worlds: the inhabitants of other worlds can have none. There happens to be no link of relationship

to lead to their casual introduction. Angel and archangel are, perhaps, the aristocracy of the universal empire of God: they are his ministers and immediate servants and messengers through the worlds of the infinite; variously commissioned, and holding, so far as we can conjecture, the higher ranks of being. To some dread angel is to be committed the summons to judgment on that awful day when "the trumpet shall sound," and call the dead of ages from the grave—when the Son of man is to appear among the clouds of heaven attended by his angels: and when the judgment that is to decide the everlasting lot of those who shall be brought to the bar of divine justice, that separation is to be the office of the angelic ministers.

It is thus only that this high order of created intelligence appears, in the allusion to events in which they are in some way involved; but plainly for no direct purpose of conveying the intelligence of another distinct state of being. But what reason can there be for the extravagant assumption that we should in any part of the sacred writings expect to find the remotest hint of states wholly unconnected with the destinies of man and of man's world?—states of existence which could not be alluded to without further, and these unintelligible statements. To the apprehension of Paul, the apostle, Jupiter was but a star ornamenting the celestial vault. But we dwell too long on this. The absurdity is manifest enough of any assumption that the existence of other inhabited worlds, and these globes in a measure resembling our own, could have been in any way brought into the recognition of scriptural statement. There has, indeed, been introduced into the question an objection, of which, from the indistinctness with which it has been rather insinuated than stated, it is hard to speak. In what way can the doctrine of the incarnation and atonement be so explained as to apply beyond the history of the human race? Surely there is no known necessity for any such application: it is groundless and involves a most awful assumption in a high degree derogatory to the power of the Creator. It assumes the success of the rebel angel—the enemy of God and man—in counteracting the

divine will, blighting the whole plan, and gaining a triumph boundless and universal over his Creator. The temporary and limited result of archangelic disaffection in one infinitely small province of the living universe is quite reconcilable with the loftiest estimate of universal power and dominion. Such may be the surest and safest exposition, to the whole spiritual world, of Divine justice, and mercy, and love; but the presumption is, that the universe of God is what it was created to be. They who think it enough to assume that this atom globe of man is a sufficient dominion for the Creator of all worlds, will at least not object if we say that, however vast may be the universe of life, still the triumph of the adversary in the least corner of that universe—that the doom by the inevitable sentence of eternal justice—were full motive for the Divine interposition which, by an equitable transfer, has released millions from a doom too fearful to be contemplated, and defeated the malice of a deed which may have led to further and wider spreading ruin.

The "plurality of worlds" may be now said to be the universal creed of the astronomer. His intimate conception of the order, distance, magnitude, and character of design pervading the universe to the extent of his observation, renders argument superfluous: with him common sense conveys its practical conviction. If he looks on the firmament with the knowledge and faith of a Christian, he finds no jarring inconsistency in the solemn array of worlds: he sees not gigantic splashes of water or vaporous fluids, created and organized with such infinite skill to no purpose; but a glorious, living universe, a world without end, in which one eternal mind works in love and wisdom, and is recognised and worshipped. He looks on life in every direction, or on the endless preparations for life. Planets and systems of planets, there may be, without present application to these ends: as the highest known authority has said "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The field is infinity and duration eternity. Two main functions of power and wisdom are probably in eternal operation; the extension and government of a universal, still-expanding empire. We may, according to

our idea of God, assume that one act of his will could, at a word, complete the structure of this wide dominion; but we are historically and experimentally taught, that such is not the method of Divine operation. Worlds are, in the highest probability, developed by the selection and use of forces, affinities, attractions, material influence, created for the purpose, and set in action in due proportion and direction: while the source and prime element is the will of the Contriver. By that will the material elements are collected combined, and formed—rotatory motion moulds the yet ductile mass into the spheroid—time multiplies life in its lower forms, which becomes both a first occupation and a material means—varied chemical processes advance both vital developments and inorganic substances essential to the higher forms of life. Thus the Creator is *known* to work. We do not insist upon the present occupancy of any particular planet—so far we admit the application of the objection, from geological precedent, and no farther. Jupiter may, for instance, be now, what earth was ten thousand years ago; but this great orb, with its complex arrangements evidently adapted for life, is, without any reasonable doubt, organized for the one high purpose alone reconcilable with all we know of Him who made it.

To the eye of one not accustomed to consider those distances and magnitudes, the firmament of night presents a wide confusion of nearly evanescent points of distant light—and their inconceivable remoteness and vastness become incredible or hard to realize. The eternal depths of infinity are projected upon an apparently concave hemisphere, and widely separated worlds are crowded together on the sight of man. There is no great difficulty, however, in the attainment of a scale, by which a person of ordinary intelligence may correct this fallacy of vision. Let us, for the advantage of round numbers, take Jupiter's diameter at 89,000 miles, and its distance from the earth, in opposition, 399 millions of miles; in this case its apparent magnitude will be to the eye a seeming point. This point, then, at that distance, represents a line of 89,000 miles. Now let us suppose an accurate measure by the usual me-

thods of science; and at the mean distance of the planet we shall have its apparent diameter about 45", each second of which may represent 1900 miles. Next let us suppose this visual object removed a million times further, the same *apparent* diameter being still preserved, and computing the line it would then represent, each second should give a distance of 1900 millions of miles, which multiplied by 45 would give 84 millions of millions of miles between two stars, still so close as to offer but one luminous point to earthly vision. Thus may easily be apprehended the mutual remoteness of the bodies which seem to crowd the heavens, and a clear sense of the actual magnitude of that creation which the sceptical philosophy would consign to non-existence. There is a curious and interesting calculation of Sir W. Herschell received with some reserve by modern astronomers; Sir William Herschell surmised, on probable grounds, that some nebulae which were just visible in his telescope, might consist of 50,000 stars. Now, by Sir W. Herschell's theory, a fixed star, barely visible in his telescope, should be 192 times further off than a fixed star of the seventh magnitude, the furthest visible to the naked eye, and computed, by the same theory, to be itself seven times further than a star of the first magnitude, while its light would take eight years to reach the earth. But when a star and a nebula are both just barely visible, the quantity of light received from each must be equal, and, consequently, the light from the single star must be 50,000 times greater than that from any one of the 50,000; and as the density of light varies inversely as the square of the distance, the nebula must be further off than the star by the square root of 50,000—nearly 223 times. The whole distance of the nebula, therefore, beyond the nearest fixed star should, according to this statement, be expressed by the product of 7; 192 and 223 multiplied together, or, approximately, 300,000 times. Computing from this data by the known velocity of light, Sir W. Herschell computes nearly two million of years for its reaching us from such a nebula: a conclusion which, though resting on conjectural distances, has in it a degree of probability enough to con-

vay a just illustration of the real magnitude of the universe, and suggest the truth that no distance can be conceived at which a world may not exist.

Any one who has had a competent knowledge of optical science is aware of the manner in which two extremely refined and complex systems of mechanism are so framed as to work together; while this combination is so precise in all its delicate adjustments, and so exclusive in its main ends, as to make it appear that each of these two separate and wholly independent mechanisms was framed with a view to the other. Of these the mechanic process of light pervades all we can observe of space. Travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, it is yet computed to have taken upwards of three years to reach our globe from the nearest fixed star; while, on probable ground of observation, it is supposed of the more distant stars only to be seen by powerful telescopes, that their light has been between two and three thousand years in reaching us. Now, let this be duly weighed in the scale of probable presumption: how broad a scope it offers for the assurance of life. The light which has not visited earth for two thousand years, and still is only for the astronomer's glass, was surely not made for the eye of this earth. Pervading Infinity, like the mind from which it first was born,

"Of the Eternal co-eternal beam,"

light, a manifest provision for that sense of which the eye is the nicely framed instrument, proclaims the universal dominion of the Creator over no universe of spiral or spheroidal vapours and fluids, but over a living universe, bounded only (if bounded), at that black abyss where Being ends—the dreary void of endless night. In this untravelled realm and unknown we have no faith. To imagine that where man's frail form cannot be conceived to exist, that the same power and will which has so infinitely varied and mutually adopted the modes of life and form, must be reduced to impassable limits, is "vain wisdom all and false philosophy."

Not less deserving of reproach is the narrow dogmatism which would limit divine mercy and justice, within the narrow compass and brief duration of man's transitory world. The suc-

cessful malignity of a rebel angel, or tribe of angels, the unhappy and guilty race "who kept not their first estate," and the transient triumph thus allowed to Satan: the redemption of a race created in the image of God and designed to occupy some realm of his everlasting dominion, cannot be said to be insufficient motives for the great sacrifice, rendering it quite unnecessary for the pretension of connecting it with the theory of other worlds, or the assumption that they should have any place in the disclosures of prophet and evangelist.

The word of Scripture only reveals what man is required to know for faith or conduct; and the Creator's will and rule of government is only so far to be pronounced upon, as is "written." But it is at the same time remarkable that, within certain limits of experience and observation, we are more warranted to reason confidently on the unseen things of creation, than upon the conduct of human creatures. The Creator is not limited by physical or mechanical obstacles—his will is not turned

aside by error or inadvertence—his plans are not shortened by any external impediment, and his principles of action are likely to be free from all causes of change. The causes which we can positively discover are, therefore, in a high degree of probability, continuous and uniform, in proportion to their conformity with the *express* records and communications of the Divine character. Hence the absolute necessity of taking this into account in the argument in which we have been engaged, and the folly of the attempt to treat it on the exclusive grounds of physical data. In glancing through these very able and, in the main, sincere disquisitions, we have been forcibly reminded of the discussions of a very different class of reasoners, strikingly painted by the first of British artists :

"Others, apart, sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end; in wandering mazes lost."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

I.—No episode in Lord Macaulay's description of James the Second's succession of stumblings and ultimate fall from the high estate of an English king is more vividly written, or more valuable to the student of the period, than that relating to the attacks of the obstinate monarch upon the freehold interests of the Universities. Sympathizing, as he could not but do, with the gallant defence of their rights, which has handed down the names of the Oxford and Cambridge worthies with honour to many generations, the historian uses his colours warmly upon the scenes that took place in the ancient halls of Magdalene College during the memorable year preceding the Revolution. We witness with disgust the unseemly deportment of the foolish king, when, worked into frenzy by Jesuit plotters

and flatterers, who subsequently were his ruin, he replies to the respectful and legal memorial of the Fellows by summoning them into his presence, to treat them with vulgar insolence. We have no difficulty in calling up the occasion when James angrily flung back their petition, with the words, "Get you gone, I tell you. I will receive nothing from you till you have admitted the Bishop (Parker);" and with still higher interest we behold the courageous Hough, before the Special Ecclesiastical Commission, who had been sent to Oxford to exact submission from him and his brethren, as he addresses them with calmness and suavity, and yet, with an independence that exalts his memory, rejects their authority, and appeals from their acts in noble words, which may be regarded as the

I.—*Brief Memorials of the Case and Conduct of Trinity College, Dublin, A.D. 1686-90.* Compiled (permissu præpositi Sociorumque Seniorum) from the College Records and other authentic authorities, by the Ven. ARTHUR BLENNERHASSETT BOWAN, D.D., Archdeacon of Ardara. Dublin: Hodges, Smith and Co.

first serious formal resistance offered to the excessive prerogative claimed by the monarch:—"My lord, you have this day deprived me of my freehold; I hereby protest against all your proceedings as illegal, unjust, and null; and I appeal from you to our Sovereign Lord, the King, in *his courts of justice*."

The detailed account by Lord Macaulay of the origin and course of this quarrel forms an important feature in the narrative of the events of 1687, as it supplies a key to the motives of James in his previous policy, and shows sufficient cause for the rapid alienation of the clergy from his person and throne, which preceded the famous order in council for the reading of the Declaration of Indulgence, and prepared the Church to disobey that edict. There could exist no doubt regarding the object of the assault upon the Universities. The "Jesuitical cabal" had worked up the not unwilling King to their purposes, in connexion with the general government of the country; but it remained to break down the power of Protestant principle, as represented by the clergy and the seats of learning. That accomplished, the Roman Catholic party would have no further bar to their most ambitious designs; and accordingly, in the language of the eloquent record which makes this portion of our history familiar as household words, "it was determined to strike at freehold interests, and to impress on every Anglican priest and prelate the conviction that, if he refused to lend his aid for their purpose of destroying the Church of which he was a minister, he would in an hour be reduced to beggary."

It was at this point, however, that James's failures began. Previously he had been as successful as he could desire in filling every important department in his service with the extreme disciples of his own religious and political faith. He had gone so far, and so dejected were the Protestants under the repeated injuries heaped upon them, that Evelyn writes in his diary, under date January, 1687:—

"Much expectation of several great men declaring themselves Papists. Lord Tyroconnel gone to succeed the Lord Lieutenant [Clarendon] in Ireland, to the astonishment of all sober men, and to the evident ruin of the Protestants in

that kingdom, as well as of its great improvement going on. Much discourse that all the White Staff officers and others should be dismissed for adhering to their religion. Popish Justices of the Peace established in all counties, of the meanest of the people; Judges ignorant of the law, and perverting it—so furiously do the Jesuits drive and even compel princes to violent courses, and destruction of an excellent government, both in Church and State. God, of his infinite mercy, open our eyes, and turn our hearts, and establish his truth with peace! The Lord Jesus defend his little flock, and preserve this threatened church and nation!"

The nature of the opposition shown to the Court by the clergy at that crisis, appears from another entry in the same journal: "The English clergy everywhere preached boldly against their superstition and errors [those of the Roman Catholics], and were wonderfully followed by the people. Not one considerable proselyte was made in all this time." But the protests of the ecclesiastics did not assume a strong political tinge until the King had entered into conflict with the Universities. That was the commencement of his greater errors. The day he insisted upon the installation of Parker, he did more to bring about the ruin of his house than many years of purely civil mismanagement could have done. Public feeling expressed itself unreservedly against the conduct of the King and his advisers, as soon as Oxford became agitated by fierce passions generated of injustice. The resistance then extended like wild-fire. "It was felt to the extremities of the kingdom;" from the operation of two powerful causes. In the first place, the blows aimed at Magdalene College were perceived to be intended for the Protestant religion, so that every clergyman and every layman, sincere in his principles, had his blood fired by the daring of the attempt to crush the Reformed faith, at what were justly regarded as its sources; but, in the second place, there was the fact, still significant in its modern applications, that every learned person, layman or cleric, throughout the country, had a direct interest in the University, no matter how long a time had passed since he had trod its courts. The scholar, most generally, continued through life a member of the academical body, voted at elections, and

always looked upon the institution in which he had been trained, as having the strongest claims upon his esteem. As Lord Macaulay says :—"He regarded his old haunts by the Cam and the Isis with even more than the affection which educated men ordinarily feel for the place of their education. There was no corner of England, in which both Universities had not grateful and zealous sons." It may be thus easily seen, how the attack on the honour of Oxford and Cambridge, which was a bold stroke of the matured policy of James's counsellors, proved to him a fatal mistake ; nor can it well fail to be remarked, that the strength of the resistance to the King, manifested at the former University, was due not altogether, or perhaps mainly, to the vigorous disposition of the residents, but to the sympathy they had among the old scholars outside, and the responsibility they felt under to consult for the interests of those absent members as well as for their own.

With these general remarks we pass the details of the struggle at Oxford, which culminated in the installation of Bishop Parker by proxy, only two members attending on the occasion, after Anthony Farmer, the King's "first love," had been, out of very shame, removed from the position of a candidate for the Presidency of Magdalene. It is sufficient to say that the appointment of Parker was never concurred in, even by those of the Fellows who, in a spirit of supposed prudent concession, or of fear, offered to obey him as president in fact, though not as such in law. James having refused to accept this qualified submission, these persons were saved from an apparent inconsistency, and the College enjoys the honour of never having accepted Parker in any character, on any pretext. To "the brave Hough," and the "honest Fairfax," however, is due almost the sole merit of this constancy. Under Parker's auspices, Magdalene College was turned into a Roman Catholic seminary ; but a few defections from the ranks of Protestant learning relieved this transference from the aspect of a too sudden and complete

change. It is satisfactory that these instances were few ; and even Parker, when, after the expulsion of the Fellows, remorse hastened his end, on being pressed, as he lay in *extremis*, to "declare for the Church of Rome," according to Evelyn, "utterly refused," so immoral were the motives by which the King's apostates were actuated.

Nor shall we halt to discuss Lord Macaulay's view of the conduct of William Penn, whom Mr. Paget has defended, perhaps with greater ingenuity than success.* Penn, at least, is chargeable with having advised Hough and his companions to make a mean submission. Whether or not "the courtly Quaker did his best to seduce the College from the path of right," under the influence of unworthy aims, and in the concealed character of an agent of the King, his Majesty feeling that in the struggle with the courageous Fellows his royal dignity had suffered, and being ready at the time to do almost any thing to get out of the difficulty, it is plain that Penn counselled the resisting clergymen to temporize ; and the nature of the courtier's general conduct in public affairs does not suggest that his advice is likely to have been grounded on any high principle. It was expedient, probably, that the Fellows should yield ; but it was fortunate for their credit and for the progress of events, that they preferred the claims of honour to lower considerations.

Our design in referring to the leading characteristics of the conflict that arose out of the admission of Benedict Francis to a degree at Cambridge and of Bishop Parker to the presidency of Magdalene, is to show that, in the parallel case furnished by the archives of Trinity College, Dublin, the King's Deputy had orders to carry out a similar policy to that pursued towards Oxford and Cambridge, with an identical object—the "ruin of the Protestants of the kingdom." The Irish University's conflict with King James has been omitted from view by the historian ; and yet it possesses more peculiar features of interest than even that of Oxford. It is a debt we owe

* *An Inquiry into the Evidence relating to the Charges brought by Lord Macaulay against William Penn.* By John Paget. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

the memory of the Irish patriots who upheld the independence of Trinity College, to put on imperishable record what they suffered, dared, and achieved in their battle with the Jesuitical combination that controlled the king. Before Archdeacon Rowan compiled these "Brief Memorials," however, the University struggle in Ireland was unknown, except as an ambiguous tradition. Having procured important original material in the College records, Dr. Rowan lays it before the student as a valuable element in the history of the great epoch of 1686-90. In its collection and arrangement he has displayed the highest care and judgment, whilst the style into which the numerous facts, gleaned from hitherto unpublished documents, are thrown, is exceedingly pleasing and effective. Dr. Rowan also reprints interesting letters, addresses, and entries in registers, bearing upon the subject, which have never before seen the light; so that his work possesses the double attraction of being historical and antiquarian. It is a production which every lover of Trinity ought to be familiar with, as it clears up events that reflect honour upon the institution, and rescues from oblivion the names of scholars who held their position as heads of the University with tenacious courage in troubled times; and, in fact, fell martyrs in defence of its independence. Dr. Rowan fitly dedicates such a volume to the "Provost and Senior Fellows," as successors in privilege and responsibility to the Actons, and Thewlesses, and Allens, and Halls, of whose labours and sufferings the existing dignitaries enjoy the fruit, in learned leisure and the guaranteed possession of noble rights and rich revenues.

Archdeacon Rowan starts with the statement that, "our Irish Alma Mater withstood the pressure of power with, at least, as much constancy as her English sisters; and this, too, in circumstances of greater danger, and in the face of even more overwhelming consequences." If Lord Macaulay, then, has thought it right to devote thirty pages of his history to the narrative of what was done at Oxford, Dr. Rowan may well be considered justified in seeking the reader's attention for his account of the parallel case.

At the threshold of the business

we are introduced, on the 26th of October, 1686, to one of those troublesome individuals, "the King's convert." On the day stated, Arthur Greene, Bachelor of Physic, presented the Board of Trinity College with a letter, signed by the notorious Sunderland, ordering that an Irish lectureship, said to be founded by Sir Thurlough O'Neill, and endowed to the extent of thirty pounds per annum by lands, should be given to the bearer of the missive, along with arrears of salary due for several years, since the time when the office had been vacated by one Paul Higgins. This ukase startled the Board; they debated upon it; and returned for reply, that as there was no such foundation of a lectureship, Greene's letter could not be complied with; but the care they took to excuse themselves to his Majesty showed how much even then they feared further encroachments. This occurrence took place fully six months before the attack on Magdalene College, Oxford, so that, in point of time, we had a precedence of suffering by James's oppressions. We hear no more of Greene for a season. But between this period and Tyrconnel's arrival in Ireland, on the 7th of the February following, the College authorities became uneasy; and in the month of January, 1687, we find them applying to the Visitors for liberty to sell a quantity of plate, in their possession as college property, in order to purchase land, or to build for the benefit of the institution, materials and labour being "at easy rates." Liberty was granted by Clarendon, then about to leave Ireland, for the exportation of 4,000 ounces, duty free, to England, as a better price was expected there. When Tyrconnel arrived as his successor, the plate had been placed on board ship, but the vessel had not yet sailed, and immediately the Lord Deputy seized the college property, landed and lodged it in the Custom-house; and on being inquired of, made answer that he had written concerning it to the king: meanwhile it was in safe keeping. With Dr. Rowan, we must conclude that there is more in this story of the plate than meets the eye. For what purpose did the Provost and Fellows wish to get it to England? Very likely in order to have something in reserve for their support, in case they should

be obliged to flee; for at this time, says Macaulay, the "English inhabitants of Dublin hastened to sell their estates for whatever could be had, and to remit the purchase money to England." There was a storm coming on, and the College chiefs saw that escape would be more difficult for them than for ordinary persons. It may have been that Clarendon, who was friendly to the College, on being summoned by James to surrender his post, informed the Fellows what course things were taking, and warned them to use precautions. There was, besides, the menacing notoriety of Tyrconnel's first arrival. As Evelyn says, he came "with great powers and commissions, giving as much cause of talk as the camp (at Hounslow Heath), especially nineteen new privy councillors and judges, being now made, amongst which but three Protestants and Tyrconnel made general." This was in June, 1686. No wonder that the "English inhabitants" were filled with fear; that business was suspended in Dublin; and that the College authorities bethought them of disposing of the plate in prospect of a day of adversity. On the 2nd of April, 1687, the plate was returned to the keeping of the Provost; but he was obliged to sign a pledge not to employ it but for "the public use, benefit, and improvement of the College," and not "to transport it from the kingdom without leave of the authority first had and obtained." Subsequently it was used to purchase lands in the Queen's County. The incident respecting the plate is important to the narrative, as an indication of the state of the public mind, and the apprehensions of the Provost and Senior Fellows when Clarendon left Ireland.

Nothing further is recorded of moment until the 20th of August, 1687, when the attack recommenced. At this date James was commanding the Fellows of Oxford, as if they were a number of menials, to confer their patronage upon his creatures. A letter from Secretary Sheridan now calls for a copy of the Statutes of Trinity College, and demands to know why the Irish lectureship had been discontinued. The Provost and Fellows reply that it had for some time lapsed. After a month passes, they send a copy of the Statutes to the Lord

Deputy, who had just come back from a conference with James at Chester, with his policy towards Trinity College marked out in agreement with the Oxford projects of the King.

As his Majesty had approached near to Ireland, the Fellows judged it prudent to send two of their number with a dutiful address. It had this significant clause, in harmony with the firm language held towards the King at the same crisis by the English bishops: "whilst we keep our religion we can never forego our allegiance." The Fellows were prudent persons, and couched their sentiment artfully; but the stress of the statement rests on the first part: they felt it necessary to affirm with distinctness that in any event they would cling to the faith they held.

The main occurrences in the College Case now arrive. On the 13th of February, 1688, the King's mandamus was put into the hands of the Provost, calling upon the Board to admit "Bernard Doyle" to a fellowship. The step was almost identical with that tried at Oxford, and in this case also, the King's "trustworthy and well-beloved" turns out to be a person of bad character, meet co-partner for Anthony Farmer in the favours of the monarch. Doyle was usher of a school at Drogheda, when the royal grace visited him. He had become a Roman Catholic; and as such was put forward to claim the fellowship. The mandamus *dispensed* all the oaths, on his behalf, except that of the Fellow. Here was the gauntlet thrown down. It was evident that the King and the Jesuits desired to break up the constitution of the University. Could the Board offer any thing but a flat refusal to the order of his Majesty? There was a loophole. Trinity College being a post-Reformation establishment, the oath of a Fellow included the abjurations and declarations which the monarch wished to ignore. Under this shelter the College authorities retreated. Doyle refused the oath; and the Provost reporting the circumstance to the Lord Deputy as a sufficient bar to Doyle's reception of the vacant place, added allegations respecting the immorality of his life and total want of learning. The oath would certainly have presented no obstacle to the designs of the King's

counsellors, but Doyle's notoriously bad character induced them to forego the claim, and accordingly he disappears from the scene for a time, as his predecessor, Greene, had already done. The same fellowship was afterwards filled up by a mandamus from his Majesty to Mr. Arthur Blennerhassett, who having been interrogated by the Provost and Senior Fellows, and declaring his willingness to take the oath, was admitted. It appeared to Dr. Rowan as a remarkable circumstance that no record of this election existed among the College documents; and after a diligent search he has discovered a register in which there are some entries and some blanks, and having put these under a strong light, he is able to trace the remains of the "minute" respecting Mr. Blennerhassett's admission.

An interesting question arises, however, in connexion with a considerable blank in the middle of the registry. Why was this space left? Doyle's mandamus had been entered in full on the books; this was not done in the subsequent case? It is reasonable to conclude, as our author does, that the blank was left with a view to insert the mandamus afterwards, "in case Prerogative should prevail; but the event proving otherwise, the blank space stands to attest the triumph of constitutional law." The King had been carrying forward his designs with an utter disregard of law and justice, and the Provost and Fellows felt themselves in the highest peril. They partook of the terror and uncertainty that pervaded all minds as to "whereunto the King's proceedings should grow, or to what issue the struggle between law and 'dispensing power' might ultimately come." They consequently observed the precaution of leaving themselves room in the document for the insertion of the mandamus, should they be called on to produce their registry. There can be no charge of timeserving or of weakness founded upon this part of their conduct in so trying a crisis; but in it, as in other of their acts in the same business, we have proof that they regarded the "evil time" as a period not likely to last. Whether they had any special grounds for that hope, we have no means of determining; but they thought it more prudent to tide

over the season of difficulty, than to show open resistance. They were not wanting to the exigency, however, when matters suddenly came to the worst.

An amusing incident of the struggle, was the delivery, on the 13th of July, 1688, at the summer commencements, of a satirical composition, known as *Sir Jones's Tripos*, and supposed by the late Dr. John Barrett to be written by Swift, then a college youth. The lampoon is of the most scurrilous kind, and attacks both Bernard Doyle and Mr. Blennerhassett, alluding in coarse terms to the debaucheries of the former. It is animated by bitter opposition to the King's proceedings, and serves to show that in Trinity, as well as at Magdalene, the younger collegiate residents did their part, after the usual enthusiastic fashion of a students' demonstration, in protesting against James's invasion of the University.

The institution of "Mr. Hassett," and the public reading of the filthy *Tripos*, bring us to the month of the *Revolution*, when the hopes of relief, which the Provost and Fellows had long entertained, began to brighten. They were still in the hands, however, of one who could not be trusted; and, although between November, 1688, and March, 1689, Tyrconnel was too busy deciding what his own course should be to give them any annoyance, they were by no means confident that their trials had come to an end. As soon as Tyrconnel perceived that William was occupied, and beset by uncertainties, in England, he threw off the allegiance to the Deliverer which he had been for some months simulating; and again embraced the cause of James. The moment this occurred the Irish Protestants felt their dangerous position, and few more painfully than the heads of the University.

From this point forward the "Case and Conduct of the College" are best illustrated by the registries which Dr. Rowan has brought to light, and from these we shall take such extracts as will complete the history of the conflict. A record of the 19th of February, 1689, shows into how excited a state the Provost and Senior Fellows were thrown by Tyrconnel's proceedings: there was nothing for it but flight to England. A few had

the courage to remain behind, and thus recorded the hegira.

"£200 ordered to be sent to England for any Fellows that may be forced to fly.

"The danger of staying in College seeming so great, it was judged reasonable that those that thought fit to withdraw for better security might have free liberty to do so.

"The £200, instead of being sent to England, was divided among the Fellows, 'paying them their salaries for their respective fellowships, offices, and scholarships, which will be due at the end of this current quarter; together with their allowances for commons for the current quarter.'

"Doctor Browne, Downes, Barton, Ashe, Smith, embark for England.

"Mr. Scroggs, Reader, Loyd, Sayers, Hassett, followed. Mr. Packenham died; and of the Fellows, only Acton (*Vice-Provost*), Thewles, Hall, and Allen, remained in the College."

This event sufficiently illustrates the story of the attempted selling of the college plate in England. Ten of the Fellows sought a refuge across the channel: five clung to their posts with a heroism which exacts admiration. The remainder of the narrative is concerned with the fate of these Five. The majority of the ten returned after the troubles had passed over, and lived for years in the peaceful enjoyment of the high preferments to which their sufferings had well entitled them. Of the Five, however, who held up the flag to the last, but one survived to see the exiles again enter the walls that had been desecrated by the King's soldiery.

James having arrived in Dublin before the close of March, 1689, the "Five" considered it prudent to wait on his Majesty with an address. Mr. Thewles was their spokesman. With his usual insincerity James assured them of his "favour and protection." To dupe the Protestants by a seeming change of policy, was the aim of James at this period; just as on learning the progress of William to Exeter, he had taken counsel of the bishops whom he had previously so bitterly oppressed, assuring them of his intention to call a "free parliament;" while, behind their backs, he had no scruple in stating to his co-religionists, that he entertained no intention of altering his conduct in an iota. Having issued his lying proclamation "to satisfy the minds of our Protestant

subjects," he summoned his Parliament at Dublin, on the 26th of April, and the College sent two representatives. There was no pretext, therefore, for the harsh treatment the Fellows were doomed to receive. It was an element of James's character, that he never could reconcile himself to the miscarriage of the slightest of his projects, and we are thus not surprised to find Arthur Greene and the Irish Lectureship again in question. Greene petitioned the King for a *Senior Fellowship*, and on the 13th of June, 1689, the Vice-Provost and remaining Fellows gave their reasons for refusing to accede to James's order.

"The Vice-Provost and remaining Fellows were ordered to wait on the Attorney-General at his house, on Monday the 17th, and to show reason, if they could, why this petition should not be granted. The conduct of the little band of heroes on this occasion was resolute and admirable; and the conclusion of their reply, speaking the resolved characters of the men, and a spirit as steadfast as that which has made 'the men of Magdalene' so memorable, deserves to be written in letters of gold. 'After alledging' (so the Minute runs) 'many reasons, drawn partly from the false allegations in the petition, part from the petitioner's incapacity in several respects to execute the duty of Senior Fellow,' they concluded their answer in these words:—

"There are much more important reasons drawn, as well from the Statutes relating to Religion, as from the Obligation of Oaths which we have taken, and the interests of our Religion, which we will never desert, that render it wholly impossible for us, without violating our consciences, to have any concurrence, or to be in any way concerned in the admission of him."

Any one who compares this protest with that made at Oxford on the occasion of James's visit, will come to the opinion that, under a far more severe pressure of circumstances, the noble men who sustained the independence of the Irish University, few and isolated though they were, gave even stronger expression to their feelings. It would be impossible to put into words a firmer or a worthier reply than theirs. This is the most brilliant page in the history of Trinity; and there is not a son of the venerable institution who does not thank Dr. Rowan for giving it the historical prominence which it deserves, and of

which, before this work appeared, it had been deprived by the jealousy or carelessness of historians. It is something to boast of that the College never sacrificed its independence. Its heads were loyal until loyalty would have become a crime, and then they rejected an obedience sought from them in violation of oaths, in contempt of statutes, and in dishonour of religion. Their memory must ever be held in the highest respect, and their conduct cannot but be spoken of with pride.

It was no easy thing thus to fly in the face of an obstinate and enraged monarch. The Five Fellows had to make up their minds to suffer persecutions compared with which all their previous endurances were a trifle. As they returned to their chambers, after laying what may be termed their "declaration of independence" before the unsympathizing Attorney-General, Sir Richard Nagle, they saw that the die had been cast. They could only await events with Roman fortitude. That their privations were of the severest nature, all business having been stopped by the agitation of the times, and their chest exhausted in providing for those who went to England, we learn from an entry of the 24th of July, running thus:—"The Vice-Provost and Fellows, with consent of the Bishop of Meath (their Vice-Chancellor), sold a piece of plate (value £30), for subsistence of themselves and the scholars that remained in the College!" Little surprise that Dr. Rowan should adopt the motto for his pages:—

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,
non Ego vos meis
Chartis inornatum ailebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Oblivione." . . . carpere lividas

The rest is soon told; James's indignation was boundless. The "declaration" drove him beyond the verge of decency. There was no insult too great for the persons who had in so manly a way resisted his illegally assumed authority. On the 6th of September the College was seized for a garrison by the King's orders. Five days subsequent it became a prison for the Protestants of the city, who were confined in great numbers in the upper part of the Hall. On the 16th, the scholars were hurried out by the soldiers; the Fellows went with them, but were not

permitted to take away their books. A fresh order from James's own hand committed six of the Fellows and Masters to the main guard. The remainder of the College plate was seized. On the 21st of October, a number of persons, by order of the government, took possession of the chapel and broke open the library, the object of the King being to heap indignities upon the institution. After the Oxford precedent, Mass was immediately said in the former; the latter became a powder-store.

In this crisis, the Provost and Fellows memorialized the king, feigning to regard the injuries inflicted upon them as done by "orders pretended to be derived from your Majesty." Having stated that a "great body of armed men," under Sir John Fitzgerald, had "forcibly dispossessed them," and "not only disseised them of their tenure," but also taken their private goods, they proceed firmly to state that "your petitioners do conceive themselves totally ejected out of their freehold, and despoiled of their properties and goods, contrary to your Majesty's lawes, tho your petitioners have acted nothing against their duty, either as subjects or members of the College." That James should feel the hearts of these persons to be really against him, is not astonishing; but they had given no grounds for his arbitrary, petulant, unkinglike conduct. This memorial evinces no disposition to retreat from their "declaration;" throughout the conflict, the remnant stuck to their colours bravely. On the 20th November, they met and elected their officers, as if their functions had not been interfered with. At this date the band consisted of Acton, Thewles, Hall, and Allen. The last died in December. Acton soon followed. Both fell victims to remorseless oppression.

In April, 1690, the King took another step more flagrant than any preceding. His Chancellor, Sir James Fitton, produced a royal order to "visit and view the College records," the design being to erase from the register everything that ignored the claim, or affected the reputation, of Bernard Doyle. The proceeding was possibly suggested by that individual himself. And here we have another example of heroism on the part of the Two Fellows who only now remained. Thewles and Hall at once

refused to surrender the keys ; and it was not until a special order issued from the King's Council, which meant a seizure of their persons in case of non-compliance, that they gave them up. This was in April. In June Thewles died ; and the entry of the fact on the College Records is particularly affecting :

"June 14, 1690, King William landed at Carrickfergus, and the same day Mr. Thewles died of a fever."

A few days longer life, and he had seen the retribution and enjoyed the triumph.

Scarcely had the new and happier regime opened, when the Exiles returned. On the 15th of July, Brown, Downes, and the rest of the Fellows who had fled to England, entered the College again in peace, to learn that Acton, and Allen, and Thewles had perished as martyrs in maintaining their Religion and their Oaths. Hall alone received the returning brethren, representing in his single person a proud and successful defence of the University's rights.

We have thus gone through the most interesting chapter in the history of our University ; and we have again to express our sense of obligation to Archdeacon Rowan for undertaking the task of filling in the blank left by the historians in the great cause of King James v. The Freehold Interests of the Universities. The author was urged to the performance, partly by the fact that the name of Arthur Blennerhassett, who appears in the affair without discredit, occupies a place in his own family pedigree ; but it is evident, from the fervour of the "Brief Memorials," that Dr. Rowan felt a much higher interest in the subject from the lustre it sheds upon Alma Mater. He has gathered the various incidents together carefully, and left nothing undone that scholarship could accomplish to elucidate this attractive portion of our constitutional history. His

work is an admirable addition to the Irish records of the period. Its narrative also strikes us as having an important bearing upon what occurred about the same time in England, and this we regret that we have not space to illustrate. One thing, at all events, is clear from Archdeacon Rowan's researches, that James was utterly incapable of profiting by experience. His conflict with the English Universities was a grand blunder of policy, and this he ought surely have seen long before he came to Ireland, to seek "his own again." Yet his first act, on the assembling of his parliament in Dublin, was to repeat the old mistake. On so stupid and ferocious a bigot experience was lost.

We close our notice of Doctor Rowan's work by echoing the sentiment with which he leaves his reader.

"Even now some 'Memorial' more 'brief,' but also more enduring than this hasty notice, would be a fitting and not unseasonable recognition of the sufferings and services yielded by those 'true testifiers in troublous times ;' and I venture to affirm, that among the various objects that attract visitors to the College Halls and Library, a plain slab, recording the names of Acton, Allen, and Thewles, would not be the least interesting ; while to successive generations of Collegians, it would tell of hardships and sufferings really endured in the old time before them."

There is surely sufficient spirit among the authorities of the University to raise this Plain Slab, which, in our judgment, should have inscribed upon it, underneath the names of the Five Fellows who resisted James's arbitrary conduct, the manly Declaration of Independence that formed their reply, as men and as scholars, to the unjust law officer of an unworthy King, at a time when poverty and death stared them in the face, as the certain consequence of their honourable disobedience of a tyrannous mandate.

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT'S ESSAYS.

II. In the year 1857 appeared the first volume of a somewhat elaborate edition of the "Ethics of Aristotle," by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. This first vo-

lume is occupied with a series of preliminary dissertations and notes, in which the editor discusses the genuineness of the Nicomachean Ethics and the mode of their composition, the

II. *The Ethics of Aristotle, illustrated with Essays and Notes.* By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. In three vols. London : Parker and Son.

history of Moral Philosophy in Greece previous to Aristotle, the relation of Aristotle's Ethics to Plato and the Platonists, and other topics suggested by his text. The second volume of this work appeared in the year which has just closed, and contains Books I. to VI. of the Nicomachean Ethics, with critical and explanatory notes. The third volume is announced as in course of publication, and its principal promised contents are, the remainder of the Nicomachean Ethics, with notes, as before, and a complete translation of the whole.

In our present notice of this work we shall confine ourselves to a critique on Bishop Butler's Ethical Method, which will be found in the sixth preliminary essay of the first volume, wherein Sir Alexander Grant discusses the relation of Aristotle's Ethics to modern systems. And here we may premise that we feel the greater liberty in expressing our opinions upon this subject distinctly, because we cannot be supposed to be under the influence of any undue prejudice. The University of Dublin would be proud to claim Bishop Butler as her alumnus; but that honour belongs to another: to Oxford is due the credit of having given to the world the author of "The Analogy" and "The Rolls Sermons." Still we reverence his memory as a divine and as a philosopher; we dissent from the propriety of classifying him as of the same order of mind as Paley; we object to the conjoint estimate formed of both, thus classified together, as "most excellent writers, but not profound philosophers;" and we cannot forbear from expressing our regret that it was not reserved for some other, to have made the assertion just quoted, than a member of Oriel, the very College which claims the credit of having educated Butler.

The general critique upon Bishop Butler's Ethical Method is introduced by an observation, in itself very reasonable, and to which, as a matter of course, no exception can be taken—namely, that between the Aristotelian era and our own day a great interval is set—an interval, too, full of powerful influences, during which the whole spirit of the world has been changed.

"It would be an utter ignoring of facts and of the growth of the human mind if we were to try to read Ari-

stotle's book merely as if it were a modern treatise, or to set him aside by side with some modern writer, and to ask—Does Aristotle agree with Bishop Butler (for instance) on this or that question, without having first recognised the essential difference in their points of view?"

In order to set this "essential difference in their points of view" in its strongest light, Sir Alexander Grant suggests that the simplest way is to take some modern system, and place an outline of its contents in comparison and in contrast with Aristotle. Accordingly he takes Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man," and proceeds to contrast the method therein set forth, with that of Aristotle.

With the observations upon Stewart's Ethical Method, we have, at present, no direct concern. But with a remark made, in contrasting Stewart's expression of "the ends and destination of our being," with the *telos* of Aristotle, viz, "in Dugald Stewart, the conception is a religious rather than a philosophical one"—the question suggests itself—Is it not possible that, after all, the religious conception may be the philosophical one? And, again, when Sir Alexander Grant says that "the end" with Dugald Stewart "conveys no sense of the absolute, of the chief good, of the sum of all means"—we feel disposed to ask,—Is there such a thing, in fact, as distinct from the gratification of the several elements, affections, desires, appetites, which go to make up our complex nature, either separately or in combination? Whether, in fact, the elementary idea of happiness, as indeed stated by Butler, be not also the complete one, namely, "an appetite or affection enjoying its object?"

Sir Alexander Grant proceeds to characterise the outline of moral science as stated by Dugald Stewart, as a reproduction of Butler's system, "only certain details are more worked out; there is a more broad, though an arbitrary, separation between self-love and the moral faculty than Bishop Butler had made; and, instead of the laborious course of a close argument we have a foregone conclusion."

And now comes the direct critique upon Butler's Ethical Method, in

which we have italicised the portions to which we desire to direct attention:—

"The question of Ethics, which has most exercised and divided the moderns, is one that in Aristotle's day had never been mooted, namely:—*Why are we obliged to do any particular right action instead of its contrary?* The answers to this question are virtually only two. The assignable reasons reduce themselves, in short, to—1, Utility;—2, Duty. Against those who assigned utility as the ground of moral obligation, it was urged that the idea of utility could never give rise to the idea of obligation. To this Paley replied that you must take into your calculation of utility some account of the consequences in another world, that is to say, of the rewards and punishments appointed by God. This fuller notion of utility, he argued, would completely explain all that was meant by obligation. *In Bishop Butler's Sermons a wavering account seems to be given. The inducements to right action are partly eudæmonistic*—it being urged that virtue is for our interest even in this life, and how much more for our interest in case there be rewards and punishments hereafter—partly they appeal to the authority of conscience. *Only, what is the exact nature of conscience; how it pronounces; whether it be infallible; what is its relation to the will and the reason; and many other difficulties that might be started, Bishop Butler leaves unexplained.*"

The statement here made, that with regard to the question, *Why are we obliged to do any particular right action instead of its contrary?*—a wavering account seems to be given by Butler,—appears to us to be unjust and unsustainable. In proof, we shall only refer our readers to one passage in the Sermons, which seems to us to set aside such an allegation, and any one tolerably acquainted with the Sermons will easily recall other passages precisely to the same effect:—

"But allowing that mankind hath the rule of right within himself, yet it may be asked, 'what obligation are we under to attend to and follow it?' . . . *The question carries its own answer along with it. Your obligation to obey this law is its being the law of your nature.* That your conscience approves of and attests to such a course of action, is itself alone an obligation. Conscience does not only offer itself to show us the way we should walk in, but it likewise carries its own

authority with it."—Sermon III., *Upon Human Nature.*

Again, when Sir Alexander Grant brings it as a charge against the ethical method of Bishop Butler, that with him *the inducements to right action are partly "eudæmonistic"* (i.e., having reference to happiness, as their result), he appears to us to have confounded together the ideas of "inducement" and "obligation." From the nature of the case, and the condition and constitution of man, the *inducements to right action must partake of this character*; but the *obligations to right action, according to Butler, have their foundation in the authority of conscience, which cannot be violated without self-condemnation to the transgressor.*

Without doubt, and surely it will be recognised as philosophically allowable, in order to confirm his general statements, Butler does appeal, and very often, to the "eudæmonistic" (to use Sir A. Grant's own expression) tendencies of the legitimate operation of all the elements in man's complex nature; but then he does not assert this "eudæmonistic" tendency merely with regard to the operation of conscience. He extends it to all the constituents of our nature, and he employs it (as we think, legitimately) for the confirmation of previous statements, not for their direct proof.

For example, in the first Sermon, after having asserted and demonstrated the existence of social affections in man, and having argued from their existence to the establishment of his main proposition, that (contra Hobbes) men were made as much for society and to promote its good as they were made for themselves, and to promote their private interests, Butler concludes by observing that, in point of fact, so far is self-love from having that exclusive rightful influence that is claimed for it, real private interest is as little really pursued as public interest is.

"I am afraid it would be thought very strange if, to confirm the truth of this account of human nature, and make out the justness of the foregoing comparison, it should be added, that from what appears, men in fact as much and as often contradict that part of their nature which respects self, and which leads them to their own private good and hap-

piness, as they contradict that part of it which respects society and tends to public good, &c."

In his sixth sermon (on Compassion) Butler does, indeed, appeal to the "eudæmonistic" tendencies of certain conduct, but then these eudæmonistic tendencies are for the good of others, not of ourselves; and a regard for that consideration, the good of others, is spoken of by the Bishop as a regard to the "reason of the thing."

As regards Sir Alexander Grant's statement, that Butler leaves unexplained what is the exact nature of conscience; how it pronounces; whether it be infallible; and "many other difficulties that might be started," we need only reply by referring him to the *Dissertation on the Nature of Virtue*, and, for the convenience of our readers, shall just cite a single passage from the Bishop's second sermon:—

"There is a superior principle of reflection or conscience in every man, which distinguishes between the internal principles of his heart as well as his external actions; which passes judgment upon himself and them; pronounces determinately some actions to be in themselves just, right, good, others to be in themselves evil, wrong, unjust; which, without being consulted, without being advised with, magisterially exerts itself, and approves or condemns him, the doer of them, accordingly; and which, if not forcibly stopped, naturally and always, of course, goes on to anticipate a higher and more effectual sentence, which shall hereafter second and affirm its own."

But Sir Alexander Grant proceeds:

"Why should not Butler, if he perceived so strongly the existence in us of this authoritative principle taking cognizance of the right, have been content to develop its nature, and to base all inducement to action upon obedience to its mandates?"

We reply: he *has* developed the nature of this authoritative principle; but, had he "been content" with so developing it, without pointing out and illustrating the various functions which the different elements in our emotional constitution (such as compassion, for instance) discharge, and, at the same time, cautioning his readers against the influences which ordinarily perturb conscience in her course (as, for example, resentment,

envy, unreasonable self-love), as well as those which occasionally eclipse her beacon ray (superstition and self-deceit), we are bold enough to assert that the sermons would have lost, both in philosophical and in practical value, more than they would have gained from the cold and abstract evolution of any one principle, however symmetrical might be the result.

Sir Alexander Grant having classed Butler with Paley, and found both wanting in the endeavour to maintain a philosophical point of view, turns "from these English divines, who were most excellent writers, but not profound philosophers, to the German thinker, Kant." The ethical system of the son of Königsburg is preferred to that of Butler as the more philosophical, inasmuch as "he at once discards all external inducements to action, reduces virtue to a state of the will, and the law of action to an *a priori* mandate of the will itself." We are content to take Sir Alexander Grant's own statement of the success with which Kant has employed this method:—

"It is true, that in carrying out this system, Kant is led into certain inconsistencies. He is unable to give his *a priori* law of duty any content (?), without going to experience, and asking what will be the effect, if such and such a course of action were to become universal? He seems, also, to think, that the idea of a future life is necessary to supplement the morality of this present world, a view which is a little inconsistent with his former discarding of all notions of happiness, or of external reward for virtue . . . Commencing with the stern and sublime idea of Duty due to the deeper thought of modern times, and wishing to free this from all considerations of external reward and happiness, Kant comes round in the end to take in some account of consequences, and to supplement his view with the hope of a future life—thus testifying, perhaps, that the good and the right are ultimately inseparable conceptions for Ethics."

Our observations in the present paper have been elicited by what we conceive to be a depreciatory estimate of the merits of one, whom we have by long experience learned to reverence: and, if need were, we might cite the opinions of Chalmers, Wardlaw, Stewart, and Mackintosh, in confirmation of our own. But we

are satisfied to take the expression of the judgment of Mr. Mansel, himself a distinguished son of Oxford, who characterizes the *Analogy* of Bishop Butler, as furnishing—

“An example of a profound and searching philosophical spirit, combined with a just perception of the bounds within which all human philosophy must be confined; to which, in the whole range of similar investigations, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel :”

And finally asserts that—

“Connected as he has been for many years with the studies at Oxford, he feels that he would be wanting in his duty to the University to which he owes so much, were he to hesitate to declare, at this time, his deep-rooted and increasing conviction, that sound religious philosophy will flourish or fade within her walls, according as she perseveres or neglects to study the works and cultivate the spirit of her great son and teacher, Bishop Butler.”*

INGOLDSBY LETTERS.

III. On the 6th of November, 1630, Archbishop Laud made the following entry in his diary, relating to Dr. Leighton, one of the Puritans who had, through Laud's instigation, been condemned in the Star Chamber :—“November 6th. First, he (Leighton) was severely whipt before he was set in the pillory. Second, being set in the pillory, he had one of his ears cut off. Third, one side of his nose was slit up. Fourth, he was branded on the cheek with a red-hot iron with the letters S.S. On that day se'nnight, his sores upon his back, ear, nose, and face being not yet cured, he was whipt again at the pillory in Cheap-side, cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of his nose, and branding the other cheek.” In December, 1658, appears the volume containing the highly amusing, but sharply cutting letters of “Ingoldsby,” to which we are about to draw our reader's attention; letters replying to the speeches against a revision of the Liturgy, delivered by the bishops in convocation last February, and also in the House of Lords last May, on Lord Ebury's motion on the same subject.

These letters, as we have remarked, are sharply cutting, and yet, as far as we know, the writer of them remains unscarred; both nostrils sound, and his ears not even pulled; although, possibly, some of the bishops on whom he has passed his strictures would like to do as much, whilst others of

them might even think he deserved a “moderate” portion cut off. We can hardly imagine any of them wishing for a whole ear; they are all too kind-hearted men for that. But, would he not richly deserve a slight punishment, some of the bishops may say? Would he not deserve one, Sir, some of the chaplains, with more indignation, may reiterate? Why, as to that, there may be a difference of opinion; but, even if he should, we, for our part, would rather live in the days of John Bird Sumner than in those of William Laud. We would rather live in these days, when men may write most pungently and sarcastically, and that at no greater risk than being replied to in their own terms, than in the good days of old, when a man could not call his nose his own, if, perchance, he differed in opinion from those above him. In case, however, this should not be agreeable to the sentiments of some of our readers, and they, on beginning to skim the pages of Ingoldsby, should wax wroth with him, so much so as to wish for the pillory and slitting of noses' days to come back again, we would beg them to stop before they get very far and read the seventeenth letter first. This letter will tend to show them that Ingoldsby has no guile in his composition, and will also furnish them with his reason for adopting his present style. They will learn that—“Ingoldsby” (having found their

* *The Limits of Religious Thought Examined.* By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D., Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Magdalen College: Tutor and late Fellow of St. John's College.

Lordships perfectly unimpressible under the heavy style of writing which has hitherto been used in treating the subject of Liturgical revision) was induced to adopt a lighter and more piquant method, thinking that this sort might be the more effective, according to the motto on his title page :—

“*Ridiculum acri,
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.*”

“For Ridicule will frequently prevail,
And cut the knot where graver Reasons fail.”

Whilst wishing, however, by what we have said, to put those who may peruse his letters in good humour with him, and prevent their longing for the Laudian days to return, we must also candidly admit that he would have given us individually more satisfaction had he not been quite so jocose and cutting on the bishops and their speeches; and many probably, will be disposed, on reading the letters, to agree with us. However, against this charge it will be but fair to let “Ingoldsby” speak for himself; and to enable him so to do, and also to show the raciness and cheerfulness of his style, and likewise his close arguing (for his letters are far more logical than some other much duller compositions on the “Revisional” question), we will proceed to give some extracts from his seventeenth letter, to which we have alluded :—

“I have no wish to be severe. My whole object is, and has been throughout, ‘the truth,’ which the Bishop of Oxford lays such stress upon, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And if you are a scholar, which I have no means of ascertaining except from the ‘internal evidence supplied by your letter, which shows that *pauca majora*, at least, is not Greek to you. If, I say, you are a scholar, I ask you—

— ‘*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?*’

Why may not my argument be carried on as well with a smiling as with a frowning face? It is true, a man may ‘smile, and smile, and smile, and be a villain,’ as said Lord Derby on a certain occasion to, or of, a certain right reverend prelate; but I hope every man who smiles is not to be so set down. I would live, if I could, under the sunbeam of a perpetual smile.”

And again—

“And now for the ‘clergy and the people.’ Have they not been assailed with solid arguments for the last quarter of a century and upwards, till their very stomach rises at the sight of such indigestible food. It is like the boiled beef in the Knightsbridge Barracks; they sigh for the pungent garlic of Egypt; a little allspice, something piquant, curry powder, and the like.”

Have not all the writers on Liturgical Reform, from 1834 to 1858, plied them with solid arguments, thick, and hard, and cold as hailstones? Riland with an i, and Ryland with a y; Powys, Hon. and Rev., and Powys, Rev., but not Hon.; Archdeacon Berens, now in his eighty-eighth year, and “holding the same sentiments with failing eyesight,” which he published to the world above thirty years ago; Tyndale, the same, in his eightieth year, &c., &c., &c.; and last, not least, the learned barrister in the North, Mr. J. C. Fisher; have not each and all of these, in their several ways, and according to their several capacities, and “peculiar views of truth,” tried the force of solid arguments in every diversity of expression, till they have exhausted the vocabulary, and rung the changes upon Liturgical Revision to the last conceivable variation? and *cui bono*, to what effect? Why, that when their eyes are waxed dim with writing, and their natural strength abated from waiting so long upon the Bishops, they have the satisfaction of hearing that their Lordships have declared, through their mouthpieces in their own proper house, that the Prayer Book shall remain untouched and unaltered in their day.

Maybe, after reading this letter, some may ask, who is “Ingoldsby?” As to that, we gather from one of his letters, that he is the Rev. James Hildyard, B.D., Rector of Ingoldsby, Lincolnshire; and if so, the said gentleman “needs no bush” to proclaim his antecedents or competency for undertaking the very arduous task he has in hand. We would refer our readers to the Clerical Directory, No. 8,967, where they will see all they may wish or care to know of Ingold-

* This letter is a reply to an anonymous correspondent who objected to “Ingoldsby’s” strictures on the Bishops.

by's double, supposing us right in our assumption. They will there find that he not only took the highest University honors almost on record at Cambridge, but was also for some time tutor of his college, and public examiner, and select preacher in the University.

"Ingoldsby," then, we may be sure, can be no second-rate man, as indeed the letter we have made extracts from, and all the rest, plainly show. These letters, though they are written in a satirical and lively style, are at the same time close and logical in argument, and teem with most apposite and choice quotations. We never remember to have met with the like in the whole course of our reading. Sydney Smith was felicitous beyond compare in the combination of his ideas, but he does not abound with quotations, and very rarely indulges in classical allusions. With these, however, Ingoldsby is full to overflowing, and they are not the hackneyed quotations mouthed out in Parliament, and understood in these days by learned ladies and middle-class graduates; but the most refreshing *morceaux* from the fountain-head of classic lore, as well as from our own standard writers, and such as are not every day sounded in our ears. Horace's advice has evidently not been lost upon him—

"Nocturna versate manū, versate diurna."

The quotations seem part of himself and flow naturally from him. There is no force-pumping, no recourse had to his indices or book shelves. Illustrations appear to come up just as he wants them. They seem to stand, like obedient imps, at his elbow as he writes along. At a hint they fall into their ranks and fit—the right man in the right place. There is no occasion to say "Attention, Dress." No; they suit where they stand, and look well, clad in uniform, the uniform of appropriateness and applicability.

With all these qualities we have mentioned, the letters will prove to many an intellectual treat; and, though they may be too peppery and pungent for some of their Lordships' stomachs, and be apt to disagree with their digestion, yet, to others, who are blessed with stronger gastric juice, or less irritable mucous membranes, they will afford excellent nourishment and even

occasion them to smack their lips and wish for more. Only let them read the seventeenth letter first; for the perusal of it will insure their regarding with favour their literary *cuisinier*.

But, joking apart, for the sake of the important subject on which the letters treat, we wish much the bishops *would* read them, although the writer has not spared some of their right reverend bench. We, indeed, cannot help repeating our wish that "Ingoldsby" had been somewhat more merciful. Each of their lordships would probably say, with deep feeling, "*homo sum*;" and each, knowing the plague of his own heart, mourns over it perhaps more than the "inferior clergy" are apt to think. Some bishops who offer two fingers to a wretched curate, when they should offer the whole hand, feel ashamed of themselves afterwards; and others, who whirl about according to the wind, resolve, it may be, over and over again, to remain more firm in the ground for the future.

The wonder is that bishops are not spoilt more than they are by titles and palaces, obsequious chaplains, and fawning expectants. Still, whilst writing thus, we must repeat the wish, that their Lordships would read, for the subject's sake, these powerful letters, though at the risk, possibly, of getting rather angry, and inwardly thinking that, though Laud undoubtedly went too far in his operative surgery, yet it would be very desirable to administer some homœopathic globules of chastisement to that "naughty boy, Ingoldsby."

Revision of the Liturgy, Ingoldsby's gravamen, it cannot be denied, is being demanded far and wide. Timely concession on this point would tend, we are persuaded, to bring ultimate peace to the Church, and also increase the number within her fold. Whereas, we fear, if no relief be granted, the disunion will go on increasing, and the number of dissentients from the Church become greater than even now. That the bishops, in the end, will have to give way, there cannot be a shadow of doubt in the mind of any sensible man. It would be well if their Lordships would lay this thought to heart, and, instead of opposing any thing like alteration, would use their weight and influence to bring about a desirable and needful reform. "Ingoldsby"

would then be probably disposed to relinquish his humble though useful office of *cuisinier*, and would become their faithful squire, their *avant courier*, and proclaim joyfully before them, "Oyez, oyez, listen to the voice of authority speaking wisely in high places." For though he may seem to dissent from the views of some two or

three of their number, it is clear, from his general tone, that he respects the order on the whole, and has only written as he has done with the intention of holding up a mirror to eyes a little blinded by flattery; has only whispered a few wholesome syllables in ears too rarely reached by naked and simple TRUTH.

THE VICEROYS OF IRELAND.

SIR GEORGE CAREW, LORD DEPUTY OF IRELAND, A.D. 1603. HIS SUCCESSOR, SIR ARTHUR CHICHESTER. IMPORTANCE OF THE VICEROYALTY TO THE CITIZENS OF DUBLIN IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I. PARLIAMENT AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN, A.D. 1613. DISSENSION RELATIVE TO ELECTION OF THE SPEAKER. STATE OF DUBLIN CASTLE BUILDINGS. USE OF TORTURE IN DUBLIN CASTLE. VICEROYALTY OF THOMAS VISCOUNT WERTWORTH. REPAIRS OF THE CASTLE. REFORMATION OF THE VICEROYAL COURT. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE IN DUBLIN CASTLE. DESCRIPTION OF THE CASTLE, A.D. 1635. SIR CHRISTOPHER WANDERFORD, LORD DEPUTY. COMMENCEMENT OF THE RISING OF 1641. PLOT TO SURPRISE THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN. EARL OF LEICESTER APPOINTED VICEROY. PRISONERS RACKED BY THE LORDS JUSTICES. MARQUESS OF ORMOND APPOINTED LORD LIEUTENANT. THE CITY BEMISSED BY THE FIRES, AND SURRENDERED TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND, A.D. 1647.

SIR George Carew, appointed Deputy Governor of Ireland by Lord Mountjoy in 1603, had in his youth entered one of the Oxford Colleges, but being more delighted with martial affairs than with study, he quitted the University to serve the Queen in Ireland, where some of his relatives stood high in the English interest. His first employment was in the wars against the Earl of Desmond; he was subsequently elected a Member of the Privy Council of Ireland, and acquired distinction in several expeditions, including the memorable voyage to Cadiz. Elizabeth, in 1599, appointed him to succeed Sir Thomas Norris in the Presidency of Munster, the tumultuous state of that province requiring—says the warrant—the "government of a person of judgment and experience." By pursuing the system of destroying the crops and exterminating the natives, Carew, with the aid of the Anglo-Irish, succeeded in bringing Munster under the subjection of England, and his transactions in the South of Ireland have been chronicled in a folio volume, published in 1633, under the title of "*Pacata Hibernia, Ireland appeased and reduced.*"

Sir Arthur Chichester, appointed to succeed Carew as Lord Deputy of Ireland, had in his youth—to escape punishment for a robbery in which he was implicated—fled to France, where for his military services, he was knighted by Henri IV. He was subsequently pardoned for his offence, and obtaining employment in Ireland, acquired such distinction in the contest with the northern chiefs, that in

1601 he was recommended as the fittest man that could be chosen in England or Ireland to be made sole Governor of Ulster. On his appointment to the Lord Deputyship, Chichester sent Justices of Assize to administer in Connaught and Munster the English law, which, up to his time, had not been recognised by the natives of these provinces.

An English writer, resident in Dublin in the early part of the reign of James I., avers that the Metropolis was then principally upheld by being the seat of Government; for, he writes:

"The Lord Deputy holding there his Majesty's state, and the whole body of the council of that realm, together with the captains, pensioners, all officers, as well appertaining to the army as to the Four Courts, all their servants, friends, and followers, being there for the most part resident, this maketh the citizens to raise their prices in all things; their houses, chambers, and lodgings are dearer rented in Dublin than they be in London; it also helpeth them away with their satins, their silks, their fine cloths, both woollen and linen, their new striped stuffs, their lace of gold, of silver, of silk, and a number of other devices;" and, adds our author, "if the Lord Deputy should withdraw himself but for two years together into any other part of the country, the greatest part of the citizens of Dublin would be ready to beg."

Of the opening at the Castle, in 1613, of a parliament—the first held in Ireland for an interval of twenty-seven years—the following contemporary notice has been preserved:—

"Upon the eighteenth day of May,

the Lord Deputy, with all the peers of the realm, and the noblemen, the clergy, both bishops and archbishops, attired in scarlet robes very sumptuously, with sound of trumpets, the Lord David Barry Viscount Buttevant, bearing the sword of state, the Earl of Thomond bearing the cap of maintenance; and after all these the Lord Deputy followed, riding upon a most stately horse, very richly trapped, himself attired in a very rich and stately robe of purple velvet, which the king's majesty had sent him, having his train borne up by eight gentlemen of worth; and thus, in most stately and sumptuous manner, they rode from the Castle of Dublin to the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, to hear Divine Service, and a sermon preached by the Reverend Father in God, Christopher Hampton, Primate of all Ireland. But as many of the nobility of Ireland as were of the recusant faction went not into the church, neither heard Divine Service or sermon, notwithstanding that they were lords of the Parliament House, and rode towards the church with other lords of State, yet they stayed without during the time of service and sermon. Now, when service was done, the Lord Deputy returned back to the Castle, those recusant lords joined themselves again with the rest of the State, and rode to the Castle in manner as before they came from thence. Now the Lord Deputy with all his honourable assembly being entered into the Castle, ascended up into the high house of Parliament, where he sat down in his chair of state; likewise the Lord Chancellor sat down according to his state; also, the nobility of the kingdom, the lords spiritual and temporal, every one sat down accordingly."

The "Recusant" or Roman Catholic members had objected to the Castle of Dublin as the place of meeting of the Parliament, "because the ammunition being there, they might be in danger of being blown up; and they were troubled with the Lord Deputy's guard, as that which they said was designed to keep them in awe and terrify them into compliance." On the assembly of the Parliament in the Castle, a serious dispute arose relative to the election of a Speaker of the House of Commons, to which office the English party declared Sir John Davis to be duly chosen, while the Recusants disputed the election, and placed Sir John Everard in the Speaker's chair.

"Sir Thomas Ridgeway required Sir John Everard to leave the chair to Sir John Davis, yet Sir John Everard sat

still in the chair and refused to come forth; whereupon Sir Oliver St. John told Sir John Everard that they should be enforced to pluck him forth, if he would not of himself remove. The said Sir John Everard still sitting in the chair, Sir Thomas Ridgeway, Sir Richard Wingfield, Sir Oliver St. John, and others brought Sir John Davis to the chair, and lifted him into Sir John Everard's lap; the knights perceiving Sir John Everard would not give place to their speaker, they lifted Sir John Everard out of the chair, and some of Sir John Everard's party holding him by the collar of the gown to keep him in the chair. Sir John Everard's right leg was somewhat strained (as he said) being before infirm, but at that time he found not himself much hurt; and Sir John Davis being placed in the chair, Sir John Everard and all who gave their voices with him, in number but ninety-eight, went forth into the outer House of Parliament; and being required by the Speaker and those that remained in the House to return into the House, they refused; William Talbot, the lawyer, publicly using words to this purpose:—"You that are in the House are no House; and the Speaker no Speaker; therefore, we will not join with you, but we will complain to the King and the Lord Deputy;" and so departed the House."

The Recusants having thus withdrawn from the Parliament, despatched agents to lay their case before James I., who having summoned the Lord Deputy to England, gave a decision adverse to them; and Chichester returning to Ireland, re-assembled the Parliament, which was not dissolved till 1615. In recognition of Chichester's services in carrying out the plantation of Ulster with English settlers, James I. conferred upon him large estates in that province, together with the title of Baron of Belfast. After having held the Vice-Royalty for the unusually long period of eleven years, he obtained permission to retire from the office; was appointed Lord Treasurer of Ireland, and subsequently employed as Ambassador from England to the Palatinate.

On May the 1st, 1632, in the morning, "a day of great expectation of an universal massacre, one of the greatest towers of the Castle of Dublin fell down quite to the ground, with the ordinance that was mounted on the top of it—the hall half shaken, or great part of the wall."

This tower, only partly rebuilt at the public charge, was completed in

1629 at the private expense of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, who affixed his escutcheon, with an inscription, in that part of the wall from which he carried the work, whence the edifice acquired the name of "Cork Tower," which it retained till its demolition early in the last century.

The rack was at this period commonly used in the Castle to elicit confessions from prisoners; and that other tortures were also resorted to appears from the case of the Byrnes of the county of Wicklow, who, in the early years of the reign of Charles I., were prosecuted by men high in office in the Irish Government, who endeavoured to have them executed with the object of gaining possession of their lands. In pursuance of this scheme, the chiefs of the Byrne family were arbitrarily imprisoned in the Castle of Dublin, loaded with irons, without any allowance of diet from the King, or leave for any friend to visit or relieve them, even in the presence of the Constable of the Castle and his son. An English historian, after detailing from official documents the iniquitous measures pursued to suborn persons to give false testimony against the persecuted landowners, tells us that one of the witnesses, named Archer, growing somewhat refractory—

"He was first miserably tortured; put naked on a burning gridiron; then on a brand-iron, and burned with gunpowder under his buttocks and flanks; and at last suffered the strapado till he was forced to accuse the two brothers."

That proceedings of a similar character were not unusually, at this period, practised by men in power in Ireland, appears from the following description given of one of these personages, by a chief governor:—

"Upon examinations taken and returned by the judges, he," writes the Lord Deputy, "appeareth to have done as many outrages and other grievous misdemeanors as ever vizier Basha did under the Grand Seigneur; Cacus, in his den, never faller of rapine and violence—utterly drunk with the vice of violence, this tyrant hath trod down his Majesty's people on every side."

The famous Thomas Viscount Wentworth, President of the Council of the North of England, was, in 1633, appointed by Charles I. to the Deputy-

ship of Ireland. For his reception at Dublin, great preparations were made by various noblemen of Ireland, several of whom had in readiness one or two hundred horse and gentlemen, intended to accompany him in cavalcade to the city. These arrangements were, however, frustrated by Wentworth landing unexpectedly at Lazar's Hill, and while walking thence he was met by the Earl of Cork, who conveyed him to the Castle in his coach.

The Castle of Dublin, at this period, had fallen considerably to ruin, especially in those portions used as the Deputy's residence, relative to which Wentworth, soon after his arrival, wrote as follows to Secretary Coke:—

"This Castle is in very great decay. I have been enforced to take down one of the great towers, which was ready to fall, and the rest are so crazy, as we are still in fear part of it might drop down upon our heads, as one tower did whilst my Lord Chancellor was here, and had infallibly killed four or five of his grand children, had it fallen either an hour sooner or an hour later; I am, therefore, instantly constrained to fall to repair, and pull down what would also, for a trick, fall of itself, it being of absolute necessity to do so; and will, withal, gain some few rooms more than now there is, the house not being of receipt sufficient to lodge me and my company. There is not any stable, but a poor mean one, and that made of a decayed church, which is such a profanation as I am sure his Majesty would not allow of; besides, there is a decree in the Exchequer for restoring it to the parish from whence it was taken: I have, therefore, got a piece of ground whereon to build a new one, the most convenient for the Castle in the world. The foundation is already two yards high, and shall be finished by the end of June next, with granaries and all other conveniences. There will be room for threescore horses, and so many good ones I have in this town already, to fill it, and make up such a troop of horse, I dare say, as Ireland hath not been acquainted with; I am the more careful to complete my own troop, that so I may freely call upon other captains to perform their duties, and I trust his Majesty will allow of the charge, being so necessary and for so good a purpose. Besides, I have bought as much more ground about the Castle as costs £150, out of which I will provide the house of a garden, and into courts, for fuel and such other necessities belonging to a family, whereof I am here altogether unprovided; the bakehouse, in present, being just under the room where I now

write, and the wood-rack just full before the gallery windows; which I take not to be so courtly, nor to suit so well with the dignity of the King's Deputy; and thus I trust to make this habitation easeful and pleasant, as the place will afford; whereas now, upon my faith, it is little better than a very prison. It may be this will be of expense; but it is necessary not to be spared, and live here. And yet I shall so husband the business, as all shall be well and carefully bestowed, and in conclusion, if my account fail me not, prove no very great matter above the ordinary."

The warrant for the repairs here projected appears not to have been signed for a year subsequent to this letter, and in pressing for its issue, Wentworth writes in 1634:—

"This Castle is in mighty ruin, not to be lived in without danger, the walls and timber are so rotten, and if it be not seasonably begun with, will stand the Crown in a much greater sum; so as I conceive it is necessary I should have warrant to lay forth towards the repairs and mending thereof, with some addition for stable and gardens, any sum not exceeding £2,000, which, with some help from the Concordatum money, will, I trust, serve the turn."

The architectural skill which he displayed in effecting the repairs of the Castle of Dublin formed a theme of self-gratulation to Wentworth, who established a hunting-lodge, with an extensive park, in the county of Wicklow, and also commenced the erection of a large edifice near Naas, which he offered to dispose of to the State as a summer residence for the Viceroy.

Wentworth laboured to invest the Viceroyalty with a high degree of pomp, and exacted from the nobility and State officials an amount of deference greater than had been sought by any of his predecessors. Finding the peers negligent in attending him in procession to church, and on similar occasions, he prayed the King to require, by special letter, that on all solemnities the noblemen, bishops in their rochets, and privy councillors, should attend the Deputy upon their foot-cloths, or otherwise on horseback, the judges and King's counsel likewise upon theirs, the captains and gentry to go along with the rest of the company before the Deputy.

"The rooms of this house," Wentworth writes from the Castle, "are al-

most become common, every ordinary gentleman thinking it a disparagement to stay any where but in the drawing-chamber, which, indeed, is occasioned in part by suffering the presence to be so familiar, that for the most part it is filled with their servants, while their masters are within. Lest, therefore, the King's greatness, albeit but in the type, become less revered than truly it ought to be, I pray to receive the like command—that upon days of meeting none but noblemen come further than the drawing-chamber, the gallery only free to those that be of the Privy Council, and that all their servants stay in the great chamber, where they and all others are to be bare, as well as in the presence, there being there a state as well as in the other. Then the gentlemen-ushers to the Chancellor and Treasurer do always come before their lords as far as to the gallery door; and the purse-bearer, albeit the seals are never there, comes into the gallery, and there stands amongst the councillors, which is not altogether so courtly, where I conceive their gentlemen-ushers should leave them at the door of the presence (my servants being there ready to do them all respect and service belonging to their places), and the Chancellor to take the purse at the presence door, and carry it himself when he comes into the more inward rooms, it being no ways below his honour to bear the purse there himself."

To the Deputy's satisfaction, the nobility, in obedience to a royal order, attended him with more than accustomed pomp. A traveller who had seen much of Europe, writing at this period from Dublin, says:—"Here is a most splendid court kept at the Castle; and except that of the Viceroy of Naples, I have not seen the like in Christendom; and in one point of grandeur the Lord Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can confer honours and dub knights, which that viceroy cannot, or any other I know of." Ogilby, the translator of Virgil, is stated to have been appointed master of the revels to Wentworth, who also patronized the dramatist, James Shirley, whose play of the "Royal Master" was performed in the Castle before the Lord Deputy on New Year's night.

On the opening of the Parliament in 1634, the Lord Deputy, having his train borne by three noblemen, preceded by the Earl of Ormond and the sword of state, and the Earl of Kil-dare bearing the cap of state, attended

by the judges, peers, bishops, and state officers, all in their robes, proceeded from the Castle to St. Patrick's Church, where they were received by the dean, prebends, and choristers, going before the Archbishops of Tuam and Cashel, singing "Te Deum laudamus." On the Deputy taking his place, the lords became seated, and after the conclusion of the sermon, they all returned to the Castle in the same manner as they had came.

The meeting place of the Parliament in the Castle is described as follows by an English writer who visited Ireland in 1635:—

"I went to see the Castle, wherein my Lord Deputy resides, within which are both the Houses of Parliament, whereof I took a view, much less and meaner than ours. The Lord's house is now furnished with about sixty or seventy armours for horse, which are my Lord Deputy's. This is a room of no great state nor receipt. Herein there sat the first session about eighty lords, not so many the latter. The Commons' house is but a mean and ordinary place; a plain and no very convenient seat for the Speaker nor officers. The Parliament men that sat in this house were about 248. Herein this Castle," continues our author, "we saw the Council chamber, wherein stands a very long table, furnished with stools at both sides and ends. Here sometimes sit in council about sixty or sixty-four Privy Counsellors. Here we saw the hall, a very plain room, wherein is placed the cloth of state over my Lord Deputy's head when he is at meat. Beyond this is the chamber of presence, a room, indeed, of state; and next unto this is there a withdrawing chamber, and beyond that a pretty neat, short gallery, which leads to the council chamber. This was lately built by my Lord Falkland whilst he was here Deputy. The lower part of it is built archwise and very gracefully, so as it is a great ornament to the Castle, about which there are very high walls and of great strength, and a drawbridge which is pulled up every night."

The great objects of Wentworth's administration were to make the royal power absolute in Ireland, and, by destroying various branches of Irish trade, to leave the country helplessly dependent on England. Through his devices, large subsidies were obtained from the Parliament of Ireland, the revenue considerably augmented, the army reinforced and remodelled, the King's title found to all the land in Connaught, through bribes paid to the

judges; the woollen trade suppressed, as injurious to English interests, and an attempt made to substitute for it the linen manufacture. Wentworth's enemies accused him of governing as arbitrarily as a Basha of Buda, enriching himself by peculation and embezzlement of the revenue. The Deputy, however, declared that under his administration the hair of no man's head had been touched for the free exercise of his conscience; that his shares in the Farm of the Customs had been taken at the King's request, and that on his viceregal establishment he expended much more than the amount of his official salary.

During his residence in Ireland Wentworth suffered much from gout and painful internal diseases, partly ascribed to his too assiduous application to business, from which he appears to have found relaxation in the society of his young children. Writing from the Castle of Dublin, in 1634, he says:

"In good earnest I grow extremely old and full of grey hairs since I came into this kingdom, and should wax exceeding melancholy were it not for two little girls that come now and then to play by me."

Of Wentworth's personal characteristics the following particulars have been left us by his most intimate confidential friend:—

"He was exceeding temperate in meat, drink, and recreations. He was now and then given to his appetite; though he loved to see good meat at his table, yet he eat very little of it himself; beef or rabbits was his ordinary food, or cold salted meats, or cheese and apples, and in moderate quantity. He was never drunk in his life, yet he was not so scrupulous but he would drink healths where he liked his company, and be sociable as any of his society, and yet still within the bounds of temperance. In Ireland, where drinking was grown a disease epidemical, he was more strict publicly, never suffering any health to be drunk at his public table, but the King's, Queen's and Prince's on solemn days. He loved hawking, and was a good falconer; yet in his latter days he got little time to see his hawks fly, though he always kept good ones. He played excellently well at primero and mayo, and, for company sake, in Christmas, and after supper he would play sometimes; yet he never was much taken with it, nor used it excessively, but as a recreation should be used. His chief recreation was after supper, when, if he had company which

were suitable unto him, that is, honest, cheerful men, he would retire into an inner room, and sit two or three hours, taking tobacco and telling stories with great pleasantness and freedom; and this he used constantly, with all familiarity in private, laying then aside all state and that due respect which in public he would expect. He was naturally exceedingly choleric, an infirmity with which he had great wrestlings; and though he kept a watchfulness over himself concerning it, yet it could not be so prevented but sometimes upon sudden occasions it would break."

After much solicitation, Charles, in 1639, conferred on Wentworth the title of Earl of Strafford, and advanced him from the Deputyship to the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland. Having subsequently spent a fortnight in Dublin, obtaining subsidies from the Parliament and levying troops to oppose the Covenanters in Scotland, the Viceroy returned to England, and was prevented from again visiting Ireland by being appointed Lieutenant-General of the English forces in the North, soon after which he was impeached for treason in England by a committee delegated by the Parliament of Ireland.

Sir Christopher Wandesford, Master of the Rolls, a learned and upright English lawyer, became Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1640. His death in the ensuing December was ascribed to grief at the troubles of his friend Strafford, and to the dread with which he regarded the approaching political commotions in England. Charles I. had intended to nominate the Earl of Ormond as successor to Wandesford in the government of Ireland, which, however, he finally placed in the hands of Sir Robert Dillon and Sir William Parsons, as Lords Justices. Dillon, subsequently first Earl of Roscommon—a "man of great parts and experience, of unquestionable loyalty and of hearty affections to the King's service, and to the true interests of the kingdom," was soon displaced, and in his stead Sir John Borlase, Master of the Ordnance, an old and indolent veteran, who had served with reputation in the wars of the Low Countries, was joined in commission as Lord Justice with Parsons. The latter had come from England with but £40; and although totally uneducated, raised himself gradually from the low situation of clerk to the Es-

cheator-General till he obtained the offices of Surveyor-General, Commissioner of Plantations, and Master of the Court of Wards; acquiring, unscrupulously, considerable property by these employments; and finally, through his partisans, the Puritans, he was appointed Lord Justice of Ireland.

While the country appeared to be in a state of complete tranquillity, a movement was being secretly organized by a few leading members of the native clans, with the object of regaining the lands wrested from their fathers by confiscation, and set out to English settlers. This movement originated with the famous Earl of Tyrone's son, then a colonel in the service of Spain, and Roger O'Moore of Ballyna, a member of the ancient and vigorous sept, whose expulsion from their old territories in Leinster had been accomplished with immense sacrifices of life and money on the part of England. O'Moore, one of the handsomest and most accomplished gentlemen of his time, was connected by blood with many of the chief families of the old English race in Ireland, and enjoyed a high character for sagacity and prudence. The principal personages drawn by O'Moore into the undertaking were Conor Macguire, Baron of Enniskillen, head of his sept; Richard Plunket, allied to the noblest families in Leinster, colonel of an Irish regiment serving in Flanders; and Sir Felim O'Neill, next in succession after the death of Tyrone's son to the chieftaincy of the great northern clan.

Having opened communications with, and received assurances of support from various Irish officers of distinction serving on the Continent, the confederates, whose number did not exceed ten, decided that on Saturday, the 23rd of October, 1641, a general rising should take place, to initiate which, they undertook, with a hundred men, to surprise the Castle of Dublin, which at the time contained 1,500 barrels of gunpowder, match and bullet in proportion, arms for 10,000 men, and thirty-five pieces of artillery. Various circumstances, however, supervened unfavourable to the success of their progress. The Earl of Tir-Owen's son died unexpectedly; Colonel Owen Roe O'Neill, who had promised to come over with troops from Flanders, sent word that

he could not arrive by the appointed day; and the confederates, on their meeting at Dublin on the 22nd of October, found that they had then but eighty men at their disposal; nevertheless, they determined to persevere in their design, and to attempt the seizure of the Castle in the afternoon of the following day.

On the night of Friday, the 22nd of October, Colonel Hugh MacMahon, who had served in Spain, and who was to have been a chief actor in the intended movement, imparted the design to one of his retainers named Owen O'Connolly, who proposed that the former, with a view to personal gain, should betray his associates by disclosing their plans to the government. This proposition was summarily rejected by MacMahon, who consequently distrusting O'Connolly, insisted that he should not quit his lodgings during that night, and, as a security, obliged him to deliver up his sword. O'Connolly, however, contrived to escape, and came in a state of inebriety to the house of Sir William Parsons, the Lord Justice, on the Merchants'-quay, to whom he gave a disjointed account of an intended plot. Parsons placed but little confidence in the relation, and having dispatched O'Connolly to obtain further particulars, he proceeded to Chichester House, on College-green, and communicated the circumstance to his colleague, Sir John Borlase. During their conference, O'Connolly arrived at Chichester House, reiterated his statements, and declared that he could disclose much more when he should have recovered from the effects of the drink under which he was then labouring; whereupon, we are told, "he had the convenience of a bed." The Lords Justices immediately summoned the Privy Council, which sat with them all night, and by their orders the gates of the city were locked, and the guards of the Castle doubled. After some resistance, Colonel MacMahon was arrested at his lodgings, and carried before the Privy Council, where he fearlessly acknowledged the design in which he was engaged, adding that "it was true they had him in their power, and might use him how they pleased, but he was sure he should be revenged." By the advice of Sir Francis Willoughby, Governor of the Fort of Galway, then in Dublin, the

Lords Justices and Council removed on the following morning from Chichester House to the Castle for their greater security.

"As soon as they entered the Council Chamber, they commanded Willoughby to take upon him the government of the Castle and of the city, and to provide for the guard and defence of both. There were then no fortifications about the city and suburbs, as were made afterwards, but all lay open to the fields. All the guard that he had for the castle was only eight warders, old and weak men, and the forty halberdiers which used in solemn parade to guard the Lords Justices to church; and this was so small a one, that in fourteen days' time he durst not let down the drawbridge of the Castle upon any occasion but with all his guard present, nor allow himself to go to bed, the Council table serving him to lie on, and the cushion to rest his head. In the meantime, he broke down the back stairs going into Sheep-street, to prevent any attempt that way; he next made the great gate without the drawbridge, towards Castle-street; and then erected two others, the one going down to the riding-house, where he planted two pieces of ordnance, and the other leading into Dame-street by the mill-pond; and these great gates serving as so many bastions to the Castle wall, secured it pretty well from any sudden attempt."

The people of Dublin, becoming panic-stricken, conceived that the natives were marching in tens of thousands to sack the town. Taking advantage of these fears, Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls, succeeded in victualling the Castle by persuading the citizens that it was for their interest to lodge within its precincts their stores of corn, salted beef, and fish. The discovery of the plot scattered those of the confederates who were to have attempted the seizure of Dublin Castle, but at the appointed time the natives in the north rose in arms under their chiefs, took possession of their ancient inheritances, driving thence the English settlers who flocked in crowds to the metropolis; and thus commenced what has been usually styled the Great Irish Rebellion of 1641.

A few days after the death of the Earl of Strafford, in 1641, Charles I. recalled from France his ambassador, Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, and, in compliance with a previous promise, nominated him, at the Council

Board, Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, and General of the King's Army and Forces there. Returning to France to conclude negotiations then pending, and having transmitted thence to Ireland several servants and much of his goods, Leicester proceeded in October to England, where he was detained by the King to press forward the granting of the supplies for the service of Ireland. After much delay, Parliament having promised the immediate remittance of £55,000, the Earl sent forward his servants and train to Lichfield and Chester; but soon ascertaining that the promised funds had been countermanded, he returned to London to solicit money and provisions for the army in Ireland. Finding his efforts unavailing, and choosing rather to go unprovided than delay longer, he set out for Ireland, ordering the Lords Justices to send from Dublin the King's pinnace for him, providing, at his own expense, ships at Chester and Liverpool to convey with suitable dignity his furniture, horses, and suite. He, however, fell sick at Chester, and against his own express desire he was ordered by the King back to Oxford, and there kept in attendance on his Majesty, whom he vainly besought to despatch him to Ireland, representing the hardship of entailing upon him the expense of retaining a numerous train of servants and horses at Chester, another at Oxford, and a third at Dublin, where the Castle had been prepared for his reception. Leicester's payment at this time was nominally £10 per day, ordered him as General of the Army in Ireland by the Parliament, together with which he was supposed to receive for his salary as Lord Lieutenant £100 per month for his diet, £59 6s. per month for his retinue of fifty horsemen, £3,000 per annum in lieu of the old exaction of "Cess," an allowance of £235 per annum in place of 235 beeves formerly paid out of the County of Cavan, and £240 per annum anciently allowed out of the tithes of Dumboyne.

The conduct of the Lords Justices, who managed the government of Ireland in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, augmented the general distrust, and drove to arms numbers of peaceably-disposed people, at the forfeiture of whose possessions they were

believed to aim. Sir William Parsons and his colleagues in the government, determined to extort confessions prejudicial to the King, and affording a pretext for their extermination scheme, revived in Dublin Castle the torture of the rack—a detestable expedient which, says the English historian, "was invented to extort from unhappy prisoners in the anguish of their pain, or in the terror of the tortures prepared for them, such confessions as those who have the management of that accursed instrument of tyranny have a mind to put into their mouths, and therefore justly abhorred by all lovers of liberty, and forbidden by the laws of England."

The principal persons racked by order of the Government at this period in Dublin Castle were Colonel Hugh MacMahon, Sir John Read, a Scotch Royalist, and Sir Patrick Barnwell of Kilbrew, in Meath, one of the most considerable gentlemen of property in Leinster, "a venerable old man of sixty-six years of age, delighting in husbandry, a lover of quiet, and highly respected in his country."

The whole of Ireland was soon in arms, divided into various parties, the chief of which were the old Irish of Ulster, under Colonel Owen Roe O'Neill; the Anglo-Irish of Leinster, whose leader was General Thomas Preston; the Royalists, headed by the Marquess of Ormond; and the Parliamentarians, enjoying the countenance of the Lords Justices. The Earl of Leicester's son, Lord Lisle, served at the head of his regiment of carabineers in Ireland, but his father could not visit this kingdom, although holding for nearly a year and a-half the office of Lord Lieutenant. Several disputes having arisen between the Earl of Leicester and the Marquess of Ormond, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, Charles, in November, 1643, determined the former's commission, and conferred the Lord Lieutenancy on the latter. To defray the expenses entailed on him during his tenure of the Viceregal office, the Earl of Leicester was necessitated to sell his lands to the extent of £1,000 per annum, for which he never could obtain any reimbursement from the State.

Ormond, during the three first years of his Viceroyalty, was occupied in harassing efforts to maintain the

royal interest in Ireland against the Parliamentarians, and in either combating or negotiating with the Confederate Irish. A peace concluded with the Confederates in 1648 was brought to a termination by the Nuncio Rinuccini, who with an army commanded by Generals Owen Roe O'Neill and Thomas Preston, marched to besiege Dublin, then in so weak a state that the Lord Lieutenant was obliged to form the citizens into companies for the erection of defensive works; and to stimulate their exertions, the Mar-

chioness of Ormond, with the ladies of the first quality in the city, carried baskets of earth to assist in repairing the fortifications.

Complying with the King's instructions, that in case of extremity he should surrender Dublin to the English rather than to the Irish, Ormond opened negotiations with the Parliamentarians, to whose commissioners he delivered up the Castle and city; and having sailed for England, landed at Bristol early in August, 1647.

WETHERAL WOODS.

MAY's red lips are breathed apart
By the music of her heart;
Sweeter far than song of birds
Are my darling's happy words,
When through Wetheral woods she treads
Over Autumn's saffron shreds,
When she watches wild birds fly
Through October's rainless sky,
When the magic sunset lines
Gleam athwart the odorous pines,
Then she utters carols sweeter
Than were ever sung in metre;
Merry snatches, wild and free,
That are exquisite to me.

Here, by pleasant Eden side,
Where the mountain-river's tide
Foams and flashes, roars and brawls,
Makes a thousand waterfalls;
While a sky of cobalt blue
Ends the sylvan avenue;
Happiest of tiny things
Is my Mabel, as she sings,
Plucking berries, throwing sand
With a wilful little hand;
Sending after whirling logs
The most sensible of dogs;
Chanting gaily, all the time,
Half in jingle, half in rhyme!

Eden, where deep woodlands quiver,
O, it is a famous river!
Glades between the beech and oak,
Haunted long by fairy folk—
Caves of refuge, when the warder
Cried, "The Scots are o'er the Border!"
Magic goblets—legends quaint
Of moostrooper, warrior, saint—
Eden has of these a legion,
But the old poetic region
Has one charm to me more dear,
When my merry May I hear
Utter free, with lips apart,
All the music of her heart.

M. C.

OUR FOREIGN COURIER.—NO. VIII.

SOME ten years ago the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, true to the letter as well as the spirit of the objects for which it was instituted, proposed as the subject for a prize, a comparison between the principal systems, moral and political, which have prevailed in ancient and modern times respectively. The successful competitor was M. Janet, author of an exquisite little volume called *La Famille* (crowned by the *Académie des Français*), which would have figured conspicuously in the pages of *Our Foreign Courier* if he had been in existence at the time of its publication. As it is, we can only give it a passing word of commendation, as a book which ought to be found by every fireside, *sed hæc hæcenus*. The memoir thus honoured by the suffrages of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, has subsequently received, at the hands of its author, such important additions, that he feels justified in presenting it to the public under the title it now bears, as a history of moral and political philosophy.* This alliance between ethics and politics was always recognised by ancient moralists, such as Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero; but has been sometimes denied and more frequently ignored by the moderns. In a very masterly introduction M. Janet points out the nature of the connexion which subsists between the two, and shows the true mean which ought to prevail between the two extremes of Platonism on the one hand and Machiavelism on the other; understanding by Platonism the theory which sacrifices politics to ethics, and by Machiavelism the theory which refuses to recognise that the two are conterminous. Our readers will not need to be reminded how at various periods of the world's history—periods marked by social convulsions of more than ordinary severity—endeavours have been made by a

Plato, an Augustine, and a Sir Thomas More, to escape from the dilemmas of adjusting the conflicting claims to which the citizen and the man were commanded to do homage, by soaring on the wings of imagination or of faith, to ideal republics, cities of heaven, imaginary Utopias, where conflict was compelled to give way to a harmony and an order unknown to this lower world. We merely advert, in passing, to these phenomena in the literature of Heathendom and Christianity, as an indication of the straits to which the choicest spirits of both were reduced when called upon to realize their true position as citizens and as men. M. Janet's work is divided into three books comprising respectively the moral and political philosophy of antiquity, of the middle ages, and of the eventful period commencing with the Renaissance and terminated by the Revolution of 1789. In endeavouring to give our readers an insight into the nature of the treatment adopted by M. Janet, we cannot, we think, do better than adhere as closely as possible to the author's own statements as contained in a kind of *résumé* at the conclusion of the second volume. Political and moral philosophy, he rightly says, was founded on the day when the Athenian tribunal condemned to death the best and wisest of heathen sages for having loved and defended justice all his life long. It was there that the issue was tried between might and right, between the enactments of a state and the laws of conscience. Plato set himself to reconcile the two, but however admirable was the portrait he drew of the just man, his conception of the just state could but terminate in that very tyranny which put hemlock to the lips of Socrates. M. Janet, we think, has not shown with sufficient clearness, how Plato's theory of the supremacy of the state was a not unnatural reaction against

* *Histoire de la Philosophie Morale et Politique dans l'antiquité et les temps modernes.* Par Paul Janet, Professeur de Logique au Lycée, Louis-le-Grand. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. 2 vols. 8vo, 1849. Paris: Ladrangé. London: Williams and Norgate.

the dangerous teaching of the sophists, who gave every man up as a victim to everything his soul lusted after. Less dreamy than Plato, Aristotle took a soberer view of the relations between the individual and the state, but was too much hampered by the prevailing notions of his age and country to look upon slavery as any thing short of an essential element, nay, as the very foundation of society. He thus classed among the *Bastards*, and virtually excluded from humanity, a great majority of the human race. Still it was his glory to lay hold of two great truths—1st, that man is by nature “a political animal;” and 2nd, that political liberty is the true condition of the state. One of the best parts of this admirable work is that in which the author sets forth the vast strides made by social philosophy under the auspices of the Stoics who escaped from the narrow trammels of the city and substituted in its stead the purer and wider idea of our common humanity. The fruit of these new doctrines is to be found in the works of the Roman jurists. But while the natural equality of man, as man, gained ground, the despotism of the Cæsars crushed political liberty. That slavery which Aristotle had contended was the lot of the majority, was now, in another form, extended to all; and no resource was left to the recalcitrant, but exile, suicide, or silence. The Stoic, in endeavouring to raise himself to the lofty conception of a universal brotherhood, prepared the soil for the reception of that seed out of which has since grown a mighty tree, beneath whose branches the nations of Christendom repose. Never was there a stronger contrast than that presented by the spiritual republic of the first founders and disciples of Christianity, and that material empire to which swarming multitudes of cringing vassals yielded homage. In tract of time, however, the Church and the empire became one; and, ere long, we see the germs of two conflicting theories which wrap the middle ages in endless controversies. On the one side are ranged the advocates of theocracy, who assert that the state is entirely subject to the supreme power in whom are vested the eternal interests of the soul; on the other side we see maintained the independence

of the state. St. Thomas Aquinas is, in the middle ages, the ablest champion of the former, and Ockam of the latter, tenet. It was the secular power that won the day. But along with the yoke it threw aside the rein. It acknowledged no right but that of might; no standard but success. If it refused to crouch before the chair of St. Peter it was only that it might sit at the feet of Machiavel. The political theories of the Florentine philosopher were not, however, wholly barren of good. To them we are indebted for the initiation of the mind of Europe to a host of political problems which antiquity, indeed, had discussed with ardour and not without success, but which the middle ages had obliterated and ignored. We call especial attention to the two chapters on Machiavel and his school. They abound with noble sentiments and original criticism which deserve the highest praise. The second volume opens with the Reformation, an era which some extol as the cradle, and others as the grave, of European civilization. There are three principal directions followed by the human mind in the sixteenth century—Protestantism, the schoolmen, and philosophy. In the first chapter M. Janet discusses the contributions made to moral philosophy by Melancthon, Suarez, and Bacon. Luther's ethical tenets, he justly observes, were wholly swallowed up in his theology. The three following chapters are devoted to the political theories of the sixteenth century as set forth in the three quarters already specified. “The political question changes ground; the battle is no longer between Church and State, as in the middle ages; but in the State itself, between prince and people.” It was reserved for the following centuries to go more deeply into this question. M. Janet follows the fluctuations of political philosophy from the absolutist principles of Hobbes and Burnet, the Platonism of Malebranche, the *jus naturale* of Grotius and Puffendorf, down to the mastery theories of Locke, which assured an easy triumph—at least in theory—to the principles of political liberty. The eighteenth century is divided by M. Janet into two great schools, represented respectively by Montesquieu and Rousseau. “Montesquieu is chiefly

engaged in determining the conditions of political liberty—these he finds in the separation and distribution of the three powers, and in a mixed form of government, where the executive power is in the hands of the monarch, the legislative in the hands of the people, the aristocracy serving as a bond of union between the two, and also taking its share in the legislation." Rousseau, on the other hand, does not trouble himself about the practical conditions of liberty, but endeavours to find out the abstract principle of a state; and, making a step further in the same direction as Locke, he traces back the origin of civil society to a contract of which he sets forth the clauses. In this analysis of the primitive contract Rousseau incurs the same reproach as Hobbes, for having exaggerated the omnipotence of the state. Still he is right in the main, when he lodges sovereignty in the general will, and it cannot be denied that he has given us a profound analysis of the sovereign's rights." M. Janet goes on to observe that Rousseau and Montesquieu may be regarded as the founders of the democratic and constitutional schools of politicians, which have exercised such an influence on the political convulsions of France. The work concludes with an inquiry into the moral and political philosophy of Kant, who proved the close relationship of natural and political rights, and found the root of the former in the moral nature of man and the principle of duty. He is thus brought down to that great revolution, the like of which the world has never seen, and which, revised by a very summary assertion of the rights of man, that sentence which 3000 years ago was passed upon Socrates. We fear that we have given the reader but a poor idea of the merits of this remarkable book. No analysis can adequately impart that warmth of sympathy for everything noble, just, and true, which breathes in every page. M. Janet is not merely a well-read scholar, who gives us the fruit of learned and laborious researches: he is, in addition, an ardent lover of everything that in every age has strengthened the founda-

tions of virtue, and aided the triumphs of truth. It is only by this sustained attachment to principles of which no human enactments can impair the vitality, that we can account for M. Janet's dispassionate treatment of subjects, which in the present condition of France were singularly suggestive of sarcasm and epigram. M. Janet's essay on the dialectic of Plato (1848), had convinced us of the soundness of his head; his work on *The Family*, gave us a picture of the excellence of his heart; the two volumes now before us, combine in due sort, the best qualities of both, and warrant the hope that the *Histoire de la Philosophie Morale et Politique* may be crowned with success, not only at the hands of a French academy, however illustrious, but at those of educated readers in every country. Will any publisher have the spirit to translate it?

Our readers are, doubtless, familiar with those clocks which are so constructed as to leave exposed every part of the works: we not only see the result traced on the dial by the pointers, but the whole process is laid bare before our eyes, not a wheel or a spring but tells its own tale. We have been reminded of these clocks by M. Saisset's *Essai de Philosophie Religieuse*,* a volume which not only contains the writer's thoughts—a fact, by the way, which cannot be predicated of all volumes, and is therefore in itself note-worthy—but in which we fancy we can see the writer thinking—so transparent is the candour, so unvalued the perspicuity with which every argument is stated. We should add, that as a manifesto of all that is best and healthiest in the religious philosophy of France, and as a refutation of all that is worst and crudest in the religious sophisms of Germany, this volume deserves to be carefully weighed and studied by every one who cares to keep his mind from running into a slough of indifference, and to avoid drivelling away his existence like the beasts that perish. The problem which M. Saisset has undertaken to discuss is that of the Personality of God. When we reflect (and we do so with more of thankfulness than regret),

* *Emile Saisset. Essai de Philosophie Religieuse. Paris: Charpentier. London: Jeth. 1856. 8vo.*

with how many millions of Christian men a belief in that Personality means just nothing at all!—is a thing put on like a shirt and sent home clean for Sunday; the mere result, that is, of being born of Christian parents, and being bred in a Christian land;—we shall be less surprised at finding on the one hand, what insurmountable obstacles beset the philosophical inquirer at this stage of his progress, and on the other hand what very short work has been made of those difficulties by men who in some quarters, are lauded as the foremost thinkers of the day, and who have not hesitated to render their position as teachers of Pantheism, in their judgment unassailable, by complacently sacrificing the Personality of God, that they might preserve intact the more patent personality of man. In a very able introduction, M. Saisset tells us how it came to pass that the tenets of these Pantheists led him to devote a searching inquiry to the great problem already enunciated. Both the process and the results of this inquiry are exhibited in the volume to which we now invite the earnest attention of all our readers. It is divided into two parts. In the first M. Saisset passes under review the systems of Theodice, which have been put together by Descartes, Malebranche, Spinoza, Newton, Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel. In the second he shuts up his book in despair at the chaos of scepticism and Pantheism amid which they have left him floundering, and descends into his own breast, there to put the most solemn inquiries which man can dare utter respecting his Maker. These two parts are respectively entitled “*Etudes*” and “*Méditations*.” To do more than indicate the general scope of this remarkable publication would be incompatible with our present limits. On a future occasion we purpose examining it more in detail, and shall then venture to submit to the author some criticism of details into which we cannot now enter. We must not, however, lay it down without thanking him for such a noble contribution to the philosophical literature of his country. In that literature M. Saisset

already occupied a place sufficiently high; but his search after truth, that pearl without price, has not allowed him to remain inactive, and he now gives to the world a publication which exhibits an amount of vigorous thought and honest candour which would make the fortune of a legion of philosophical dabbles, and of a whole synod of narrow-minded theologians.

With more ambition, but with less success, M. Gatiien-Arnoult, a distinguished Professor of the *Faculté des Lettres* of Toulouse, undertakes a History of Philosophy in France,* which betrays so much erudition, not unaccompanied by a certain originality of thought, that we can only regret that the plan should have been conceived on a scale and executed with a prolixity which makes us despair of its being ever completed by the author, or read by the public. A preface of fifty pages is devoted to an exposition of what M. Gatiien-Arnoult comprises under the term philosophy, and of the motives for which he did not and for which he did undertake the composition of the work. All that is really important in this preface might have been stated in as many lines. It appears that the history is intended to embrace religion and theology and politics so far as they can be said to contain philosophical elements. On the other hand, the author's motives for writing this history are of no sort of importance for the right understanding of the work. We should be sorry, however, to speak in disparagement of an author who has evidently taken the most assiduous pains to make himself competent for his task. The first volume—all that is yet published—is entitled, *Période Gauloise*, and ranges from the earliest times to a.c. 50. To the Irish reader it will be full of interest—especially the sixteenth chapter, which treats of “*Druidism in Ireland*.” We there meet with a full analysis of M. Pictet's work on the Cabiric mysteries of ancient Ireland, and with some curious analogies between the primitive religions of Ireland and of Gaul. Indeed, the whole of this volume is well worthy the attention of those Keltic scholars of whom Ireland

* *Histoire de la Philosophie en France depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours.* Par A. F. Gatiien-Arnoult. Période Gauloise. 8vo. Paris: Durand. London: Natt. 1859.

has so much reason to be proud. Amid all the pedantry by which it is disfigured, are to be found some very ingenious ideas on ethnology and philology, far more than on philosophy, of which it would be well to make, as it were, a memorandum. We trust that in the succeeding volumes M. Gatienn-Arnoult will study compression and method. For the present he has only given us a vast congeries of facts and conjectures which do little more than perplex the reader, and throw but scanty light on the history of philosophy. In fact, it is nothing but the title of the work which justifies our placing it in our first section.

M. Renan has recently published a translation of the Book of Job,* preceded by an Essay on the date, character, authenticity, and authorship of that sublime poem. The only considerable interpolation on which he insists is that of Elihu's speech, and we confess the arguments advanced by M. Renan seem to us unanswerable. Of the translation itself we cannot speak too highly: not that we can vouch for its accuracy and fidelity, though on comparing it with Hirzel's excellent commentary, we find little room for misgivings on a point on which it would be presumption for any one but a Hebrew scholar to offer a decided opinion; but, as an adaptation of the French language to the Hebrew, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a *chef d'œuvre*. We trust M. Renan may be encouraged to extend his labours to other portions of the Bible. We have been at some pains to note the discrepancies between M. Renan's translation and our own authorized version. It may not be uninteresting to the reader if we place some of these before him. In the last verse of the fourth chapter we read:—"Doth not their excellency which is in them go away, they die even without wisdom." Comp. Renan, p. 19. "The cord of their tent is cut, they die before they have attained unto wisdom." A note explains that this is a familiar Semitic image for death: the body is compared to a tent held together by the soul as by a cord. The same image is found in Job, vi. 9, xxvii. 8; and in Isaiah, xxxviii. 12:

"He will cut me off with pining sickness." So that it would seem that our own expression of a man being "cut off," is taken from the Semitic idea through the medium of our version of Hezekiah's familiar words. De Wette sides with our version in this passage. Olshausen proposes an emendation which would place beyond all doubt the opinion of Renan and Hirzel. We pass on to the next chapter:—"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." In spite of Hirzel, M. Renan here translates the latter half of the verse: "As the son of the lightning to rise in the air," meaning by the son of the lightning a bird of prey. But, as Hirzel remarks, we do not see that speed of flight has any thing to do with the drift of the comparison, neither is the eagle particularly remarkable for speed of flight. What we translate "sparks" is literally, "the sons of the flame;" just as in lxi. 28, the "arrow" of our version is in the Hebrew, "the son of the bow;" or, as M. Renan translates it, "the daughter of the bow." Again, in v. 24, we read: "Thou shalt visit thy habitation and shalt not sin." M. Renan's translation is certainly more in harmony with the context, which conveys a promise of temporal blessings: "Thou shalt visit thy pastures and shalt find nothing wanting." The tenth verse of chap. 6, is thus rendered in the volume before us: "Let me at least have this consolation, this joy in the sufferings with which He unsparingly afflicts me, never to have violated the commandments of the Holy One." This, at any rate, makes sense which cannot be said of our version. Why should Job call upon God "not to spare because he has not concealed the words of the Holy One." Then, in the thirteenth verse, our version, "Is not my help in me," is obviously an error. Both Hirzel and Renan translate: "Am I not altogether without help." We cannot, however, pursue this comparison any further. We must leave it to the reader to carry it on for himself. We recommend him, however, to have Hirzel by his side. He will be better able to judge of the *pros* and *cons*.

* *Le Livre de Job, traduit de l'Hebreu.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Levy. 1859. 8vo. London: Williams and Norgate.

We have allowed M. Latena's *Etude de l'Homme** to reach a third edition without calling our readers' attention to its pages. Seldom has a success so rapid been so well-merited. The nature of the *Etude* may best be described in the author's own words. "L'auteur prend l'homme sur cette limite indéfinie et mystérieuse où les sens entrent en contact avec l'âme, et s'efforce de le montrer comme un être tout à la fois *sensitif*, par son aptitude à recevoir des impressions physiques : *intelligent*, par le compte qu'il s'en rend ; *moral*, par le jugement qu'il en porte : et *social*, par les rapports nécessaires dans lesquels il vit avec ses semblables. Tel est le plan de son étude." The book is thus divided into four parts, corresponding to the four aspects here enumerated, under which man may be regarded as a sensitive, intelligent, moral, and social being. A shrewd observer, a profound thinker, a genial nature, an elegant writer, M. de Latena combines qualities which are rarely found singly in such excellence. He has but one defect; he has come into the world two hundred years too late: his place is in the seventeenth century. Into what raptures Madame de Sevigné would have fallen on reading this *Etude*, though she would probably have either skipped or scouted the stringent remarks, libellous in proportion as they are true, on her own sex. M. de Latena has been severely handled on account of the severity of these strictures—his defence is couched as follows:—"If women wish to convince themselves of the leniency of our judgments, let them try and confront them with those pronounced by some of the fathers of the Church, by most sacred orators, and by all moralists; let them call to mind what manner of judgment they are in the habit of passing on each other, and that without any positive malice. Such an inquiry will deter them from casting any doubts on the moderation, tenderness, and even the correctness of the observations put forward by the author." We confess to a great partiality for books

of this description, books in which the literature of France is peculiarly rich. We need but mention Pascal, Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues. The prose works of the author of Hudibras, Selden's *Table-Talk*, and Hare's *Guesses at Truth*, form but a meagre list when set alongside the authors we have just named. This is not surprising. They are the produce of habits of thought indigenous to countries where the Romish faith prevails: their writers live in an atmosphere through which the secret recesses of the conscience, the springs of action and of thought, are seen with sharpness of outline and brilliancy of colour derived from the experiences of the confessional and the lessons of casuistry. We would gladly quote some of the choice thoughts with which this volume abounds, but if once we began we should find it hard to leave off. Let the reader have it by him on his table, let him take up at any vacant moment, and he will be sure to rise from the perusal both a wiser and a better man. Uppermost in his mind will be the conviction that the author is a man from whom he would not shrink as a judge, and whom he would welcome to his bosom as a friend.

II. Students of *sociology* will derive much instruction from a work recently published by M. Reybaud, of the French Institute, on the moral, intellectual, and material condition of silk-weaving populations, whether urban or rural.† The inquiry of which this volume is the fruit was undertaken—like several others by various authors on cognate subjects—on behalf of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. In this country it would have been executed by a *Times* correspondent, a "special commissioner," but "they do these things differently in France." M. Reybaud's researches extended over Prussia, Mulhausen, Switzerland, Lyons, St. Etienne, Nîmes, and Avignon. Considering that it is from Great Britain that M. Reybaud apprehends—much to our satisfaction—the

* *Etude de l'Homme*. Par N. V. de Latena. 8vo. Michael Levy. 1859. London: Jeffs.

† *Etudes sur le Régime des Manufactures*. Par Louis Reybaud, Membre de l'Institut. 8vo. Paris: Michel Levy. 1859. London: Jeffs.

most serious rivalry to the present undisputed superiority of France in the production of silk—exceeding as she does by sixty-three millions of francs the united produce of Austria, Piedmont, Switzerland, and our own country—it is a little surprising that he should not have crossed the channel instead of trusting to the *rapports* which have been published on various occasions by French publicists, manufacturers, or chambers of commerce, on the condition of our silk trade. Not that we would deny the value of these *rapports*—on the contrary, the opinions of so intelligent a body as the Lyons Chamber of Commerce on our Great Exhibition at Manchester deserve to be carefully weighed in all their bearings by every one who has at heart the advancement of Great Britain in science, arts, and commerce; at the same time the views of so thoughtful and philosophical an observer on our manufacturing classes would have been a welcome boon with which we are sorry to be compelled to dispense. As an instance of the philosophical character of M. Reybaud's observations we would refer to the remarks in the *introduction* (p. xxix.) on the want of independence, the thirst after protection, common to all classes and individuals in France, and in the "conclusion," p. 253, the sagacious reflections on the moral change which has come over the French workman during the last thirty years. But it is not merely with remarks, however profound, that this volume is filled: it contains a vast mass of valuable and interesting facts on the crisis through which the silk trade has passed from various causes; on the fluctuations in the produce due to the pernicious appetite for extravagance and finery which in France has made such progress of late years, and on the organization of manufactories in the different districts visited by the able *Rapporteur*. We read with some surprise (p. 10) that two thirds of the raw material employed in the silk manufactories of Lyons comes

from Bengal, Persia, and China. We say, with surprise, because it is only within the last few years that France has made use of silk from the East, and this rapid progress seems at first sight startling.

We cannot understand how the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* gave even the second prize to M. Rondelet's Memoir on the connexion between Ethics and Political Economy, a memoir which has just been published by its author.* It consists of little more than a series of rambling considerations on the moral aspect of sundry social phenomena, of which the political economist has to take cognizance, occasionally varied by invectives against the materialism of a science of which he misunderstands the principles and mistakes the aim. We now hasten to qualify the severity of our stricture, by remarking, that occasionally we meet with useful suggestions, and everywhere with the best intentions. The book is divided into four parts: *Production, Echange, Consommation, Impôts*. One of the best chapters is that at the opening of Part iv., on administrative intervention in the facts of political economy. Our chief complaint, however, has to do with the absence of tangible and practical suggestions. M. Rondelet will probably accuse us of being materialists. We might retort that he is a visionary; and we almost doubt which of the two be the most mischievous animal. The benefit of that doubt we readily concede to M. Rondelet.

III. Since we last called the attention of our readers to the admirable treatise on Physiology, by M. Milne Edwards, two new volumes, or parts of volumes, have been given to the world.† They are full of the most interesting matter. The author is still engaged with the fluids of the animal economy: the apparatus and mechanism of the circulation of the blood forming the subject of the two tomes before us. Where there is so much to gratify curiosity it is diffi-

* *Le Spiritualisme en Economie Politique*. Par M. Antonin Rondelet. Paris: Didier. 1859. 8vo. London: Nutt.

† *Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie comparée*. Par H. Milne Edwards. Tome III. 2, Tome IV. 1. Paris: Victor Masson. 1859. London: Williams and Norgate.

cult to know where to begin. Perhaps some information on the dimensions of the heart may not be unacceptable to our readers. These dimensions, M. Milne Edwards observes, continue to increase long after the other organs have ceased growing. Thirty years ago Laënnec estimated the volume of the heart in a healthy subject to be equal to that of the fist; but closer calculations have since been made to determine its weight, absolute and relative. With regard to the former, Clendenning gathered, from about 400 observations, that the average weight of the heart in a normal state, varied with the age according to the following table:

From 15 to 30 . .	264 grammes.
„ 30 to 50 . .	272 „
„ 50 to 70 . .	298 „
„ 70 upwards .	312 „

In cases of hypertrophy, or abnormal development of the organ, the weight is sometimes trebled or quadrupled, but rarely exceeds 700 grammes. Researches made by a French physiologist on the *relative* weight of the heart, have led to the following results. If the weight of the body be represented by 1,000, M. Parchappes found that the weight of the heart would answer to the following figures:—

- 5½ in an adult.
- 6 in a complete fœtus.
- 6½ in the monkey.
- 5½ in the dog.
- 4½ in the cat.
- 9 in the hare.
- 3½ in the rabbit.
- 6 to 7 in the sheep, calf, and pig.
- 1½ in the frog and eel.

Equally curious are the results arrived at in the thirty-first lecture on the sounds of the heart, and on the rhythm of those sounds, which the reader will find reduced to musical notation. The theory of the pulse is also illustrated by a host of ingenious experiments, which make us hesitate whether to admire most the marvels which we carry about with us in our own body, or the ingenuity of man in wresting the mysteries of our organization from its most hidden recesses. The relations between pulsation and

respiration are set forth with great clearness. Galen had mentioned cases of suicide by voluntary retention of the breath; these instances had been treated as fictions; but a German physiologist made the experiment on himself with a success amounting to syncope, and causing a temporary cessation of the action of the heart. The same physiologist has established that this cessation is due, not to the suspension of respiration, but to the violent contraction of the thorax. More than a century ago, Cheyne published a long account of a similar case of syncope, which lasted nearly half an hour. In conclusion, we would call particular attention to the calculations on the quantity of blood in the system.

We presume that a work on the *Roman Bar** may be considered as a contribution to the science of jurisprudence, and is, therefore, entitled to figure in our third section. First published in 1851, it has recently reached a second edition, which the author, M. Grellet-Dumazeau has done his utmost to improve. Apart from its merits as a work of erudition, it is extremely entertaining, so that the general reader must not be deterred by the title from making a closer acquaintance with its contents. There is a freshness and originality about the book which prevents one from ever finding it dull. The reason of this we take to be that the author has gone for his information to the fountain-head. He has read all the Latin and some Greek authors that had any bearing on his subject, pen in hand, instead of compiling from authors of comparatively recent date. Among the most interesting chapters we may mention those on the fees of Roman advocates, on their dress, on their pleadings, their relations with each other (which seem to have been sufficiently acrimonious), and their professional morality (not inconveniently high). The volume closes with a sketch of the history of the profession and of the principal phases which marked its development and hastened its decline. We have also some curious investigations into Cicero's knowledge of law, which our author pronounces to have been small. On the whole, we are by

no means surprised at this excellent work having reached a second edition. The author deserves great praise for the diligence with which he has collected and the art with which he has set off to the best advantage materials which range over a very wide field.

IV. Any one who has endeavoured to wade through the lifeless pages of Michaud's *Histoire des Croisades* will be thankful to M. Peyré for his spirited history of the First Crusade,* which, we trust, may meet with a reception such as to encourage the author to continue his labours throughout the whole of that eventful era. The period embraced in these two volumes comprises the last four years of the twelfth century, or, more accurately, commences with the Council of Clermont in November, 1194, and closes with the battle of Ascalon in August, 1199. It is not only, however, in vigour of style that M. Peyré shows his superiority over M. Michaud. He makes a better use of the sources which were open to M. Michaud as well as to himself, and has had access to fresh sources which to M. Michaud were unknown; so that he both hits the mark with greater accuracy and has his quiver better filled. In an able *Avant-Propos* M. Peyré gives us an enumeration of the old chronicles from which he has gathered the elements of his narrative, and then indulges in some very shrewd observations on the causes which led to the crusades, on the good they effected, on the dangers they averted, and on the results of every kind by which they were followed. Of the events narrated in the history itself our limits will not allow us to give even a hasty sketch. No one can fail to read with interest the glowing accounts of the sieges of Nicea, Antioch, and Jerusalem, or to sicken with disgust as he marks the revolting barbarity and perfidy which characterized the conduct of the crusaders after the capture of the latter city. The indiscriminate butchery of persons of every age and sex, down to the very babe at the breast, is a picture all the more amazing as in the very next page we meet with these same

Christian braves bending in humble adoration before the holy sepulchre of Him whose every word and act were manifestations of the tenderest charity and love. We have no doubt that M. Peyré's book will henceforth, as far as it goes, take the place of Michaud, and he need be under no misgivings as to the success which has attended him in the task he proposed to himself as set forth in the closing words of the second volume—"Plus heureux s'il nous est permis de nous rendre le témoignage que nous avons fait une œuvre utile, une œuvre digne d'obtenir l'attention des lecteurs sérieux." We must not forget to mention that the reader will find all needful appliances in the way of maps and plans.

As a general rule, a French translation† of Mr. Motley's admirable *History of the Dutch Republic*, would have no claims to figure in a chronicle of foreign literature; but in this case a long and interesting introduction by no less a personage than M. Guizot, furnishes us with an excuse of which our readers will be nothing loath to admit the validity. This introduction presents a graphic picture of the triumphs which seemed to await Philip II. when he ascended the throne of Spain, and of the contrast presented as we contemplate the Spanish monarchy on Philip's death. "Philip II. died," says M. Guizot, "mutilated in his possessions, foiled in his schemes of ambition, religious and political, humbled in his pride, leaving Spain weak and sad in the presence of neighbours, who but yesterday were his ardent allies or his timid enemies, but were now his masters, and having nothing to point to but the contested acquisition of the crown of Portugal as an offset against so many losses and reverses. Such was the state in which Philip II., after a reign of forty-two years, had left the monarchy of Charles V."—(p. xxi.) M. Guizot finds the cause of this decline in the uncompromising Catholicism of Spain, at the time of the Renaissance. With a few masterly touches, he contrasts the conduct of

* *Histoire de la Première Croisade*. Par J. F. A. Peyré, ancien magistrat, avec plans et cartes-itinéraires. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Durand. 1859. London: Nutt.

† *Histoire de la Fondation de la République des Provinces-Unies*. Par J. Lothrop Motley. Traduction nouvelle, précédée d'une introduction, par M. Guizot. Tome I. Paris: Michel Levy. 1859. London: Jeffs.

France and England with that of the inquisitorial monarch. The characters of Elizabeth, of Henri IV., and even of Catherine de Medici, do but serve to cast a yet blacker hue over the portrait drawn by M. Guizot, of Philip II. "When we penetrate into his inmost soul, we witness a spectacle more amazing and melancholy than that of his reign: the morality of the man is, at the best, as false and perverted as the policy of the sovereign. Sincere in his faith, and knowing no bounds in his devotion to what he deemed to be its interests, Philip, in the accomplishment of this duty, seems not to have bestowed a thought on any other. Both in his public and in his private life, we meet with cruelty, lying, forgery, shameless rivalry in adultery, ungrateful egotism, perfidious or atrocious vengeance, and every kind of vicious and odious acts, carried out with a frightful serenity of mind, such as we might expect in a man who thus persuaded himself, that his religion allows or covers every thing, provided he be ready to make every sacrifice on its behalf"—(p. lxvii.) It is in this blind devotion to what Philip considered the interests of religion, that we must look for the real explanation of those tragical relations between him and Don Carlos, on which romance has embroidered a tissue of fables, familiar to the readers of Schiller. The pretended attachment of the Spanish Infant for his stepmother, Elizabeth, is but a cloak for the genuine cause of Philip's aversion to his son. This we must seek for in the sympathy betrayed by Don Carlos on behalf of the Netherlands. M. Guizot's views on this subject, receive ample confirmation from a work to which we shall call attention in our next *Foreign Courier*. We cannot dwell any longer on M. Guizot's eloquent introduction. The reader will not be slow to perceive the value which it adds to Mr. Motley's work, a work of which M. Guizot speaks in the highest terms. We confess we like it better in the French translation than in the original. There was a kind of swagger in the style and diction of the latter, which vanishes altogether in the translation.

We heartily congratulate the author, whose opinions and sentiments have our heartiest sympathy, on being presented to the French public under such favourable auspices.

In the present aspect of Italian affairs, our readers may possibly find some instruction, and yet more amusement, from a work* recently published by M. Crétineau-Joly, whose literary labours on behalf of the Papacy are, we believe, appreciated—as they deserve! It may be well to say a word in explanation of the title. By the *Revolution*, M. Crétineau-Joly—who, by the way, has no other pretension beyond that of being an impartial writer—seems to understand every government other than the Papal which has existed in any part of the world since 1789. For upwards of seventy years "Revolution" has had all the say to itself; the "Church" has never been defended. But now, in this hour of need, Providence called to the rescue M. Crétineau-Joly, who descends into the arena with two thick octavo volumes under his arms. M. Crétineau-Joly invites our special attention—but who would not be attentive to M. Crétineau-Joly, a man of such polished courtesy and winning style!—to the unedited documents with which it has been his good fortune to meet. Of these the most important are the autograph memoirs of the famous Cardinal Gonsalvi, who conducted personally with Napoleon the negotiations which ended in the Concordat of 1801. These negotiations are now, for the first time (says M. Crétineau-Joly), put in their true light by the details extracted from the Memoirs aforesaid, and published at pp. 258–325 of the first volume. M. Crétineau-Joly has also had the benefit of Cardinal Bernetti's notes and official documents, which throw fresh light on the negotiations of 1831. All these, it will be seen, are points of paramount interest at the present juncture of affairs in Italy. We confess, however, that to us they offer inferior attractions to those parts of the work which more immediately concern England. M. Crétineau-Joly tells us a host of things about that country which, we think we may

* *L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Revolution*. Par J. Crétineau-Joly. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Plon. London: Williams and Norgate.

safely say, are not "generally known." We learn that we are centaurs with a Tory head and a Whig tail. We possess in a supreme degree "those vices of the soul which render humanity odious." "In Great Britain, the sceptred isle, &c., according to Shakspeare's poetical image, the Englishman, that ill-favoured grocer, endeavours to extract cream out of whipped mud," p. 192. M. Crétineau-Joly finds Shakspeare's image poetical: would he excuse us for doubting whether the bard of Avon would return the compliment. M. Crétineau-Joly has discovered that we have taken a hint from India which has been the loadstar of our policy in Europe. Just as the Indian elephant-driver keeps open a perpetual sore in the animal's neck, and secures obedience by driving a goad into it, so England establishes a raw, called Revolution, in every part of Europe, for her own selfish ends. Here again we submit that the stern exigencies imposed on an "impartial writer" have been injurious to the poetry of the image employed. In order to work the goad more efficiently, Great Britain secures the co-operation of the press of the United Kingdom, a press "brought up to abhor everything, noble, just, and good." We trust that this injurious system of education may not induce our press to abhor M. Crétineau-Joly; and yet it is difficult to say to what lengths we may be carried by what M. Crétineau-Joly styles our "anger without motive, our calumnies without hate, our charges without foundation, our insults without courage, and our passions without truth." These are hard words, but we meekly kiss the rod; for, we doubt not, experience has made M. Crétineau-Joly thoroughly familiar with "charges without foundation," and "passions without truth." M. Crétineau-Joly's strong sense of impartiality leads him to favour us with his views on Piedmont. We learn, *inter alia*, that Count Cavour, always so full of nothing, to wit, himself—is a word-mill set in motion by vanity; and that his sovereign, Victor Emmanuel, has nothing great about him but his moustaches. Before we part from

M. Crétineau-Joly, we have a word to say on the gentle admonitions to this country of which we have quoted a few specimens. We are not so absurd as to suppose that the "calumnies" of M. Crétineau-Joly respecting Great Britain can provoke any thing but laughter, and a feeling of surprise at the pleasure a man can find in making such an ass of himself: at the same time it should be remembered that he may be regarded as one of the most accredited organs of the ultramontane party; and we are thus tempted to ask ourselves whether it be altogether prudent or just in Great Britain to do all she can to frustrate the design which the Emperor Napoleon III. has obviously at heart, of checking the ascendancy of ultramontanism. The progress which ultramontanism has made in France, of late years, would be sufficient to alarm a less sagacious ruler than the present Emperor of the French. Assuredly the language of M. Crétineau-Joly and his crew is not such as to enlist our sympathy in favour of any policy by which that ascendancy would increase. *Sed hæc hæc.*

It is a relief to turn from the fetid pages of such a foul-mouthed alarmer as M. Crétineau-Joly, to the touching memoir of the lamented Duchess of Orleans* which has just been published anonymously. We are not surprised at the rapid success which, in a few days, carried off the first edition. The author, or rather authoress—for we believe we are guilty of no indiscretion in saying that beneath the asterisks is concealed the name of the Marquise d'Harcourt, daughter of the Comte de St. Aulaire—has evidently allowed her pen to be guided by a heart chastened and hallowed by grief at the loss of one whose rare qualities she had learned to appreciate in all the vicissitudes of her chequered career. We have seldom read a biography so truthful, so visibly free from cant. The author has had the good taste to allow the duchess, as often as possible, to speak for herself. Copious extracts are given from her correspondence—correspondence, it should be remembered, which was never in-

* *Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans.* 8vo. Paris: Michel Levy. London: Jeffs. 1859.

tended for publication. What fate may be reserved for the Count of Paris, and his brother the Duc de Chartres it would be worse than idle to conjecture; but of this we feel assured, that the sons of such a mother cannot fail to be men of no common stamp. We recommend this book most warmly to the attention of our readers. Blessed are they whose death elicits so sweet an *in memoriam*.

Everyone is familiar with that excellent French mensual publication called the *Magasin Pittoresque*, one of the oldest, most popular, and most deservedly popular, of French illustrated periodicals. The editor of the *Magasin Pittoresque* has recently commenced an illustrated History of France, of which the first volume* is just completed, and which we fully believe will meet with great and merited success. The novel feature in this work is to be found in the illustrations. A great deal has been said for and against illustrated editions of histories. The whole question seems to be in a nutshell. *Il y a fagot et fagot*. Everything depends on the choice, on the appositeness of the plates. As the authors of this volume remark, the selection should be made with as conscientious a love of truth as the written narrative itself. If once the didactic purpose be lost sight of, and a mere dilettante prettiness substituted in its stead, illustrations can do nothing but distract and mislead the student of history. In this respect the *Histoire de France* before us is one of the best of its kind. We had almost called it unique. But this is not its only merit. "We did not think it would suffice," say the editors, "to reproduce the current version of events: we have borrowed, as far as possible, the substance of our text from the original documents belonging to each epoch. As a general rule we allow our forefathers, through the mouths

of their chroniclers, or even their poets, to narrate for themselves the events of which they were contemporaries. Along with the dramas of public life we have endeavoured to mix up more domestic scenes. To the political, administrative, and military history of France we have done what we could to annex the history of her ideas, her aspirations after the future, her manners, her taste for arts, her aptitude for letters, and the progress of her language; the history, in a word, of all those moral, material, and intellectual transformations through which our nationality has passed." The first volume brings down the history of France to the death of Charles the Eighth, which took place in 1498. A second volume will complete the work, and is now in course of publication in parts. We have examined Volume I. with considerable care, and have no hesitation in saying that the editor well deserves encouragement for the skill, talent, enterprise, and outlay which he must have invested in the publication.

We shall complete our fourth section with a *recueil* of Travels,† ranging from the fifth to the nineteenth centuries, which has also been given to the world by the spirited editor of the *Magasin Pittoresque*. The object which M. Charton proposed to himself was, to bring together in a collection, moderate alike in compass and in price, a kind of panorama of the principal voyages which have constituted successive eras in the discovery of the most important regions of the globe. For this purpose, it was not necessary for him to break ground in the nineteenth century—to do so, would have involved a departure from the fundamental idea of the undertaking. The first volume is devoted to the travellers of antiquity, such as Hanno, Herodotus, Ctesias, Pytheas, Nearchus, Cæsar (Gaul, Germany, and

* *Histoire de France depuis les temps les plus anciens jusqu'à nos jours d'après les documents originaux et les monuments de l'Art de chaque époque.* Par M. M. Henri Bordier et Edouard Charton. Tome I. 8vo. Paris: aux Bureaux du Magasin Pittoresque. London: Jeffs.

† *Voyageurs Anciens et Modernes, ou choix des relations de voyages les plus intéressantes et les plus instructives depuis le cinquième siècle avant Jésus Christ jusqu'au dix-neuvième siècle. Avec Biographies, Notes et Indications Iconographiques.* Par M. Edouard Charton, Rédacteur en chef du Magasin Pittoresque. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris: aux Bureaux du M. P. 1858.

Britain), Pausanias, and the Chinese traveller, Fa-hian. To each author is annexed an invaluable "Bibliographie," or list of books, directly or indirectly illustrative of the subject in hand. The second volume, one of the most interesting of the four, is filled with the voyagers of the middle ages, from the sixth to the fourteenth centuries. First, we have the noted work of the Egyptian monk, Cosmas Indicopleustes. The two following narratives, written, or rather dictated by a French bishop, named Arculph, and a Saxon monk, Willibald, will be read with interest by all who are concerned in the study of the topography and archaeology of the Holy Land. The account of India and China from the pen of two Mahometans in the ninth century, throws a curious light on the commercial relations which existed at that period between Egypt and Arabia on the one side, and India and China on the other. The itinerary of the Jew, Benjamin of Judela, follows that of the Mahometana. This writer, who flourished in the twelfth century, has of late years excited considerable attention. Robinson considers he is one of the best to consult for the state of Palestine in the middle ages. The sixth narrative is that of Jean du Carpin, who was sent in the thirteenth century by Pope Innocent IV. to the chiefs of the Mongolian Tartars. The seventh fills nearly half the volume, and contains the complete text of the famous Marco Polo. The third volume contains the travels of Jean de Béthencourt, Christopher Columbus, Amerigo Vesputi, Vasco da Gama, Fernand de Magellan, and Fernando Cortez. It would be impossible to give the reader any conception, in our present limits, of the immense mass of invaluable illustrative matter of every kind which M. Charton has here collected together, aided, as regards the three last travellers, by the erudition of M. Fernand Denis, one of the best Portuguese scholars of the day. The fourth volume comprises the voyages of Cartier, Drake, Barentz, and Heemskerck, Mendana, Queiroz, Pyrrard, Bougainville, Cook, and La Perouse. Throughout, this most admirable collection is illustrated with

drawings chosen on the same principles as those set forth above with regard to the History of France. Our only marvel is how so vast an undertaking could ever have been carried out in such a manner as to bring the work before the public in a cheap shape. Many of the documents and all the drawings it contains are unedited. The getting up is perfect, and we sincerely hope, for the credit of sound learning and popular instruction, which are here so happily combined, that M. Charton may meet with that approbation at the hands of the public which he so well deserves.

V. We have no hesitation in placing at the head of our concluding section of *Belles Lettres*, two volumes,* which are the very quintessence of every thing that is most *distingué* in that department. If the reader wishes to have by him a collection of essays on every variety of subjects, literary, moral, and historical, couched in language which could only find its match in the choicest pages of the best authors of the seventeenth century, abounding in sentiments which do honour to the heart, and in ideas which denote the most cultivated intellect—in a word, if he wishes to see what the most polished members of the most highly educated portions of French society would pronounce as the *chef d'œuvre* of French prose in the nineteenth century, he cannot go wrong in adding to his library the *Variétés Littéraires, Morales et Historiques*, of M. Silvestre de Sacy. The distinguished *rédacteur en chef* of the *Journal des Débats* is a remarkable instance of the immense influence exercised by high principle and integrity of character in giving weight to a man's position in the world. M. de Sacy is nothing but a journalist. He has for thirty years been attached to the *rédaction* of the *Journal des Débats*; but among French journalists he occupies, so to speak, the same position as that of the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords—a position won, not by transcendent genius, but by moral rectitude and sterling good sense. In the two volumes before us there are nearly eighty essays on the

* *Variétés Littéraires, Morales, et Historiques*. Par M. S. de Sacy, de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Didler. London: Jeffs.

most varied topics; but they have one thing in common which gives a moral unity to these *disjecta membra* of the journalist, and that is, the writer's unalterable attachment to the beautiful, the good, and the true, wherever found—an attachment which raises him above the mere fleeting interests of the day which at the time may have suggested the article, and carries us with him into the calmer regions where truth can freely breathe. It is scarcely enough to say that these volumes excite in the reader's mind a longing desire to be numbered among the author's familiar friends, for it is with difficulty he can persuade himself that he is not thus honoured, so winning is the manner in which M. de Sacy seems, as it were, to be talking to you at your fireside, so completely is the *author* masked by the *man*. We cannot resist quoting the following passage from an article on Villemain's *Souvenirs Contemporains*:—"Je ne veux pas faire de la polémique détournée, ne pouvant pas et ne voulant pas en faire de franche et d'ouverte. La polémique et moi, nous nous sommes dit adieu, sans doute pour toujours. Désormais c'est ma consolation au milieu de regrets fort naturels et que personne ne me reprochera comme un crime, c'est mon bonheur de vivre dans la région sereine des lettres, de la philosophie, de l'histoire—J'y retrouve, ce me semble, malgré les années qui se sont accumulées si rapidement, quelque chose de la fraîcheur de mes impressions de jeunesse, et un calme qui convient à mon âge plus mûr. Je sens avec un plaisir indicible se rouvrir en moi la source des nobles et pures émotions. Dans la polémique combien n'échappe-t-il pas d'injustices involontaires! C'est peut-être, si j'ose le dire, la conscience de n'en avoir jamais commis, du moins de volontaires et de délibérées, qui me laisse si tranquille dans ma tristesse, le cœur affligé, mais non flétri, et sensible encore à l'enthousiasme du beau et au culte désintéressé du vrai."—(Vol. II., p. 472.) It would be difficult, we think, to use language more dignified and more touching. In conclusion, we

congratulate M. de Sacy on his not having lived in the seventeenth century. He would, undoubtedly, have been ranged among the foremost of the classics of that golden age, but his gain would have been a loss; he would have been admired but not read, whereas he now is both. M. de Sacy therefore gains something by being an anachronism, and the public also.

Another *rédacteur* of the *Journal des Débats*—the great representative of the best traditions of literary taste—has published two more volumes of *Etudes*,* the title of which made us at first a little uneasy. We feared that henceforth M. Cuvillier Fleury was going to abandon literary pursuits. The preface reassured us. The author merely means that hereafter he will choose a different title. Parturient montes! To be honest, the two volumes by our side are not cut; but in justice let us add that they are composed of articles, every one of which we have read in due course as they appeared in the *Débats*. Let us here observe, in passing, that if any one wishes to make himself master, not so much of the letter as of the spirit of French literature, and of the elegance and purity of the French language, he cannot do better than take a year's subscription to the *Débats*. The daily and regular perusal of that journal—we can speak with some authority on this point, for it has been our daily food ever since we were old enough to digest its contents—enables a man insensibly to assimilate, as it were, the best qualities of the best French writers. They are so constantly presented to his view, directly and indirectly, under so many different aspects, that he gradually becomes familiar with them, almost in spite of himself. Among the most interesting articles in these volumes are those on the "*Massacre de Septembre*" (à propos of Louis Blanc's history of the French Revolution), on George Sand's *Memoirs*, on *Madame Bovary*, and on M. About, on Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat*, on Béranger, Heine, and de Stendhal.

We welcome with pleasure a new

* Cuvillier Fleury. *Dernière Etudes Historiques et Littéraires*. 2 vols. 18mo. Paris: Michel Levy. 1859.

edition, considerably enlarged, of M. Autran's *Poèmes de la Mer*.^{*} In its new form it is divided into three books, entitled:—1. *L'Océan*; 2. *La Méditerranée*; 3. *Côtes de Provence*. The object of the poet has been to translate into words that multitude of impressions which never fail to come crowding in upon minds at all disposed to the wayward gust of passion, or dreamy fits of reverie, as they stand on the sea shore and watch the *ἀνήμερον γίλασμα* of old Ocean's waves. It is with these associations and impressions that the poet's youth—spent at Marseilles—was closely bound up; and now he endeavours to put into a more precise form that vague feeling of the Infinite which filled his boyish mind as he sat gazing at the sea from the window of his father's house. The conception had something more than novelty to recommend it, and in the volume before us is carried out with something more than clever versification. The author has evidently followed, himself, the advice which he gives to his brother poets in the subjoined beautiful piece which we quote as no unfavourable specimen of the kind of musings in which M. Autran indulges as he rambles on the beach. The poem is called, *Le Travail*.

" Poète errant au bord de cette mer profonde
Suspend le pas et vois . . . vois ce que
fait son onde;
En fondant sur la grève elle y prend au
hasard
Quelque caillou grossier qui gisait à l'écart,
De silex, de granit quelque rude parcelle,
La détache du sol et l'entraîne après elle,
Et la plonge au milieu des sillons blan-
chissans.
Puis sans compter les jours, ni les mois, ni
les ans,

Que l'abîme en fureur se soulève on qu'il
dorme,
De cet obscur débris elle épure la forme.
Obstinée à sa tâche ainsi qu'un ciseleur
Sans cesse elle y revient: à l'égal d'une
fleur,
L'arrondit, l'amine, d'un émail la colore,
La prend et la rejette et la reprend encore,
Jusqu'à ce qu'elle en fasse un de ces fins
cailloux
Blens, polis, doux à l'œil, au toucher non
moins doux,
Que les petits enfans conduits sur le rivage
Cherchent avec l'ardeur naïve de leur âge.
Qu'ils trouvent, ô merveille! et qu'au fond
de la main
À leurs amis jaloux ils montreront demain.

Poète, fais ainsi: choisis quelque pensée
Loin des sentiers battus errante ou délaissée.
Qu'un art laborieux qu'un soin toujours
nouveau
De jour, de nuit, longtemps la roule en ton
cerveau.
N'épargne au saint travail que soutient
l'espérance
Nul effort, nul souci—pas même la souff-
rance.
Rêve une autre couleur, cherche une autre
contour . . .
Tu seras trop payé si l'on te doit un jour
Un de ces vers heureux, marqués d'un peu
de gloire,
Dont les hommes charmés décorent leur
mémoire."

Beautiful is the description of the Mediterranean which opens Book II. We congratulate M. Autran on the success which has attended this volume, a success which reflects as much credit on the public as on the poet. For, as Göthe exclaimed, "Don't talk to me of classical authors, it is classical readers I am in quest of." The sympathy so widely shown for M. Autran's works is a proof that France has no reason to complain of a dearth of either.

^{*} J. Autran, *Les Poèmes de la Mer*. 18mo. Paris: Michel Levy. 1862.

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VOL. LIII.

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. I.

AN EVENING AT COBK.

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EVERY thing has altered its dimensions, except the world we live in. The more we know of that, the smaller it seems. Time and distance have been abridged, remote countries have become accessible, and the antipodes are upon visiting terms. There is a reunion of the human race, and the family likeness, now that we begin to think alike, dress alike, and live alike, is very striking. The South Sea Islanders, and the inhabitants of China, import their fashions from Paris, and their fabrics from Manchester, while Rome and London supply missionaries to the "ends of the earth," to bring its inhabitants into "one fold, under one Shepherd."

Who shall write a book of travels now? Livingstone has exhausted the subject. What field is there left for a future Munchausen? The far West and the far East have shaken hands and pirouetted together, and it is a matter of indifference whether you go to the moors in Scotland to shoot grouse, to South America to ride an alligator, or to Indian jungles to shoot tigers—there are equal facilities for reaching all, and steam will take you to either with the same ease and rapidity. We have already talked with New York; and as soon as our speaking-trumpet is mended shall converse again. "To waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," is no

longer a poetic phrase, but a plain matter of fact of daily occurrence. Men breakfast at home, and go fifty miles to their counting-houses, and when their work is done, return to dinner. They don't go from London to the seaside, by way of change, once a-year; but they live there, and go to the city daily. The grand tour of our forefathers consisted in visiting the principal cities of Europe. It was a great effort, occupied a vast deal of time, cost a large sum of money, and was oftener attended with danger than advantage. It comprised what was then called, *the world*, whoever had performed it was said to have "seen the world," and all that it contained worth seeing. The Grand Tour now means a voyage round the globe, and he who has not made it has seen nothing. I do not say that a man must necessarily be much the wiser for the circumnavigation.

It was remarked of Lord Anson, that he had been three times round the world, but never once in it. But, in his case, the expression was used in a two-fold sense, namely, the globe itself, and the people that dwell on it. If travel does not impart wisdom, which it ought to do, it should at least confer the semblance of it, as we may infer from the phrase, "he looks as wise as the monkey that had seen the world." Men who miss the

reality, ape the appearance. A Fex cap, and an Albanian cloak, have a classical look, and remind you of Byron, and his romantic love for modern Greece, and it is easier to wear them than to quote Gladstone's Homer. A wide-awake, a grizzly beard, and a gold chain, as massive as a submarine cable, smack of the Australian Diggings; and a cinnamon walking-stick, as heavy as an Irishman's shillelagh, shows the Melbourne traveller to have visited Ceylon on his way home. A Kossuth hat, with a buckle in front, as large as that on a coach-trace, a Bowie knife, or Arkansas tooth-pick, inserted like a carpenter's rule into the seam of the leg of the trousers, a pair of long Indian-rubber boots, and a figured calico shirt-front, half concealed by a Poncho cape, the breast of which discloses a revolver, are hieroglyphic characters, that, duly interpreted, mean California. The French hat, the extreme coat, and the peg-top trousers, bespeak the British raw material, got up at Paris. Everybody wishes to be thought to have travelled, and those who have been unable to enrich their minds seldom fail to exhibit their foreign spoils on their persons. All this, however, is becoming obsolete. Everybody travels now, and it is no more distinction to have crossed the Andes, to have visited Japan, or to have effected the Arctic Passage, than to have ascended the dome of St. Paul's. There is nothing new under the sun; the visible objects of nature, under their varying aspects, are familiar to us all. We must, at last, turn to what we ought to have studied first—ourselves. "The proper study of mankind is man." I have myself lately returned from making the grand tour. I have not seen all the world, but I have looked at a great part of it, and if I am not much wiser for my travels at present, I flatter myself it is because I have not been able to apply the information I have gained, by comparing what I have seen with what I knew before I set out, and what I find, on my return, to be the condition of my own country. There are some things not very easy to realize. I find it difficult to believe that I am at last safe at home, and still more so, that I have actually performed this circumnavigation. Here

I am, however, at Southampton at last; but every morning I feel as if it was time to move on; the propulsion is on me, and I cannot stop. I go to London, and as soon as I reach it the same restlessness seizes me, and I feel impelled to return. The safest as well as the pleasantest way to ease the speed is to lower the steam, until motion shall gradually cease. I have taken a Season Ticket, and shall travel to and from London, until the monotony wearies me, and I can again enjoy home. I shall occupy myself in noting down whatever I hear and see, and in studying the characters of those I meet. I shall compare civilized with uncivilized man, and I feel already that the very possession of the means of comparison is of itself one great benefit I have derived from travelling.

Last week I varied the scene, by accompanying my old college friend Cary, to Monkstown, in Ireland. While he was employed in negotiating some business of importance, I amused myself by exploring the various objects of interest in the neighbourhood. As I have already observed, I have visited many parts of the world, and seen much beautiful scenery, but take it all in all, or, as the Yankees say, "every which way you can fix it," I know nothing superior to that which is presented to the tourist, in a sail from the entrance of Queenstown to the city of Cork. An uninvited and unwelcome guest, on his arrival at a country house in England, expatiated on the splendid views he had seen on his journey thither, and when asked by which road he had travelled I was very significantly informed that he would pass through a much more lovely country on his return *that afternoon*, if he took another, and a shorter route, that was pointed out to him.

Unlike my gruff and inhospitable countryman, I advise you, when at Cork, to remain there, till you have "done" the city, and its environs, and then to sail down the river, that you may behold the same objects you had previously seen, from a different point of view. It is difficult to say whether the ascent or descent is most beautiful, but on the whole, I give the preference to the former, on account of the magnificent panorama which so suddenly bursts on your astonished view, as you

enter the harbour from the sea. Nor is the climate of this lovely locality less admirable than its scenery; it is so soft, so mild, and so genial in winter, and so temperate and salubrious in summer. No foreign watering places that I am acquainted with are to be compared with those on the Lee for invalids.

There is only one thing I do not like here, and as I am a discriminating traveller, and endeavour to be impartial and just, I must enter my protest, and then pass on. When we cast anchor near the Flag-ship of the Admiral, I desired a boatman to take me to "Cove." "Sure," said he, "your honour is in Cove now." "Yes," I replied, "I know that, but I want to land at Cove," pointing to the beautiful town that rose, terrace above terrace, from the water's edge, to the summit of the hill that protects and shelters the magnificent sheet of water, which it proudly overlooks.

"Ah, yer honour, it's no longer the Cove any more, it's Queenstown it's called now, ever since her Majesty the Queen landed here. Just as the fine ould harbour, Dunleary, near Dublin was christened Kingstown, in honour of the visit of an English king that is dead and gone." "Ah, yer honour," he said with a sigh, "we hardly know our own names now-a-days."

I sympathize with poor Pat. "The Cove of Cork" is known all over the world. Every map, chart, and nautical vocabulary contains a registry of it, and no Act of Parliament, Proclamation, or Gazette, will ever obliterate it from Jack's memory, or poor Pat's either. And besides all this, its new appellation is an unmeaning one. All the towns in the Empire, are the Queen's, and "all that in them is," God bless her! and in after days, the people of this place will know as little which Queen did them the honour to visit them, as my "Covey" did which sovereign adopted Kingstown as his own. Our North American friends have better taste, they are everywhere restoring the ancient Indian names. Toronto has superseded York, and Siasiboo, Weymouth; even Halifax, forgetful of its patron, desires to be known as Chebuctoo, while the repudiating Yankees are equally ambitious that their far-famed city, New York, should be called Manhattan.

My object, however, is not to de-

fain you longer on the banks of the lovely Lee, but to introduce you to the smoking-room of the Imperial Hotel, at Cork.

I like a smoking-room, first, because I am uncommonly fond of a cigar (and there are capital ones to be had at the Imperial, as you may suppose from the numerous friends of old Ireland that reside in America); and secondly, because there is a freemasonry in smoking. Not that it possesses secrets of a dangerous nature, but that it incites and promotes conversation. It is freemasonry without its exclusiveness. Its sign is the pipe or the cigar, its object good fellowship. Men sometimes quarrel over their cups, over their pipes, never. The Indians of America always commenced their councils with the calumet. It gave them time to arrange their thoughts, and its soothing effect on their nerves predisposed them to peace. When I was a boy, I always waited till I saw my father in the full enjoyment of his pipe, before I asked any little favour I was desirous of obtaining from him. A man who is happy himself, is willing to contribute to the happiness of others. To a traveller smoking is invaluable. It is a companion in his solitary hours; it refreshes him when fatigued, it assuages the cravings of hunger, it purifies the poisonous atmosphere of infected places, whether jungles or cities. It conciliates strangers, it calms his agitation, and makes him feel all the resignation and all the charities of a Christian. The knowledge of this precious plant, Tobacco, and its many virtues, is one of the advantages we derive from travelling.

Before I proceed further, gentle reader, let me tell you, there are three things I recommend to your notice in visiting Ireland. If you are an admirer of beautiful scenery, go to the Cove of Cork. If you want a good hotel, go to the Imperial; if you want good tobacco, go to the smoking room there. I may add also, you will find more than good pipes and cigars, for you will meet with a good deal of amusement, as some droll fellows do congregate there. On this occasion when I visited this "cloud capped" scene, two strangers sauntered into the room, and drawing chairs to my table, on which the light was placed, at once entered into conversation, with

all the ease of old stagers. They were evidently Yankees. One was a tall, thin, sallow man, at least as far as I could judge of his complexion, for he sported a long beard and a profusion of hair on his face. He was dressed in black, the waistcoat being of shining satin, surmounted by several coils of gold chain, and his coat, (something between a jacket and a frock), having capacious side pockets, into each of which was deposited a hard, rough fist. His neckcloth was a loose tie, which was graced by a turn-down collar, and fringed by a semicircular belt of hair, that in its turn overlaid it. His hat was low-crowned, the rim of which curled into rolls at the sides, and projected before and behind into peaks, not unlike those of a travelling cap. His boots were canoe-shaped, long and narrow, and upturned in front, giving you the idea of a foot that had no toes. As he seated himself at the table, he took off his hat, and from among some loose papers collected a few stray cigars (which he deposited on the table), and then replaced it on his head. Lighting one cigar, he handed another to me, saying,

"Stranger, will you try one of mine? they are real right down genuine Havannahs, and the flavour is none the worse for not paying duty, I guess. They ain't bad."

Then turning to his companion he said,

"Ly, won't you cut in and take a hand."

"Ly," whom I afterwards discovered to be the Honourable Lyman Boodle, a senator from Michigan, and a colleague of General Cass, the American Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was a sedate looking person, as a senator ought to be. He was a smooth-faced, well shaven man, with an expression of complacency that seemed to indicate he was at peace with himself and all the world. He was dressed like a Methodist preacher, in a plain suit of black, and sported a whitey-brown choker of the orthodox shape and tie. It was manifest he was a person of importance, both wise and circumspect, a statesman, and a divine, and equally respectable as an orator, and a preacher. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that existing between these two countrymen and friends. One was a rollicking, noisy, thoughtless fellow,

caring little what he said or did, up to any thing and equal to every thing; the other, a wise and sententious man, with a mind intent on great things, the greatest of which was probably the presidential chair of the United States.

"Let's liquor, Ly," said the tall one; "what do you ambition? Shall it be whisky, ale, rum, brandy, gin, or what not, for they hain't no compounds here, no mint juleps, cock-tails, sherry cobbler, gum ticklers, phlegm cutters, chain lightening, or sudden death. Simples is what they go on, they don't excel in drinks, they have no skill in manufacturing liquida. The Irish can't eat nothing but tators, and drink nothing but whisky, and talk nothing but priests and patriots, ructions and repeals. They don't do nothen like nobody else. Their coats are so long they drag on the ground, like the tail of a Nantucket cow, which is so cussed poor that she can't hold it up, and their trowsers are so short they don't reach below their knees, with two long strings dangling from them that are never tied, and three buttons that never felt an eyelet hole; and wear hats that have no roofs on 'em. The pigs are fed in the house, and the children beg on the road. They won't catch fish for fear they would have to use them in Lent, nor raise more corn than they eat, for fear they would have to pay rent. They sit on their cars sideways, like a gall on a side-saddle, and never look ahead, so they see but one side of a thing, and always act and fight on one side—there is no *two ways* about them. And yet, hang me if I don't like them, take them by and large, better than the English, who are as heavy and stupid as the porter they guzzle all day—who hold their chins so everlastin' high, they don't see other folks' toes they are for ever a-treadin' on—who are as proud as Lucifer, and ape his humility; as rich as Croesus and as mean as a Jew; talking from one year's end to another of educating the poor, and wishing the devil had flown away with Dr. Faustus before he ever invented types; praising us for ever, and lamenting Columbus hadn't gone to the bottom of the sea, instead of discovering America; talking of reform from July to eternity, and asking folks if they don't hope they may get it; annoying every—

"Hush, Mr. Peabody," said the

senator, casting a furtive glance at me, fearing I might take offence, "pray don't go ahead that way, you might, you know, come into collision, and who knows which may get the worst of that. Folk don't like to hear their country abused arter that fashion, it don't convene to good manners, and the amenities of life. For my part, I think the Irish are a very sharp people." "Sharp," said the other, "why there is nothen sharp on this side the water, unless it's a policeman." "Why, stranger," he continued, addressing me, "all natur's sharp in America—the frost is sharp, the knives are sharp, the men are sharp, the women are sharp, and if they ain't, their tongues be, everything is sharp there. Why my father's vinegar is so cussed sharp, the old gentleman shaved with it once; he did upon my soul. Ah, here is the waiter! I say, Mister, whiaky for three. That fellow don't know the word Mister, I'll be darned if he does. He puts me in mind of a Patlander, a friend of mine hired here lately. Last month, Ginerall Sampson Dove, of Winepusa, married the darter of the American Kcounsel (consul) to Dublin, Miss Jemima Fox. Did you ever see her, stranger?"

"Never," I said.

"Well," he replied, "that's a cruel pity, for you would have seen a peeler, I tell you—a rael corn-fed gall, and no mistake. Just what Eve was, I guess, when she walked about the garden, and angels came to see her, and wished they had flesh and blood like her, and weren't so everlastin' thin and vapoury, like sunbeams. Lick! man, she was a whole team, and a dog under the waggon, I tell you. Well, they first went to Killarney, on a wedding tower, and after they had stared at that lovely place, till they hurt their eyes, they came down here, to see the Groves of Blarney, and what not. Well, the Ginerall didn't want folks to know they were only just married, for people always run to the winders and doors, to look at a bride, as if she was a bird that was only seen once in a hundred years, and was something that was uncommon new to look upon. It's unconvenient, that's a fact, and it makes a sensitive, delicate-minded gall feel as awkward as a wrong boot. So says the Ginerall to Pat, 'Pat,' says he, 'don't go now, and tell folks we are

only just married, lie low, and keep dark, will you, that's a good fellow.' 'Bedad,' says Pat, 'never fear, yer honner, the divil a much they'll get out of me, I can tell you. Let me alone for that, I can keep a secret as well as ever a priest in Ireland.' Well, for all that, they *did* stare, in a way that was a caution to owls, and no mistake, and well they might too, for it ain't often they saw such a gall as Miss Jemima, I can tell you, though the Irish galls warn't behind the door when beauty was given out, that's a fact. At last the Ginerall see something was in the wind, above common, for the folks looked amazed in the house, and they didn't seem over half pleased either. So says he, one day, 'Pat,' says he, 'I hope you did not tell them we were only just married, did you?' 'Tell them you was just married, is it, yer honner,' said he, 'let me alone for that! They were mighty inquisitive about it, and especially the master, he wanted to know all about it entirely. 'Married, is it,' says I, 'why they ain't married at all, at all, the divil a parson ever said grace over them! But, I'll tell you what (for I was determined it was but little truth he'd get out of me), I'll tell you what,' says I, 'if you won't repeat it to nobody, *They are goin' to be married in about a fortnight*, for I heard them say so this blessed day, with my own ears.' If the General wasn't raving, hopping mad, it ain't no matter. In half an hour, he and his wife were on board the steamer for England, and Pat is in bed here yet, from the licking he got. It ain't clear to me, if he ever will see his error, for both his eyes are knocked into one, and all he can perceive are a thousand sparks of fire before him, as if he was looking down the chimney of a blacksmith's shop. Come, Ly, I like your calling such a fellow as that sharp. But 'spose we try the whisky."

In the course of conversation, (if such rhodomontade can be called conversation) allusion was made to Vancouver's Island, which I have always regretted I had not seen. I had visited California, but as this new colony was not then either settled, or much known, I went from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, and it is only since my return that it has become an object of such universal in-

terest. Wishing for information, I applied to the Senator, instead of Mr. Peabody, as I knew he was more likely to talk to the point than the other. "Yes," he said, "I have but recently come from there; I can tell you all about it. It is, to my mind, the most important spot in the whole world, and will affect and control the commerce of the greatest part of it." "May I ask," I said, "what is the geographical extent of the island?" "It is as large as a piece of chalk," said his tall friend. "Do be quiet, Peabody," said the Senator; "there is a time for all things, but you find time for only one, and that is nonsense." "Well, stranger," said the incorrigible joker, "if you don't like a piece of chalk for a measure, and I think it's a capital one, for it may be as small as what a carpenter carries in his pocket, or as big as the Leviathan, I'll tell you its exact size. It's as big as all out-doors, and you know how big that is, and if you don't (for Britishers are everlastin' pitikilar), I'll go and get you my map," saying which, he left the room on his well-meant errand. "That's a droll fellow," said the Senator; "but he is not the fool you take him to be; there is more in him than there appears to be. By that free-and-easy way, and his strange talk, he induces people to converse, and while they are amusing themselves with him, he contrives to learn from them all that they know, and all they think upon any particular subject he is interested in. Bear with him, and he will give you information on any subject whatever connected with North America. Vancouver's Island," he continued, "is about 270 miles long, and, on an average, from forty to fifty miles broad. Its greatest breadth is seventy miles, and its least twenty-eight; while in one place it is nearly intersected by water, the portage being only eight miles. Its size is, however, of little consequence, as the adjoining territory of the English on the mainland of British Columbia is boundless in extent. It is its position, its harbours, its coal, its fisheries, and its political and commercial importance that render it so invaluable. From San Francisco to the Russian boundary it contains the only secure harbour in a distance of several thousand miles, and even the former is so large, it is

by no means safe at all times, as it partakes too much of the character of a roadstead. Whoever owns Vancouver's Island must command the trade of the Pacific and the East; I say nothing of its lying at the entrance of Frazer's River, and receiving the gold from those regions; that is merely a means to an end—I speak of it as the terminus of the Great Inter-Oceanic Railway. The harbour of Esquimaux, on the Pacific, corresponds in every particular with the noble port of Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the Atlantic. The railway from the latter to the boundary of New Brunswick, is now nearly finished, and in a year or two will connect with the Canadian line below Quebec, when an uninterrupted communication will be completed from Halifax to Lake Superior. It will then require to be continued from thence to Vancouver's Island, and you will have an overland route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, lying wholly through British territory. Already the Canadians are opening the way through the Red River and Winnipeg territory, by connecting the lakes and rivers on the line of traffic, by good portages, by placing steamers on the former and railways on the latter, so as to render the passage short, easy, and expeditious. This is the first step towards the completion of that grand railway line that is to be the route from Europe to China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and the East. The country between Lake Superior and the Pacific is of a nature to support countless millions of inhabitants, while its vast internal navigation, like that of Canada, supplies means of transport unknown in any other part of the world. It is not the size of Vancouver's Island, therefore, that is of importance; it is its political, geographical, and commercial position, that we must regard."

"Zactly," said Mr. Peabody, who now returned with the map, and spread it out on the table. "Zactly, Ly; now you have hit the nail on head, smack," and, suiting the action to the word, he hit the palm of his left hand a blow with his right fist, that made a noise precisely like that occasioned by a hammer. "That's the ticket! Ly warn't born yesterday; stranger, he has a large mind, sir. It's like a surveyor's tape-box, take hold of the ring, sir, give it a

growing in the rich valleys attain a height of two hundred and fifty feet, and a circumference of forty-two feet at the butt."

"Pray, what is the name of that tree," I said.

"It is called the *Abies Nobilis*."

"Stranger," said Mr. Peabody, "I see you lift your eyebrows at that, as if you wanted an affidavit to the fact. I'll tell you where to prospect for them granadiers. Go to Stoke Harbour and you will find lots of them, as stiff and tall as church steeples. Lord, I shall never forget the first time I see them. I paid a crittur, called Spencer Temple, a broken-down English lawyer, five pounds to show me the locations. When we returned to Victoria, the varmint spent the whole of the money in brandy, until he was a caution to sinners to behold. At last I got him up to my room, and had a bed made for him in one corner. Well, one night the crittur bounced out of bed, in a ravin', tarin' fit, and standin' up in his shirt tail before my sea chest, which he took for a judge, sais he, making a low bow to it, 'My lord,' said he, 'I must apologise to you for appearing before you without my coat and trowsers, but a Yankee loafer, of the name of Peabody, has stolen them.' 'You miserable skunk,' sais I, 'I'd cowhide you if you were worth the leather, but you ain't. Your skin is too loose for you, the galls don't like you, and what's more, you are a cussed bad bake into the bargain. Take that,' says I, fetchin' him a wiper across his back with my shot-bag. With that, he jumped up on eend till his head struck the ceilin', and then, fallin' on his knees, and holdin' up both his hands, he said, 'My lord, I plead guilty, and throw myself on the mercy of the court—I will read an affidavit in mitigation of punishment.' 'Into bed with you,' sais I; and I up with him in my arms, and forced him in, and then made him swallow a glass of brandy and laudanum. I had a tempestical time with him, I tell you."

"The Fisheries," continued the Senator, "are on a scale that is almost incredible. In August and September, the water is literally alive with salmon, of which there are seven distinct kinds. They are fine large fish, sometimes weighing from fifty to sixty pounds, and, on an average, thirty of them, when cured, fill a barrel. Enormous

quantities are caught by the Indians, who sell them to the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom they are exported to the Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, and the Spanish main. Herrings are also taken in immense numbers, likewise cod and halibut. In short, as regards the fishery, Vancouver's Island is to the Pacific what Newfoundland is to the Atlantic. The native hemp of the country, has been proved, both in New York and New Orleans, to be superior to that of Russia. To all these advantages, which would be otherwise useless, we must add the harbour. I say nothing of those on the Sound and Straits (and they are very numerous), but I speak of Esquimaux and Victoria, which are only three miles distant from each other by water, and at one point only separated by a strip of land six hundred yards wide. Esquimaux is a circular bay or basin, hollowed by nature out of the solid rock. Sailing through a narrow entrance between two low, rocky promontories you suddenly enter a land-locked harbour, that looks like a lake in a pine forest. It affords good anchorage, is very capacious, and has a depth of from five to eight fathoms of water. The environs are admirably suited for a city, and the entrance is so constructed by nature, that it can be easily fortified. The adjoining harbour of Victoria, where the capital is situated, though smaller, and not so deep, is admitted by all who have seen it, to present the most beautiful plateau for a city, in the world, which, as I have already said, will, at no distant day, cover the whole promontory that separates it from the other and larger port, and present the singular spectacle of a town having two harbours and two entrances. I have told you (but I must repeat it, for it is most important to remember), that these two places, Esquimaux and Victoria, or, perhaps, I might designate both as Victoria Bay, offer, with the exception of smaller ones, belonging to Vancouver, the only safe and approachable harbour, for several thousand miles of coast. I have hitherto spoken to you of the Island, without reference to British Columbia, I have alluded merely to itself, its resources, and its climate, but when you consider its position in reference to the main land, the fertile region of

Frazer's River and Columbia, the Saskatchewan, the Red River, and the Canadas, and view it as the terminus of a line of railway from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the Atlantic, and the centre of the trade of the East, you feel as if you required to pause and consider the subject in all its bearings, before you can at all appreciate the influence this young England is to exercise on the destinies of the world."

"Hear him, stranger," said Peabody, "do, for goodness gracious sake, now, just hear him; how good he talks, don't he? what a candid man he is, ain't he? Ly, you do beat the devil! Stranger! he is only a bammin of you; he knows as well as I do, we must 'nex it; we can't help it, no how we can fix it. Go on, and lay your railway, build the city, open the trade, erect the church, and appoint the bishop, make the dock-yards, construct the forts, and when you have done, let us know, and we will 'nex it. We can't afford to let you hold it, no more than we can afford to let Spain hold Cuby. We want them, and what we want we must have—that's a fact. It's contrary to the Munro doctrine, and the American destiny, that foreigners should plant new colonies in America. The first time you are engaged in war with some continental power, our people will go over there in shoals, call a public meeting, declare the place independent, hoist our noble goose and gridiron flag, and ask Congress to be 'nexed to the greatest nation in all creation!! We shall then acknowledge the country as independent, and as a great favour, 'nex it, and receive its members into Congress, and how can you stop us? It ain't in the nature of things you can."

"My good friend," I said, "although I have never been at Vancouver's Island, I am well acquainted with Canada, its people, and their loyal feeling. They now number three millions, which is about the extent of the population of the old colonies, when they revolted, and achieved their independence. If at that time you were able successfully to resist the whole force of Great Britain, I assure you the Canadians are fully competent to defend their territory, and resolved to do so against aggression. They have not only no desire for annexation with the United States, but would

consider it a great misfortune; nor do I believe the acquisition of British North America is desired by the intelligent portion of your people, even if it were practicable. There may be some excuse for your desiring an increase of territory on the south, as your commerce and peace are both endangered and disturbed by the repeated revolutions among your Mexican neighbours, who are equally unable to govern themselves, or protect the lives and property of foreigners, who are resident among them. The inhabitants of British North America would deeply deplore a severance of the connexion with Great Britain, and if such an event should ever occur, it will not arise from the annexation or conquest of their country by you, nor from a successful contest with the parent state, but from the natural course of events, in which colonies become too populous to be dependent, and their interests too complicated and important to be regulated otherwise than on the spot, by entire self-government. And be assured, that if they do become independent, it will be by the mutual consent and good-will of both parties, and, let me add, the mutual regret also. Indeed, now that steam has bridged the Atlantic, and the electric telegraph annihilated distance, I cannot conceive how a separation can conduce to the interests of either party. The topic is not an agreeable one; suppose we discuss it no farther.

"I entirely agree with you," said the Senator. "Noisy demagogues may boast and brag about our destiny, but no sensible man among us desires the incorporation of British North America into our federal union. We have as much territory as we can govern; and, as Vancouver's Island will be the great naval station of England on the Pacific, it will be as easily defended as any other portion of the empire. The system of government in the British Provinces is, in many respects, different from ours; and we may both borrow from each other many instructive lessons. We must take care that a colony does not exhibit more real freedom, more respect for the laws, and more security for life and property than our great Republic, while the Provincial Government must be equally careful that their institutions are of a kind not to engender among

its people a feeling of inferiority to their neighbours, or a desire to acquire rights which are enjoyed on the other side of their border, but withheld from them. As it is, your taxes, both municipal and colonial, are infinitely less than ours. We are content, and I am not aware that we could improve our condition. Go on and prosper. The happier you are, the better neighbours you will be to us; and the more prosperous you become, the more intimate and valuable will be our commercial relations. There is room for us both. As a proof of what I have said, so soon as your great railway line shall have been completed from Lake Superior to the Pacific, our China trade will pass through it as far as Red River, where a diverging line will convey our goods and passengers to St. Paul's, in Minnesota, and from thence diffuse it over the whole Union. We are both equally interested in this route, for all the practicable passes through the Rocky Mountains are in British Columbia, and the only harbours for large ships are situated in Vancouver's Island. One thing is certain, the Australian, Japan, and Sandwich Islands Mails and passengers must pass through this line, as well as the traffic to and from China. But, tell me, please, how could your government have hermetically sealed, for so many years, that fertile and vast country lying between Lake Superior and the Pacific? They tell me that that great hunter, called Bear Ellice, from the number of bears he has destroyed, who rivals Colonel Crockett as a dead shot, and Gordon Cumming for his contests with wild beasts, once a Hudson's Bay Trapper, but now a member of Parliament, is the man who represented the whole territory as a howling wilderness, frozen forty feet deep in winter, and burnt to a cinder in summer, and frightened Parliament into giving his Company the monopoly of the trade."

I could hardly refrain from laughing, to hear this sensible man talk such nonsense, and fall into such an absurd mistake. Neither the English nor Americans understand each other; and both are too apt to give credence to the most idle reports, and to impute motives that have no existence but in their own imaginations.

"Mr. Edward Ellice," I said, "is no hunter, I assure you. He is a large

landed proprietor in Canada, and a leading member of the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as a conspicuous member of Parliament. He is a man of great information and much influence, but not distinguished, that ever I heard, for personal encounters with wild beasts. The soubriquet of 'Bear' was given to him by his Whig friends, who are fond of bestowing nicknames, from a certain brusque manner, and an impatience of contradiction, though I would never say that he deserved it more than any other man of fixed opinions."

"Will you swear," said Peabody, "he never killed a bear?"

"I cannot undertake to do that," I said; "but I do not believe he ever shot one, nor do I think he ever had the opportunity of doing so."

"Will you swear he never frightened one to death? because that's the way I am told he got the name of bear. I'll tell you how it was: he was one day out huntin on that everlasting' big swamp, back of Red River, and the day was dark and cloudy, and he lost his way; so down he puts his rifle, and up he climbs a great big dead pine tree as tall as a factory chimney, to see which course to steer. Well, when he got to the top, and surveyed the country all round, and see'd where he was, just as he turned to descend, he thought he heerd a noise in the tree, and seeing that it was hollow, what does he do but let himself down into it like a sweep, but, as he got near the butt, the size of the hollow increased, so he couldn't brace himself no longer, either by his hands or feet, and he slipped right down to the bottom chewallop, and what should he find there but two young cuba. Well, he gev himself up for lost. He knew he couldn't crawl up again; and he knew if the old bear came arter him there would be no room to fight her, and he would be chewed up like a piece of baccy. Well, while he was thinkin' the matter over, all at once he heard an awful grunt, and the place grew dismal dark, for the bear was coming down, raving, roaring, distracted mad, starn foremost, as bears always do. What does he do, when he sees the fix he was in, but stand below, and, as the bear was about touchin' bottom with her hind legs, he seizes hold of both her thighs with his hands, gives a tre-

mandous, great, long, enduring yell, like a panther, and then seizes the tail in his teeth, and bit away like a shark. Up runs the bear as fast as she could, dragging Ellice after her, who, when he got to the top, gave another nip and another yell, and then slid down the tree arter the bear, got hold of his gun, and just as he levelled on her, down she dropt dead from fright; so he just skinned her, and made tracks for the Fort. Ever arter that they called him 'Bear Ellice': fact, I assure you."

"Why, Peabody," said the Senator, "that's Colonel Crockett's story; why, surely you know better than that."

"Well," replied the other, "so I always thought it was the Colonel that performed that are feat, and when I was at the diggings to Frazer's River, I told that story one night, as Colonel Crockett's, but there wer a Scotchman there, a great, tall, raw-boned critter, as hard as a racer and as lank as a greyhound, and Scotch like (for they boast of having done every clever thing since the flood), he swore it was their great factor and hunter, Ellice, that did it. I bet twenty dollars with him on it, and we left it to the company to decide, and as there was only seven of us in camp, and five wer Scotchmen, they gev it against me, in course, and I paid down the money, and did the thing genteel. Well, plague take the money, I don't care for that, but I am proper glad to hear it was Crockett arter all, for the credit of our great nation. If ever I meet that are great, gaunt Scotchman again, I'll take the money out of his pocket, or the valy out of his hide; see if I don't."

"Well, well," said the Senator, "if that don't beat all, it's a pity; how hard it is to believe what you hear, ain't it? let your authority be ever so good. Perhaps, after all, the thing never happened to either, and was what we call 'made out of whole cloth.' But that monopoly was a foolish thing, and well-nigh cost you the country, for had it not been for the discovery of gold at Frazer's River, it is probable the whole territory would have passed by possession and squatting into our hands." "How is it," I said, "you talk so little about the gold fields?" "Because," he replied, "as I before observed, I consider them merely 'as the means to an end.' I have been speaking of that which

depends on industry and enterprise, of permanent intrinsic resources, of a commanding position, of a commercial depôt, that, with our knowledge of the globe, can never be rivalled. The gold deposits will attract the population necessary to settle the country, and nurture and mature its commerce; but it has a value far beyond 'the diggings' that will enrich it for ages after the gold fields have been exhausted. I do not undervalue the immense auriferous deposits of British Columbia. You must trust to them to stimulate emigration, but you must look to the country itself to retain the population thus attracted. The diggers must be fed, and their expenditure will support the farmer and the fisherman, until extended commerce will require and repay the united efforts of all. In a few years the whole face of the country will be changed, and communities and cities will start into existence as if by magic. The enterprise, science, and energy of the West, will require and command the labour of the East, and Vancouver will be the centre where the products of both hemispheres will be exchanged."

"What do you make the distance," I said, "from Liverpool to Vancouver's Island, viâ Halifax, for much of what you say must depend upon that?" "I make," he said, "the entire distance. to be about 5,600 miles—

	Miles.
Liverpool to Halifax, say	2,466
From Halifax to Quebec,	600
Thence to Lake Huron, is	500
Thence to the head of Lake Superior,	534
Thence, viâ Red River and diggings to the mouth of Frazer's River, on the Pacific,	1,500
	5,600

That is, the passage to Halifax will occupy nine days, and the journey thence to Vancouver's Island, six days—in all, fifteen days to the Pacific from Liverpool. Why, stranger, I was once fifty-five days in a sailing vessel, making the voyage from England to Boston. You will remember the route, with the exception of the Atlantic, is *wholly* through British America, while the shortest one, now in use, through Panama, is 8,200 miles, being 2,600 miles longer than by the Canadian route. From Vancouver's Island to

Canton, the distance is 6,900 miles, and to Sydney, 8,200. Thus, the saving in distance is such, that the mails can be conveyed to Australia in ten days less than by Panama, while the journey to Peking can be performed in thirty days. But enough has been said; you have the shortest possible route, and the most practicable, through your own territory, from one ocean to the other, the finest harbours in the world (Halifax and Equimault), and abundance of coal at the termini, and the most direct communication with all the eastern world. With the exception of the sea voyages, you can proceed from London to the Himalaya Mountains on the borders of China, through British possessions. And now, what do you say to the route to

bed?" "Good night, and good-bye," I said; "I have to thank you for a very agreeable and instructive evening, and am sorry we must part so soon. I embark for Southampton tomorrow; here is my address; I shall be happy to see you there."

"Thank you," he replied; "we shall find ourselves there next week, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"Stranger," said Mr. Peabody, as he shook me by the hand, "you were not born yesterday, I guess. I was only sparrin', and had the gloves on. If I hit you, it was only a poke given in fun. Good night;" and as he emptied his glass, he added, "Here's to our next meeting, whenever and however that may be."

A TRIAD OF POETESSES.

THERE is a beautiful story, somewhere told by Plutarch, in reference to that which has been termed the "*Vis Medica Poeseo*." The Lady Telesilla, of Argos, began to find her health declining, and her spirits sinking. In vain the storm of chase swept over the purple hills into the deep-meadowed lowlands. In vain the banquet was spread in the royal hall. Hunt or feast left her languid and pining. At last messengers went with regal gifts and with solemn words to the shrine of Apollo. When the golden-rayed crocuses were coming up in the early spring, they brought back the prophetic announcement: "So should the lady regain her health as she cultivated the Muses." Whereupon Telesilla recovered her strength, and her princely cheer came back to her. And further, the legend says, not only did the Muses teach her to weave numerous words into feet, but to order her virgins into orbéd dances, so that with her array she did the State noble service, driving back Cleomenes, King of Lacedæmon, when marching with his army to besiege Argos.

This may be taken as an allegory, setting forth the office of Poetry in relation to the mind of woman. Iso-

lated from the nursery more than her robust companion; unable to drive away the dreamy imaginations of youth by strong exercise; full of sickly fancies—subtle and minute—unhardened by a logical training—to her, as to Telesilla, there is a special "*vis medica*" in the cultivation of the Muses. Not merely so. But, in the strength of this inspiration, she rises against moral and intellectual enemies—doubts and fears, littlenesses and unbeliefs—whom she would hardly have dared to encounter in the sober strength of prose and of logic.

We have before us the offerings to the Muses of three modern Telesillas; and, in each case, the allegory is more or less verified. In the two first, especially, we find a noble melancholy, soothing itself in musical expression—a beautiful scorn and hatred of sin, and of social injustice, ordering its dance of battle, and going forth to combat with bearded men.

First of the three, with some hesitation as between her and Miss Craig, we place Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, whose "*Legends and Lyrics*" form a beautiful volume.

One of the subtlest of critics has drawn a distinction between the

Legends and Lyrics. By Adelaide Anne Procter. London: Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet Street. 1859.

Poems by Isa. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1856.

Horæ Poeticæ. By Mrs. George Lenox Conyngham. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts. 1859.

Poema and the *Poesis*. The *Poema* is the work, the matter in its ultimate and accomplished shape. The *Poesis* is the form and mode of it. Accepting this distinction, we should be inclined to say that the latter element in Miss Procter is greatly superior to the former. Her *poemata* are rather slight, and her matter, for the most part, by no means original. But the form is elegant, graceful, and pre-eminently her own. It is not a mere shadow of Wordsworth and Tennyson, Keats and Longfellow. Her inspiration does not jerk on a galvanic existence through pages of *Smithian* blank verse. Unlike Mrs. Browning in every thing else; inferior in power, in general culture, in passionate concentration, in sustained purpose—superior in simplicity, in unity, in music—she resembles her in the determination to write in her own way, which, fortunately, is singularly flowing and unaffected. If we have any where detected imitative echoes, it is in some beautiful verses, the peculiar cadence and irregular *cæsura* of whose heroic lines, no less than the handling of the subject, irresistibly remind us of the last part of Matthew Arnold's "Church of Brou."

Dim with dark shadows of the ages past,
St. Bayon stands, solemn and rich and vast;
The slender pillars in long vistas spread,
Like forest arches meet, and close o'erhead;
So high, that like a weak and doubting prayer,
Ere it can float to the carved angels there,
The silver-clouded incense faints in air:
Only the organ-music, peal on peal,
Can mount to where those far-off angels kneel.
Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-arch,
Would listen to its solemn chant and march;
Folding his little hands, his simple prayer
Melted in childish dreams, and both in air:
While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
Only the silence seemed to listen still:
Or gathering, like a sea, still more and more,
Break in melodious waves at heaven's door,
And then fall soft and slow in tender rain
Upon the pleading, longing hearts again.
Then he would watch the rosy sun-light glow
That crept along the marble-floor below,
Passing—as life does—with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb,
Then, leaving it again to shade and gloom;
And creeping on, to show distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint;
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare,
That told of patient toil and reverent care;

Then the gold rays up pillared shafts would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven at eventime.
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around, only the windows glow'd
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, arm'd with love and
might,
Watch upon heaven's battlement at night.
Then all was shade, the silver lamps that
gleam'd,
Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seem'd
Like sparks of fire in the dim aisle to shine.
Or trembling stars before each separate shrine.
Grown half-afraid the child would leave them
there,
And come out blinded by the noisy glare
That burst upon him from the busy square."
—"A Tomb in Ghent," pp. 84-6.

A French poet has lately given a new and beautiful comparison in relation to poetic art. The pebble which is picked up on the beach, perhaps selected as a gem to adorn a ring, the sea has been rolling for ages. By long friction the tide has enamelled it, with blue and purple like his own, with tints like the rose or the violet; not only has he dowered the stone with colour, he has worked the delicate smoothness which is so worthy of admiration. So with the poet. Deeply and patiently he rolls his thoughts, at first, perhaps, in darkness and confusion. By degrees, in the long and silent lapse of mental agitation, without conscious and direct effort, the thought is enamelling itself with colour, and rounding itself into smoothness, until at last in due season, it is thrown upon the shore, sure to be picked up and worn eternally. When Shakespeare, for instance, flings up, as if at hazard, some diamond of imagination, like that line put into Arthur's mouth:

"Shadowing our right under your wings of war;"

some graceful gem of fancy, as when a politician calls the bee:—

"The singing mason building roofs of gold;"

the expressions, probably, were not immediately extemporized in the glow of composition; or if they were, their substance had been deposited long before. Perhaps when the poet was courting Anne Hathaway, loitering in the little garden, the dainty fancy crept into his mind with the humming of some bee. Perhaps as he listened in the church, the Scriptural expres-

sion fell grandly upon his ear, and went down into his soul, and never left it. He did not hurry the thought. It was left like rich wine to ripen in the cool darkness. At last some strong suggestion took it forth, and placed it in the glass of poetry. And the glass is dusked with its hue, and enriched with its odour for ever.

There is some exemplification of this in the best of Miss Procter's performances. The most ordinary philosophers and theologians do not differ from those of the highest rank in having quite other thoughts, but in selecting, fixing, and settling the same thoughts. It is not merely the revolution of certain conceptions in the restless play of suggestion which constitutes pre-eminence in this kind; it is the judgment which sets a due price upon the precious, the patience which arrests it upon its progress, and the strength which moulds and compresses it into shape. The leading thoughts of the Analogy may be dimly traced in Quintilian, in Lactantius, in Clarke, in Bishop Berkeley; they are not the less Bishop Butler's that they have been suggested to others; thoughts do not belong to him who has seen them drifting by like fragments of wreck upon the waves of speculation, and then lost sight of them in the drift and spray; but to him who has put out in his boat, recovered the fragments and brought them to the other shore. Montaigne advised a friend in Italy who was anxious to speak the language of the country, to employ solely the first words that rushed to his lips, Latin, French, Spanish, or Gascon, and to add an Italianized termination. In this way, he would be infallibly sure to stumble upon some idiom of the land, Tuscan, Roman, Venetian, Neapolitan, or Piedmontese. This quaint advice, Montaigne applies to speculation. "I say the same of philosophy. She has so many aspects and varieties, and has spoken so much, that all our veriest dreams and reveries are to be found somewhere in her ample collections. Human fancy is absolutely unable to conceive any thing, good or bad, which is not there." All this is almost equally true of poetry; and Miss Procter's merit, we repeat, consists mainly in this, not that she has enriched the realms of poetry with

figures, but that she has laid a strong yet delicate grasp upon shapes that have floated before a thousand other eyes, and fixed all the beauty which they possess upon a canvas which glows with no evanescent colours. She has peculiarly the faculty of seizing thoughts under aspects in which, indeed, others have seen them, but only with a superficial and transitory regard. She has all the power of making the abstract concrete, which is the chief intellectual characteristic of the mind of woman. She has also the artistic endowment of rendering her conceptions both clear and distinct; both luminous as independent objects, and also with all the ragged edges of conterminous thoughts sharply chiselled off, of steadily resisting the claims of every alien and discordant beauty, and thus of presenting the whole as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." It has been said that the most perfect oration or discourse is that which may be contracted into a single proposition; which answers to that proposition as the blossom to the bud, or the opened to the shut hand. We quote four specimens from Miss Procter, which if poetry be analogous to oratory, nearly realize this type of perfection. We must only be ill-natured enough to regret the oversight which has allowed the last two fine lines to break off into the regular heroic measure, and slightly jarred the peculiar music of *unexpressed*.

THE STORM.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice, and cry;
Time answers to the angry sky,
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling all in vain
To live upon the stormy main,
Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind, and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window pane,
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtain'd was the little bed,
Soft pillow'd was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said,
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father, save those at sea to-night!"
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay
And on a little child at play,
Gloria tibi Domine.

—Page 152.

A LITTLE LONGER.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet
birds sing;
And the lime branches where soft winds are
blowing
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the
spring.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn;
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn!

A little longer yet—a little longer
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful for thee;
And the cold moon shall look through the blue
silence
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to
will—
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to
conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
The voices thou hast loved shall charm
thine ear;
And thy true heart that now beats quick to
hear them,
A little longer yet—shall hold them dear.

A little longer yet—joy while thou may'st;
Love and rejoice, for time has nought in
store;
And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid
thee
Love and rejoice, and feel and know no more.

A little longer still—patience beloved;
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer—ere life true immortal
(Not this, our shadowy life) will be thine
own;
And thou shalt stand where wing'd archangels
worship,
And trembling bow before the great white
throne.

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A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart beloved
Shall beat for ever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be
thine.

A little longer yet—and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine
ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs
thee,
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"The clouds are fleeting by, father,
Look, in the shining west,
The great white clouds sail onward,
Upon the sky's blue breast.

Look at a snowy eagle,
His wings are tinged with red,
And a giant-dolphin follows him
With a crown upon his head."

The father spake no word, but watched
The drifting clouds roll by;
He traced a misty vision, too,
Upon the shining sky;
A shadowy form with well-known grace,
Of weary love and care,
Above the smiling child she held
Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father,
Mountains rise higher and higher,
And see where red and purple ships
Sail in a sea of fire."

The father press'd the little hand
More closely in his own,
And watched a cloud-dream in the sky
That he could see alone;—
Bright angels carrying far away,
A white form cold and dead;
Two held the feet and two bore up
The flower-crown'd drooping head.

"See, father, see, a glory floods
The sky, and all is bright,
And clouds of every hue and shade
Burn in the golden light.
And now, above an azure lake,
Rise battlements and towers,
Where knights and ladies climb the heights,
All bearing purple flowers."

The father look'd and, with a pang
Of love and strange alarm,
Drew close the little eager child
Within his abeltering arm;
From out the clouds the mother looks
With wistful glance below;
She seems to seek the treasure left
On earth so long ago.

She holds her arms out to her child,
His cradle-song she sings;
The last rays of the sunset gleam
Upon her outspread wings.

Calm twilight veils the summer sky,
The shining clouds are gone;
In vain the merry laughing child
Still gaily prattles on;
In vain the bright stars one by one,
On the blue silence start,
A dreary shadow rests to-night
Upon the father's heart."

UNEXPRESSED.

Dwells within the soul of every artist
More than all his effort can express;
And he knows the best remains unuttered,
Sighing at what we call his success.

Vainly he may strive; he dare not tell us
All the sacred mysteries of the skies:
Vainly he may strive; the deepest beauty
Cannot be unveiled to mortal eyes.

And the more devoutly that he listens,
And the holier message that is sent,
Still the more his soul must struggle vainly,
Bowed beneath a noble discontent.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you,
All the wonder that his soul received;
No true painter ever set on canvas,
All the glorious vision he conceived.

No musician ever held your spirit
Charmed and bound in his melodious chains,
But be sure he heard, and strove to render
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wove in numbers,
All his dreams; but the diviner part,
Hidden from all the world, spake to him only
In the voiceless silence of his heart.

So with love, for love and art united
Are twin mysteries: different yet the same:
Poor, indeed, would be the love of any,
Who could find its full and perfect name.

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavour,
All its boundless riches to unfold;
Still its tenderest, truest, secret fingers
Ever in its deeper depths untold,

Things of time have voices: speak and perish.
Art and love speak; but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea.

—Pages 242-250.

Who can fail to admire the perfect
unity and keeping of the first poem?
The stormy voices of the sea, the
moaning wind, and pelting rain, have
been described ten thousand times,
from Virgil to Falconer—from the
"Shipwreck" to that

"Last bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony,"

so powerfully painted by the author
of *Don Juan*. An artist like Miss
Procter could have said a thousand
finethings about that "night of stormy
waters"—that is as plain as a pike-
staff. But she does not. Shakspeare
was not thinking of himself in that
storm, in *Lear*, but of the old white
head exposed to it. Mr. Kingsley
was not thinking how much poetic
capital he could make out of the
"cruel, crawling sea," but of love, and
death, and agony, when he wrote his
unequaled

"O Mary! call the cattle home."

And Miss Procter wishes to connect
the tempest and driving rain with a
nursery window, and so with the little
child "happed" up in his bed. Hush!
through the crash and pelting of the
storm, there goes up a small voice to
the Eternal Throne. Faith, and love,
and prayer, are stronger, more beauti-
ful, and more sublime, than sea and
wind. And the picture closes with
the ship reposing upon its shadow,
and the child at play.

Or take the third poem—*The Two
Interpreters*. The clouds have been
described before by the greatest poetic
geniuses—by the author of *Job*, by
Shakspeare, by Wordsworth. But
Miss Procter justifies her choice of
this often-handled subject. She stops
the multiplied mutations of cloud-
land. The great snow-white eagle
with red wings, the crowned dolphin,
the purple ships sailing in the sea of
fire. The lake winged with battle-
ments melts into a vision of angels, at
the head and foot of that cold, white
form, which presently itself assumes
angelic semblance and sunset-tinctured
wings. As long as our eyes look
upon clouds and sunsets, we shall
never forget the picture. Or turn, no
longer to a picture, but to a thought.
In "Unexpressed," the conception of
the poem, is, of course, very old. The
tabernacle or the temple—that dream
of heaven—cut in a snow of marble,
was but a coarse draft of the pattern
showed in the Mount, of the Exemplar
sketched by the Divine pencil upon
the spirit of the Psalmist. The finest
sculpture of the Italian chisel is cold
and clumsy to the vision of perfect
grace which floated before the artist's
imagination. The most impassioned
and melodious lyric is tameless—"a

monotony on wires"—compared with the unearthly music that echoed through the poet's soul. The most consummate virtue is marred, tainted, and broken, in contrast with the moral law which hangs over the will, awful, and deep, and pure as the everlasting heavens. The sculptor, the poet, the man, cannot attain unto the Ideal, because they are weak in their respective materials, in the marble, in the language, in "the flesh." The self-satisfied artist is self-convicted of a narrow soul and of grovelling aims. This old thought Miss Procter has seized upon, and turned over and over every way with a quiet mastery. But she has also enriched it by that great analogy of love. Truly as incarnate wisdom made it the test of the true scribe, to bring out of his treasure "things new and old"—that is, things *at once* new and old; old, because existing from the beginning; new, because exhibited under new lights and aspects; so may the same test be applied as a satisfactory gauge of the worth of any teacher, be he called poet, philosopher, or theologian.

Of Miss Procter's sustained power and productive originality, we have no adequate specimen in this volume. In the point of view from which we have considered it, this beautiful book is worth more than a reading. It deserves the study of every true poet, and the admiration of every genuine critic.

Miss Craig's poems will be read by many with curiosity, in consequence of her recent achievement at the Crystal Palace competition. To have defeated, like Mrs. Hemans, a host of masculine rivals, among whom rumour places not a few eminent names—to have stood at the head of more than six hundred writers, good, bad, and indifferent—is at least something. The Prize poem itself, if scarcely deserving of the injudicious encomiums of a few, is still less deserving of the ungentlemanlike and ill-natured contempt with which it has been handled by several, we are afraid we must add, disappointed competitors. One attempt, in particular, to stigmatize a portion of Miss Craig's ode, as a plagiarism from Shelley, is so silly that it does not require the compliment of a refutation.

One or two of the strophes are extremely fine, and nearly reach the confines of lyrical grandeur. Nor can the ode be justly accused of servile imitation of any eminent living writer. Its chief fault, we think, is probably the very feature which decided its success. Downright blame of Burns, however truly and tenderly introduced, would have been perilously unpopular. Downright praise, on the other hand, would have wounded the moral instincts of many. Miss Craig throws a mantle of mist over the figure of the bard, and flings out a very few words of most oracular obscurity, which may be differently interpreted. Besides this, the poem has a kind of factitious unity, acquired at the expense of truth. It represents Burns too exclusively as "the gentle boy," as the "large heart, that had love enough for all;" it forgets his wildness and waywardness, the mood under which he wrote "Holy Willie," and "Tam o' Shanter," on the one hand, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and the "Ode to Liberty," on the other. And to crown all, the poem was so judiciously short, as to present but a slender edge to the shafts of criticism, while it was melodious, elegant, and hardly disfigured by a weak or redundant line.

Miss Craig's poems have not yet attained the finish and precision of Miss Procter's. The circumstances to which she alludes so gracefully in her Preface, may account for this. We are inclined, however, to think that there are in them larger elements of that possibility of expansion, which is called *power*. Her view of poetic art is strong and true. "The following Poems," she says, "have been written in the intervals of leisure afforded by a life of toil. The writer has simply expressed the thoughts and feelings suggested by nature and the scenes of life, in the tone and language that came at their command. Yet these efforts have not been altogether purposeless. Recognising in poetry an art, to be cultivated with enthusiasm for its own sake, as well as for the sake of the refined enjoyment, and power of conferring such enjoyment, which its exercise bestows, the writer has aspired to render them, as far as possible, artistic efforts."

The poem entitled "The Discover-

ers," is, we think, excellent; and the concluding stanza is nobly suggestive.

THE DISCOVERERS.

O star, that from Heaven's crown,
Watching the Northern pole revolving
round
Within its icy circle bound,
Lookest with fixed eye down,
Thou could'st the mystery tell,
Whether eternal lightnings gild the pole,
Or whirling waters round it roll—
Earth keeps her secret well.

What hast thou seen of those
Who went that land of mystery to explore?
Oh! brave and strong must ye no more
Come from that realm of snows,
Reached they the fatal goal?
And on its dark and unknown waters lost
Long drifted, by strange tempests tost,
In ships that mocked control.

O wind of the cold north,
With the fierce sweep of thy snow-feathered
wing,
What mournful tidings dost thou bring
From whence thou camest forth?
Hast crossed its lone waters vast,
And found all things white-shrouded as
in death,
Or with the rage of thy last breath
Over our wanderers pass'd?

Thou heard'st the voice of prayer,
And the loud psalm, making the ice rocks
ring,
While folded calm was thy wide wing,
And men kept Sabbath there.
Thou heard'st their eager cheers,
Hailing the glad return of hope and light,
And when again came back the night,
The whisperings of their fears.

But more than voiceless things,
The heart can tell of one its life that shares,
And life-bound hearts have followed theirs,
As with stern eyes and wings.
We know how pure and high
Some souls would grow amid endurance
strong,
How some would hope, and some would
long,
And some would faint and die.

Ye may return no more,
Brave voyagers across the stormy sea,
But we are following, where ye
Have reached a further shore.
We shall meet upon that strand,
We all shall reach, whether o'er Arctic
snows,
Or from amid our homes' repose,
The undiscovered land.

Pages 14-18.

Of the Songs of the Household, the

"City Cemetery" is at once deeply thoughtful and exquisitely pathetic. It is full of the light and music of Christian faith.

THE CITY CEMETERY.

"Is not yonder city fair?
Look, my gentle sister,
How the setting sunbeams there
On its windows glisten;
Glowing like a jewelled bride,
When the lover at her side
Wedded, first hath kissed her.

Higher creep the shadows still,
As the day declineth,
Though on spire, and height, and hill,
Yet the glory shineth.
This grave city lieth low,
As a widow in her woe,
Clad in dark weeds, pineth.

As from spire and window now
Light by light is leaving,
Here men lay their cherished vow,
In the darkness grieving;
Yet from faith's unshadowed light,
Even in the deepest night,
Better light receiving.

"Ah," you say, how many a tear
Hath bedew'd this garden—
Were it not for sorrows here
How the heart would harden!
But in woe and death they long
For all sin, and strife, and wrong,
To find peace and pardon.

From the living, unto whom
Each dark house belongeth,
To its silence and its gloom
Still another throngeth;
But amid *this* city crowd,
None are selfish, none are proud;
None the other wrongeth.

And this city hath its homes—
Home we call it, whither
At nightfall, a household comes
To repose together;
Thus we've gathered one by one,
Till we two are left alone,
All our loved ones hither.

We shall sleep at length, and here,
When we all awaken,
We shall—not in doubt and fear—
Live alone forsaken—
Rise and from us darkness thrust,
Clasp each other ere the dust
From our feet be shaken.

Close together we shall stand
In these walks all crowded,
Father—mother—hand in hand,
With young brows unclouded;
And our little brother fair
As the rosebud we placed there,
When his face we shrouded.

Round us falls an influence meek,
While we home repairing,
Growing too subdued to speak,
Solemn thoughts are sharing,
Of the dwelling-place where we
Must abide eternally,
And are now preparing,

Ah! thus onward shall we go,
Homeward, homeward gazing,
Though we walk earth's grave-place low,
Our souls upward raising;
In that city shall we build
Holy temples to be filled
Evermore with praising."

—Pages 34-37.

The "Midnight Wreck" is full of strange, at the close of startling, power. We should hope that it was written after hearing some Highland ultra-predestinarian sermon, as an indignant protest. At all events it is susceptible of a good meaning.

THE MIDNIGHT WRECK.

From the harbour, richly laden,
Sailed the gallant ship;
'Twas a precious freight she carried,
Father, mother, youth and maiden,
Wife and husband, newly married,
Watch her cable slip;
And upon her deck they tarried,
While the land they left was fading,
Some their eager eyes are shading
From the morning sun,
As away they glide;
Now the waters heave and glitter,
And now many a one
Leaning o'er the vessel's side,
Seems to watch, but droppeth bitter
Tears into the tide.
We shall know our sad emotion,
To the joy of all creation,
Was a tear-drop to an ocean!
Ere midnight, the wind had shifted,
Rising to a gale;
Backward, on her course she drifted,
Heeding not the helm;
Now on giant waves uplifted,
Threat'ning to o'erwhelm;
Now adown a vale
Of dark angry waters driven:
While, like spirits chased from Heaven,
Loud the wild winds wail.
None that night had sought a pillow,
Still the deck they crowd;
While to each successive billow
The tall mast is bowed.
Hoarser sounds now meet their hearing,—
'Tis the breakers' roar;
And the hapless bark is nearing
Fast the fatal shore.

A shock!
She has struck the sunken rock,
And her lofty hull is shattered.
All her wealth must now be scattered
On the raging waves.

Ah! but she was richly laden,
And the precious freight she carried,
Father, mother, youth and maiden,
Bride and bridegroom newly married,
These must find their graves,
In the darkness near each other,
Clinging close by friend and brother:
And the tender nursing mother
With her babe is there.
Some with hearts for terror failing;
Some with shrieking; some with wailing
Some with faith and prayer.
Some with noble self devotion,
Stifling their own wild emotion,
Seek to calm despair.
On the waves again uplifted,
Now her giant hull is lifted,
On the sharp rock driven;
On the beach the white foam streameth—
Now no hope on earth there seemeth,
And no help in Heaven.
One small boat is filled,
And amid the surges boiling,
Through the darkness men are toiling,
Strong and bravely skilled
On the strand the boat doth shiver—
Few are saved—it may be never
Known how many lost.
Lost for ever! lost for ever!
What a mighty cost!
Ah, the saved shall stand to-morrow,
With the dawn in awful sorrow,
On the wreck-strewn shore;
None who hath not lost another,
Child or parent, friend or brother,
Than his soul loved more.
Does the sea deplore its doing?
Are the waves their wild work rueing?
With a mighty sorrow swelling
Seems the ocean's breast;
While its mournful voice seems telling
Thus,—“No rest, no rest.”
What, though at the consummation
We shall know our sad emotion,
To the joy of all creation
Is a tear-drop in an ocean!
Wherefore all this wreck and ruin,
O Beneficent?
And is Thine eternity,
Like this great and boundless sea,
To o'erwhelm us meant?
Shall a few be safely landed
On the Eternal shore?
And a countless number stranded
Where thy breakers roar?
Ah! methinks the saved,—
Few without one friend or other,
Child or parent, wife or brother,
'Mong that awful host—
Evermore the glory scorning,
On that shore would wander mourning—
Seeking for the lost.

—Page 95.

To prove that Miss Craig is not incapable of that yearning tenderness for nature, which is the characteristic of modern poetry—while she is quite free from the meandering of the botanico-psychological school—we quote, in conclusion, two lovely sonnets. As

critics, however, we must earnestly contend against the metrical irregularities which she has introduced into the last.

HEART RARING THINGS.

I.

To spend a calm bright summer-day alone
In one of Nature's sanctuaries holy,
Where the uncounted hours glide on so slowly
That the long day-dream seems a life by-gone;
In leafy place, with water flowing nigh it,
Where faintly sound the never-ceasing gush,
Low whispering its everlasting hush,
Itself the only breaker of the quiet:
On the cool shining grass so still to lie
That you can see the thrush's gleaming eye,
Her soft bright eye, and mark her speckled breast,
As near she comes, in doubt a moment hovering,
Then darting thro' the curt'ning boughs, discovering
Low in the alder her leaf-hidden nest.

II.

Or lying on a lonely hill side, to
Look upward through the unfathomable blue,
Beyond the earth-born cloud across it driven,
Calm, changeless, everlasting, called Heaven,
The sapphire floor trodden by angel legions—
At least the way to reach their blissful regions.
To watch the floating cloudlets soft and fair,
And long to be a spirit thin as air.
To sink half way into their downy pillows,
And roll to westward 'mong the crimson billows,
Stranded upon the sunset's golden sand;
While clear and still is the mild air above—
Embracing all, like the Infinite love—
Unpillared dome, roofing Earth's temple grand.

—Pages 123-124.

We must, in conclusion, briefly allude to the "*Hors Poétiques*" of Mrs. George Lenox Conyngham. We welcome the appearance of this lady, both from respect to the honoured name of Holmes, and from the character of her book. We cannot, indeed, compare her effusions with those of Miss

Procter and Miss Craig, to whom she bears a relation analogous to that which subsists between an elegant amateur in crayons or water-colours and a Hunt or a MacIise. Mrs. Lenox Conyngham appears to have scholarship of no lady-like calibre, combined with lady-like ease and tenderness, and occasional scintillations of humour. We cite one little specimen of her pensive vein:—

THE EARLY DEAD.

We buried her while morning's light
Was stealing o'er the sky,
Ere yet the tears of dewy night
On Nature's face were dry.

We buried her while still the sun
Was on the horizon's verge,
The lark, before our task was done,
Began to sing her dirge.

We laid our sleeping flower among
The just awakening flowers,
Like them she was so sweet and young
That blighted bud of ours.

She died at dawn—we laid her where
The sun's first smiles will rest,
He will not look on aught so fair,
Before he gains the west.

We did not leave a trace of gloom
About her grassy bed,
All should be bright beside a tomb
Which holds the early dead.

Her being had but dawned on earth
Before she pass'd away;
Death is the spirit's better birth,
The dawn of perfect day.

—Pages 35-36.

We append to this article a Poem, which has been forwarded to us for publication, which obtained the third place in the Crystal Palace competition. The author requests us to state his (or *her*, as the case may be!) perfect acquiescence in the justice of the award made by Mr. Milnes and his distinguished colleagues.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

[AWARDED THE THIRD PLACE BY THE JUDGES OF THE BURNS PRIZE POEM.]

BIRTH-DAYS, my brothers!—do not our affections
 Mark them with cross or star
 Of prophecies, still more than recollections,
 In home's sweet calendar?

Then why keep birth-days of the great men sleeping
 Under the church-yard grass?—
 No prophecies of gladness or of weeping
 Across the hush'd ones pass.

Below, there may be shadows raining over,
 And sunlights chasing fleet,
 And seasonable change of bud and clover
 At the cold head and feet.

They are withdrawn from all the stir and changing
 To life divinely still:
 Rapturous, yet changeless, like a torrent hanging,
 White, from some purple hill.

Earth plays the stepdame to her poets ever,
 —Then grieves and gives them fame;
 As if they cared to hear by God's great river
 The echoes of their name!

Her martyrologies high genius fashions
 With many a line of red;
 Each birth-day in *them*, hath its acts and passions,
 O wronged and gifted dead!

Therefore, to-day, 'neath many a festive portal
 Repentant memory turns
 Upon this anniversary immortal
 To Scotland's poet, Burns.

Him, on whom Heav'n bestow'd the heart's fine flashes,
 The lyrist's delicate art;
 While man wrought out for symbol o'er his ashes
 A broken lyre and heart.

Come with me, O my brothers!—I would bring ye
 Backward a hundred years,
 And of the marvellous infant's birth-day sing ye
 Something with smiles and tears.

Smiles for the song that hath such rare beguilement,
 Laughter and love to win;
 Tears for the dust and ashes of defilement,
 Tears for the shame and sin.

Hark! as yon cottage clock through night's long watches
 Knelleth the minutes by,
 One standing on the floor expectant catches
 A little stranger's cry.

The first faint swinging of the bells of wonder
 Hung in life's belfry brave!
 Birth-bubbles of the stream whose broadening thunder
 Rolls to its bar—the grave.

Canton, the distance is 6,900 miles, and to Sydney, 8,200. Thus, the saving in distance is such, that the mails can be conveyed to Australia in ten days less than by Panama, while the journey to Peking can be performed in thirty days. But enough has been said; you have the shortest possible route, and the most practicable, through your own territory, from one ocean to the other, the finest harbours in the world (Halifax and Esquimaux), and abundance of coal at the termini, and the most direct communication with all the eastern world. With the exception of the sea voyages, you can proceed from London to the Himalaya Mountains on the borders of China, through British possessions. And now, what do you say to the route to

bed?" "Good night, and good-bye," I said; "I have to thank you for a very agreeable and instructive evening, and am sorry we must part so soon. I embark for Southampton to-morrow; here is my address; I shall be happy to see you there."

"Thank you," he replied; "we shall find ourselves there next week, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"Stranger," said Mr. Peabody, as he shook me by the hand, "you were not born yesterday, I guess. I was only sparrin', and had the gloves on. If I hit you, it was only a poke given in fun. Good night;" and as he emptied his glass, he added, "Here's to our next meeting, whenever and however that may be."

A TRIAD OF POTTESSER.

THERE is a beautiful story, somewhere told by Plutarch, in reference to that which has been termed the "*Vis Medica Poeseo*." The Lady Telesilla, of Argos, began to find her health declining, and her spirits sinking. In vain the storm of chase swept over the purple hills into the deep-meadowed lowlands. In vain the banquet was spread in the royal hall. Hunt or feast left her languid and pining. At last messengers went with regal gifts and with solemn words to the shrine of Apollo. When the golden-rayed crocuses were coming up in the early spring, they brought back the prophetic announcement: "So should the lady regain her health as she cultivated the Muses." Whereupon Telesilla recovered her strength, and her princely cheer came back to her. And further, the legend says, not only did the Muses teach her to weave numerous words into feet, but to order her virgins into orbéd dances, so that with her array she did the State noble service, driving back Oleeomenes, King of Lacedæmon, when marching with his army to besiege Argos.

This may be taken as an allegory, setting forth the office of Poetry in relation to the mind of woman. Iso-

lated from the nursery more than her robust companion; unable to drive away the dreamy imaginations of youth by strong exercise; full of sickly fancies—subtle and minute—unhardened by a logical training—to her, as to Telesilla, there is a special "*vis medica*" in the cultivation of the Muses. Not merely so. But, in the strength of this inspiration, she rises against moral and intellectual enemies—doubts and fears, littlenesses and unbeliefs—whom she would hardly have dared to encounter in the sober strength of prose and of logic.

We have before us the offerings to the Muses of three modern Telesillas; and, in each case, the allegory is more or less verified. In the two first, especially, we find a noble melancholy, soothing itself in musical expression—a beautiful scorn and hatred of sin, and of social injustice, ordering its dance of battle, and going forth to combat with bearded men.

First of the three, with some hesitation as between her and Miss Craig, we place Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, whose "*Legends and Lyrics*" form a beautiful volume.

One of the subtilst of critics has drawn a distinction between the

Legends and Lyrics. By Adelaide Anne Procter. London: Bell and Daldy, 165, Fleet Street. 1859.

Poems by Isa. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1866.

Hours Poeticæ. By Mrs. George Lenox Coevingham. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts. 1869.

Poema and the *Poesis*. The *Poema* is the work, the matter in its ultimate and accomplished shape. The *Poesis* is the form and mode of it. Accepting this distinction, we should be inclined to say that the latter element in Miss Procter is greatly superior to the former. Her *poemata* are rather slight, and her matter, for the most part, by no means original. But the form is elegant, graceful, and pre-eminently her own. It is not a mere shadow of Wordsworth and Tennyson, Keats and Longfellow. Her inspiration does not jerk on a galvanic existence through pages of *Smithian* blank verse. Unlike Mrs. Browning in every thing else; inferior in power, in general culture, in passionate concentration, in sustained purpose—superior in simplicity, in unity, in music—she resembles her in the determination to write in her own way, which, fortunately, is singularly flowing and unaffected. If we have any where detected imitative echoes, it is in some beautiful verses, the peculiar cadence and irregular *cæsura* of whose heroic lines, no less than the handling of the subject, irresistibly remind us of the last part of Matthew Arnold's "Church of Brou."

Dim with dark shadows of the ages past,
St. Bayon stands, solemn and rich and vast;
The slender pillars in long vistas spread,
Like forest arches meet, and close o'erhead:
So high, that like a weak and doubting prayer,
Ere it can float to the carved angels there,
The silver-clouded incense faints in air:
Only the organ-music, peal on peal,
Can mount to where those far-off angels kneel.
Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-arch,
Would listen to its solemn chant and march;
Folding his little hands, his simple prayer
Melted in childish dreams, and both in air:
While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
Hearing on eagle-wings the great desire
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
Only the silence seemed to listen still:
Or gathering, like a sea, still more and more,
Break in melodious waves at heaven's door,
And then fall soft and slow in tender rain
Upon the pleading, longing hearts again.
Then he would watch the rosy sun-light glow
That crept along the marble-floor below,
Passing—as life does—with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb,
Then, leaving it again to shade and gloom;
And creeping on, to show distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint;
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare,
That told of patient toil and reverent care;

Then the gold rays up pillared shafts would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven at eventime.
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around, only the windows glow'd
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, arm'd with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlement at night.
Then all was shade, the silver lamps that gleam'd,
Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seem'd
Like sparks of fire in the dim aisle to shine,
Or trembling stars before each separate shrine.
Grown half-afraid the child would leave them there,
And come out blinded by the noisy glare
That burst upon him from the busy square."
—"A Tomb in Ghent," pp. 84-6.

A French poet has lately given a new and beautiful comparison in relation to poetic art. The pebble which is picked up on the beach, perhaps selected as a gem to adorn a ring, the sea has been rolling for ages. By long friction the tide has enamelled it, with blue and purple like his own, with tints like the rose or the violet; not only has he dowered the stone with colour, he has worked the delicate smoothness which is so worthy of admiration. So with the poet. Deeply and patiently he rolls his thoughts, at first, perhaps, in darkness and confusion. By degrees, in the long and silent lapses of mental agitation, without conscious and direct effort, the thought is enamelling itself with colour, and rounding itself into smoothness, until at last in due season, it is thrown upon the shore, sure to be picked up and worn eternally. When Shakespeare, for instance, flings up, as if at hazard, some diamond of imagination, like that line put into Arthur's mouth:

"Shadowing our right under your wings of war;"

some graceful gem of fancy, as when a politician calls the bee:—

"The singing mason building roofs of gold;"

the expressions, probably, were not immediately extemporized in the glow of composition; or if they were, their substance had been deposited long before. Perhaps when the poet was courting Anne Hathaway, loitering in the little garden, the dainty fancy crept into his mind with the humming of some bee. Perhaps as he listened in the church, the Scriptural expres-

sion fell grandly upon his ear, and went down into his soul, and never left it. He did not hurry the thought. It was left like rich wine to ripen in the cool darkness. At last some strong suggestion took it forth, and placed it in the glass of poetry. And the glass is dusked with its hue, and enriched with its odour for ever.

There is some exemplification of this in the best of Miss Procter's performances. The most ordinary philosophers and theologians do not differ from those of the highest rank in having quite other thoughts, but in selecting, fixing, and settling the same thoughts. It is not merely the revolution of certain conceptions in the restless play of suggestion which constitutes pre-eminence in this kind; it is the judgment which sets a due price upon the precious, the patience which arrests it upon its progress, and the strength which moulds and compresses it into shape. The leading thoughts of the Analogy may be dimly traced in Quintilian, in Lactantius, in Clarke, in Bishop Berkeley; they are not the less Bishop Butler's that they have been suggested to others; thoughts do not belong to him who has seen them drifting by like fragments of wreck upon the waves of speculation, and then lost sight of them in the drift and spray; but to him who has put out in his boat, recovered the fragments and brought them to the other shore. Montaigne advised a friend in Italy who was anxious to speak the language of the country, to employ solely the first words that rushed to his lips, Latin, French, Spanish, or Gascon, and to add an Italianized termination. In this way, he would be infallibly sure to stumble upon some idiom of the land, Tuscan, Roman, Venetian, Neapolitan, or Piedmontese. This quaint advice, Montaigne applies to speculation. "I say the same of philosophy. She has so many aspects and varieties, and has spoken so much, that all our veriest dreams and reveries are to be found somewhere in her ample collections. Human fancy is absolutely unable to conceive any thing, good or bad, which is not there." All this is almost equally true of poetry; and Miss Procter's merit, we repeat, consists mainly in this, not that she has enriched the realms of poesy with

figures, but that she has laid a strong yet delicate grasp upon shapes that have floated before a thousand other eyes, and fixed all the beauty which they possess upon a canvas which glows with no evanescent colours. She has peculiarly the faculty of seizing thoughts under aspects in which, indeed, others have seen them, but only with a superficial and transitory regard. She has all the power of making the abstract concrete, which is the chief intellectual characteristic of the mind of woman. She has also the artistic endowment of rendering her conceptions both clear and distinct; both luminous as independent objects, and also with all the ragged edges of conterminous thoughts sharply chiselled off, of steadily resisting the claims of every alien and discordant beauty, and thus of presenting the whole as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." It has been said that the most perfect oration or discourse is that which may be contracted into a single proposition; which answers to that proposition as the blossom to the bud, or the opened to the shut hand. We quote four specimens from Miss Procter, which if poetry be analogous to oratory, nearly realize this type of perfection. We must only be ill-natured enough to regret the oversight which has allowed the last two fine lines to break off into the regular heroic measure, and alightily jarred the peculiar music of *unexpressed*.

THE STORM.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice, and cry;
Time answers to the angry sky,
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling all in vain
To live upon the stormy main,
Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The meaning wind, and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window pane,
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtain'd was the little bed,
Soft pillow'd was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said,
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father, save those at sea to-night!"
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay
And on a little child at play,
Gloria tibi Domine.

—Page 152.

A LITTLE LONGER.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet
birds sing;
And the lime branches where soft winds are
blowing
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the
spring.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn;
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn!

A little longer yet—a little longer
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful for thee;
And the cold moon shall look through the blue
silence
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to
will—
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to
conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
The voices thou hast loved shall charm
thine ear;
And thy true heart that now beats quick to
hear them,
A little longer yet—shall hold them dear.

A little longer yet—joy while thou may'st;
Love and rejoice, for time has nought in
store;
And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid
thee
Love and rejoice, and feel and know no more.

A little longer still—patience beloved;
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer—ere life true immortal
(Not this, our shadowy life) will be thine
own;
And thou shalt stand where wing'd archangels
worship,
And trembling bow before the great white
throne.

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A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart beloved
Shall beat for ever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be
thine.

A little longer yet—and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine
ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs
thee,
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"The clouds are fleeting by, father,
Look, in the shining west,
The great white clouds sail onward,
Upon the sky's blue breast.

Look at a snowy eagle,
His wings are tinged with red,
And a giant-dolphin follows him
With a crown upon his head."

The father spake no word, but watched
The drifting clouds roll by;
He traced a misty vision, too,
Upon the shining sky;
A shadowy form with well-known grace,
Of weary love and care,
Above the smiling child she held
Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father,
Mountains rise higher and higher,
And see where red and purple ships
Sail in a sea of fire."

The father press'd the little hand
More closely in his own,
And watched a cloud-dream in the sky
That he could see alone;—
Bright angels carrying far away,
A white form cold and dead;
Two held the feet and two bore up
The flower-crown'd drooping head.

"See, father, see, a glory floods
The sky, and all is bright,
And clouds of every hue and shade
Burn in the golden light.
And now, above an azure lake,
Rise battlements and towers,
Where knights and ladies climb the heights,
All bearing purple flowers."

The father look'd and, with a pang
Of love and strange alarm,
Drew close the little eager child
Within his sheltering arm;
From out the clouds the mother looks
With wistful glance below;
She seems to seek the treasure left
On earth so long ago.

sion fell grandly upon his ear, and went down into his soul, and never left it. He did not hurry the thought. It was left like rich wine to ripen in the cool darkness. At last some strong suggestion took it forth, and placed it in the glass of poetry. And the glass is dusked with its hue, and enriched with its odour for ever.

There is some exemplification of this in the best of Miss Procter's performances. The most ordinary philosophers and theologians do not differ from those of the highest rank in having quite other thoughts, but in selecting, fixing, and settling the same thoughts. It is not merely the revolution of certain conceptions in the restless play of suggestion which constitutes pre-eminence in this kind; it is the judgment which sets a due price upon the precious, the patience which arrests it upon its progress, and the strength which moulds and compresses it into shape. The leading thoughts of the Analogy may be dimly traced in Quintilian, in Lactantius, in Clarke, in Bishop Berkeley; they are not the less Bishop Butler's that they have been suggested to others; thoughts do not belong to him who has seen them drifting by like fragments of wreck upon the waves of speculation, and then lost sight of them in the drift and spray; but to him who has put out in his boat, recovered the fragments and brought them to the other shore. Montaigne advised a friend in Italy who was anxious to speak the language of the country, to employ solely the first words that rushed to his lips, Latin, French, Spanish, or Gascon, and to add an Italianized termination. In this way, he would be infallibly sure to stumble upon some idiom of the land, Tuscan, Roman, Venetian, Neapolitan, or Piedmontese. This quaint advice, Montaigne applies to speculation. "I say the same of philosophy. She has so many aspects and varieties, and has spoken so much, that all our veriest dreams and reveries are to be found somewhere in her ample collections. Human fancy is absolutely unable to conceive any thing, good or bad, which is not there." All this is almost equally true of poetry; and Miss Procter's merit, we repeat, consists mainly in this, not that she has enriched the realms of poetry with

figures, but that she has laid a strong yet delicate grasp upon shapes that have floated before a thousand other eyes, and fixed all the beauty which they possess upon a canvas which glows with no evanescent colours. She has peculiarly the faculty of seizing thoughts under aspects in which, indeed, others have seen them, but only with a superficial and transitory regard. She has all the power of making the abstract concrete, which is the chief intellectual characteristic of the mind of woman. She has also the artistic endowment of rendering her conceptions both clear and distinct; both luminous as independent objects, and also with all the ragged edges of conterminous thoughts sharply chiselled off, of steadily resisting the claims of every alien and discordant beauty, and thus of presenting the whole as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." It has been said that the most perfect oration or discourse is that which may be contracted into a single proposition; which answers to that proposition as the blossom to the bud, or the opened to the shut hand. We quote four specimens from Miss Procter, which if poetry be analogous to oratory, nearly realize this type of perfection. We must only be ill-natured enough to regret the oversight which has allowed the last two fine lines to break off into the regular heroic measure, and slightly jarred the peculiar music of *unexpressed*.

THE STORM.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice, and cry;
Time answers to the angry sky,
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling all in vain
To live upon the stormy main,
Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare.
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind, and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window pane,
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtain'd was the little bed,
Soft pillow'd was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said,
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father, save those at sea to-night!"
Miserere Domine.

The morning abone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay
And on a little child at play;
Gloria tibi Domine.
—Page 152.

A LITTLE LONGER.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet
birds sing;
And the lime branches where soft winds are
blowing
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the
spring.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn;
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn!

A little longer yet—a little longer
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
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And the cold moon shall look through the blue
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Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

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Life shall be thine—life with its power to
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Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

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The voices thou hast loved shall charm
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Love and rejoice, for time has nought in
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And thou shalt stand where wing'd archangels
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VOL. LIII.—NO. CCXVI.

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THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"The clouds are fleeting by, father,
Look, in the shining west,
The great white clouds sail onward,
Upon the sky's blue breast.

Look at a snowy eagle,
His wings are tinged with red,
And a giant-dolphin follows him
With a crown upon his head."

The father spake no word, but watched
The drifting clouds roll by;
He traced a misty vision, too,
Upon the shining sky;
A shadowy form with well-known grace,
Of weary love and care,
Above the smiling child she held
Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father,
Mountains rise higher and higher,
And see where red and purple ships
Sail in a sea of fire."

The father press'd the little hand
More closely in his own,
And watched a cloud-dream in the sky
That he could see alone;—
Bright angels carrying far away,
A white form cold and dead;
Two held the feet and two bore up
The flower-crown'd drooping head.

"See, father, see, a glory floods
The sky, and all is bright,
And clouds of every hue and shade
Burn in the golden light,
And now, above an azure lake,
Rise battlements and towers,
Where knights and ladies climb the heights,
All bearing purple flowers."

The father look'd and, with a pang
Of love and strange alarm,
Drew close the little eager child
Within his sheltering arm;
From out the clouds the mother looks
With wistful glance below;
She seems to seek the treasure left
On earth so long ago.

There is weird music out on river-surges,
 A voice on fell and ford ;
 And where, like cherubim through long dark gorges,
 The moonlight flames her sword

Of silver on the waters, stands a spirit,
 Holding a golden lyre—
 She from whom Scotia's ballad-bards inherit
 Their pathos and their fire.

"Of old," she saith, "this land of mine was noted
 For singers many a one ;
 O'er her wild tales their rainbow-lays they floated,
 Born of her storm and sun.

"I only touch'd them with my inspiration,
 Put harps into their hand—
 There was enough of love and indignation,
 And legend in the land !

"To them the 'gurly ocean' brought a wailing
 Of girls in 'kames o' goud'—
 'Sir Patrick and our true loves are not sailing
 Home—for the sea's their shroud !'^{*}

"The summer twilight show'd them Elfiand's lady
 Riding by Eildon-tree—
 Sweet chimed her horse's bells through forest shady
 Like the far silver sea.

"O the moss-trooper's catch of merry slaughter,
 Red on the diamond-dew,
 Of jingling spurs by banks of Eden water,
 Green gleuves and feathers blue !

"O the sweet wish that softly dieth—dieth,
 Griefless at last to be
 Turf-happ'd and sound asleep, as she that lieth
 On fair Kirkconnell-lee.

"Far from fight, frolic, wine, desire, or sorrow,
 Round wild hearts, green grass ! twine,
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
 In quietness divine !

"At close of every woe or jubilation,
 O passionate spirit ! trace
 The beauty of that peaceful habitation,
 And quiet resting-place.†

"Why are no new songs chanted, O my singers !
 Sweet Poesy liveth yet—
 Along the grey cliffs glide its sunny fingers ;
 The autumnal violet

* Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.

† I have not thought it necessary to specify all the well-known Scottish Ballads to which I allude ; but I would draw attention to that strange hopeless view of life—that yearning after death—that peculiar endearing wealth of expressions about the grave, like a sleepy child's fondling words for its bed—which characterises so many of them.

- "Of sunset wraps it in the gentle weather,
With spring's wild-rose it stirs ;
It lieth purple-rich along the heather,
And golden on the furze.
- "The only ornaments it needs are lying,
Around ye and above,
In stars, and hills, in human hopes undying,
In human grief, and love.
- "Dear to my soul, O baby poet, rest thee,
Hush thee, my darling ! hush.
With the sweet lintwhite's nature I invest thee,
With music like the thrush.
- "All Scottish legends shall thy fancy fashion,
All airs that richly flow,
Laughing with frolic, tremulous with passion,
Broken with lovelorn woe.
- "Ballads, whose beauty years have long been stealing,
And left few links of gold,
Shall to thy quaint and subtle touch of healing
Seem fairer—not less old.
- "Grey Cluden and the vestal's choral cadence
Thy might shall wake therewith ;
Till boatmen hang their oars, to hear the maidens
Upon the moonlit Nith.
- "Thine, too, the strains of battle nobly coming,
From Bruce, or Wallace wight,
Such as the Highlander shall oft be humming
Before some famous fight.
- "Nor only these—for thee the hawthorn hoary
Shall in new wreaths be wrought—
The 'crimson-tippèd' daisy wear fresh glory,
Born of poetic thought.
- "From the 'wee cowering beastie' shalt thou borrow
A wondrous wealth of rhyme,
A noble tenderness of human sorrow,
Thou moralist sublime !
- "O but the mountain breezes shall be pleasant
Upon the sun-burnt brow,
Of that poetic and triumphant peasant,
Driving his laurell'd plough !"
- "Tis done. But hear ye not a voice all broken
With woe, on Nith and Ayr,
Burden'd with sadness that can scarce be spoken,
Dying into a prayer ?
- "O the wild wit that mars the holy hymning,
The stains upon the stole,
The spray-drops from the sea of passion dimming
The windows of the soul.
- "Would I might take the peasant's lyre of wonder,
My hand across it lay,
And snap the strings, the golden strings, in sunder,
And fling it far away !

"This fatal gift of genius to the peasant
Spare—let him work his work—
So shall his rest at sunset be more pleasant
Under the grave-yard birk!"

Once more comes answer, O my brothers!—"Yonder
Safe from the reach of sin,
Where wayward genius never more may wander,
The kings of earth come in.

"Not only monarchs—God-encrown'd creators,
The deep of heart and strong;
The poets, and the thinkers, royal natures,
The kings of thought, and song.

"They who write lines where through gleam Heaven and duty,
As through a forest tree
Is interwoven here and there the beauty
Of a blue summer-sea.

"Ofttimes when earth last saw them, they were bleeding,
Thorn-crown'd, and sore perplex'd;
They shall be changed, and beautiful exceeding
When she shall see them next.

"Changed—for ere death some miracle of healing
Touch'd the heart's wither'd leaf;
And beautiful—with that divine annealing
Which purifies through grief.

"A grief which brings them to some great affliction
Laid on God's altar-shrine;
Some drops of blood that fall in benediction,
Some touch of tears divine.

"There where the loftiest songs are the most vestal,
Where truest, is most fair,
Where Poesy upon the sea of crystal
Yearneth, but grieveth ne'er.

"The poet finds the best of his creations
Well-known, and gone before,
Familiar to the emancipated nations
Upon the golden floor."

Hark! round the clay-built cot and cradle lowly
By banks of bonnie Doon,
A voice of diverse songs—some wild, some holy—
A many-mingling tune.

But all at last with solemn sweet surprises
Like anthems die away—
And o'er the glee of "Tam o' Shanter" rises,
The "Cotter's Saturday."

And from a multitude beside the river,
And on the mountain sod,
Swells, and rings up, and up, as if for ever,
"Come, let us worship God!"*

* The lines in the "Cotter's Saturday" will not be forgotten, nor Robert Burns' conversation with his brother.

RESOURCES OF MODERN WARFARE.

RIFLED ORDNANCE—THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

QUIETLY as our jottings on warlike resources have been noted down; making known a few of the agencies, science-inspired and ingenious, by which man has sought to speed his death-winged messengers towards enemies far away;—a veritable great-gun, amongst great guns has turned up. The rifled ordnance of Sir William George Armstrong has acquired for itself a fame greater, perhaps, than ever fell to the lot of any great gun in times gone by. After many years of untiring study, directed towards the accomplishment of one end, the inventor at length succeeds in constructing a rifled cannon, perfect enough to give satisfaction to himself. He goes to a patent agent for the purpose of acquiring the monopoly of a patent; but the War Office, taking fright, advise refusal. The secret is thought of so great importance, that it must on no account be told. Sir William (then plain Mr. Armstrong) is invited to throw himself upon the generosity of fatherland; and the inventor, nothing loth, accedes. Trials of the gun are made, its destructive powers are considered. The Armstrong cannon is formally adopted into our service. Plain Mr. Armstrong becomes Sir William; and last, though not least, a Government appointment of two thousand per annum is created for him; the appointment to date six years back, in such wise that Sir William commences operations, his labours cheered by the quiet little *douceur* of twelve thousand pounds. Vague, but wondrous, are the accounts which reach us of the exploits of this weapon at Shoeburyness. An Armstrong gun at length makes its *début* on Woolwich common; but nobody may look at it even then. An unfortunate limner for an illustrated paper takes book and pencil, and begins to sketch; he is arrested on the instant, and forced to give up his drawing. The Armstrong gun was a dead secret, which must not be told.

Alas for the keeping of a scientific secret now-a-days! Sectional drawings of the Armstrong gun—shell, fuse

and all—have been in our possession for at least three weeks. It cost us no particular trouble to get these drawings. A sort of gravitation brought it about—the gravitation of special facts towards special quarters, thrown open for their reception.

We purpose minutely describing the Armstrong gun. It is a conviction of ours, that no good is conferred—on the contrary, much harm—by veiling such matters in secrecy; nevertheless, deference to the opinion of others who think differently, might have prevented the statement we shall make; were it not that the Armstrong gun has already been described, though, indeed, imperfectly, as will in the sequel be perceived, in the columns of a technical journal.

On this occasion, however, we think well to refrain from publishing a description of the Armstrong shell. It is a piece of over-delicacy, perhaps, all things considered. To be plain, long before this, drawings and all particulars of the Armstrong gun have been communicated to the Americans and the French. The case is simply this:—Owing to some little difference of sentiment between Sir William and certain subordinates concerned in the manufacture of these guns, and shells, two individuals set off some time since; one to France, the other to America; carrying drawings, elevations, in short, *all* particulars necessary for teaching the secrets involved to the Americans and the French.

Before specially addressing ourselves to the subject of rifled ordnance in particular, unrifled cannon must come in for their share of recognition. We shall make no technical matter of it: indeed an unrifled piece of ordnance is so simple an affair that a description of its structure, its powers, and various capabilities, does not necessarily involve any great amount of technicality.

Every person knows that a piece of ordnance, whether it be cannon, caronade, howitzer, or mortar, is a very simple affair. A metal tube, of variable length, closed at one end, but

open at the other, with a touch-hole communication established—behold a piece of ordnance. We need not record the well-known fact, that the manufacture of such a tube as this involves a considerable exercise of mechanical skill ; accordingly, when ordnance first came into use, they were more frequently constructed of longitudinal bars, hooped externally, in such wise as to leave a central bore, than cast out of one piece of metal. Then followed the manufacture of ordnance by casting ; the bore resulting from the mould, and bronze being chosen for the material. Next came what may be termed the cast-iron era of great guns, dating, in England, from the period when the method was discovered of reducing our native iron-stone by pit-coal flame ; the production of cast-iron guns having, in point of fact, done more than any other industrial art to press onwards and bring to its present state of competence our national manufacture of coal-smelted cast iron.

Looking at the broad philosophy of great guns, and leaving the technicalities affecting them out of the question, one is likely to be struck with the curious fact that, whilst the early history of great guns everywhere,—and records of great guns constructed by half-civilized nations,—present us with examples of enormous calibres, belching forth globes of stone or iron having an enormous weight, we moderns, with all our metallurgic improvements, find it hard to manufacture a long piece of ordnance of larger bore than eight or ten inches ; so strong that it shall be competent to withstand a suitable gunpowder charge.

The apparent anomaly is easily explicable. One has only to look at a table of compositions of ancient gunpowder, in order to perceive how thoroughly impotent such powders must have been, by comparison with any gunpowder now used by civilized nations. When cannon were first invented, and for a long time subsequently, the object seems to have been the mere projection of a ball ;—the bowling of it out, so to speak, under a low initial velocity. There was little need then of strong materials ; the powder was weak, the charge of it small, and the range of projectile inconsiderable. A still more important

reason wherefore such ancient monster cannon were not inordinately strained, is referable to the disproportionate size of the bore, with reference to the projectile discharged from it, thus leaving a large "*windage*," to adopt a modern technical phrase.

So long as the rifled system was not brought to bear in the construction of ordnance, the limits of improvement in regard to them were narrow. To increase the weight and dimensions of cannon projectiles ; to impart still greater velocity to them ; and to combine the explosive effects of gunpowder with the shattering and perforating qualities of a mere projectile ; such were the aims, almost exclusively, of artillerists. At length, after many experiments, it was found that no great gun, whether of bronze or of cast-iron could be constructed with a diameter much larger than the one corresponding with a thirty-two pounder iron ball ; and yet strong enough to withstand the force of gunpowder necessary to propel with good effect a solid cast-iron ball. In our, and indeed many other services, there exist cannon now having diameters of eight, nine, ten, and even more inches ; but their metal is not strong enough to withstand the firing of solid shot, under the impulse of full charges.

For a long time the theory was tacitly assumed, that the only limit to the strengthening of a piece of ordnance up to any required degree was the inconvenience attendant upon the casting of a sufficiently bulky mass of metal ; but mathematicians affirmed, and practical men have since demonstrated the fact, that beyond a certain given thickness (varying for different metals, though constant for the same), no increase of the mass confers increase of strength ; whence it inevitably follows that no considerable addition to the power of artillery is to be anticipated in the direction of increased size ; except a new material, adapted to the formation of cannon be discovered. It should seem, then, that whatever improvements the construction and practice of artillery are destined to experience will depend on advantage being taken of other principles more recondite than those which cannon and common projectiles, as ordinarily constructed, embrace.

Very early in the chronicles of gunpowder as applied to warlike pur-

poses, we find that belligerents got tired of hurling mere dead weights at each other, by force of gunpowder. Military historians are not in accord as to the date when the idea of a shell was reduced to practice. That shells can boast of considerable antiquity is certain; but the fact has a peculiar significance, as will be seen by-and-bye, that shells, on their first discovery, and for a very long period afterwards, were exclusively shot out of that short variety of ordnance called the mortar. It is desirable to remember this fact, for many reasons; and the more particularly that much of the feverish excitement wherewith rifled ordnance have been worked at so much of late years, was determined in a great degree by the practice of firing shells horizontally from long guns.

The term "horizontal," used in the sense of an artillerist, having thus slipped from our pen, it is as well to qualify and limit it at once; lest mistakes should hereafter arise. Strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as horizontal firing. A projectile may be launched into the air horizontally indeed,—but, owing to gravity it pursues a curvilinear course. Nevertheless, what is meant by the term horizontal firing, will soon be apparent. Let the reader fancy himself standing opposite a house, and desirous of hitting it with a stone. He may either project the stone against the front wall of the house; or, throwing the stone aloft at a suitable angle, he might so manage that the stone should fall down *upon* the house. Thus may it obviously be with artillery practice; and thus will be perceived the distinction intended to be conveyed by the expressions *horizontal* and *vertical* firing.

For certain reasons, the mortar has always been accepted as the special ordnance for accomplishing vertical fire. It is easier to make a short gun of large diameter, than a small one; easier to move it when constructed; moreover, the notion continued for a long time to linger in the minds of artillerymen, that the flash of a gun discharge could not be depended upon for producing ignition of a shell-fuse. It was thought absolutely necessary to set fire to the fuse before firing the piece: a condition as will be seen only compatible with the use of

a very short gun. The mortar type once adopted, vertical firing—that is to say firing at a high angle, 45° degrees, or thereabout—followed of necessity; inasmuch as the large angle in question gave the very longest ranges; and the shortness of a mortar renders it necessary to secure every possible advantage for a piece of ordnance; the range of which would be for equal angles much less than the range of a long gun. Though it will be seen from these explanations that vertical shell fire was a necessity, having regard to all the circumstances which accompanied the first utilization of shells; yet, there are powerful reasons for retaining the practice. Generally speaking a block of masonry is weaker from above downward, than in the directions perpendicular to its faces. Again, inasmuch, as it is intended that a shell may explode after striking, evidently a shell vertically fired,—one that comes plunging down *through* a building, resting finally before explosion somewhere within the precincts of the building,—would be more likely to bring its explosive quality to bear against the object desired, than a shell horizontally launched *at* the building. Contemplate the latter, and we shall perceive that except it explode on striking the building, or at any rate before completing its course *through* the building, the explosion will have been useless as far as the building is concerned.

Let us now call attention to a position that will be granted as self-obvious. Whilst vertical or mortar firing is, from its nature, exclusively restricted to employment against a fixed object,—a fixed object too of large size,—direct firing is exclusively that which the artillerist would employ under circumstances the reverse of these. Vertical firing should be most efficacious directed from a ship upon a fortification; but, horizontal firing would have the advantage directed from a fortress against a ship.

For a long time after the discovery of shell practice, shells were exclusively used in siege operations; and exclusively projected from mortars, as we have said. At length, it occurred to the Prussians, in the time of Frederic the Great, that shell practice might be turned to good account in the slaughter of men, as

well as in the demolition of stone walls. But the mortar being an inconvenient piece of ordnance for that specific use, they effected a compromise between the ordinary mortar and the ordinary long gun : that compromise was the howitzer.

Transfer we now awhile our attention exclusively to ships of war. The wars of the French Revolution, with all their tremendous sea-fights, so glorious to us in their issues, had long closed before the notion came into anybody's head of turning gunpowder to more deadly account in naval warfare than to employ it for the hurling of solid iron balls. If we except a little manœuvring to get the weather-gauge of an enemy, a naval battle, as conducted in the style of Howe, or of Nelson, or any commander of the old school, was a somewhat simple affair. To pound your adversary with solid balls of cast-iron until he either struck or sank, varied by a hand-to-hand boarding encounter now and then ;—such was the formulary. We make bold to suppose that poor Nelson's pigtail would have stood on end if any one had proposed that he should have fired shells into his opponent. He would have scouted the proposal as something too horribly barbarous for a civilized tar to entertain. To be sure, Nelson could not have fired shells into his enemy had he wished ; which brings the fable of fox and grapes to memory. That naval encounters were sufficiently sanguinary in their results the reader need not be informed, but it does seem a curious fact, when we come to reflect upon it, that, throughout all the naval battles of the French war, not one vessel—French or English—was sunk by sheer force of iron shot into her. At Trafalgar, the *Belleisle* is said to have been assailed for at least an hour by three French ships ; the *Achille*, *Ayle*, and *Neptuné*. The conflict was almost in the style of a general *mêlée*, and in it were mingled sixty of the largest ships in the world, engaged from one till four, delivering their broadsides at distances so short, and at marks so large that very few shots ought to have been missed. Yet not a single ship was sunk in action : and, though horribly battered, only one went down in the gale which ensued about thirty-six hours after-

wards. The conflict which took place between the *Guillaume Tell* (afterwards the *Malta*) and the *Foudroyant* 74, the *Lion* 64, and the *Penelope* frigate, supplies another example. The *Foudroyant* ranged up alongside, approaching the French ship so closely that her spare anchor just escaped catching in the mizen rigging of the *Guillaume Tell*. The action was continued for two hours and twenty minutes, when the *Guillaume Tell* struck. On this occasion the *Foudroyant* expended

1,900 32lb. shot,
1,240 24lb. "
118 18lb. "
200 12lb. "

being a total of 2,758 shot fired at short distances, besides these fired from the batteries of the *Lion* and *Penelope* : yet the *Guillaume Tell* was not sunk, nor so much injured as to be incapable of service soon afterwards in the British navy.

About the year 1822, a French general, Paixhans by name, experienced the working inside him of a peculiar sort of benevolence. A landman and a soldier, he had long familiarised himself with the terrible efficacy of shell-firing on shore. His great heart throbbed with emotion when he saw to what greater degree soldiers were favoured by the good genius of gunpowder than sailors. He could not reconcile it with the harmonies of war, that men of war on *terra firma* should continue to be blessed in the matter of shells to a higher degree than men of war at sea. Nor did it seem unreasonable to assume (the General reflected within himself) that shells, properly brought to bear against ships, would prove far more deadly than on land. A ship, after all, is a more combustible mass than a stone-wall ; and a ship's magazine furnishes a hopeful idea to build upon. The General thought it a stupid, not to say a barbarian act, for two belligerent ships to be pounding at each other by the hour with cold iron, when one single live shell, nicely planted, would be so much better calculated to facilitate conclusions. Thence arose the Paixhans system, which may be curtly described as nothing more or less than the adoption of very large ordnance suitable to the projection of shells horizontally ; but, on account of their very dimen-

sions, and consequent relative weakness, unadapted, for the most part, to the launching of solid shot.

All naval powers adopted the Paixhans system; but not all to the same extent. In the French navy, as well as in our own, a compromise between shell-guns and shot-guns was arrived at. The superior efficiency of shell-guns against timber (ships) admitted of no doubt: but to the end of battering stone-walls solid-shotted guns were considered more desirable. The Americans have viewed the Paixhans system with more favourable eye; or rather they have contemplated the functions of war-ships under a different point of view from either ourselves or the French. The Americans have adopted the Paixhans armament exclusively for all their newest-built, largest, and heaviest war-ships. The *Merrimac*, which lay in Southampton waters a while ago, had not one solid shot on board. Now, the reason wherefore the Paixhans, or incendiary system has been exclusively adopted in American armaments, but only in part by ourselves, will at once become apparent, when the views of American naval men, as regards the formation of their war-ships, are stated. They at once concede the insufficiency of their sort of armament for the purpose of attacking stone-walls. The Americans never contemplate that their war-ships will be thus employed against any first-class fortress. If ever circumstances were to arise involving the attack of fortresses from seaboard, our friends over the ocean would adopt special means. Their war-ships are specially constructed for coping with other war-ships, fighting them, and, of course, *whipping them*: to which end the fullest scope for the play of General Paixhans' devilments has been afforded. And here, lest some hypercritical critic should go out of his way to intimate that American war-vessels are not armed with *Paixhans* guns at all, but with ordnance of very peculiar shape, the invention of Commodore Dahlgren, we may concede *that* much, asserting, nevertheless, that the Dahlgren gun and the Paixhans gun are, functionally regarded, one and the same. In external shape they vary, indeed, but in all other points they are alike.

It will be something terrible to

mark the effects of Paixhans firing, in any future naval engagement between rival forces, one or both of which is supplied with this kind of ordnance. One shell, accurately timed and nicely planted, might, as we have already announced, seal the issue. Having regard to the recent improvements wrought out on military small-arms, a recent military author has said, it is hard to determine how battalions are to be manœuvred in times to come. Still harder, perhaps, is it to decide how war-ships are to be manœuvred with greatest effect in times to come. From amidst the overmuch of speculation, and over-little of certainty, wherewith this matter is enclosed, only one positive conclusion seems to have been arrived at; which is this:—a war-ship, having no other means of locomotion than sails, is useless, when matched on open waters against a war-steamer, armed with guns, even though they be of far inferior power.

It must necessarily be that warlike resources equalize themselves amongst different military and naval powers, after the lapse of no considerable time. In days when science was the mystery of a caste or a priesthood, the result might have been otherwise; but living in times like the present, when some of the most valued resources of warfare are contributed by civilians, and bonds of common interest unite men of similar lines of pursuit, no secret of destruction can remain a secret for any considerable time. Even the shrapnell shell, the invention of a military man, could not long be kept an exclusive secret of our own service. Before the conclusion of the Peninsular war the secret had oozed out, and shrapnell firing had been brought to bear against us. The war-rocket, invented by Congreve, again, soon found imitators, and is now employed by nearly all civilized military nations. The Austrians employ war-rockets far more extensively than ourselves, and are at this time anxiously alive to effect still further improvements on their rocket system. Even now, whilst we pen these lines, an English improver of war-rockets is in Vienna, treating with the Austrian government for the adoption of his rockets.

However much the possession, for a time, of some exclusive means of

destruction might serve the immediate purposes of a bucaneeering government, to whatever degree the system of war may be modified, by the adoption of more deadly warlike resources, the assumption does not appear possible that any lasting preponderance of one military or naval government over another can be permanently, or even for a long time together, maintained on such easy tenure. Neither does it seem likely that the general issues of warfare will be more sanguinary than heretofore, owing to improved means of destruction already introduced or contemplated. The sort of difference recognisable between old stage-coach accidents and railway accidents, may be accepted as a fitting illustration of what we mean. It is asserted, and well authenticated, we believe, that the per-centage amount of railroad accidents is smaller than the number of accidents incidental to stage-coach travelling in times gone by. Still, when railroad accidents *do* occur, they compensate for their lesser frequency by a certain *thoroughness*, as Mrs. Beecher Stowe would say—a certain hideous grandeur, more telling and impressive by many times than the vulgar break-neck records of old stage-coaches. Much the same way will it be, in all likelihood, with conflicts, especially sea conflicts, in times to come. It may suit the violent spirit of two rancorous individuals, set *vis-à-vis* in a duel, to desire that sort of issue which befel the Kilkenny cats. Spirits which rule the contests of war-ships battling with each other are less rancorous against their enemies, more considerate of themselves. Two adverse ships thus equally matched would be apt to keep much clearer of each other than heretofore; when tons upon tons of cold iron might be exchanged at pistol-shot, without totally destroying one or both of the conflicting vessels.

It is curious to note how some of the plans of military art are reproduced from time to time under seemingly different circumstances, though influenced by a similar motive cause. When fire-arms began to supplant old systems of projectiles in the field, the result of their adoption on defensive armour is well known. Helmets grew almost heavier than cooking-pots, breast-plates, for massiveness, were

comparable to anvils; the whole entourage of a man-at-arms becoming at last so oppressive, that, as affirmed truly enough by James I., defensive armour was two-fold in its uses. It protected the wearer of it from damage, and, at the same time, prevented him from damaging others. Between arms and armour, there was a contest for supremacy going-on for a long time; until armour, becoming so unwieldy at last that men were no longer able to carry it,—was discarded altogether. Of late years the idea has been mooted, as is well known, of making vessels, or rather certain classes of vessels, proof against cannon balls, by a coating of heavy mail. Most probably the degree of unwieldiness incidental to this kind of defence is hardly proportionate to the amount of safety to be secured from its adoption.

Ever since the incendiary system of warfare began to commend itself for adoption, and to be more or less adopted, artillerists have striven to remedy some of the defects inherent to that sort of practice. *Cæteris paribus*, shells are deficient in many respects in comparison with solid shot. They neither range so far nor so truly. They are slower to manipulate, and enormously more expensive; and, so long as ordinary or unrifled cannon are used for their projection, the range and hence the capacity of these shells is limited by the spherical capacity of any given calibre. Again and again has the trial been made of firing with effect non-spherical shells from non-rifled guns. Unavailing in all cases has been the trial, so that artillerists are now completely in accord on the point that only spherical shells can be fired with advantage from non-rifled guns. Owing to this consideration it is that the construction of rifled ordnance has been so assiduously laboured at within the last few years; and when it is considered that rifled ordnance, besides affording greater capacity than ordinary guns of equal calibre for shell power, and, moreover, are longer ranged and more accurate,—little marvel will there be that artillerists have devoted so much solicitude to the subject of rifled cannon and their projectiles.

The construction of rifled ordnance is attended with many special difficulties. Even where ordinary or un-

rifled ordnance are concerned, we have already seen that none of the materials now employed in the manufacture of ordnance are strong enough to withstand the explosion of full charges of gunpowder; and when rifled ordnance are in question, the explosive force to be withstood is necessarily even more considerable. Difficulties incidental to the loading of rifled cannon have next to be passed under consideration. A rifled projectile, owing to its very principle, must necessarily be tightly impacted at the moment of discharge. Either the piece of ordnance must load at the muzzle, or load at the breech. If at the muzzle, then the time and labour necessary to get down the tightly-fitting projectile have to be reflected on;* if breech-loading, then some efficient principle of breech-loading has to be devised and carried out. To Lancaster the merit belongs of devising and bringing into practice the system of oval rifle-boring. This system is more adapted than any other to the exigencies of muzzle-loading rifled ordnance; and, as we think, better calculated than any other to give effect to the rifle principle in connexion with great guns. Breech-loading rifles being those for which the chief amount of popular attention is at this time claimed, we will hasten to particularize them: and here, by way of parenthesis, it must be observed, that whenever a successful piece of breech-loading rifled ordnance is particularized, the bore of such piece of ordnance is a necessary element in all that concerns the appreciation of the difficulties overcome. It is no hard matter to construct a successful breech-loading rifled small arm; and small arms pass into artillery by almost imperceptible gradations. Sir William Armstrong's cannon, as will hereafter be seen, are, notwithstanding their proven effect, only small members of the cannon tribe; and the question is, whether cannon materially larger than he has already turned out can be manufactured; (having all due regard to contingencies involved) of wrought iron, the material which Armstrong employs, and, to which he is seemingly limited.

Several varieties of rifled cannon had been invented, and brought more or less into operation, before the now celebrated weapon of Sir William Armstrong. Amongst them, however, the muzzle-loading rifled ordnance devised by Lancaster is the only one that can be said to have been successful; and whatever results may be achieved by means of the Armstrong gun, when employed for purposes befitting the size and weight of its projectile, we are disposed to think that Lancaster's principle will have to be adopted for giving the fullest effect which rifled ordnance are capable of giving to the Paixhans system of shell practice.

For many years the Swedish military and naval services have been in possession of a moderately successful rifled ordnance. We advert to the principle of Count Wahrendorff. His rifled pieces of ordnance are breech-loading, and fashioned of cast iron. The largest guns hitherto constructed to embrace this principle have a bore of about six inches, and therefore may conventionally be denominated 32-pounders, though inasmuch as like other modern rifled guns the projectiles they are destined to project are elongated, not spherical, these projectiles each may weigh greatly over thirty-two pounds. Without illustrative drawings we shall not attempt an engineer's description of the breech-loading contrivance adopted by Count Wahrendorff; inasmuch, however, as one of these guns figured in the great Metropolitan Exhibition of all Nations in 1851, description to many readers of this will perhaps be unnecessary. The Wahrendorff gun has four rifled grooves, and the projectile it fires is a cast-iron conoidal one, provided with four projecting wings, of size and depth proper to correspond with the grooves. Notwithstanding that the projectile is of cast iron, and the gun itself of the same metal, the projectile is placed naked in the barrel. Necessarily the strain attendant upon the discharge of one of the Wahrendorff ordnance is very great; and, accordingly, the danger of bursting is also great. The fracture of a burst of a Wahrendorff gun seldom varies; the

* Some of Mr. Whitworth's rifled ordnance occupied no less than half an hour loading, and the projectile, before it could be rammed home, had to be well oiled. Mr. Whitworth's cannon all burst previously to the tenth round; one of them indeed at the third round.

chase of the piece parting clean off away from the breech. When the Wahrendorff gun is charged and fired with a round-belted ball, it no longer bursts ; but then the efficiency of the piece is diminished proportionately. Cavalli, of the Sardinian military service, has devised and brought partially into operation, a species of breech-loading rifled cannon, based to some extent on the principles of Count Wahrendorff. The Cavalli gun, however, has only two grooves, whereas the other has four ; but the chief peculiarity of it consists in the compound structure of it. Bronze is a material too soft for the manufacture of efficient rifled ordnance ; cast iron is too brittle ; and as for wrought iron, probably it is a material seldom to be depended upon for the manufacture of rifled ordnance so bulky as those of Wahrendorff and Cavalli. Hence, in constructing the Sardinian gun, the following scheme is had recourse to. Externally viewed, the piece would seem to be wholly constructed of cast iron, but, nevertheless, the extreme breech extremity of its bore consists of a perforation in a pyriform mass of bronze or gun-metal. How that pyriform mass of gun-metal is imbedded there,—whether fashioned in the first instance, and cast iron molten round about it ; or whether an iron casting is excavated and gun-metal poured in, we are unable to aver : there it is, however ; and its presence is assumed to confer on the gun the necessary degree of toughness for withstanding the enormous strain to which the piece is subjected at the instant of explosion. The expedient is only partial in its efficacy ; if reports which reach us concerning the Cavalli gun be true. Less prone to transverse fracture than the Wahrendorff ordnance, it is reported to be still very dangerous, nevertheless ; and by no means to be regarded as a thoroughly successful breech-loading rifled cannon. Certain projectors of rifled ordnance there are, who, considering the difficulties attendant upon the contact of naked iron projectiles, endeavoured to solve the difficulty by coating the latter with lead. As regards muzzle-loading rifled ordnance, these lead-covered projectiles presented a difficulty which would hardly have been expected.

The leaden coating was not found capable of withstanding the ordinary joltings incidental to the carriage of gun ammunition, without losing their contour : which being compromised, not only was correspondence between the bore of the gun and the projectile destroyed, but there was no forcing the projectile into the gun. Here there was a fatal objection. Moreover, a leaden coating is objectionable for other reasons. Inasmuch as the specific gravity of lead is so far greater than the specific gravity of iron ; and, inasmuch as a rifled projectile issues from the gun and cleaves its way through the air under violent rotatory motion, coincident with its long axis, the leaden covering is apt to spin off by mere force of centrifugal motion ; if, indeed, it should have been able to resist the mere friction incidental to transmission along the chase of the gun. A theoretical objection, too, there was of this kind : It was advanced, that when lead and iron come into contact, a galvanic action is set up, and the iron is more or less rapidly destroyed. We do not attach much importance to the latter objection. Firstly, there is no galvanic action if moisture be not present ; and even though the safeguard of moisture were not to be commanded, still it would not be a matter of much difficulty to interpose some non-metallic medium between the iron and the lead.

Sir William Armstrong commenced by coating the *whole* cylindrical part of his elongated projectile with lead. It did not answer : he, therefore, at this time, only surrounds each projectile with a pair of leaden rings ; which latter, by pressure against the bore during the operation of discharge, draw out, and, constitute veritable tubes, closely lapping the cylindrical part of the iron shell. When we have stated that each of Armstrong's shells has a length equal to about three diameters of the corresponding gun, nearly every particular concerning the shell itself will have been made known—short of giving the internal construction of it—a matter concerning which we think proper to maintain silence on this occasion ; although the particulars are in our keeping.

Turn we now to a consideration of the gun itself. Let it be premised, then, that though Sir William Arm-

strong contemplates the manufacture of breech-loading rifled ordnance of far more considerable dimensions than those already made, according to his system, the now existing Armstrong guns are of two dimensions only. The bore of his smaller gun has a diameter of two inches and a half, and the corresponding shell weighs about eighteen pounds; whilst the larger gun has a diameter of three inches and a quarter, its corresponding shell weighing about thirty-two pounds.

The foundation, so to speak, of the Armstrong gun is a central tube of steel, along which the rifled channels, forty in number, and very shallow, are cut. They make one turn in twelve feet, and, inasmuch as the larger Armstrong gun has only a length of ten and a-half feet, it follows that the whole length of the chase does not comprehend one complete screw turn.

Resuming now the material of the gun: outside the steel tube, and welded to it, comes a band or fillet of iron, rolled spirally from one end of the steel tube to the other, and welded, overlapping. Outside this fillet or band of iron, is another precisely similar to it in all respects, and laid on similarly, with the exception that its spiral takes a reverse direction. From this description it will be perceived that the Armstrong ordnance present a great similarity, in their construction, to ordinary twist-barrel fowling-pieces. The breech end of the piece is occluded by a screw plug considerably larger than the bore of the gun itself, and *the screw plug is perforated in the direction of its axis*. We lay great stress upon the latter peculiarity, inasmuch as description of it was omitted in the only published account of the Armstrong ordnance which has hitherto appeared in a journal. Any one who has perused our description thus far, will, perhaps, have already concluded that Armstrong's cannon is charged either through the orifice caused by removal of the breech plug, or through the channel which we have already described as passing axially through the breech plug itself. Not so. The loading of the piece is accomplished in a different fashion. On the upper aspect of the gun, and near the breech, is a trap-door-like opening; closed when the gun is charged and ready for discharge, with a solid block of iron resting posteriorly

against the breech plug, and pressing anteriorly against a ring of copper, let evenly into the barrel, and which plays a very important part indeed, and will presently be expatiated on as its merits demand.

Perhaps the best way for us to proceed, in giving a clearly comprehensible account of the construction of an Armstrong gun, is to go ideally through the process of loading it; when the various parts of which it is composed will be successively described. First, we loosen and partially draw back the breech screw; then, laying hold of two bow handles, we lift up and remove bodily the solid block of iron which fits into the elongated quadrangular aperture on the upper part of the gun, near its breech. We next, through the orifice disclosed, introduce the projectile, or lead-banded elongated shot, point foremost. We adjust it, *in situ*, partly by the hand, but we force it hard up against the bearing place in the barrel where it is to lie, by the pressure of a bar thrust through the perforated breech screw. Next goes in the flannel cartridge charge of powder; and next the block of iron resting against the copper ring, concerning which we ominously announced awhile ago, something peculiar had to be told. The iron block is slightly hollowed on its anterior aspect, for the purpose of holding a very small powder cartridge, wherefore it will be apparent that two separate cartridges are involved in the charging of an Armstrong gun, for what reason will be seen by-and-by. It should here be mentioned, that the iron block is supplied to every one of Armstrong's guns in duplicate; to the end, that whilst one is in the limber being charged with its minute cartridge, the other is in the piece. The breech screw being strongly turned, it is pressed hard up against the iron block; the latter against the copper ring or cylinder let evenly into the barrel, circumferentially and centrally against the flannel cartridge, lying behind the shell.

We have had no cognizance hitherto of a touch-hole, or of any means by which the gun can be fired. The touch-hole is situated in the removable heavy two-handled block, and it communicates with the small gunpowder charge, by an angular bend. Owing

to the necessity for this angular bend it is that each of Armstrong's cannon requires two cartridges. In all ordinary cannon the cartridge is perforated by a sharp wire plunged down into it through the touch-hole, which cannot be accomplished in the Armstrong gun, because the channel of communication is no longer direct, but angular.

However complete a piece of mechanism may be, there is generally some one point of it which, to use a military phrase, is the key of the whole position. Now, the key of the whole position taken up by Armstrong's gun, is the ring or cylinder of copper. Expanding under the discharge of gunpowder, it effectually occludes, corks up, so to speak, each crack and channel through which the imprisoned fire-blast might force its way. It only now remains for us to inform the reader that the larger Armstrong gun weighs eighteen hundred weight, and we bid farewell to the subject of its construction.

The next consideration is as to the powers of the Armstrong gun; and in discussing this point, we must clear away a certain vague mysticism with which the weapon has been surrounded. The weapon makes exceedingly long shots, and exceedingly correct shooting; but the question after all is—*not so much how far will a shot go, as what it can be made to do when it has arrived at the point aimed at.* The public are in the habit of considering long range and general efficiency identical. This, perhaps, represents something like the truth, when the killing of men on the open field by solid shot is only in question; but when the penetration of masses has to be effected—when battering, burning, and explosive agencies have to be commanded—then it is another matter quite. The battering power of no sort of ordnance projectile can be considerable enough to affect stone walls at long ranges; whence it follows that it is on the explosive force of these missiles that the artillerist will have to rely. Now, the weak point of Armstrong's gun, regarded as to its shell-throwing function, is the small capacity of its shell for gunpowder or other explosive material. Viewed under this aspect, an Armstrong shell is insignificant by comparison with ordinary navy Paixhans shells; and

altogether contemptible by comparison with the wrought-iron shell of Lancaster, which stows away no less than twelve pounds of gunpowder—more than twice the amount contained in a thirteen-inch bomb-shell.

Great misapprehension has arisen concerning the demonstrated effect of Armstrong's shells against the iron-clad sides of a floating-battery. It has been stated that they perforated these plates: an error. When the experiment was made from the "Mayflower" against the floating-battery, "Trusty," although the distance fired over was only four hundred yards, the Armstrong shells did not effect perforation when they struck the centre of a plate. When, however, an angle of a line of juncture between any two plates was struck, then the shell ripped up the plates. Such being the result at four hundred yards, it may be inferred to what extent Armstrong's shells would damage a floating-battery at the extremity of a four-mile range.

The question, then, is whether guns on the Armstrong principle admit of being made considerably larger than at present; if not, their limited shell-throwing capacity will prove a great drawback to their use as battering ordnance.

We will not conclude this account of rifled ordnance without mentioning a few facts which have come to our knowledge relative to the rifled cannon now under adoption, or, more properly speaking, adopted by the French. They are nominal four-pounders, two-grooved, muzzle-loading, and shooting each a picket or elongated projectile, furnished with a pewter band supporting two wings or projections of the same metal, by means of which the projectile is fitted to the gun. Our neighbours are said to have given breech-loading rifled cannon a fair trial, and thrown them aside because of the danger attendant on employing them.

Like ourselves, the French have demonstrated the compatibility of rifled ordnance with the Shrapnell shell system, concerning which there existed doubts at one time; and this matter suggests to us the whole topic of shells and fuses, one far too important for discussion at the *fig end* of an article on rifled ordnance.

THE BIBLE HISTORY OF SATAN : IS HE A FALLEN ANGEL ?

BY THE VERY REV. THOMAS WOODWARD, DEAN OF DOWN.

TRULY there is nothing new under the sun. We took up with considerable curiosity the inviting pamphlet which a Cambridge Master has recently published, upon a topic of awful and mysterious interest ; we hoped for some novel speculations, or some new lights of Scripture criticism, on this much-noised question, *πολυθρόλλον ζήτημα* (Eus. Hist. Ec. v. 27), and we find ourselves transported across three thousand years amid the mystic visions of the Babylonian Magi.

To the question, Is Satan a Fallen Angel ? we doubt not that, little, perhaps, as they have really examined into the subject, most of our readers would return an unhesitating affirmative. The Cambridge Master is equally undoubting in the negative. "The Devil has existed from eternity as an evil spirit" (p. 25). "Does not even the mysterious sacrifice of Christ become more intelligible if we look upon Satan as an independent power, an evil spirit existent from eternity ?" (p. 27). "The very idea of evil, as meaning sin and the Devil" (a gross fallacy of *combination* by the way), "being of God's creation, has to my mind the impress of profanation on it" (p. 30). Now, what is this view of Satan as an independent power, existent from eternity as the author of all evil, but a simple disinterment from the grave of time of the old Oriental Dualism, which was, under various modifications, and with sundry developments, incorporated with the heretical systems of Gnosticism. For Satan read *Ahremen*, and we find ourselves at home. Amongst the three* sources, to which the learned and much lamented Dr. Edward Burton has traced the rise of Gnosticism, he regards as undoubtedly the oldest of the

three, the Eastern doctrine of a good and evil principle. "There is no fact connected with remote antiquity which seems more certainly established than that the Persian religion recognised two Beings or Principles, which in some way or other exercised an influence on this world and its inhabitants. To one they gave the name of Ormuzd, and invested him with the attributes of light and beneficence, the other they called Ahremen, and identified him with the notions of darkness and malignity."

We doubt not that our readers will excuse us for not involving them in the mazes of the Manichæan controversy, in reply to this Cantabrigian Gnostic. He has but propounded an exploded heresy. We trust, and believe, that the theological mind of this country is still sufficiently orthodox to render it a work of supererogation to demonstrate the *Monarchy* of God ; that there is not, nor can be, more than ONE PRINCIPLE OF EXISTENCE, and that SUPREMACY GOOD. They who desire to see this high argument pursued with equal eloquence and subtlety, may betake themselves to the glowing pages of St. Augustin.† Another writer of the fourth century, Titus, Bishop of Bostra, whose very name sounds strange to modern ears, employed his pen in demonstrating against the Manichæans, the unity of the First Cause, that all things were created good, and that all evil consists in departure from this original creation. Another profound thinker of the same age, Didymus of Alexandria, in opposition to the Manichæans, discusses this very point of Satan's creation, and nicely steers round the rock against which the Cambridge speculator has made shipwreck of his faith. He argues, that God created the Devil,

The Bible History of Satan : Is he a Fallen Angel ? By a Cambridge Master of Arts. London : 1858.

* The other sources were, the Jewish Cabbala, and the doctrines of the later Platonists.

† In several of his works ; e.g. *Contra Epistolam Manichæi quam vocant Fundamentum Liber*, cap. 33-42 ; and specially, *De Natura Boni contra Manichæos, Liber, passim*. See other authorities, quoted by Dr. Mill, in *Notes to Sermons on the Temptation*, preached before the University of Cambridge in 1844.

but not originally evil, rather an essence capable of receiving good and evil (*οὐσίαν δεκτικὴν ἀγαθῆς καὶ ἐκτικῆς κακίας*). Canisii Lect. Antiq. Ed. Basnage, tom. i. p. 214-216.

An Anglican divine, who had drunk deep from these Patristic springs, and who should be familiar to every English student of theology, might have led this Cambridge Master to sounder and wiser sentiments. "Whatsoever is evil is not so by the *Creator's action*, but by the *creature's defection*. In vain, then, did the heretics of old, to remove a seeming inconvenience, remove a certain truth: and while they feared to make their own God evil they made him partial, or but half the Deity, and so a companion, at least, with an evil god. . . .

Whereas there is no nature originally sinful, no substance in itself evil, and therefore no being which may not come from the same fountain of goodness. 'I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things' (Is. xiv. 7); saith He who also said, 'I am the Lord, and there is none else: there is no God beside me' (Is. xiv. 6). Vain, then, is that conceit which framed two Gods one good the other evil, refuted in the first words of the Creed, 'I believe in one God, Maker of heaven and earth.'" (Bp. Pearson. Exposition of the Creed. Art. I.)

The attempt to explain *how* a being, created pure and holy, can have fallen, runs up at once into that insoluble mystery, the origin of evil. Whoever has toiled, as we, unfortunately, were compelled to do, through the two weary volumes of Müller's "Doctrine of Sin," will find, to his cost, how little information he can derive from the brain-splitting metaphysics of modern Germany. Milton, we believe, conveyed all that mortal can grasp in the words:

—"I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall."

Granted the existence of evil and the presence of temptation to sin (which, however, is the great speculative difficulty); "it seems, indeed, distinctly conceivable from the nature of particular affections or propensions, *how* it comes to pass that creatures made upright fall." Bishop Butler

suggests that all finite creatures may be constituted with various affections towards particular external objects, subject to the government of the moral principle as to the manner in which these affections may be legitimately gratified. But these particular propensions, from their very nature, must be felt, the objects of them being present, even though their gratification, in particular cases, may be wrong; and in the possibility of such gratification, contrary to the allowance of the moral principle, there may lie a temptation to swerve from rectitude, to which all finite natures may be liable. (Anal. part i., c. 5.)

The celebrated Herbert Thorndike affirms that "it is not possible to render a reason of the coming of Christ, not mentioning the fall of Adam; nor of that, not mentioning the devil and his angels; nor of that, not mentioning the creation of angels. The knowledge, then, *requisite to save a Christian* containeth the apostasy of the evil angels." (Works, Oxford Ed. vol. ii., p. 119.) Interesting and important as we certainly regard the speculations in which we are about to engage our readers on the subject of the Devil and demoniacal possession, we are very far from imposing our opinions on Demonology as part "of the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." But, assuredly, on no unquestioned article of the Creed have theologians dogmatized more positively, or expatiated with more exuberance of apparent certainty. The whole story of the fall of the angels, the motives which actuated them, their thoughts and inmost feelings, all is laid bare to our view, plain and familiar as household words. The tone of satisfied and complete assurance on points of which Scripture reveals nothing, or next to nothing, and of which no mortal possesses any other means of information, is sometimes almost comical, if the awful subject did not frown away any approach of mirth. We can only find room for a few *specimens* of the mode in which the subject is treated by various classes of writers.

It is the common opinion of nearly all the Fathers* that the seminal

* See Note on Cyprian (Treat. xi.) in Lib. of Fathers, vol. iii. p. 261.

cause of the Devil's fall was pride, as St. Chrysost. (in Gen. Hom. 22), Theodoret (contra Græc. iii. p. 789), Eusebius (de Præpar. Evan. vii. 16), St. Basil (Hom. Quod Deus, etc., 8), St. Ambrose (in Psalm 118, 3, § 34), St. Jerome (in Esai. 14, 12), St. Gregory (Moral. xxxiv. 23). Some of the philosophical Fathers speak as if the sin of the angels with the daughters of men (Gen. vi. 2.) was the first fall which took place among them; as St. Justin (Apol. ii. 5), Athenagoras (Legat. 24).

Tertullian assigns the Devil's fall to *impatience* (de Patient. 5); St. Cyprian ascribes it to *envy* (De zelo et Livre, 3); as do St. Irenæus, (Hær. iv. 78); St. Methodius (ap. Epiphanius, Hær. 64, 21), St. Gregory Nyssen (Or. Catech., 6, p. 487-8; St. Paulinus (Epist. 4); St. Augustin (in Ep., Joann. iii. 12).

The opinions of the Schoolmen are thus briefly summed up by Voetius, (Disp. Theol., p. 919), Scholastici conjungunt invidiam cum superbiâ ut causas lapsus Dæmonum, et in duas opiniones hic abeunt.

Among Christian poets let us select Spenser. And on this mysterious subject Spenser is quite as clear, if not so copious, as Milton:

"But *pride*, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they can cast their state how to encrease
Above the fortune of their first condition
And sit in God's own seat without commission;
The brightest angel, even the child of light
Drew millions more against their God to fight."—*Hymn on Heavenly Love*.

Amongst our own divines, Hooker is quite confident that "the fall of the angels was pride."—(E. P. Book iv., ch. iv.).

Leslie is very full in his description of the feelings of the Devil and his angels, and attributes their fall to pride, not, indeed, seeking higher

dignity for themselves, but reluctant at the humiliation of Christ's incarnation. "The sin of the Devil is generally agreed to be pride, and that from good authority of Scripture (Isa. xiv. 12). When the incarnation was first revealed, we reasonably suppose that the good angels looked upon this infinite condescension of God as an act of the greatest glory. But the other angels thought such condescension unworthy of God; being blinded with pride, it was not agreeable to that notion of God which they had, and, therefore, they argued against it, as St. Peter against Christ's passion (Mat. xvi., 22)." Works, vol. vii. p. 446.

So also Field, "The angels in the height of their *pride*, sought to be like unto God in omnipotency." (Of the Church) Book i. ch. iii.

The fall of this high potentate, like lightning out of heaven, from purity, and truth, and love, to defilement, falsehood, and hellish malignity, is, indeed, a beacon in whose appalling and lurid light the universe may read this monitory lesson, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." The archangel become the archfiend, is verily a mystery of mysteries. No imaginary personification, no abstract principle, but revealed to us as a terrible reality, a living person, penetrating by his influences the inmost recesses of our spirits; once pure and holy, now apostate and degraded; the relentless untiring enemy, accuser, and seducer of mankind; in some sense the *god* of this world, and ruling by a subordinate machinery of innumerable spiritual agencies; of malice without bound, of power only inferior to omnipotence; unrelenting and pitiless, as for himself there is no redemption,* nor return to God.

*St. Anselm hazards a very curious suggestion as to the reason why the Devil and his angels, as contrasted with mankind, cannot be redeemed. Mankind, he says, though consisting of many individuals, are bound together by that common tie of nature which connects all with a general parent. So that there was room for the introduction into the family of man of that second Adam, as its head and representative, by whom atonement has been made for the rest. But the angels have no such common bond of descent and nature as could enable one individual to become the representative of the race, and to save, by taking on him, this common nature (Our Deus Homo, ii., 21). Various other theories have been propounded as to the reason why *no locus penitentiae* is provided for the Devil and the demons. Nothing better on the subject can be said than is expressed in the following passage:—"Videntur etiam nonnulli ex nostris nimis tribuere Patribus et scholasticis in rationibus assignandis cur hominibus lapsis facta fuerit gratia, Diabolis non. Nos autem putamus

In direct antagonism to the Manichean doctrine of an eternal principle of evil, to the view (too common we fear amongst us) that Satan is only an imaginary personification of evil, and to the Pantheistic conception of evil, as but a lower and imperfect form of good—Scripture is, though brief in its scattered hints, yet sufficiently explicit that evil is not eternal, but subsequent in its origin to good, and subordinate in power; that it is no part of God's original creation, and that it is derived from a person created pure, but now fallen and perverted into a condition of enmity against God. "From this one central will, alienated from the will of God, the Scripture derives all the evil in the universe; all gathers up in a person, in the Devil, who has most truly a kingdom, as God has, a kingdom with its subordinate ministers, the 'devil and his angels.'"^{*} Subject to this dread sovereign are legions of ministering spirits, thrones, principalities, and powers; but one rules with undoubted supremacy. He is called by our Lord the "prince of this world;" by St. Paul, the "god of this world," the "prince of the power of the air," the "spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." He is emphatically and personally "the Tempter" (Mat. iv. 3). "Your adversary the Devil, who as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Pet. v. 8). That the elect and reprobate angels are both distributed into orders and hierarchies, designated in Scripture under the names of principalities, thrones, and powers; and that the acknowledged chief of

the reprobate angels is one specially termed Satan, or the Devil; in other words, the accuser or adversary; all this no one will doubt to be explicitly revealed who truly receives the divine oracles, and the faith once delivered to the saints.[†]

It must be confessed that the teaching of the Old Testament Scriptures respecting this dread potentate, is neither full nor clear. Our readers are, doubtless, aware that Satan is a Hebrew word (שָׂטָן) signifying an adversary, transferred into English letters. In its specific sense, with the article, as a proper name, Satan occurs only in the following passages: 1. In the first and second chapters of Job, several times; 2. In the prophetic Book of Zechariah (chap. iii. 1, 2); when to the Prophet there was "showed Joshua the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan: the Lord rebuke thee, O Satan." 3. *Perhaps*, in Chronicles, xxi. 1. (Satan provoked David to number Israel), and Pa. cix. 6 (let Satan stand at his right hand), though most probably in both these passages the Hebrew word Satan, having no article prefixed, is used only in its *generic* sense of an adversary, and not as a proper name.

A mysterious passage in the Apocalypse (chap. xii. 9), "that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan," seems through its dark obscurity clearly to identify Satan with the serpent, the subtle tempter of our first parents (Gen. iii.) Again, Isaiah (chap. xiv. 12, 15), in predicting the

nullam hic demonstratiam et cogentem rationem posse adferri *propter liberum Dei bene-placitum* et a reliquis rationibus obtinendum, ne fidelibus paleas pro doctrina Scripturarum, et adversariis conjecturas nostras pro solidis rationibus venditemus, et ne viam sternere videamur *ad analogicum aliquod meritum de congruo*, propter quod hominibus liberatio magis obtigerit quam demonibus" (Voetii Disput. Theolog. p. 920). *Origen*, however, does not take away from Satan all hope of future pardon; and *Clement* (Strom. i. 17, p. 367), uses language which seems to indicate belief that Satan is still capable of repentance.

^{*} Dean Trench on the Miracles, p. 185.

[†] Mill's Sermons, at sup., p. 55.

[‡] ὁ ἄρχὸς ὁ ἀρχαῖος, in evident allusion to the LXX. version (ἀρχή) of Gen. iii. 1. See 2 Cor. xi. 8, 14.

§ The agency of Satan in the fall of man has been controverted on the plea that had such agency been in operation it ought to have been distinctly mentioned. But the absence of any such mention may be explained on the ground that it is not the intention of the sacred writers to give information respecting the existence of the Devil, but rather to give an account of his manifestation. See Hengstenberg, *Christol.* vol. i. p. 11.

downfall of the King of Babylon, employs an imagery supposed to be borrowed analogically from the case of Satan. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer,* Son of the Morning! . . . For thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will be like the Most High." The language of these verses is too high to be realized by the elevation and subversion of the Babylonian kingdom, and is considered by eminent authorities to be an *accommodation* to a lower subject of what was primarily fulfilled on a grander scale, and in a loftier sphere. The case of the Babylonian monarch is spoken of as resembling and representing the still greater exaltation, and still deeper fall of Satan. And once more Ezekiel (chap. xxviii.) depicts the glory and the abasement of the Tyrian king in language which is generally supposed to bear reference to the exaltation and fall of Satan. "Thou wast the anointed cherub, . . . thou wast upon the holy mountain of God, . . . thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness; I will cast thee to the ground (vv. 14, 15, 17.)"

Such, and so obscure, are the only † mentions of, or allusions to Satan, which we remember to have observed in the Old Testament. The fulness and graphic clearness of our conceptions upon the subject, we believe, are often unconsciously derived from the glittering descriptions of Milton rather than from the Book of God. But,

doubtless, as we might anticipate, when we pass on to the new covenant, a clearer revelation, though still enwrapped in mystery, opens to us more of the nature, personality, and agency of the great evil spirit. The word *Devil* (δίαβολος, accuser, or adversary), which the Seventy employ to translate *Satan*, is the appellation most commonly used in the New Testament. They are both proper names of the same being; both applied to him together: "the Devil and Satan" (Rev. xii. 9; xx. 2). In the story of the temptation, St. Matthew (iv. 1), and St. Luke (iv. 2), our Lord is assailed by the *Devil*, while St. Mark states that he was tempted of *Satan* (i. 13); and Christ repulses the Devil with the exclamation, "Get thee hence, *Satan*," (Matt. iv. 10). The word Devil, with the article (ὁ διάβολος) is used in the New Testament thirty-three times§ in the singular number, denoting *individuality*, applied to Satan as his *proper name*, and never assigned to any of the subordinate powers of evil. It would have obviated much confusion and misconception had our translators appropriated the term Devil as the rendering of διάβολος, which is thus uniformly employed in the New Testament as the title of the one great prince of evil spirits. But, unfortunately, they have used the word Devil as the rendering of δαίμων and δαιμόνιον, thus naturally introducing much difficulty and confusion into the conceptions of a mere English reader, who would never suspect that, when he meets the terms *Devils*, or, *a Devil*, they express words in the original quite different from the word translated *the Devil*.||

It is hard, indeed, to overcalculate

* לְלִיכִי Lucifer (or Morning Star), supposed in this passage to be an epithet of Satan.

† We give this as a common interpretation of this passage, from which the name Lucifer has been given to Satan, but we are bound to express our own agreement with Dr. Maitland, that this application of the words cannot be sustained.

‡ Hengstenberg, indeed, asserts that "only bigotry and prejudice can refuse to admit that under the *Asael*, to whom, according to Lev. xvi., a goat was sent into the wilderness, Satan is to be understood."

§ Four times only is the word otherwise employed; once in the singular, applied to Judas Iscariot (John vi. 70), and thrice in the plural, not denoting persons, but expressing a *quality* (false accusers,) 1 Tim. iii. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 3; Tit. ii. 3.

|| The Devil is never called δαίμων or δαιμόνιον, nor are the subordinate spirits of evil ever called διάβολοι. The words δαίμων and δαιμόνιον are not perfectly equivalent—δαίμων implying more personality than δαιμόνιον. The term δαίμων occurs five times, δαιμόνιον sixty times, in the New Testament.—Vide Trench (*On the Miracles*, p. 155); Olshausen, Com. in Matt. xii. 28.

the power of sophistry and self-delusion; but it does seem almost incredible how any professing believer in the New Testament Scriptures as the Word of God, can entertain a doubt of the objective personality of the Devil. And yet, there is no doubt, that by vast numbers who would spurn the charge of Infidelity, the language of the New Testament is explained to mean no real personality, but a figurative personification of evil, either existing within ourselves, or in the seductions of the world around us. In reply to the *Neologian* opinions of his own time, so commonly reproduced amongst ourselves, Bishop Warburton strikingly remarks that two cases—one of Satan's own immediate agency, and one of demoniacal possession—are recorded in such a way as utterly to demolish the explanations which would refer them to popular delusions or subjective individual fancy. "To cut off all escape," says this ingenious prelate, "here are two cases obtruded on the most incredulous: the one is Satan's temptation of the Messiah; the other is his* possession of brute animals (*viz.*: the herd of swine, Matt. viii.); in neither of which have the powers of imagination any place. In the first, the divine patient was above their delusions; in the other, the brutal was as much below them." (*Divine Legation*, Book ix. ch. v.)

Language truly may mean any thing or nothing to him who can see in the statements of the New Testament no assertion of the *personal agency* of Satan. Take, as one example, the story of our Lord's temptation. Our Saviour, as the *Neologians* pretend, was tempted not by a real objective personality, but by evil suggestions emanating from the *principle* of evil. If so, as has been well observed, the principle of evil must have been inherent in the being of Him in whom was no sin. Our Lord himself must have been the agent of evil in his own temptation. Schleiermacher on this point well remarks (*o si sic omnia*):—"Had Jesus cherished such

thoughts (as the tempter expressed to Him) in the faintest degree he would have been Christ no longer; hence this manner of exposition appears to me the most wicked Neoteric outrage that can be committed against his person." (*Versuch über den Lucas*, p. 54.) The absolute purity of Jesus permitted in no way the *derivation from himself* of an evil thought. Even the hypothesis of Meyer that the history of the temptation records a *dream*, is equally contradictory to the sinlessness of Christ's nature; for his spotless purity would have been sullied by the *spontaneous* origination of evil thoughts, even in a dream. "As the first Adam was tempted *from without*, so in like manner was the second, only with this difference, that he was victorious." (*Vide Olshausen on Matt. iv. i.*)

One more Scripture testimony (and it is of itself decisive) to the objective personality of the Devil is all that our limits will permit us to allege: "Ye are of your father, the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, and the father of it" (*John viii. 44*). In this brief but pregnant statement, our Lord informs us that the Devil had once a nature of which truth was the governing principle, that he *abode not* in the truth, and became a liar and a murderer. He was a murderer (*i.e.*, a *homicide*, ἀνθρωποκτόνος) from the beginning (ἀπ' ἀρχῆς) not of his own existence, but of the human race, for he brought death upon the *first man*, Adam. A *manslayer* he was, says St. Augustin, from the time that it was first possible for *manslaughter* to be committed; manslaughter was possible since the time that man was made. So, then, he was a murderer from the beginning. And what made him a murderer? He stood not in the truth. (*Hom. xlii. in loc.*)

Of the *mode* in which the evil spirit

* Bishop Warburton here falls into the error of confounding Satan with the δαίμονες, who went out of the men possessed into the swine.

† οὗτος ὁ ἔρως, strictly (as Greek scholars know) has not a *past*, but a *present* meaning; but it is here not a mere present, but a present dependent on and commencing with an implied past fact; and that fact here is the *fall* of the Devil, which was not an insulated act, but in which state of apostasy from the truth he ἔρως;—it is his *status*. (*Alford, Gr. Test. in loc.*)

operates on our minds, fearfully interesting as is the question, we believe that no psychological investigations can discover anything intelligible. The suggestion of thoughts originated by an extrinsic spiritual agency is certainly not *contradictory* to the principles of our mental constitution, however at fault we may be as to the laws which regulate their introduction. Of this dread spirit it may be truly said, "Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." Like the workings of God's good Spirit, the promptings of the evil one are so intermingled with our own mental processes that his *direct agency* is, for the most part, unperceived. To both these classes of our mental phenomena we may, indeed, extend Hooker's description: "The operations of the Spirit are, as we know, things secret and *indiscernible even to the very soul* where they are, because their nature is of another and a higher kind than that they can be perceived in this life" (E.P., Book III., ch. 8).

Thus does our great adversary now accommodate his method of attack to that dispensation of the Spirit which commenced with the mission of the Comforter after Christ's ascension, and counterwork the viewless operations of the Holy Ghost by subtle and impalpable agencies. Withdrawn from the operation of the senses, he penetrates, like some finer element, the most secret recesses of the soul. He manifests himself by no external exhibitions, by oracles, or magic, or demoniacal possession. Where material idolatry is abolished, he as successfully seduces by covetousness from the worship of Jehovah. He is as truly served, when all orders of society bow before the golden image, as when of old they "offered their sons and daughters unto devils." He no longer urges his temptations with a *felt personality*, or *himself* assures us that for our disobedience we shall not surely die; but he stimulates the passions by the suggestion of their most exciting objects, and he employs the doubting mind to persuade itself that for such temporary frailties God cannot bring us into eternal judgment. So carefully, indeed, is Satan's direct agency now concealed, that his own *personal existence* is too generally disbelieved, not only by the sceptical and the careless, but by too many of the

well-disposed, the learned, and the thoughtful. Truly, of all his astonishing devices this, perhaps, is the most astonishing, that he has thus induced so wide-spread a discredit of his own tremendous reality. Amongst the vulgar the very name of the arch-fiend is ever ready to be connected with mirth and levity, with low and ludicrous associations. It is often mentioned only as a bugbear to terrify the young. Amongst the intellectual and the lettered he is but too commonly regarded, not as a malign and ever active person, bent on our ruin, but as an imaginary personification of evil. Nor is the theological world itself uninfluenced by this fatal obliviousness of Satan's personality. While the corruption of human nature is, as it ought to be, largely dwelt on, the lust of the *flesh*, the alluring force of the *world*, we hear comparatively little warning against the devices of him who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour—who is about our path, and about our bed, and spies out all our ways. How few amongst us practically realize that alarming certainty upon which St. Paul grounds the necessity of being arrayed in a celestial panoply: "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the Devil; for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God" (Eph. vi. 11-13). There is, doubtless, something repugnant and revolting to our nature in the naked unvarnished truth that the Devil and his angels are actually and constantly in personal communication with us, and that our most secret, most sacred retirements are ever open to their intrusive influences. We shrink back instinctively from such mysterious and intimate contact with evil spirits. It is an alarming, disturbing contemplation on which we willingly shut our eyes. Thus men go on to doubt and disbelieve what they do not desire to realize. There are few, indeed, amongst us, who, if suddenly this prince of the power of the air was visibly disclosed amid his countless legions, would not feel the same astounded surprise as Elisha's servant in the field of Dothan, when "the Lord opened the eyes of the

young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha" (2 Kings, vi. 17). Thus Satan's most tremendous efficiency is produced by the very circumstance that he is himself unseen, then unobserved, then doubted, then disbelieved. Thus of the mass even of professing Christians it is but too plainly apparent that the "god of this world hath blinded their minds," so that they cannot see the destroyer who darkly works their ruin.

Amongst the epithets which have been bestowed upon Satan, none contains deeper truth, or conveys a clearer description of his operations, than that which has styled him as *Dei Simius*. In the conflict which he has carried on with the Supreme, upon the theatre of this world, the most successful device which infernal malice could suggest, for the seduction and ruin of mankind, has been a perverted imitation of the Divine economy. To watch the movements of his Omniscient adversary, to commingle some admixture of evil, and thus depraving, to copy them; and so, as it were, to turn the weapons of the Highest against Himself, may be regarded as the master-stroke of satanic guile. Thus, when God walked with our first parents amid the flowers of Paradise, and condescended to converse as a man talketh with his friend, the tempter, ere long, accosts Eve with blandest address, and engages her unsuspecting confidence. He takes up the very words of God himself—"Yea, hath God said ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" He but extends the permission already given, so as to include that fatal fruit—

"Whose mortal taste
Brought death into this world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden."

Again, when Moses attested his Divine commission by the display of superhuman powers, Satan sets on the magicians to copy and counterwork his miraculous credentials with their enchantments. Thus, again, the prophetic inspiration was counterfeited by lying spirits and fallacious oracles. The religious principle inherent in

man's constitution, was misdirected from its true object, the one Living God, and turned towards innumerable forms of idol-worship. Animal sacrifice, that symbolical acknowledgment of the guilt of sin and of the necessity of an atonement, was depraved into the bloody offering of sons and daughters unto devils. The great verities of the Divine nature, the plurality of persons in one God, and the generation of the Eternal Son, were parodied by the fictions of mythology. And, in the fulness of time, the Messiah himself was personated by false Christs. His apostles were counterworked by "false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ; and no marvel, for Satan, himself, is transformed into an angel of light" (2 Cor. xi. 13, 14.) And the self-denying precepts of the gospel were parodied by "seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy—forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving" (1 Tim. iv. 1, 3.)

But, of all others, the most striking example of this satanic imitation of the Divine administration is presented to us in the case of *demoniacal possession*, to which remarkable phase of diabolic agency we shall devote the remainder of our space. It was not until God himself became incarnate, and the Word became the inhabitant of a fleshly body, that Satan too essayed, personally, to unite his subject* spirits with *human bodies*. The mystery of the incarnation was at once counterfeited by a *diabolic incarnation*, and then, for the first time, was exhibited the phenomenon of *demoniacal possession*.

That form of satanic agency to which the name of demoniacal possession has been appropriated, was, as we conceive, peculiarly, if not altogether exclusively, connected with our Saviour's incarnation, so much so as to mark that as the era of that mysterious visitation. It is most probable that the mystery of Christ's incarnation was unknown in its fulness to Satan, until he encountered the God-

* The devil, (*ὁ διάβολος*), the supreme power of evil, is never spoken of as himself possessing a human subject. The word usually employed (sixty times in the New Testament) is *δαίμων*, a term never applied to Satan himself.

man, as his tempter in the wilderness, and by trial experienced the resistless might which was enshrined in Christ's human body. "Fearing, believing, trembling, as we know of demons in general, with respect to all the Divine facts revealed, it is probable, as some of the ancients have thought, that Satan was taken by surprise by that great mystery, which, if fully understood, would have made his present enterprise (the temptation) utterly hopeless"—(Mills' Five Sermons, *ut sup.* p. 63). It was not until after his varied onsets were successively repulsed, by the Man in whom omnipotence tabernacled, that the God-head flashed through the veil of Christ's flesh. He perceived that God had thus, indeed, "created a new thing in the earth." He understood that the Divinity was united to that fleshly body, and, by his own defeat, he learned something of the amazing powers communicated to human nature by such an union. But, why might not the secret be copied, now that it was understood? why might not Satan, too, unite his subject-spirits with human bodies, and thus communicate to man new powers, new faculties of evil? The incarnation was thus soon counterfeited by a satanic mimicry; and *demoniacal possession* was the opening of a new chapter in the dealings of our great enemy with mankind.

Before the birth of Christ, the prince of this world had displayed his malignity and power in a thousand other varieties of development. He had well-nigh banished from the earth the knowledge of Jehovah, and substituted the degrading worship of gods many and lords many. Even the principles of natural morality were almost obliterated from the conscience, "God giving them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient, being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness" (Rom. i. 29). The kingdoms of this earth, and their glory, were, subordinately, subject to the sway of Satan. "There were sacrifices, rites, and priesthood, where the objects of attempted propitiation were demons and not God; where every evil passion, and every corruption of mankind had its place among the deities worshipped;—which had orgies for the sensual; for

the curious and ambitious, oracles and wonders; for the more earnest and spiritual, mysteries that seemed to point upwards to union with God, while they fed the natural pride that most effectually separates from Him" (Mill, *ut sup.* p. 59).

Such was the dominion exercised by Satan, prior to the coming of our Lord. But all this mighty influence was obtained by solicitation of the passions, by perversion of the judgment, by successful seduction of the will. The operations of the adversary, however, commingling with the interior thoughts, and incorporating with the inmost essence of the man, were still carried on *ab extra*. The human subject of his assaults was still worked upon as a *voluntary* agent: his individuality was recognised; but demoniacal possession was an attempt, by a *forcible* incarnation, physically to unite a demon with a human being. The intellectual faculties and moral powers were displaced, and the whole internal mechanism was occupied by an intruded tyrant. Thus the members of the man became virtually the corporeal organization of a demon. It was no longer the man that spoke and acted, an evil spirit energised his organs; the rational and moral nature of the demoniac was in a state of abeyance, while his body was agitated into madness by the fell spirit that possessed it. "The demoniac does not, like the wicked," says Dean Trench, "stand only in near relation to the kingdom of Satan as a whole, but his state is even as if *one* out of the dark hosts of the abyss—one, or it may be more, had singled him out for their immediate prey; as when a lion or a leopard, not hunting merely a herd of flying antelopes, has fastened upon, and is drinking out the life-blood of some one"—(On the Mir., p. 157). Such a physical incorporation of an evil spirit with a human subject, was plainly different from all prior satanic operations, and was, for the first time, essayed after the Divine economy had developed the mystery of the incarnation.

We shall cite the opinions of some eminent authorities, who agree with us in assigning the date of our Lord's manifestation in the flesh, as peculiarly, if not exclusively, the *age* of demoniacal possession, although none of them seem to us to suggest a satis-

factory explanation of this striking coincidence in time. "We do not read," says Mr. Horn, "*of such frequent possessions before or since the appearance of our Redeemer upon earth*. It seems, indeed, to have been ordered by a *special Providence* that they should have been permitted to have *then* been more common, in order that He who came to destroy the works of the Devil might the more remarkably and visibly triumph over him; and that the machinations and devices of Satan might be more openly defeated at a time when their power was at its highest, both in the souls and bodies of men; and also that plain facts might be a sensible confutation of the Sadducean error, which denied the existence of angels or spirits (Acts xxiii. 8), and prevailed among the principal men, both for rank and learning, in those days" — (Introduction, vol iii., p. 474.)

Dean Trench also perceives something *sui generis* in the time of Christ's incarnation, which rendered it specially suited for the phenomena of demoniacal possession, although we confess we do not see the force of the connexion which he indicates. "That whole period was the hour and power of darkness—of a darkness, which then, immediately before the dawn of a new day, was the thickest. It was exactly *the crisis* for such soul-maladies as these, in which the spiritual and bodily should be thus strangely interlinked; and it is nothing wonderful that they should have abounded *at that time*, for the predominance of certain spiritual maladies, at certain epochs of the world's history, which were specially fitted for their generation, with their gradual decline and disappearance in others less congenial to them, is a fact itself admitting no manner of question" — (Mir., p. 162.)

We entirely coincide in the view of this accomplished scholar, that there *was* a cause which did connect demoniacal possession peculiarly with the time of Christ's incarnation, but the Dean does not seem to us to have hit upon it. We must, with all respect, submit that it is a gratuitous assumption that the world was pre-eminently wicked at the time of our Lord's advent in the flesh. Nor, even if this were established, do we see any likelihood that any such result as demoniacal possession would

have attended an admitted pre-eminence in darkness and in guilt; for, as the Dean himself observes, "Men possessed with Devils is not at all an equivalent expression for eminently wicked men." Again—"The phenomena which the demoniacs of Scripture exhibit entirely justify this view of the real presence of another will upon the will of the sufferer—not merely influences which had, by little and little, moulded and modified his will, and brought it into subjection, but a power which he, even at the very moment that it is using him, feels to be the contradictory of his truest being, and yet has forced itself upon him, and from which he cannot now defend himself, but is compelled to speak and act merely as the organ of that devilish might which possesses him, however presently again his personal consciousness may reassert itself for a moment" (p. 160). Now, accepting this as a most admirable description of the true condition of the demoniac, we cannot recognise in him a type of such consummate evil as might seem the development of an epoch peculiar and pre-eminent in moral turpitude. We see in him the victim rather, of a strange infliction, than the willing slave of sin; and his agonising sense of his misery, his yearning after deliverance, which made him a proper subject of Christ's healing power, at the same time demonstrated how different he was from an embodiment of triumphant and unresisted depravity. Precisely similar is the view taken by the learned Dean Alford; and we must add, with unfeigned respect, that he, too, has failed to point out any *specialty* in our Saviour's age to account for the phenomenon of demoniacal possession. He assumes that evil was then eminently potent, and appears to see, with Dean Trench, what we cannot perceive—some link between the prevalence of vice and the *involuntary* demoniacal possessions of the New Testament. "The period of our Lord's being on earth was, *certainly*, more than any other in the history of the world under the dominion of evil. The foundations of man's moral being were broken up, and the 'hour and power of darkness' prevailing. Trench excellently remarks, 'It was exactly the crisis for such soul-maladies as

these." But is the unexampled wickedness of that period (of which we have no proof whatever) any explanation of the appearance of a mysterious class, (the possessed,) in whom moral evil was far from being the exclusive, or even predominating element? For, as Dean Alford himself observes, "The demoniac stood in a totally different position from the abandoned wicked man, *who morally* is given over to the Devil. This latter would be a subject for punishment; but the demoniac for deepest compassion." (See Greek Test. in Matt. viii. 30-2). We have no reason whatever to suppose that the demoniac was pre-eminent in guilt above his fellows, or that his possession was the development or the punishment of extraordinary wickedness. "Rather," as Dean Trench remarks, "we must judge the demoniac one of the unhappiest, but not of necessity one of the most guilty of our kind." On the contrary, we perceive in him a torturing sense of his misery, a yearning after deliverance, a struggling against the tyrant spirit which enthralled him. These are characteristics far different from that deliberate consent to evil, that acquiescence in the slavery of Satan, which are the marks and tokens of a ruined soul. The frantic agony which lashed them into madness, their phrenzied efforts to loose themselves from the grasp of the demon, these were no evidence of malicious wickedness. This fearful struggle against the evil spirit was exactly what made them proper objects of his mercy, who never bestowed his grace upon the obstinate and wilful sinner. In some instances of possession we have fair reason to suppose that the subject was not a pre-eminent wicked, but a virtuous character. In the case of the lunatic child, healed immediately after the Transfiguration, there is not a hint to suggest the idea that this much-loved youth was prematurely vicious. The same may be said of the Syro-Phœnician woman's daughter. There is not the slightest ground in the Scripture narrative for imagining that Mary Magdalene, out of whom seven devils were cast, was an immoral woman, notwithstanding the liberties which have been taken with her name. It may, indeed, be gravely questioned whether great moral depravity would not have excluded the

demoniac from the possibility of being healed. Our Lord's cures were typical of that sanitary process which the Great Physician came to carry on upon the soul, and to which faith was indispensably required. It seems that some degree of faith was necessary to be healed. This notion of our Lord employing his miraculous power to restore malignant and presumptuous sinners, is wholly foreign from the entire genius of his work and dispensation.

Bishop Warburton, too, endeavours ingeniously, but we think unsuccessfully, to point out the reason why the time of our Saviour's incarnation was marked by this extraordinary phenomenon of demoniacal possession. "The rise of Christ's kingdom, and the fall of Satan's, being thus carried on together, it would be strange, indeed, if in the Gospel we should find no marks of the rage of Satan's *expiring tyranny*, amidst all the salutary blessings of the rising empire of Christ. But we find them in abundance. We find this enemy of our salvation, mad with despair, invoking all the powers of darkness to blast that peace and good will towards man, proclaimed by angels on the birth-night of the Son of God. For, when he understood, by his baffled attempts on his Lord and Master, that the *souls* of man had escaped his usurped dominion, he turned his cruelty on their *bodies*, in the most humiliating circumstances of pain and oppression, permitted, no doubt, to take a wider range at this decisive instant than at any other time, either before or since, to illuminate the glories of his Conqueror."—Div. Leg. Book ix. ch. v.

We cannot admit this assumption of the learned Bishop, that demoniacal possession was a *bodily* infliction only, involving *nothing* of moral criminality. It affected *mind* and *soul*, as well as *body*. Olshausen has so well expressed the truth of the case, that we must quote a few words from his Commentary on St. Matthew:—"All descriptions of demoniacs present a strange *confusion* of the psychical, i.e. moral and physical process. It appears as though the state of demoniacs always involved a *certain degree* of moral turpitude. . . . Hence the very usual view according to which the demoniacs are declared to have been sick persons, has one true side;

but it is a one-sided view, whereas, the description of Holy Writ grasps the phenomenon of disease at its moral root."

In opposition to the view which we have suggested of demoniacal possession as peculiar to and commencing with the period of Christ's incarnation, it may be alleged that the phenomenon was previously well known both in Judea as also in heathen countries. It is true that the New Testament writers do not say that it was a new work of the Devil, or record, except on one or two occasions, any such astonishment as we may suppose such a strange visitation was likely to produce. But how little can we legitimately infer from such silence, when we remember that St. John makes no allusion whatever to the case of demoniacal possession. The authority of Josephus may be cited as antagonistic to our theory, who informs us that "God taught Solomon that skill which expels demons, a science useful and sanative to man;" and likewise "that the same method of cure (*θεραπεία*) was in great force unto this day." (Ant. Lib. viii.) Upon Josephus, indeed, the learned Dr. Whitby, in his Preface to the Epistles, relies to prove the affirmation that demoniacal possession was prevalent in Judea before the time of Christ:—"The falsehood of the suggestion, that men possessed with evil spirits were not known among the Jews in former ages, appears from the plain testimonies of Josephus, who said that God taught Solomon 'this wisdom for the benefit of men;' and that he left behind him those ways of exorcising demons, which so effectually expelled them that they never entered into them more; and from that time to this hath that way of curing those that were possessed been very powerful." (Ant. Lib. viii. ch. 2.) He also talks of a strange *herb* or *shrub*, which being artificially pulled up *presently expels devils*—*τὰ καλούμενα δαμόνια ταχέως ἐκλαίνουσι*—(De Bel. Jud. l. vii., ch. 6.) We shall quote a few sentences from the context of the passages of Josephus adduced by Whitby. Our readers will judge whether those actuations of evil spirits which he speaks of as healed by remedies so preposterous were in truth the same as that terrible possession recorded in the New Testament, which required

for its cure the mighty power of God, and which Christ's own disciples sometimes "could not" remove. (See S. Luke, ix. 40.) And first in the passage of the Antiquities cited by Whitby, after describing Solomon's exorcising arts (which arts he connects with that monarch's skill in the medicinal use of herbs and plants), Josephus proceeds to speak of the continuance of the power in his own times. "I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazer, releasing persons that were demoniacal. The manner of the cure was this: he put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon to the nostrils of the demoniac; after which *he drew out the demon through his nostrils*; and when the man fell down immediately he adjured him to return into him no more, making still mention of the name of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he had composed." Will any candid judge maintain that the cure performed by these extraordinary performances of Eleazer was the same as that miraculous casting out of devils, of which we read as the principal credential of their divine mission intrusted by Christ to his apostles?

Still more extraordinary is the other passage of Josephus referred to by Whitby in proof of his assertion, that demoniacal possession, of the same kind as that of the New Testament, was familiar to the Jews before Christ. We cannot copy his words in *extenso*, for several of the ingredients in the recipe for expelling demons would too rudely shock the eyes and ears of the polite:—

"In that valley which encompasses the city on the north side, there is a certain place called Baaras, which produces a root of the same name with itself; its colour is like to that of flame, and towards the evening it sends out a certain ray like lightning; nor will it yield itself to be taken quietly, until . . . be poured on it; nay, even then it is certain death to those who touch it, unless any one take and hang the root itself down from his hand, and so carry it away. . . . Yet, after all this pains in getting, it is only valuable on account of one virtue it hath, that if it be only brought to the sick persons, it quickly drives away those called demons, which are no other than the spirits of the wicked that enter into men that are alive and kill them,

unless they can obtain some help against them." (De Bel. Jud. lib. vii., ch. 6).

We shall waste no words in proving that the demoniacal possessions of which Josephus speaks as common from the time of Solomon down to his own age, and describes as effectually cured by such notable remedies, must have been something very different from the demoniacal possessions recorded in the Gospels.

The Jews, indeed, as well as many other oriental nations (the Hindus of the present day amongst the number) were wont to ascribe to the agency of evil spirits various forms of mental malady, and likewise such bodily diseases as nervousness, epilepsy, melancholy, and hysteria, which seemed to belong to the spiritual as much as to the corporeal constitution. And it is not denied by us that the opinion had a foundation in truth, for in some sort Satan, directly or through his subordinate ministers, is, doubtless, the author or instrument of evil in all its varieties. The pharmaceutic processes, then, by which these disorders, thus produced by an evil spirit, were alleviated or removed, became naturally associated with the idea of *exorcism*. The exorcist was half physician, half magician, who mingled incantations with such natural remedies of roots and herbs as are indicated by Josephus. Of this type were the wandering exorcists mentioned, Acts. xix. 13.

"They were a kind of men," says Dr. Bloomfield (Gr. Test. in l.) "like our travelling quacks, or mountebanks, or conjurers, who pretended to cure violent disorders beyond the reach of the physician's skill, and even to cast out devils; and all this with the use of certain incantations or charms, made effective partly by administering certain powerful medicines, and partly by strongly operating upon the imagination."

The immediate agency of Satan both upon the minds and bodies of men previous to our Saviour's advent, may be fully admitted consistently with our theory, that demoniacal possession was a phenomenon which was introduced by that incarnation of Christ, of which it was the counterfeit. When Job was given over into the hand of Satan to torment him with sore disease, in the exercise of this afflictive power we perceive no similarity to the circumstances of demoniacal possession. Again, when the

evil spirit troubled Saul, and affected him with a moody melancholy, this action upon his mind was plainly of another species, distinct from the *inhabitation* of a demon. The soothing strains of David's harp produced a happy effect upon his spirits, and thus removed the mental malady which had been produced by an evil demon. "Exemplo est Saul, qui cum a dæmone torqueretur, suavitate Davidicæ citharæ delinitus mitius ferebat; nimirum ut melancholico occupatus morbo"—(Vales. Sac. Philos. ch. 28).

Equally distinct from the demoniacal possession of the Gospel narrative was the case of *voluntary co-operation* with a "familiar spirit," where the human subject, as in the case of the Witch of Endor, so far from being violently seized and involuntarily entered, sought the assistance of a demon in the performance of magic operations. And so also of the "lying spirits" which actuated the false prophets with a pseudo-inspiration. Their delusive influence was as specifically different from the inhabitation of a demon as the motions of the third person of the Eternal Trinity, working in and speaking by the mouth of holy men, were in kind distinct from the incarnation of the Logos.

The same is to be said respecting the *θεοεισκαρμος* (i.e., possession by a god) of the Greeks, and the soothsaying and oracular phenomena of other heathen nations. They were homogeneous with inspiration. They were not like demoniacal possession, counterfeits of the *incarnation*. We perceive in them no similarity whatever to the terrible infliction of possession by a demon. The subjects of these visitations, whether real or imaginary, were revered as the honoured vessels into whom the divine afflatus was outpoured. They were never regarded, as the New Testament demoniacs were viewed, as afflicted beings, miserable victims of a horrible disorder against which they vainly struggled. Some eminent writers indeed, and amongst them Archbishop Whately, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, maintain that the idea of demoniacal possession of the same kind as that recorded in the New Testament, was not peculiar to the Jews, but was common amongst other nations. "They imagine that this kind of affliction, if

real, must have been peculiar to the one nation of the Jews, and that among *them* alone did the belief prevail. Now, this is utterly contrary to the fact; and yet it is far from uncommon to find this notion entertained even by educated persons not unacquainted with the works of Greek and Roman writers.

The heathen authors allude to possession by a demon (or by a god, for they used the words with little or no distinction) as a thing of no uncommon occurrence"—(Lectures on the Scripture Revelations respecting good and evil angels, p. 117-8.) We must, however, express our agreement with the opinion of the "educated persons," pointed out by the archbishop, and most respectfully state our dissent from the view that the Gospel idea of demoniacal possession, and the classical conception of "possession by a demon or by a god," are identical or even in the smallest degree similar. Do the *pii vates* et *Phæbo digna locuti*, whom Æneas beheld in Elysium, bear any similitude in conception to the demoniacs of the Gospels? Was Apollo's actuation of the Sybil, even when so potent that her enthusiasm was displayed in extraordinary physical developments—

"Majorque sideri

Nec mortale sonans, afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Deo:"

was this influence of the divinity upon her—

"Magnam cui mentem animamque
Delius inspirat vates, aperitque futura,"

of the same sort as the rending and tearing of a torturing demon? Was Socrates, in the New Testament sense, a *demoniac*, because he was perpetually warned from evil by some divine influence (τὸ δαιμόνιον, or δαίμωνιον ἡ, the *divinum quiddam* of Cicero) which had watched him and nourished him from childhood? (See Kühmer's Preface to Xen. Memor.) Was the established poetic formula, which invoked Apollo and the Muses to inspire their votary, synonymous with petitioning that the suppliant should become a demoniac? The ideas of demoniacal possession suggested by the Evangelists and by classical writers, are as different as their use of the terms *δαίμων* and *δαίμόνιον* is dissimilar. The New Testament writers, invariably as their own sense, employ these words to

signify an *evil* spirit. The heathen writers, on the contrary, usually assign a *good* meaning to the words, distinguishing evil beings as *δαίμονες κακοί* or *πονηροί*. Thus, for example, Aristotle applies *δαίμόνιον* to the Deity, the Providence which rules the world (Rhet. ii. 23). And Homer gives the same appellation to Venus (Il. iii.), while he employs *δαίμων* and *θεός* as interchangeable terms (Il. xvii. 98-99, compared with 104.) See Kitto, Cyclop. Biblic. Lit. (in v. Demon).

The supposition that demoniacal possession was a phenomenon peculiarly connected with the incarnation of Christ derives strong confirmation from the fact, that during our Lord's personal presence upon earth, the casting out of demons was one of the principal functions of His appointed ministers. When He sent forth His Twelve Apostles, before their commission to preach the Gospel and heal the sick, their Divine master gave them "power and authority over all demons" (St. Luke, ix. 1). Again, when the seventy returned with joy, the special ground for their rejoicing is thus expressed:—"Lord, even the demons are subject unto us through thy name" (St. Luke, x. 17). They dwell on the expulsion of demons as the most prominent feature, and the most triumphant success, of their mission. But when St. Paul, in an after age, enumerates at length the various gifts and powers which had flowed down from the Holy Ghost, subsequent to Christ's ascension, we find no mention of this power. (See 1 Cor. xii., Rom. xii., Eph. iv.) Nor again, do we perceive any allusion to this power, which was so prominent in the first ministers of Christ, when the same Apostle records the several offices which had been divinely appointed in the Church (1 Cor. xii. 28., Eph. iv. 11.) If, then, demoniacal possession continued to rage after Christ's ascension, as in the days of our Lord's flesh, it is scarce conceivable that the Divine Spirit, among His diversities of gifts, should have provided no remedy; and if such a counteractive power was bestowed upon the Church, it is unaccountable that the Apostle, when enumerating the gifts of the Spirit, should omit the mention of one so pre-eminently distinguished.

Corroborative of this view is the fact, that the words *δαμονιζόμενος* and *δαίμονια ἐξέρχεται*, which are the terms constantly employed in the three first* Gospels to express the seizure of a human subject by an incarnate demon, are not used in a single instance to describe the agency of Satan subsequent to the incarnation-period. In the Acts of the Apostles we find a different phraseology, indicating another form of diabolic action, not, as before, forcibly intruding a demon into the personality of a human being, and transforming the man into the unwilling organization of an alien spirit. The distinctive features of demoniacal possession are no longer prominent. The phrensied agony of the demoniac no longer manifests the struggles of humanity against the yoke of an incorporated demon. If Satanic influence is still apparent, it is exercised upon willing subjects, or exhibited in such developments of mental malady and bodily infliction, as we know that the Omnipotent, for reasons beyond our ken, permits to Satan as his minister.

The peculiar correlativeness which we have endeavoured to point out as existing between our Lord's Incarnation and the demoniacal possession described in the Gospels, does not, indeed, exclude the possibility of some instances of that phenomenon occurring subsequent to the time of Christ. We hold, indeed, that *the special age* of such possession terminated with the withdrawal from mortal sight of our Saviour's Incarnation. But the divine dispensations are not severed from each other by such palpable and impassable demarcations, that in some cases the characteristic features of the Incarnation epoch may not have been exhibited in a succeeding age. The dispensation of the Gospel did not, properly speaking, commence until the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and yet, here and there, amid the darkness of preceding centuries, faithful souls had been gladdened by the orient beams of his anticipated dawn. And thus it may be, that some foot-prints of the distinctive attributes of one era in the

cycle of Providence may still be traced in a subsequent epoch.

It cannot, indeed, be denied that the Christian writers of the first ages speak of possession by evil spirits as continuing a common and familiar occurrence. Their language is, however, for the most part, vague, loose, and hyperbolical. They seem to indicate various forms of Satanic infliction, sinful temptations, mental perturbations, bodily diseases, all clearly distinguishable from the peculiar phenomena of demoniacal possession such as we observe in the Gospel narrative. Sometimes sin and the temptations of the Devil are described as demoniacal possession. Thus, for example, St. Chrysostom, whom, for the convenience of English readers, we shall cite in a translated† form: "For when this (the Holy Spirit) hath gone, the unclean one cometh: this is plain from Saul. For what if he doth not choke us (ἐκφυγῇ), as he did him, still he strangles us in some other way by wicked works. . . . For sin is a demon we willingly receive—a self-chosen madness" (In Rom. Homil. xxviii.). Again—"Let us see to ourselves lest we have a demon, let us examine ourselves strictly" (In Acts, Homil. xli.). And once more, speaking of the depraved sensualist—"Such an one is in no respect different from a demoniac; for, like him, he is lost to shame" (In Mat. Homil. lvii.). St. Cyril regards possession by a devil as the normal state of the unbaptized, and speaks of the exorcised oil as the means of driving out the demon which before baptism had lurked in the body (Catechet. Lect. xx. 2, 3). Tertullian (Apol. xxiii.) speaks of the power over demons as belonging to every Christian as such, and thereby demonstrates the utter dissimilarity of the miraculous endowment bestowed by Christ on the Apostles and on the seventy: "When commanded by any Christian (*quolibet*), the spirit shall declare itself a demon" (See also De Corona Mil. c. 11). St. Cyprian also, whose language is most loose and unsatisfactory, seems to claim for all Christians as such a power to cast out devils, and to regard the possession as a disease:

* St. John makes no allusion to demoniacal possession, a silence which consents well to the belief that at the time he wrote the phenomenon had ceased.

† See Oxford Library of the Fathers.

"The evil spirits creeping into bodies affright the mind, distort the limbs, break the health, provoke diseases. . . . Yet these, when adjured on our part by the true God, at once submit, and make confession, and are forced to depart from the bodies they have possessed: you may see them by our voice, and through the operation of the unseen Majesty, lashed with stripes and scorched with fire" (De Vanit. Idol. iv.). Our narrow limits forbid any more quotations. But we leave it to every candid mind to decide whether such passages as the above describe at all the same thing as the well-defined and tremendously peculiar demoniacal possessions of the incarnation period.

Most important on any subject of ecclesiastical antiquity is the testimony of the learned Bingham. And certainly his description of the *possessed* in the primitive ages indicates a class of sufferers very distinct from the Gospel demoniacs. He depicts them rather as persons afflicted with mental malady, and requiring a sanitary process of moral discipline, which it was the business of the exorcists to manage and direct. He also speaks of "every Christian being *his own exorcist*, viz., by his prayers, resisting the Devil that he may fly from him." (Book iii. ch. iv.). Fancy one of the Gospel demoniacs being his own exorcist! Let us compare with the New Testament demoniac the picture drawn by this learned antiquarian. "These *energumens*, or demoniacs, were the persons about whom the exorcists were chiefly concerned. For besides the prayers which were offered for them in all public assemblies by the deacons and bishops, and the whole congregation, the exorcists were obliged to pray over them at other times, when there was no assembly in the Church; and to keep them employed in some *innocent business*, as in sweeping the church, and the like, to prevent more violent agitations of Satan, lest idleness should tempt the tempter; and to see them provided of their daily food and sustenance, while they abode in the church, which it seems was the chief place of their residence and habitation" (Antiq. Book iii. ch. 5). Surely this employment in "innocent business," this perpetual attendance in church, marks a state wholly different from the torturing phrensy of

the demoniac. The power or influence, whatever it was, which Satan exercised over them, was to be abated by a soothing process of gradual melioration. Forms of prayer were appointed in the public services in which these possessed were to take a special part. "The next sort of persons for whom prayers were made were the *energumens*, that is, such persons as were seized or possessed by an evil spirit. For though these were under the peculiar care of the exorcists, an order set apart to attend them and pray over them in private, yet it was thought an act of becoming mercy and charity to let them have the public prayers of the Church, and grant them liberty to be present at such prayers. Therefore, as soon as the deacon had dismissed the catechumens with the usual form: *catechumens, depart in peace*, he said again: *pray ye energumens*, who are vexed with unclean spirits" (Antiq. Book xiv. ch. 5).

It does not seem, indeed, as though these vexations and possessions by evil spirits were more than nervous, melancholy, or hysterical disorders, which may be truly termed vexations of the evil spirit, from whom, doubtless, in a sense, all ill, mental and corporeal, proceeds as its originating source. But no arguments are needed to demonstrate that these afflictions, however grievous, were not demoniacal possessions. They want all the distinctive idiocracy of that marked phenomenon, whose special age was synchronous with our Saviour's incarnation.

We are far, indeed, from denying what seems plainly attested by the Greek and Latin Fathers, that, in the first ages of the Church, the power of Satan was still externally displayed upon the bodies as well as the souls of men, and in a manner different from our present experience. Nor is it our purpose to question that some potency more than human was still vouchsafed to the early Church, to alleviate and remove these diabolical inflictions. The admission may be fully made consistently with maintaining that demoniacal possession, in its strict sense, was a speciality of the incarnation epoch. It is quite conceivable that Satan, though altering his own mode of attack, or restrained from intruding his subject demons into men's very personality, and thus

making them one with God's own image, should still be permitted to afflict the body, as of old he had afflicted Job; and to agitate the soul, as of old he had phrensied Saul. Such more direct and palpable diabolic agencies are, indeed, different from the present spiritual workings of the great deceiver in the children of disobedience; but they are equally distinguishable from demoniacal possession. They were operations exercised *ab extra*, not by an incorporated demon. They were a residue (for the successive periods of God's dispensation gradually melt one into another, and are divided by no abrupt demarcation) of that more tremendous type of Satanic agency which had prevailed during the age of the incarnation. And they were still supernaturally counter-worked by a more than human efficiency. Of the miraculous endowments which lingered with the Church of the Fathers after the departure of her Lord, like the radiance which still glows upon the evening clouds even when the sun has disappeared, one of the best attested is the power of heal-

ing these vexations of evil spirits. The existence and the cessation of this dominion over unclean spirits are, indeed, but cases of that more general and most interesting question of ecclesiastical archæology, upon which, probably, no conclusion will ever be arrived at more satisfactory than the following: "That miracles did not cease suddenly and abruptly with the last of the Apostles, but were still exerted occasionally for the benefit of the Church, till God thought fit to withdraw them altogether. This seems the most rational conclusion to which we can come concerning the duration of miraculous gifts in the Church. By adopting it we steer between two opposite opinions, both of which must be considered as erroneous: one which would strictly limit miracles to the age of the Apostles, and assert that there was no instance of their being worked afterwards; and another which maintains that the power of working them has never ceased, but is exercised to the present day in the true church"—(Burton's Hist. Chr. Church.)

A BIRTH-DAY RHYME.

O LOVING, laughing May!
 Three years ago your birth
 Drove all my cares away
 With the deepest joy of earth;
 And the house whose floor I trod
 Seemed a palace of mirth to be,
 For a gift direct from God
 My Mabel came to me.

Fresh, fresh from the world above
 To this home of sin and care—
 Sweet gift of perfect love—
 Sweet child with the clustering hair,
 And the dark brown happy eyes,
 And the voice so soft and gay:—
 How Time upon wide wing flies!
 She is three years old this day.

O calm September hours—
 Pass silent and serene:
 O fair autumnal flowers—
 Bring joy to your infant queen:
 O spirit of love divine—
 Cast gladness on the way
 Of this darling girl of mine
 Who is three years old to-day!

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES LEVER.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXII.

"THE FERN AND THE PRINCESS."

GERALD was lying on a couch in his habitual mood of half dreamy consciousness, when the Egyptian entered. Her tall and stately figure, veiled to the very feet, moving with a proud but graceful step, seemed scarcely to arrest his notice for a moment, and his eyes fell again upon a few wild flowers that lay beside him.

Making a sign to the servant that she would be alone, the Egyptian drew nigh the couch, and stood silently regarding him. After a while, she raised one arm till the hand was extended over his head, and held it thus some minutes. He lifted up his eyes towards her, and then, with a sort of wearied motion dropped them again—heaved a heavy sigh, and seemed to sink into a sleep.

Touching the centre of his forehead with her forefinger, she stood for some minutes motionless; and then slowly passed her hand over his face, and laid it gently on his heart; a slight, scarcely perceptible shudder shook the youth's frame at this instant, and then he was still; so still and so motionless, that he appeared like one dead. She now breathed strongly two or three times over his face, making with her hands a motion, as though sprinkling a fluid over him. As she did so, the youth's lips slightly opened, and something like a faint smile seemed to settle on his features. Bending down she laid her ear close to his lips, like one listening; she waited a few seconds, and then, in a voice that slightly trembled, with a thrill of joyous emotion, she whispered out:

"You have not, then, forgotten, Gherardi Mio; those happy hours still live within your memory."

The sleeper's mouth moved without a sound, but she seemed to gather the meaning of the motion; as after a brief pause, she said:—"And the well

under the old myrtle tree, at San Donino; hast forgotten that! True enough," added she, as if replying; "it seems like an age since we walked that mountain road together; but we will stroll there again, dear brother; nay, start not, thou knowest well why I call thee so. And we'll wander along the little stream under the old walls of Massa, beneath the orange trees; and listen to the cicada in the hot noon, and catch glimpses of the blue sea through the olives. Happier days! that they were. No, no, child," cried she, eagerly; "thou art not of a mould for such an enterprise; besides they would but entrap thee—there is no honesty in these men. He that we have lost—he that has left us—might have guided you in this difficult path; but there is not another like him. There are plants that only flower once in a whole century, and so with humanity; great genius only visits the earth after long intervals of years. What is it?" broke she in hurriedly; "thou see'st something; tell me of it?" With an intense eagerness she now seemed to drink in something that his silent lips revealed; a sort of impassionate anxiety urging her, as she said, "and then, and then; yes! a wild dreary waste without a tree; but thou knowest not where—and a light in an old tower high up—yes! watching for thee; they have expected thee; go on. Ah! thou hast arrived there at last; with what honour they receive thee; they fill the hall. No, no, do not let him kneel; thou art right, he is an old, old man. That was a mild cheer, and see how the tears run down his cheeks; they are, indeed, glad to see thee, then. What now," cried she, hurriedly; "thou wilt not go on, and why? tell me, then, why, Gherardi Mio," cried she, in an accent of deep feeling; "is it

that peril scares thee? Thou a Prince, and not willing to pay for thy heritage by danger. Ah, true;" broke she in, despondingly; "they have made thee but a tool, and they would now make thee a sacrifice." A long pause now ensued, and she sat with his hand pressed between both her own, in silence. At length a slight noise startled her; she turned her head, and beheld the Pere Maassoni standing close beside her. She arose at once, and drew the folds of her veil more closely across her features.

"Is your visit over? If so, I would speak with you," said the Pere.

She bowed her head in assent, and followed him from the room. Maassoni now led the way to the little tower which formed his study; entering which, he motioned her to a seat, and having locked the door, took a place in front of her.

"What say you of this young man?" said he, coldly and sternly. "Will he live?"

"He will live," said she, in a low, soft voice.

"For that you pledge yourself; I mean, your skill and craft!"

"I have none, holy father—I have but that insight into human nature which is open to all; but I can promise, that of his present malady he will not die."

"How call you his disease?"

"Some would name it atrophy; some low fever; some would say, that an old hereditary taint was slowly working its poisonous path through a once vigorous frame."

"How mean you by that; would you imply madness in his race?"

"There are many disordered in mind whom affluence presents as but capricious," said she, with a half supercilious accent.

"Be frank with me," said he boldly, "and say if you suspect derangement here."

"Holy father," replied she, in the calm voice of one appealing to a mature judgment, "you, who read men's natures, as others do a printed page, well know, that he who is animated strongly by some single sentiment, which infuses itself into every thought, and every action, pervading each moment of his daily life, so as to seem a centre around which all events revolve—that such a man, in the world's esteem, is of less sane mind than he

who gives to fortune but a passing thought, and makes life a mere game of accident. Between these two opposing states this young man's mind now balances."

"But cannot balance long," muttered the Pere to himself, reflecting on her words. "Will his intellect bear the struggle?" asked he hastily.

"Ay, if not over-taxed."

"I know your meaning; you have told himself that he is not equal to the task before him; I heard and saw what passed between you; I know, too, that you have met before in life; tell me, then, where and how." There was a frank, intrepid openness in the way he spoke, that seemed to say, we must deal freely with each other.

"Of me you need not to know any thing," said she proudly, as she arose.

"Not if you had not penetrated a great secret of mine," said Maassoni sternly; "you cannot deny it—you know who this youth is!"

"I know whom you would make him," said she, in the same haughty tone.

"What birth and lineage have made him, not any will of mine."

"There are miracles too great for even priestcraft, holy father—this is one of them. Nay, I speak not of his birth, it is of the destiny you purpose for him. Is it now, in the midst of the glorious outburst of universal freedom, when men are but awaking out of the long and lethargic dream of slavery, that you would make them to return to it; would you call them to welcome back a race whose badge has been oppression. No, no, your church is too wise, too farsighted for such an error; the age of monarchies is over; take counsel from the past, and learn that, henceforth, you must side with the people."

"So have we ever," cried the Pere, enthusiastically; "yes, I maintain and will prove it. Stay, you must not part with me so easily. You shall tell me who you are. This weak pretence of Egyptian origin deceives not me."

"You shall know nothing of me," was the brief reply.

"The Sacred Consulta will not accept this answer."

"They will get none other, father."

"Such acts as yours are forbidden by the canon law; be careful how you push me to denounce them."

"Does the Inquisition still live, then?" asked she, superciliously.

"Sorcery is a crime, on the word of Holy Writ, woman; and again I say, beware!"

"This is scarcely grateful, holy father; I came here to render you a service."

"And you are carrying away a secret, woman," said the priest, angrily. "This must not be."

"How would it advantage you, I ask," said she, calmly, "were I to reveal the whole story of my past life; it would give you no guarantee for the future?"

"It is for *me* to think of that. I only say, that I must and will know it."

"These are words of passion, holy father, not of that wise forethought for which the world knows and reveres your name. Farewell."

She waved her hand haughtily, and moved towards the door; but it was locked, and resisted her hand. As she turned to remonstrate, Massoni was gone! How, and by what exit, she could not guess, since every side of the small tower was covered with books on shelves, that rose from the floor to the ceiling, and except the one by which she entered, no door to be seen. Not a word nor an exclamation escaped her, as she saw herself thus imprisoned; her first care was to examine the windows, which readily opened, but whose great height from the ground made escape impossible. She again tried the lock in various ways, but without success; and then recommenced a close scrutiny of the sides of the tower, through which she was aware there must be some means of exit. So cunningly, however, was this devised, that it evaded all her search, and she sat down at length baffled and weary.

The bright noon faded away into the mellow richness of later day, and the long shadows of solitary trees or broken columns, stretched far across the Campagna, showing that the sun was low. While she yet sat silent and watchful in that lonely tower, her eyes had ranged over the garden beneath, till she knew every bed and pathway. She had watched the Campagna too, till her sight ached with the weary toil; but, except far, far away, long out of reach, no succour appeared in view; and it seemed to

her, at times, as though there was something like destiny in this dreary desolation. On that very morning, as she drove from Albano, the fields were filled with labourers, and herds of cattle roved over the great plains, with large troops of mounted followers. What had become then of these? The sudden outburst of a hundred bells, pealing in almost wild confusion now, broke upon the stillness, and seemed to make the very walls vibrate with their din. Louder and louder this grand chorus swelled out, till the sound seemed to rise from earth to heaven, filling space with their solemn music; and, at length, there pealed out through these the glorious cadences of a rich orchestra, coming nearer and nearer as she listened. A grand procession soon made its appearance, issuing out of one of the city gates, and holding its way across the Campagna. There were banners and gorgeous canopies, splendidly attired figures walked beneath, and the smoke of incense rose around them in the still calm of a summer's evening. It was, then, some festival of the Church, and to this was doubtless owing the silence and desertion which reigned over the Campagna.

With a haughty and disdainful motion of her head the Egyptian turned away from the sight, and seated herself with her back to the window. The greyish tinge of half light that foretells the coming night, was fast falling, as a slight noise startled her. She turned, and beheld two venerable monks, whose brown hoods and frocks denoted Franciscans, standing beside her.

"You are given into our charge, noble lady," said one, with a tone of deepest respect. "Our orders are to give you a safe conduct."

"Whither to, venerable brother," said she, calmly.

"To the convent of St. Ursula, beyond the Tiber."

"It is the prison of the Inquisition?" said she, questioning.

"There is no Inquisition; there are no prisons," muttered the other monk. "They who once met chastisement are won back now with love and gentleness."

"You will be well cared for, and with kindness, noble lady," said the other.

"It is alike to me; I am ready,"

said she, rising, and preparing to follow them.

In the correspondence to which I have already alluded there is a letter to Sir Horace Mann, the British Envoy at Florence, in which a reference is thus made to this incident. Shall I own, that without this historic allusion, I would scarcely have detained my reader by what is after all a mere episodical passage in my story? Seymour writes:—"So far as I can learn the woman arrested under this charge of sorcery is not a British subject at all, as I at first informed you, although great reason exists to believe her to be a spy in the Jacobin cause. All my efforts to obtain a sight of her have also failed; nor can I even ascertain where it is they have confined her. The common story goes, that she has bewitched the young Chevalier, of whom they want to make a Prince of the House of Stuart, and thus entirely spoiled the game the Jesuits were plotting. Vulgar rumour adds, the enormous rewards she demands for disenchanting him and so forth; but more trustworthy accounts suggest that all her especial subtlety will be needed to effect her own escape. That she possesses boundless wealth, and is of peerless beauty, a miracle of learning and accomplishment, you are, of course, prepared to hear. Would that I were enabled to add my own humble testimony on any of these points. Neither Alberoni nor Casali have seen her, so that you may easily imagine how hopeless are my chances.

"It is very hard to believe these things in our age; but so they are; and this morning I was told that the 'Prince,' pardon me the title, has been so much advantaged by her visit, that he has thrown off all his old melancholy, and goes about gay and happy. Of this I cannot pronounce, for his Royal Highness has gone down to Caraffa's villa at Orvieto, by way of recovering his health completely, and lives there in the very strictest seclusion.

"The affair has so many aspects, that in some one or other of them it has occupied all Rome during the last five or six weeks, and we go about asking each other will the Prince marry Guglia Ridolfi, Caraffa's niece? Will he ever be King of England? When will they crown *him*? When will they burn the witch? Of the latter event, if it show signs of occurring, I am to give due tidings beforehand to our friend Horatio, who, gout permitting, would come out from England to see the ceremony.

"It is my belief that Mr. Pitt would put this female to more profitable use than by making a faggot of her, if she had but half what the world alleges in craft and acuteness. Priests, however, tolerate no rivals, and permit no legerdemain but their own. Poor creature! is it not just possible that she may be more enthusiast than cheat?

"About the Chevalier himself I have nothing to add. I saw him on Thursday a-horseback, and I must own he sat his beast gracefully and well; he is of right manly presence, and recalls the features of his family, if they be his family, most pleasingly. He dismounted near Trajan's column to receive the benediction of the Holy Father, who was there blessing oxen, it being the festival of St. Martin, who protects these animals; and as he knelt down and rose up again, and then saluted the noble guard who presented arms, there was a dignity and elegance in his deportment which struck all observers; nor did I marvel as Atterbury's nephew whispered into my ear—the 'Dutchman could never have done it like that.'

Here the writer goes off into a little dissertation on the "unprofitableness" of mere personal advantages in times of real trouble, into which the reader will, I am sure, forgive me if I do not follow him; and with this I take my leave of the correspondence, and return to my tale.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"INTRIGUE."

THE life of a man has been aptly compared to the course of a stream: now clear—now troubled—now careering

merrily onward in joyous freedom—now forcing its turbid course amidst shoals and rocks; but in no circum-

stance does the comparison more truthfully apply than in those still and motionless intervals when, the impulse of force spent, the waveless pool succeeds to the rapid river. There are few men, even amongst the most active and energetic, who have not known such periods in life. With some these are seasons of concentration—times profitably passed in devising plans for the future. Others chafe under the wearisome littleness of the hour, and long for the days of activity and toil; and some there are to whom these intervals have all the charm of a happy dream, and who love to indulge themselves in a bliss such as in the busy world can never be their fortune to enjoy.

Amongst these last, a true disciple of the school who take refuge in the ideal and the imaginative, as the sole remedy against the ills of actual life, was Gerald Fitzgerald. When he arose from his sick bed, it was with a sort of dreamy, indistinct consciousness, that he was of high rank and station; one whose claims, however in abeyance now, must be admitted hereafter; that for the great part he was yet to fill, time alone was wanting. As to the past, it was a dream-land wherein he ventured with fear. It was in vain he asked himself, how much of it was true or false? Had this event really occurred? Had that man ever lived? The broken incidents of a fevered head, mingled with the terrible realities he had gone through; and there were many of his mere fancies that engaged his credulity more powerfully than some of the actual events of his chequered life.

His convalescence was passed at the Cardinal's villa of Orvieto; and if any thing could have added to the strange confusion which oppressed him, it was the curious indistinct impression his mind preserved of the place itself. The gardens, fountains, statues, were somehow all familiar. How had they been so revealed to him? As he strolled through the great rooms, objects struck him as well known; and yet, the Pere Massoni had said to him, "Orvieto will interest you; you have never been there;" and his Eminence, in his invitation, suggested the same thought. Day after day he pondered over this difficulty, and he continually turned over in his mind this question: "Is there some inner picture in my

being of all that I am to meet with in life? Has existence only to unroll a 'tableau,' every detail of which is graven on my heart? Have other men these conflicts within their minds? Is it that by some morbid condition of memory I am thus tortured? and must I seek relief by trying to forget?" The struggle thus suggested, rendered him daily more taciturn and thoughtful. He would sit for hours long without a word; and time glided on absolutely as though in a sleep.

If Gerald's life was passed in this inactivity, the Pere Massoni's days were fully occupied. From Ireland the tidings had long been of the most discouraging kind. The great cause which should have been confided to the guidance of the Church, and such as the Church could have trusted, had been shamefully betrayed into the hands of a party deeply imbued with all the principles of the French Revolution; men taught in the infamous doctrines of Voltaire and Volney, and who openly professed to hate a church even more than a monarchy. How the North of Ireland had taken the lead in insurrection—how the Presbyterians, sworn enemies as they were to Catholicism, had enrolled themselves in the cause of revolt—how all the ready, active, and zealous leaders were amongst that class and creed, the Priest Carrol had not failed to write him word; nor did it need the priest's suggestive comments to make the clever Jesuit aware of all the peril that this portended. Was it too late to counteract these evils?—by what means could men be brought back from the fatal infatuation of those terrible doctrines?—how was the banner of the Faith to be brought to the van of the movement? were the thoughts unceasingly in his mind. The French were willing to aid the Irish, so also were the Dutch; but the intervention would only damage the cause the Pere cared for. Nor did he dare to confide these doubts to the Cardinal and ask his counsel on them, since, to his Eminence he had continually represented the case of Ireland in a totally different light. He had taught him to believe the people all jealous for the Faith, cruelly oppressed by England, hating the dynasty that ruled them, and eagerly watching for the return of the Stuarts, if haply there yet lived one to re-

new the traditions of that illustrious house. By dint of insistence, and no small persuasive power, he at last had so far succeeded as to enlist the sympathies of his Eminence in the youth personally, and was now plotting by what means he could consummate that interest by a marriage between Gerald and the beautiful Giulia Ridolfi.

This was a project which, if often indistinctly hinted at between them, had never yet been seriously treated, and Massoni well knew that with Caraffa success was a mere accident, and that what he would reject one day with scorn he would accept the next with eagerness and joy. Besides, the gloomy tidings he constantly received from Ireland indisposed the Pere to incur any needless hazards. If the Chevalier was not destined to play a great part in life, the Cardinal would never forgive an alliance that conferred neither wealth nor station. The barren honour of calling a prince of the House of Stuart his nephew would ill requite him for maintaining a mere pensioner and a dependent. Against these considerations there was the calculation how far the cause of FitzGerald might profit by the aid such a man as Caraffa could contribute, when once pledged to success by every thing personally near and dear to himself. Might not the great churchman, then, be led to make the cause the main object of all his wishes?

The Cardinal was one of those men, and they are large enough to form a class, who imagine that they owe every success they obtain in life, in some way or other, to their own admirable skill and forethought; their egotism blinding them against all the aid the suggestions of others have afforded, they arrive at a self-reliance which is actually marvellous. To turn to good account this peculiarity of disposition, Massoni now addressed himself zealously and actively. He well knew that if the Cardinal only fancied that the alliance of his niece with the Chevalier was a scheme devised by himself—one of which none but a man of his deep subtlety and sagacity could ever have thought—the plot would have an irresistible attraction for him. The wily Pere meditated long over this plan, and, at last, hit upon an expedient that seemed hopeful. Amongst

the many agents whom he employed over Europe, was one calling himself the Count Della Rocca, a fellow of infinite craft and effrontery, and who, though of the very humblest origin and most questionable morals, had actually gained a footing amongst the very highest and most exclusive of the French royalists. He had been frequently intrusted with confidential messages between the Courts of France and Spain, and acquired a sort of courtier-like air and breeding, which lost nothing by any diffidence or modesty on his part.

Massoni's plan was to pretend to the Cardinal that Della Rocca had been sent out to Rome by the Count D'Artois, with the decoration of St. Louis for the Chevalier, and a secret mission to sound the young Stuart Prince, as to his willingness to ally himself with the House of Bourbon, by marriage. For such a pretended mission the Count was well suited; sufficiently acquainted with the habits of great people to represent their conversation correctly, and well-versed in that half ambiguous tone, affected by diplomatists of inferior grade, he was admirably calculated to play the part assigned him.

To give a greater credence to the mission, it was necessary that the Cardinal York should be also included in the deception; but nothing was ever easier than to make a dupe of his Royal Highness. A number of well-turned compliments from his dear cousins of "France," some little allusions to the "long ago" at St. Germain, when the exiled Stuarts lived there, and a note, cleverly imitated, of the Count D'Artois' hand, were quite enough to win the old man's confidence. The next step was to communicate Della Rocca's arrival to the Cardinal Caraffa, and this Massoni did with all due secrecy, intimating that the event was one upon which he desired to take the pleasure of his Eminence.

Partly from offended pride, on not being himself sought for by the Envoy, and partly to disguise from Massoni the jealousy he always felt on the score of Cardinal York's superior rank, Caraffa protested that the tidings had no interest for him whatever; that any sentiments he entertained for the young Chevalier were simply such as a sincere pity suggested; that he never heard of a

cause so utterly hopeless; that even if powerful allies were willing and ready to sustain his pretensions, the young man's own defects of character would defeat their views; that, from all he could hear—for of himself he owned to know nothing—Gerald was the last man in Europe to lead an enterprise, which required great daring and continual resources, and, in fact, none could be his partizan save from a sense of deep compassion.

The elaborate pains he took to impress all this upon Massoni convinced the Pere that it was not the real sentiment of his Eminence, and he was not much surprised at a hasty summons to the Cardinal's palace on the evening of the day he had first communicated the news.

"The first mine has sprung!" muttered Massoni, as he read the order and prepared to obey it.

The Cardinal was in his study when the Pere arrived, and continued to pace up and down the room, briefly addressing a few words as Massoni entered and saluted him.

"The old Cardinal Monga had a saying, that if some work were not found out to employ the Jesuits, they were certain to set all Europe in a flame. Was there not some truth in the remark, Pere Massoni? Answer me frankly and fairly, for you know the body well!" Such was the speech by which he addressed him.

"Had his Eminence reckoned the times in which Jesuit zeal and wisdom had rescued the world from peril, it would have been a fitter theme for his wisdom."

"It is not to be denied that they are meddlers, sir," said the Cardinal, haughtily.

"So are the sailors in a storm-tossed vessel. The good Samaritan troubled himself with what, others might have said, had no concern for him."

"I will not discuss it," said his Eminence, abruptly. "The world has formed its own vulgar estimate of your order, and I, at least, agree with the majority." He paused for a second or two, and then, with a tone of some irritation, said, "What is this story Rome is full of, about some Egyptian woman, or a Greek, arrested and confined by a warrant of the Holy office; they have mingled your name with it, somehow?"

"A grave charge, your Eminence; Satanic possession and witchcraft!"

"Massoni," broke in Caraffa, with a malicious twinkle of his dark eye, "remember, I beseech you, that we are alone. What do you mean, then, by witchcraft?"

"Were I to say to your Eminence that, after a certain interview with you, I had come away, assuring myself that other sentiments were in your heart than those you had avowed to me; that you had but half revealed this, totally ignored that, affected credulity here, disbelief there, my subtlety, whether right or wrong, would resolve itself into a mere common gift—the practised habit of one skilled to decipher motives; but if, while in your presence, standing as I now do here, I could, with an effort of argument or abstraction, open your whole heart before me, and read there as in a book; and while doing this, place you in circumstances where your most secret emotions must find vent, so that not a corner nor a nook of your nature should be strange to me, by what name would you call such an influence?"

"What you describe now has never existed, Massoni. Tricksters and mountebanks have pretended to such power in every age, but they have had no other dupes than the unlettered multitude."

"How say you, then, if I be a believer here? What say you, if I have tested this woman's power, and proved it? What say you, if all she has predicted has uniformly come to pass; not a day, nor a date, nor an hour mistaken! I will give an instance. Of Della Rocca's mission and its objects here, I had not the very faintest anticipation. That the exiled family of France cherished hope enough to speculate on some remote future, I did not dream of suspecting; and yet, through her foretelling, I learned the day he would arrive at Rome, the very hotel he would put up at, the steps he would adopt to obtain an audience of the Chevalier, the attempts he would make to keep his mission a secret from me; nay, to the very dress in which he would present himself, I knew, and was prepared for all."

"All this might be concerted; what more easy than to plan any circumstance you have detailed, and by im-

posing on your credulity secure your co-operation?"

"Let me finish, sir. I asked what success would attend his plan, and learned that destiny had yet left this doubtful—that all was yet dependent on the will of one whose mind was still unresolved. I pressed eagerly to learn his name, she refused to tell me, openly avowing that she would thwart his influence, if in her power. I grew angry and even scoffed at her pretended powers, declaring, as you have just suggested, that all she had told me might be nothing beyond a well-arranged scheme. 'For once, then, you shall have a proof,' said she, 'and never shall it be repeated; fold that sheet of paper there, as a letter, and seal it carefully and well. The name I have alluded to is written within,' said she. I started, for the paper contained no writing—not a word, not a syllable—I had scanned it carefully ere I folded it. Of this, I can pledge my solemn and sacred word."

"Well, when you broke the seal?" burst in the Cardinal.

"I have not yet done so," said the Pere calmly, "there is the letter, just as I folded and sealed it; from that moment to this it has never quitted my possession. It may be, that, as you would suspect, even this might be sleight of hand. It may be, sir, that the paper contains no writing."

"Let us see," cried the Cardinal, taking the letter and breaking it open. "Madonna!" exclaimed he, suddenly. "Look here;" and his finger then trembling pointed to the word, "Caraffa," traced in small letters and with a very faint ink, in the middle of the page.

"And to this you swear, on your soul's safety," cried Caraffa, eagerly.

He bent forward till his lips touched the large golden cross which, as a pectoral, the Cardinal wore, and muttered "by this emblem, I swear it."

"Such influence is demoniacal—none can doubt it; who is this woman, and whence came she?"

"So much of her story as I know is briefly told," said Massoni, who related all that he had heard of the Egyptian, concluding with the steps by which he had her arrested and confined in the convent of St. Maria Maggiore, on the Tiber.

"There was an age when such a woman had been sent to the stake,"

said Caraffa, fiercely. "Is it a wiser policy that pardons her?"

"Yes; if by her means a good end can be served," interposed the Pere; "if, through what she can reveal, errors may be avoided, perils averted, and successes gained; if, in short, Satan can be used as slave, not master."

"And wherefore should she be opposed to me," broke in Caraffa, whose thoughts reverted to what concerned himself, personally.

"As a true and faithful priest, as an honoured Prince of the Church, you must be her enemy," said the Pere; and, though the words were spoken in all seeming sincerity, the Cardinal's dark eyes scanned the speaker's face keenly and severely. As if failing, however, to detect any equivocation in his manner, Caraffa addressed himself to another course of thought and said, "have you questioned her, then, as to this young man's chances?"

"She will not speak of them," was the abrupt reply.

"Have they met?"

"Once, and only once; and of the meeting his memory preserves no trace whatever, since it was during his fever, and when his mind was wandering and incoherent."

"Could I see her, without being known; could I speak with her myself?"

Massoni shook his head doubtfully, "No disguise would avail against her craft."

Caraffa pondered long over his thoughts, and at last said, "I have a strong desire to see her, even though I should not speak to her. What say you, Massoni?"

"It shall be as pleases your Eminence," was the meek answer.

"So much I know, sir; but it is your counsel that I am now asking, what would you advise?"

"So far as I can guess," answered the Pere, cautiously, "it is her marvellous gift to exert influence over those with whom she comes in contact—a direct, palpable sway. Even I, cold, impassive, as I am, unused to feel, and long beyond the reach of such fascination—even I have known what it is to confront a nature thus strangely endowed."

"These are mere fancies, Massoni."

"Fancies that have the force of con-

victions. For my own part, depository as I am of much that the world need not, should not, know, I would not willingly expose my heart to one like her."

"Were it even as you say, Massoni, of what could the knowledge avail her? Bethink you for a moment of what strange mysteries of the human heart every village curate is the keeper; how he has probed recesses, dived into secret clefts, of which, till revealed by strict search, the very possessor knew not the existence; and yet, how valueless, how inert, how inoperative in the great game of life, does not this knowledge prove. If this were power, the men who possessed it would sway the universe."

"And so they might," burst in Massoni, "if they would adapt to the great events of life the knowledge which they now dissipate in the small circle of family existence. If they would apply to statecraft the same springs by which they now awaken jealousies, kindle passions, lull just suspicions, and excite distrusts! With powder enough to blow up a fortress, they are contented to spend it in fireworks! The order of which I am an unworthy member alone conceived a different estimate of the duty."

"The world gives credit to your zeal," said the Cardinal, slyly.

"The world is an ungrateful taskmaster. It would have its work done, and be free to disparage those who have laboured for it."

A certain tone of defiance in this speech left an awkward pause for several minutes. At last Caraffa said, carelessly, "Of what were we speaking awhile ago? Let us return to it."

"It was of the Count Della Rocca, and his mission, your Eminence."

"True. You said that he wished to see the Chevalier, to present his letters. There can be no objection to that. The road to Orvieto is an excellent one, and my poor house there is quite capable of affording hospitality for even a visitor so distinguished." With all his efforts to appear tranquil, the Cardinal spoke in a broken, abrupt way, that betrayed a mind very ill at ease.

"I am not aware, Massoni," resumed he, "that the affair concerns me, nor is there occasion to consult me upon it." This address provoked

no reply from the Pere, who continued patiently to scan the speaker, and mark the agitation that more and more disturbed him.

"I conclude, of course," said the Cardinal again, "that the Chevalier's health is so firmly re-established this interview cannot be hurtful to him; that he is fully equal to discuss questions touching his gravest interests. You who hear frequently from him can give me assurance on this point."

"I am in almost daily correspondence—"

"I know it," broke in Caraffa.

"I am in almost daily correspondence with the Chevalier, and can answer for it, that he is in the enjoyment of perfect health and spirits."

"They who speculated on his being inferior to his destiny will perhaps feel disappointed!" said Caraffa, in a low searching accent.

"They acknowledge as much already, your Eminence. In the very last despatches Sir Horace Mann sent home, there is a gloomy prediction of what trouble a youth so gifted and so ambitious may one day occasion them in England."

"Your friend the Marchesa Balbi, then, still wields her influence at the British legation," said Caraffa, smiling cunningly; "or you had never known these sentiments of the minister?"

"Your Eminence reads all secrets," was the submissive reply, as the Pere bowed his head.

"Has she also told you what they think of the youth in England?"

"No further than that there is a great anxiety to see him, and assure themselves that he resembles the House of Stuart."

"Of that there is no doubt," broke in Caraffa; "there is not a look, a gesture, a trait of manner, or a tone of voice, he has not inherited."

"These may seem trifles in the days of exile and adversity, but they are title-deeds fortune never fails to adduce when better times come round."

"And do you really still believe in such, Massoni? Tell me, in the sincerity of man to man, without disguise, and if you can, without prejudice—do you continue to cherish hopes of this youth's fortune?"

"I have never doubted of them for a moment, sir," said the Pere confidently. "So long as I saw him weak

and broken, with weary looks, and jaded spirits, I felt the time to be distant; but when I beheld him in the full vigour of his manly strength, I knew that his hour was approaching; it needed but the call—the man was ready."

"Ah, Massoni, if I had thought so; if I but thought so," burst out the Cardinal, as he leaned his head on his hand, and lapsed into deep reflection.

The wily Pere never ventured to break in upon a course of thought, every motive of which contributed to

his own secret purpose. He watched, him, therefore, closely, but in silence. At last, Caraffa lifting up his head, said, "I have been thinking over this mission of Della Rocca, Massoni, and it were perhaps as well—at least it will look kindly, were I to go over to Orvieto myself, and speak with the Chevalier before he receives him. Detain the Count, therefore, till you hear from me—I shall start in the morning."

The Pere bowed, and after a few moments withdrew.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE GARDEN AT ORVIETO."

SOON after daybreak on the following morning, the Cardinal's courier arrived at Orvieto with tidings that his Eminence might be expected on that same evening. It was a rare event, indeed, which honoured the villa with a visit from its princely owner; and great was the bustle and stir of preparation to receive him. The same activity prevailed within door and without. Troops of men were employed in the gardens, on the terraces, and the various pleasure-grounds; while splendid suites of rooms, never opened but on such great occasions, were now speedily got in readiness and order.

Gerald wandered about amidst this exciting turmoil, puzzled and confused. How was it that he fancied he had once seen something of the very same sort, exactly in the selfsame place? Was this, then, another rush of that imagination which so persisted in tormenting him, making life a mere circle of the same events? As he moved from place to place, the conviction grew only stronger and stronger: this seemed the very statue he had helped to replace on its pedestal—here the very fountain he had cleared from weeds and fallen leaves; the flowers he had grouped in certain beds; the walks he had trimly raked; the rustic seats he had disposed beneath shady trees; all rose to his mind and distracted him by the difficulty of explaining them. As he walked up the great marble stairs and entered the spacious hall of audience, a whole scene of the past seemed to fill the

space. The lovely girl, a mere child as she was, with golden hair and deep blue eyes, rose again before his memory, and his heart sunk as he bethought him that the whole vision must have had no reality.

The rapid tramp of horses' feet suddenly led him to the window, and he now saw the outriders, as they dashed up at speed, followed quickly after by three travelling carriages, each drawn by six horses, and escorted by mounted dragoons. Gerald did not wait to see his Eminence descend, but hastened to his room to dress, and compose his thoughts for the approaching interview.

The Chevalier had grown to be somewhat vain of his personal appearance. It was a Stuart trait, and sat not ungracefully upon him; and he now costumed himself with more than ordinary care. His dress was of a dark maroon velvet, over which he wore a scarf of his own tartan; the collar and decoration presented by the Cardinal York ornamenting the front of the dress, as well as the splendidly embossed dagger which once had graced the belt of the Prince Charles Edward. Though his toilet occupied him a considerable time, no summons came from his Eminence, either to announce his arrival or request a meeting; and Gerald, half pained by the neglect, and half puzzled, lest the fault might possibly be ascribed to some defect of observances on his own part, at length took his hat, and left the house for a stroll through the gardens.

As he wandered along listlessly, he

at last gained a little grassy eminence, from which a wide view extended over a vast olive plain, traversed by a tiny stream. It was the very wood through which, years before, he had journeyed when he had fled from the villa to seek his fortune. Some indistinct, fitting thoughts of the event, the zigzag path along the river, the far-away mountains of the Maremma, were yet puzzling him, when he heard a light step on the gravel walk near. He turned, and saw a young girl coming towards him, smiling, and with an extended hand. One glance showed him that she was singularly beautiful, and of a demeanour that announced high station.

"Which of us is to say, 'welcome here,' Chevalier; at all events, let one of us have the courage to speak it. I am your guest, or your host, whichever it please you best."

"The Contessa Ridolfi," said Gerald, as he kissed her hand respectfully.

"I perceive," said she, laughing, "you have heard of my boldness, and guess my name at once; but, remember, that if I had waited to be presented to you by my uncle, I should have been debarred from thus clearing all formality at a bound, and asking you, as I now do, to imagine me one you have known long and well."

"I am unable to say whether the honour you confer on me, or the happiness, be greater," said Gerald warmly.

"Let it be the happiness, since the honour must surely come from your side," said she, in the same light, half careless tone. "Give me your arm, and guide me through these gardens; you know them well, I presume."

"I have been your guest these four months and more, Contessa," said he, bowing.

"So that this poor villa of ours may have its place in history, and men remember it as the spot where the young Prince sojourned. Nay, do not blush, Chevalier, or I shall think that the shame is for my boldness. When you know me better you will learn that I am one so trained to the licence of free speech that none are offended at my frankness."

"You shall never hear me complain of it," said Gerald, quickly.

"Come, then, and tell me freely, has this solitude grown intolerable; is your patience well-nigh worn out

with those interminable delays of what are called 'your friends?'"

"I know not what you allude to. I came here to recover after a long illness, weak and exhausted. My fever had left me so low in energy, that I only asked rest and quietness: I found both at the villa. The calm monotony that might have wearied another soothed and comforted me. Of what was real in my past life—what mere dreamland—I never could succeed in defining. If at one moment I seemed to any one's eyes of princely blood and station, at the next I could not but see myself a mere adventurer, without friends, family, or home. I would have given the world for one kind friend to steady the wavering fabric of my mind, to bring back its wandering fancies, and tell me when my reason was aright."

"Will you take me for such a friend?" said Guglia, in a soft, low voice.

"Oh, do not ask me, if you mean it not in serious earnest," broke he in, rapidly. "I can bear up against the unbroken gloom of my future; I could not endure the changeful light of a delusive hope."

"But it need not be such. It is for you to decide whether you will accept of such a counsellor. First of all," added she, hastily, and ere leaving him time to reply, "I am more deeply versed in your interests than you are perhaps aware. Intrusted by my uncle, the Cardinal, to deal with questions not usually committed to a young girl's hands, I have seen most parts of the correspondence which concerns you; nay, more, I can and will show you copies of it. You shall see for yourself what they have never yet left you to judge, whether it is for your own interest to await an eventuality that may never come, or boldly try to create the crisis others would bid you wait for; or lastly, there is another part to take, the boldest, perhaps, of all."

"And what may that be?" broke in Gerald, with eagerness, for his interest was now most warmly engaged.

"This must be for another time," said she, quickly; "here comes his Eminence to meet us."

And as she spoke, the Cardinal came forward, and with a mingled affection and respect embraced Gerald and kissed him on both cheeks.

THE LAST JOURNALS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

It has always struck us as being a physiological curiosity, that Sir Robert and Horace Walpole were father and son. In form, in nature, in habits, and in intellect, each was altogether the opposite of the other. The characteristics of the statesman were coarse but commanding strength; a genius for influencing mankind; an ambition grasping in its aims, yet moderate in its acts; a singular capacity for government, and a vigorous common sense, void of learning and culture. He was addicted to the pursuits of Topehall and Philosopher Square, and in conversation was often as rude and brutal as Squire Western; but, with a frame that seemed to defy excess, he could confront and fatigue a British House of Commons; and by a sterling superiority of judgment, he baffled his ablest adversaries for many years, and at Court was a favourite as well as an autocrat. He shocked even the neighbouring Tony Lumpkins at Houghton, yet he ruled the Senate of Pulteney and Carteret, and was not displeasing to the metaphysical and fastidious circle that sat in the gilded boudoir of Queen Caroline. He struck at his political foes without fear and openly, so long as they were of any account, and never hesitated to expel an associate from office who had crossed his path or thwarted any of his schemes; and yet, as Lord Macaulay observes, he was singularly generous to the fallen, and he spared the lives of several of his Jacobite antagonists, although he held in his desk full evidence against them. So, too, though he was little read in books, and could not have possessed the graces of eloquence, he is described as having been unrivalled in debate even by those who had heard the oratory of St. John, or who were listening nightly to the declamation of the future Lord Chatham. His weighty and manly logic, his aptitude for public business, his knowledge of the House of Commons, and his admirable judgment, more than compensated for his ignorance of Vattel and of History; and Parliamentary tradition tells us that he rose superior to all his adversaries, even in the agony of the "great Walpolian

battle," in which he stood almost unaided against the ablest men of England, to sustain the cause of a falling Ministry. The canvas which has preserved for us his bluff yet resolute features, instantly recalls to the mind a rough-hewn but thoroughly capable statesman, of coarse morals yet kindly and masculine nature, on whose private and public life there are many stains, and who has left no written or spoken eloquence behind him; but who for twenty years was leader of the House of Commons, secured the Empire to the House of Brunswick, and was the mainstay of the Parliamentary Government of the last century.

Horace Walpole was exactly the reverse of this character. He was tolerably free from the grosser vices of the day, because he had not constitution to sustain them, but his imagination was liquorish if his nerves were feeble, as his taste for the garbage of Crébillon shows; and in his frigid and idle flirtations, he reminds us of those

"Who civilly delight

In mumbling at the game they dare not bite."

Though a man of the world, and not deficient in tact, and rather skilled as an umpire in nice social questions, he was neither liked nor respected among his fellow-men; and he had about as much aptitude for politics and government as his Roman namesake had for commanding an army. He was feeble and foppish in appearance, a perfect Master of the Ceremonies in all that relates to the world of fashion, an adept in heraldry, pedigrees, and aristocratic mysteries, devoted to the life and atmosphere of a Court; and yet he was constantly mouthing a pitiable cant of republicanism, and boasting his contempt for kings, and his love of Algernon Sidney. With every opportunity for a political career, the son of a great minister, and the constant associate of a great party, he never made the least figure in the House of Commons, though he was indignant if he was not thought a zealous Whig, and he delighted in reiterating the creed of Whiggism, whenever it was quite con-

venient to do so. There was nothing downright, earnest, bold, or vigorous about him; he was a polished fribble even in his trifling pursuits; and in his relations with his fellow-men, he was guarded, timid, scrupulous, and polite. At the same time, as his writings amply testify, he was malevolent in his nature, and with the spite of a Thersites, though careful not to make a dangerous display of it; he delighted in referring acts to the worst motives, and was extremely skilful in small detractions; and he was never so happy as when detailing the littleness of the great, and caricaturing reputations he could not hope to emulate. In short, he united in himself a good deal of Sporus and of Pope, and was exactly that kind of do-nothing, frivolous, and carping character, which Mr. Carlyle would assign to the lowest deep of his Inferno.

And yet the mind of England owes a debt to Horace Walpole. To our history he is what St. Simon is to that of France—the greatest painter of the public men of the last century. It is true that he looks at them through a medium distorted by absurd prejudices, that he delights to parade his Whig cant in praising or abusing them, that, usually, he scans them from the worst point of view, and is charmed whenever he can depreciate them, and that he is the ideal valet of biography, to whom no man appears a hero. It is also true that his diction is exceedingly bad—a medley of French phrases ill rendered into English, without any of the charms of the French manner, interwoven with a meagre yet pompous dialect, apparently formed by the study of old plays and of Johnson. Nevertheless he possessed, in an eminent degree, the faculty of throwing out likenesses of human nature, according to his ideas of it; and, as for more than fifty years he was in social contact with the actors of English history, his portraits of them have the true living expression, however injured it may be by his detracting manner, and by his grotesque and peculiar colouring. We are not certain, indeed, whether he is not superior even to St. Simon in the art of impressing the mind with a notion of individual personages, though this is probably owing to his besetting habit of caricature;

and he is entirely devoid of the moral earnestness, and the deep though mistaken political purpose which characterize the French writer. Hence his works, despite their faults and absurdities, will always be read with delight and interest, and will always be sought by those students of English history who prefer "*petere fontes quam sectari rionlos*," and who wish to obtain a view of their political great-grandfathers.

The volumes before us are a continuation of "The Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third," though in a less connected and historical form, and are full of their author's characteristics. They have been perused by several men of letters of our time, as for instance Lord Stanhope and Mr. Massey; but hitherto they have not been given to the public. They comprise the momentous period between 1772 and 1783; and accordingly form a commentary more or less copious upon that troublous and melancholy era which witnessed the struggle between England and her American colonies, the renewal of the family compact against the empire, the humiliation of the British flag in all quarters of the world, the victory of the King's friends and Lord North over the constitution, the advance of a sinister prerogative in both Houses of Parliament, the decline of public spirit in the House of Commons, the slow growth and final triumph of a magnificent opposition, headed by Fox, Burke, Barré, and Shelburne, and the menacing outburst of a democratic spirit in England, which for a time endangered our cardinal institutions. Having so recently, in our review of Mr. Massey's history, examined the events of this period in detail, we shall not now attempt to recapitulate them; but it is interesting to observe from what point of sight Horace Walpole beholds them, and how his cunning though censorious hand reanimates the principal actors in them.

In the first place, then, it is not a little curious to see the conceptions under which Horace Walpole surveys this part of our history. They are the conceptions of a Whig of 1715, who, remembering the days of 1688, believes that the Crown can never be trusted with a standing army, that the constitution is constantly in danger of

violent attacks, that the Scotch nation is necessarily wedded to Jacobitism, that the penal laws should never be relaxed, and that the House of Commons is the democratic force in our polity. They are, accordingly, rather out of place at a period when the Crown had discovered that the power of corruption was as efficacious as that of the sword, when the House of Commons had become the tool of George the Third and the aristocracy, when, in Scotland as well as in England, the cause of the House of Stuart had been given up, and when the Whigs of the day were beginning to repent of their past intolerance. The result of this incongruity of view is that almost every event is seen by the author in a strange light, which, if not false, is certainly far from correct. Thus he declares his belief that, had George the Third been victorious in the American war, he would have attempted to govern directly by force—a supposition which seems to us simply ridiculous. He ascribes the popularity of the King in Scotland, not to the leniency and favour which he displayed to that nation, but to their inherent love for Jacobite principles, which they saw embodied in this action of the House of Brunswick. He repeatedly denounces the House of Commons of Lord North, for its subserviency, degeneracy, and want of public spirit; but he will not see that this was the consequence of corruption within its sphere, and he carps at Burke's plan to remove that corruption. So, too, though he was very much frightened at Lord George Gordon's riots, he assailed with the most contemptible bigotry an Act for securing religious freedom, and their civil rights, to the French Canadians.

In the next place it is interesting to see how Horace Walpole magnifies the dangers which, at this time, were threatening the constitution, yet studiously avoids to lend a hand to avert them. We certainly think that, under the administration of Lord North, the safety of the empire was imperilled, and our political institutions were perverted; and that not only the disasters of the American war, but the case of the Middlesex election, the exclusion of the printers, and the extreme degeneracy and worthlessness of the majorities in the House of Commons were symptoms of the

worst omen. But the following passage seems to us rather ridiculously exaggerated:—

“To me it would be preferable to have the nation humbled, provided it remained free, than to see it victorious and enslaved. From the Stamp Act, and from the military laws devised by Lord Mansfield for the colonies; from his abolition of juries, and restoration of Popery in Canada; from the beginning of the war, and from the bloody acts, contrived not only to punish, but to drive the colonies into rebellion, that all might be punished and enslaved, I had seen the evident tendency of the King's measures. I had as little doubt, but if the conquest of America should be achieved, the moment of the victorious army's return would be that of the destruction of our liberty. That army had been sent to fight for prerogative, was disciplined by Jacobite Scots, and was to combat men that fought for freedom. They would be at the beck of a prince that thirsted for despotism, who had not only a Tory administration, but of men who had been Jacobites, as Lord Mansfield and Lord Gower; and was supported by a zealous clergy, particularly of those bred at Oxford; and the greatest efforts of the Scots had been to represent the opposition as inciters of the rebellion which the army had been sent to crush. Would that army, had it returned victorious, have hesitated to make the King as absolute as they had made him in America? Would they not have been let loose against the friends of liberty as mere rebels?

An invasion from France could not be so fatal as the return of such an army, unless calamity, and the incapacity of the ministers, and the obstinacy of the sovereign rouse the nation, drive out the administration, punish them, and restore the Constitution. If the acknowledgment of the independence of the Americans should reconcile them, and thence produce peace with France, I am persuaded the King will still think of satiating his vengeance on what he calls the English rebels. But I think his blindness and folly will not let him advert to that advantage, still hoping that something may turn out to enable him to crush both England and America; and I think, too, that France will not lose such a moment to give us a dreadful blow; but from that we may in time recover. We never can from the subversion of the Constitution. How blindly the Court was infatuated by the vision of despotism, appeared by another circumstance. Though all our greatness had been founded on trade, the ministers, and Lord North, as much as any one, (for there was no part he was not base

enough to act) for fear the loss of American trade should alarm the nation, had propagated the doctrine that we could do without the American trade; that Russia, Poland, and Germany took off as great a quantity of our manufactures as our hands could furnish, and that we could not be enriched by more trade than we could supply. False position!"

One would have thought, if this was the desperate condition of England, that the son of Sir Robert Walpole would have been found among her foremost defenders, either denouncing in the House of Commons the advances of despotism, or, in some other public sphere, devoting his energies to repress it. But the aristocratic cynic had no such noble purpose, and while, from his courtly hermitage at Strawberry-hill, he gave free rein to his Whig imaginations, and conjured up a distempered dream of his country's degradation, he declares in the same breath "that he had retired from public life;" that "he had become tired of making personal sacrifices;" that "he took no further part in politics;" and he spends his time in collecting his museum of trifles; in concealing his adulation for his niece, the Duchess of Gloucester, under the guise of an austere respect, and in hanging about the mansions of the great to fetch and carry the gossip and scandal of the town, which, to do him justice, he repeats in the best manner. After all, he need not have dreaded the approach of despotism; it is precisely such feeble and polished triflers that it chooses to have around its throne.

Such are the leading ideas under which these volumes were composed, and accordingly we think them full of unfairness and exaggeration. They are not, however, without many acute observations as regards the political events of the day, which shine through the tinsel of anecdote and persiflage. Horace Walpole, looking back, in 1780, upon the age through which he had lived, and forward upon the great democratic movement which was beginning to shake the throne of George the Third, condenses the whole truth into this one sentence: "In the last reign, the aristocracy preponderated; in this, till now, the crown; now the people." He fully appreciated the peril to our Indian Empire, which

was caused by the tyranny and avarice of the Company's unbridled officials; and predicted, not unjustly we believe, that "unless they were stopped, India would soon be lost"—thus paying, unconsciously, the greatest tribute to the foresight of Burke. He seems to have understood, from the first, that the war with America could not be an affair of one campaign, and that it would be extremely difficult to subdue a united nation, dispersed over an enormous territory, at a distance of three thousand miles from England; and yet, he remarks that the real causes of our failure were the incapacity of our generals, and the extreme maladministration of our naval and military departments. He saw through all the mischiefs which the coalition of Fox and Lord North would entail upon the Whig party, and really took some little pains to advise against it, though, in some degree, this may be ascribed to his personal dislike of several of the King's friends. And yet, with all this occasional political acuteness, his views on public affairs are sometimes so short-sighted, that, even allowing for his absurd prejudices, we almost wonder how he came by them. He probably knew more of the state of France than any man in England, and yet does not seem to have had a notion, even in 1783, that she was on the verge of a tremendous revolution; and he appears to have thought that the *regime* of Louis XVI, and of Necker, was sufficient to cure all the abuses of her government. He mentions the Partition of Poland, in 1772, but had no conception of its real significance, which he might have learned, if he had chosen, from Edmund Burke, whom he was always sneering at as a "visionary," but who, in this particular, showed from the first, the far-sightedness of genius. He perceived that the House of Commons was being separated from the people, and that the power of the people was becoming preponderant; yet he would not hear of any democratic Reform of Parliament.

The real and enduring interest of these volumes, however, is their vigorous portraiture of the public men of 1770-1783. Making every allowance for its extreme detractions and ill-nature, it is still the work of a masterly artist. The features, the aspect, the character, and the manner

of the statesmen, the generals, and the courtiers of the period, are brought here before us, in caricature it is true, but still life-like, and with a natural expression. Foremost among them is the King himself; and never was "the divinity which hedges a King" more rudely displaced. Indeed, if we except General Conway, and the Duke of Richmond, we cannot call to mind a single one of these portraits which is not drawn with malevolence equal to their genius. We should, indeed, be doing injustice to them, were we to try to reduce them; so we select a few of the most remarkable. Here is Lord Shelburne, the Malagrida of Junius, a statesman of conspicuous ability, but who had the misfortune of never being trusted:—

"His falsehood was so constant and notorious that it was rather his profession than his instrument. It was like a fictitious violin which is hung out of a music shop to indicate in what goods the tradesman deals; not to be of any service, nor to be depended on for playing a true note. He was so well known that he could only deceive by speaking truth. His plausibility was less an artifice than a habit; and his smiles were so excited, that, like the rattle of the snake, they warned before he had time to bite. Both his heart and his face were base; he feared neither danger nor detection. He was so fond of insincerity as if he had been the inventor, and practised it with as little caution as if he thought nobody had discovered the secret. With an unbounded ambition of governing mankind, he had never studied them. He had no receipt but indiscriminate flattery, which he addressed to all, without knowing how to adapt it to any particular person—for he neither understood the characters of men, nor penetrated them. Hence his flatteries were so gross, that instead of captivating, they prompted laughter. So ignorant was he of mankind, that he did not know how absurd it was in a man of such glaring ambition to affect having sense. He would talk of himself as void of all views, when there was no industry and intrigue of which he was not suspected. The folly of his professions was the only chance he had for not being thought a deep politician; for who could believe that such palpable duplicity was the offspring of any thing but want of sense? He not only had no principle, but was ready for any crime that suited his plans, which seemed drawn from histories of the worst ages—for he was rather a peasant in villainy than a politician who adapted himself to the times in which he lived. Thus,

a Catiline or a Borgia were his models in an age when half their wickedness would have suited his purpose better—for when refinements have taken place of horrid crimes, and the manners of men are rather corrupt than flagitious, excess of profligacy is more destructive to ambition than serviceable. He determined to be Prime Minister by any means, but forgot that, in a country where factions has any weight, character is a necessary ingredient towards acquiring a preserving power. The King hated him, all the higher orders knew him, the people could have no favourable opinion of him."

How far more effective is the creative power of this portrait than the dissecting and envenomed satire of Junius, which merely attacks, but does not delineate!

Here is a group of the administration of Lord North and their satellites, though it is not particularly characteristic, and it approaches coarse and indiscriminating invective:—

"I thought it meritorious to expose to clamour and public hatred such Machiavels as Lord Mansfield, *qui sobrius ad evertendam Rempublicam accessit*. Lord North was a pliant tool, without system or principle; Lord George Germaine, of desperate ambition and character; Lord Wedderburn, a thorough knave; Lord Sandwich, a more profligate knave; Lord Gower, a villain capable of any crime; Elliot, Jenkinson, Cornwall, mutes that would have fixed the bowstring round the throat of the Constitution. The subordinate crew, to name is to stigmatize; they were Dr. Johnson, the pilloried Shebbeare, Sir John Dalrymple, and Macpherson. The pious though unconscientious Lord Dartmouth had been laid aside after bequeathing to administration his hypocritical secretaries; Lord Barrington remained to lie officially; Lord Weymouth had acceded, with all his insensibility, to power, and by acceding had given new edge to Thurlow, who was fit to execute whatever was to be done. Almost every Scot was ready to put his sickle into the harvest, and every Jacobite country gentleman exulted in the prospect of reversing on the Whigs and Dissenters all their disappointments since the Revolution; and they saw a Prince of the House of Brunswick ready to atone for all the negative hurt his family had done to their ancestors, and for all the good his ancestors and the benefactor of his family, King William, had done to Great Britain. There was still another body ready to profit by the restoration of Stuart views—the bishops and clergy. How deeply and joyfully

they waded into a civil war with the Constitution and on Dissenters, let their votes, addresses, and zeal for the war declare! This is a heavy picture: but if any of the individuals named above, or any of the denominations of men, come out whiter in the eyes of impartial posterity, let this page be registered as a page of the blackest calumny!"

Like George III., Lord Mansfield is not drawn at full length in these volumes; but a mass of anecdotes, innuendoes, charges, and gossip is collected against him, and he is made throughout to appear the laggard of the national drama. Not a word is said about that copious and dulcet eloquence which, in the House of Lords, had a greater effect than the magical action of Chatham; or about that calm and serene wisdom which, though often perverted by timidity or corrupted by arbitrary notions, still stamped its possessor as one of our chief statesmen; or about that unrivalled knowledge of jurisprudence which made the Chief Justiceship of Lord Mansfield the most important era in our legal history. In these pages Lord Mansfield is made to appear a mean, sharp, and hypocritical pettifogger, with no political principle, but a wish to reanimate Jacobitism and to become the Coryphæus of the King's Junto; ever on the watch to extend the bounds of prerogative, and to abridge the liberties of the subject, but proceeding feebly and timidly to those evil ends, and uniting in himself the treasonable designs of Wentworth with the weak and irresolute temper of Cranmer. We need scarcely say that this portrait is altogether unjust, though it is sufficiently like to be exceedingly offensive. Lord Chatham is not treated much better, though certainly, from 1772 to 1776, he laid himself fairly open to a great deal of censure. He is described as a vain and declamatory *Deus ex machina*, who isolates himself from his fellows upon ordinary occasions, but on emergencies issues forth and expects all men to bow down to him, and breaks out into fits of hysterical passion, if they do not implicitly follow his mandates. This is a graphic sketch of his outward appearance:—

"He found him in bed with affected fatigue or gout, and described to me the masquerade in which he found him, and which spoke that pride and madness which had reigned so strongly in his last

administration. He was sitting up in bed with a satin elder-down quilt on his feet. He wore a duffel cloak without arms, bordered with a broad purple lace. On his head he had a night-cap, and over that a hat with a broad brim flapped all around. It was difficult not to smile at a figure whose meagre jaws and uncouth habiliments recalled Don Quixote, when he received the Duenna to an audience, after he had been beaten and bruised, and was wrapped up in cere clothes."

The caricaturist might have added, that, broken as he was, this invalid was still the greatest orator England ever saw, and that the power of his eye, the fascination of his gesture, the modulations of his voice, and the force of his pregnant declamation made him even now the most commanding figure in the Senate that witnessed the efforts of Burke, Fox, and Lord Mansfield. He might also have remembered that in the evil days of England, when she was fast sinking in the scale of nations, he had made her, in his own words, "the terror of the world." We must admit, however, that the son of Sir Robert Walpole was not likely to be just to the first Pitt.

Another characteristic of these Memoirs is their constant and bitter depreciation of Burke. They rake up against him every possible charge—that he was a Jesuit, that he was a desperate adventurer, that he was a moon-struck and declamatory visionary. They do not even do justice to his great eloquence, though here and there they admit its powerful influence, and they chronicle with delight its acknowledged defects—too philosophic a tone, too exaggerated a style, too ornate a diction, and too far-fetched a wit. The following comparison is not just to Burke, but it is very discriminating, and will be read with interest:—

"Burke spoke with a choice and variety of language, a profusion of metaphors; and yet with a correctness in his diction that were surprising. His fault was copiousness above measure, and he dealt too much in establishing general positions. Two-thirds of this oration resembled the beginning of a book on speculative doctrines; and yet argument was not the forte of it. Charles Fox, who had been running about the House, talking to different persons, and scarce listening to Burke, rose with amazing spirit and memory, answered both Lord North and Burke; ridiculed

the arguments of the former, and confuted those of the latter, with a shrewdness that, from its multiplicity of reasons, as much exceeded his father in embracing all the arguments of his antagonists, as he did in his manner and delivery. Lord Holland was always confused before he could clear up the point, fluttered and hesitated, wanted diction, and laboured only one forcible conclusion. Charles Fox had great facility of delivery; his words flowed rapidly, but he had nothing of Burke's variety of language or correctness in his method. Yet his arguments were far more shrewd: he was many years younger. Burke was indefatigable, learned, and versed in every branch of eloquence; Fox was dissolute, dissipated, idle beyond measure."

Here is a comparison between Fox and the second Pitt:—

"Fox left by neglect some advantages to Pitt. The one trusted to his natural abilities, and whenever he wanted, never found them fail. Pitt, on the contrary, attended to nothing but the means of gratifying his ambition. His application was not a moment relaxed, and he was not less abstemious and temperate; even attention to his health was unremitted, as if he feared that hereditary gout should traverse his career, as it had often broken in on that of his father. No juvenile avocations diverted him from his studies, nor left him reproaches from the grave on his character. Fox seemed to leave pleasure with regret, and to bestow only spare moments on the government of a nation: Pitt to make industry and virtue the ladders of his ambition. Fox's greatness was innate; and if he had ambition, it was the only passion which he took no pains to gratify. He disguised no

vice; he used no art; he despised application; he sought no popularity: a warm friend, and almost incapable of being provoked by one; void of all inveteracy, and only an enemy when spirit called on him to resent, or the foe was so great, that he was too bold not to punish. Pitt cultivated friends to form a party, and had already (1782) attached many considerable young men to himself.

Pitt had not the commanding brilliancy of his father, nor his imposing air and person; but his language was more pure and correct, and his method and reasoning better. Fox had not the ungraceful hesitation of his father, yet scarce equalled him in subtlety and cuteness. But no man ever exceeded him in the clearness of argument, which flowed from him in a torrent of vehemence, as declamation sometimes does from those who want argument."

These volumes will leave the reputation of Horace Walpole as it was. He was intended to be a statesman, and turned out a literary trifler, of a peevish and malevolent nature, and with ridiculous prejudices and self-conceit. But he had that kind of industry which consists in making a repertory of curiosities, whether in art, or biography, or personal anecdote. In some respects he showed a great deal of acuteness; and he had a singular skill in hitting and depicting the characteristics of individuals. The reading public of the nineteenth century owe him a debt; but we doubt if this will be admitted by the descendants of the personages who stand pilloried in these pages.

THE FEMALE ARTISTS EXHIBITION, HAYMARKET.

THE whole tendency of art society of late years has been to separate itself into knots and sets. A number of painters influenced by peculiar demands have, time after time, withdrawn from the class and established exhibitions, and each set up for themselves in a separate field. Of this, the British Artists Society, the National Institution, and others, have been the most marked examples. The Female Artists Society is the youngest of these schisms, for, it seems, the ladies, either from ambition, or may be disgusted at finding their pictures,

year after year, hung high, or stuffed into corners, resolved to start on their own account; of which effort, the present exhibition is the third result. We are bound to say, that truly the display does the members no small credit; and, if very few indeed among them display any thing like original talent, or those results of indomitable industry which mark the springs of action, yet many, indeed, evince a delicacy of taste, a simple and elegant refinement, and other qualities which pertain best to the beautiful sex.

The progressive improvement which

has marked each exhibition here is such, that we may hope in a few years to have to say even more than duty permits at present. This exhibition is a study of itself, upon which a critic of satirical turn might indulge a bad feeling, by dwelling on the numerous apings of masculine painters' work: one lady imitates her brother, one her husband, one her father; some indulge themselves in mimicking a favourite teacher, and so on, in a quaint way, which might provoke an ill-natured smile from those who would refuse to see how really excellent is the remainder; with this we shall have shortly to deal, and, on excepting a few flagrant cases of melodramatic clap-trap, well meant for force, we shall confine our remarks to the really genuine pictures on the walls.

One quality wherein there is most advance, and also most of the same still needed, is that singularly few exhibitors ever appear to recognise the purposes and ends of art—that art demands far more than a careless imitation of natural objects, an expression of conventional ideas, or weak and sentimental fancies. We have said there is less of this than heretofore, and may hope, from this good sign, that in a few years, the exhibition will be perfectly weeded of such things; so that even if fewer in number, there may be a higher standard in quality, demanded from the female branch of the profession. For simple execution, what is now-a-days demanded is good, honest labour, and positive care, and delicate discrimination of the idiosyncrasy, so to speak, of each object put in a picture. A careless imitation of natural objects, is now a simple insult to the public taste: it is, therefore, with no small surprise that we find so very much of that bad practice shown here. If one expected nothing else from a lady-painter, it would be exquisite discrimination and feeling for form and colour, not needfully applied to grand subjects, but to the smallest and minutest portions of a picture. If any one could paint a flower, for instance, with perfect truth and delicacy of affectionate rendering, the world would expect a lady to do so; there are, nevertheless, some of the most horrid things in frames at this gallery that it has ever been our misfortune to meet with. It is better not to particularize in such cases; be-

sides, the memory of them is simply painful. If the reader knew what a luckless critic has to suffer in this way, we should get more credit for our reticence than we dare hope for.

Of the few pictures that really do evince a perception of the true purpose of art, let us, then, treat. Miss Adelaide Burgess's work, "Old Brocades; or, the sack of Aunt Tabitha's Wardrobe" (53), merits all the praise that can be given to simplicity and elegance. The subject, a young lady in all the ecstasy of a "rummage." An old chest has come under prying and laughing eyes, after years of still seclusion, its antique and quaint treasures are once again brought into daylight, and once again cast about the person of a living woman. The inquisitive and acquisitive damsel has pulled from its deepest recesses a rich robe of blue brocade, elaborately wrought with flowers, whose great blooms go over its surface in gay profusion; she has thrown the length of its train about her, and looks back into a mirror, which, itself, may hardly have reflected any thing so cheerful since it was banished from "my lady's chamber" to the lumber room that supplies the scene for the picture. The great lid of the chest lies back, and by its side kneels an abigail, whose admiration and delight appear not wholly disinterested, as she evidently hopes to come in for some waifs and strays of the treasures now brought to view. There is considerable feeling for beauty and unusual power of solid and fine painting in the young lady's face, whose fresh, bright colour is truly pleasant to look upon, as her pleased and complacent eyes meet the charming reflexion in the mirror behind her, as she turns her lithe body round elegantly, to see herself from head to heel. This picture is in water-colour.

Of a higher aim, and of higher beauty and merit, is a drawing in pen-and-ink by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle, the "C. V. B." whose delightful illustrations of nursery rhymes are known to the world from a book entitled "Child's Play," a work upon which we wish we were at liberty to dilate here, but must content ourselves with saying that never were the characters of children more exquisitely portrayed, nor did ever any one illustrate such pretty themes as old nursery rhymes supply with

more genuine feeling for true and delicate poetry than the lady whose work is now before us. The "Infant Christ and two Angels" (294) is in the same spirit and method of execution as the series above named. The infant Saviour is standing between two youthful angels, who offer flowers to him, flowers typical of his predestined life. There is a beautiful innocence and clear serenity of eye in all their faces, except that a sort of shadow of awe pervades the Redeemer's face, which is highly suggestive, and marks the fine feeling of the artist for her subject. Nor are the faces of the angels less beautiful in their way, which differ only in innocence without thought and sadness. Their action is exquisitely infantine, as with little rounded hands and arms they offer the symbols of pain and suffering. The background is simply and carefully wrought, and is in perfect keeping. The figures are surrounded with a beautiful border of open foliage, in the execution of which a very peculiar feeling for nature is to be remarked as worthy of the highest admiration.

By E. Hyde, is a subject, called "Margaret" (14), a young girl, the pose of whose figure is very graceful, and whose head has an innocent, agreeable expression. The faults of this picture are—a tendency to dirtiness of colour, and carelessness of drawing. The damsel's legs are really not what they ought to be. An illustration of Mrs. Adam's noble drama, "Viva Perpetua," by Miss Margaret Gillies, is any thing but worthy of the splendid theme. It shows a female, seated in prison, the profile of a very badly drawn eye looking towards the barred windows thereof. She is dressed in white, which is neither clean nor bright. The face, which should be infinitely pathetic, to justify the quotation from the poetess, looks mean and not a little vulgar. Her complexion is totally unnatural. How could Miss Gillies suppose such words as these to come from that inexpressive mouth?

"Thou, the Good Shepherd, who did'st gently fold

Those little ones with blessing in Thine arms,

Will care for him, my tender one, my yearling;

Else all bereft! One prayer, but one—the last—

That in the final hour of this frail life,
With love and praise triumphant over all,
We may show forth Thy glory, blessed Lord."

Of a more repulsive kind of art, because entirely insincere and worthless, are certain water-colour drawings by Mrs. Elizabeth Murray. These are mainly of so-called Italian subjects. Her first (No. 24), "Italian Goatherd, Campagna, Rome," a wax-skinned youth, in an attitude of angularity intended for ease. Does the reader know a kind of trick, often practised in art, wherewith, by means of putting a smile on the mouth, and a dimple in the cheek of a face, the painter gets a vulgar idea of beauty—a trick infinitely more taking with uneducated people, when a look of fixity is given to the eye, a sort of seething expression, a look, which, in reality, expresses about as much earnestness as a Scotch pebble does in the clear transparency of its water; but which sham earnestness is very fascinating to a certain order of minds, who will not discriminate between the power of depth and the transparency of shallowness. This is a very difficult thing to describe; but if the reader will look at the eyes of most of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's pictures, bearing in mind our similitude of the Scotch pebble, he will understand what we mean at once. There is, in short, a clear, cat-like, glassy lustre put into the eyes of these melodramatic productions, which, while about as genuine as the rest of the picture—we can find no false comparison—is sure to tell with the idle and unobservant. By the same artist is (59) "Pifférari playing to the Virgin—scene in Rome," a common theme enough, and, honestly painted, having qualities for a painter to show skill upon. Here, however, is an elderly individual, with a skin in a sadly jaundiced condition, beard *ad lib.*, hair in imposing mass, noble forehead, nose of the best received pattern, thin-bridged, aquiline, narrow nostril, hollow cheeks, eyes as before, potent brows to overhang them, and no end of rags, but not one speck of dirt. This eminent personage blows a bagpipe, with such an expression of really doing it as the reader may surmise from what we have just said. Truly, he puts the mouth-piece to his lips, but blows not, only standing

there, mute, motionless, with less expression or action than a Chinese figure. From under his thickety eyebrows glassy eyes glitter without an atom of blood or soul. We do not mean to say that scamps, gifted each with the appearance of Belisarius at least, are not to be found amongst the delectable *pifferari* of the Campagna fellows, whom to suspect of parasitic vermin would be sinful; but these people live, at least, and are not wooden figures, with bag-pipes held to their mouths. The other figures in this picture are the usual peasant women and their babies, but in a most unusual state of cleanliness. We must spare a word for a marvellous dog, the minstrel's property of course, whose hide, or rather pelt, is the strangest in creation. Did the reader ever meet with an animal who had positive hot blue and red, to say nothing of purple and green, in his hair? This beast truly looks to be on the point of bursting into flames, and what expression his face has is just such as one might expect to find in the countenance of an animal anticipating spontaneous combustion within. "The Roman Pilgrim" (93), is a study, so-called, of the same sham who figured as piper in the last—eyes the same, of course. A landscape by this artist is not quite so bad as those, but No. 249, "The Outcast," is so complete a piece of *cliquanterie*, as to be perfectly unsurpassed. To be very brief indeed, let us say that the model Mrs. Elizabeth Murray has put before herself is Mr. Breckner's fashionable drawing-room pettinesses and man-millinery in general.

It is pleasant to turn from such things as these to a picture by Florence Peel, an artist of Cork, whose very lines appended in the catalogue show that she really does think positively does not go blindly and stupidly to work, without heart or true feeling, but sets a purpose before her mind and follows it up clearly and decisively. The quotation is, "This study was made for self-improvement, and as an experiment, whether, while working chiefly with a view to *detail*, it is absolutely necessary, as frequently asserted, to lose sight of general effect." Here is a lady who has gone to work and settled the matter, while others have been talking about it; for we are bound to say that never did example

better prove an assertion than Miss Peel's picture does, for a broader, more powerful, and explicit study from nature we never saw, and at the same time the finish is absolute, the tones of the picture clear, and deep, and bright, and for literal imitation of texture and colour no work in the room can compete with it. It is a simple study of a hedge-row bank, at foot of which lies a fragment of rough red and white stone—coarse marble; about lie great ivy leaves, some brown-green with age, some withered at the edges, some fresh and bright. There are purple flowers interspersed, whose tint lovelily relieves the dark green and rosy red. This is called "A Study from Nature" (68). Miss Peel is an artist in the true sense of the word, for in 167, "Study in Spring," a somewhat similar subject to the last, the exquisite variety produced by change of seasons has been finely observed. For breadth and balancing of colour, and solidity of tone, this picture merits like praise with the last. There are some primroses, whose downy powdered dry yellow, and the exquisitely true rendering of their leaves, might offer a nosegay for Titania. The ivy painted here is also remarkable as before. "A Study of Virginia Creeper" (198), by the same, merits all admiration. If we might offer a little advice to a lady whose works we have taken delight to examine, it will be this:—Eschew ivy from this day: the thing is utterly conquered. You will do better than at present. Turn to larger subjects, and employing the same power of thought and earnestness of purpose which led to the experimental study, with the same industry and mechanical skill, we may hope to see a complete artist of splendid purposes and powers, as the result.

Mrs. Bodichon (born Barbara Smith), sends one of her favourite studies from Algerian scenery, "The Pine Swamp" (64). One of those grey-blue hazy places, where the genus of miasma and plague conceals itself: a thicket of grey pine timber, rich in livid colour—an earthly fester, wildly picturesque and ghastly, the lofty tree-branches stand stark as skeletons against a blazing brazen sky, their feet swallowed up in palm and fern undergrowths, and their lower boughs

hung with tangle, left there by forgotten floods: altogether one of the most impressive and suggestive pictures we remember by this skilful painter. Her "Arab Tomb, Algiers" (58), has the same good qualities of execution. No. 83, "Avenue of old pollards," Miss J. Forster, is a truthful and solid little study from nature. No. 96, "Study of garden rock-work, with robin and nest," Mrs. Withers, is very good, but the artist has hardly mastered a system of execution which would enable her to support the more skilful rendering throughout; parts of the work being out of keeping, irregular, and incorrect. No. 100, "From Ramsgate Pier, looking over Pegwall Bay," Marianne Stone, is a little coast study, which exemplifies that the painter has mastered a fine principle of design, which leads to a repetition of line: the retreating cliffs, as they fall away from the eye to the horizon, are sustained and repeated by a vanishing line of *cirri*, which retreat also along the sky, curving inwards. The truth with which she has rendered the colour of the bare dark rocks left naked by the tide, is admirable, as is also the sea itself.

By Amy Bates is an extremely well-meant picture, called "Maidenhood."

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

A girl standing by a brook-side, hesitating, with the prettiest of actions, whether to cross or not. The face and figure, as well as the action of doubtful resolve, that hesitatingly acts, is very good—indeed lacks only complete power of execution to be fascinatingly true and beautiful. It is a pretty thought indeed. "The River Mole, near Dorking, Surrey" (177), by Christiana Thompson, is a truthful and literal study of the river Spenser celebrated. Here it flows, slow and

turbid, underneath a hazel cover, too opaque to reflect the foliage, and too sluggish to cause even a ripple. No. 219, "The Suppliant," by Mrs. E. M. Ward, is a skilfully and solidly painted study of a girl's head: indeed it is too solidly painted, for its vigour reminds us of the lady's distinguished husband's system of execution. Not that we mean to insinuate there are traces of his hand in the work, Mrs. E. M. Ward's own power of painting is well known. "The Music Lesson" (251), by Mrs. Backhouse, shows a young lady instructing a younger sister in the mysteries of the gamut, pointing out the notes with a short rod. There is some simple naturalness and no little power of execution in this work; and although trifling in design, it is one which leads us to congratulate the lady on a vast improvement on her former efforts at this exhibition.

Mrs. Higford Burr has three pictures:—30, "Tomb in the Pellegrini Church of St. Anastasia, Verona;" "Pulpit in the Church of St. Fermo, Verona" (85) displaying very unusual qualities of execution and feeling for the subject, which, notwithstanding a little weakness of colour and want of precision of hand, resulting in a slightly hurried effect, is remarkable. This lady's third work, "Study of an oak in Aldermanston Park" (95), surpasses these in colour and tone, a prevailing brownness of tint rather weakens the truthful rendering of texture; the colour lacks purple tints, to render it clear and varied. Several studies by Mrs. Dundas Murray:—72, "Holy Island;" 20, "Bamborough;" 31, "Bamborough from the North;" and "Mount St. Jory, near Toulouse," (118), need only force and clearness to be exquisite renderings of nature. We commend the skies of these fine works to the visitor's observation.

THE HOUSEKEEPING OF IRISH CHIEFS.

Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?—LATIN PROVERB.

THE voluminous calendar of Irish documents and correspondence in Her Majesty's State Paper Office, now publishing, will show that the comparative poverty of the mediæval history of Ireland, as contrasted with the contemporary historic richness of neighbouring countries, changes into superlative exuberance for the period of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Without entering into the question whether the days of good Queen Bees were great days for Ireland or the reverse, we will merely say that, considering them archæologically, those enormous masses of state papers elucidate the condition of this kingdom during that queen's very remarkable conquest of it, to so ample and minute a degree, that future perusers of pictured pages, such as we may expect will be written by the light of those records, will obtain extraordinarily vivid retrospective, and as it were, stereoscopic views, of interior life in Ireland during that memorable struggle between our half-civilized Gael, and many men foremost in fame among the English people. Our readers, sufficiently acquainted with the foreign actors in the protracted conflict, may, perhaps, not be well informed regarding the position and circumstances of our native chieftains, who so boldly confronted the leading warriors and statesmen of England—Sussex, Drury, Sydney, the Essexes, Raleigh, Norreys, Mountjoy, Carew, and others, whose experience had been gained not only in the Low Countries and the French wars, but in the still better school of the Scottish borders. In this latter debatable ground, the style of warfare, the best to teach military operations requisite for subduing the Irish, was acknowledged to be much less severe than service in this country; so much less, indeed, that Sir William Pelham, a veteran martialist, who had formerly, as warden of the Scottish marches, "daunted," in the phrase of the day, "the thieves of the border, and made the rush bush keep the cow," declared:—"As touching any

comparison between the soldier of Berwick and the soldier of Ireland, alleging the former to serve in greater toil, if I give my judgment, all the soldiers of Christendom must give place in that to the soldier of Ireland, since there is as much difference between them for ease of service as is between an alderman of London and a Berwick soldier."

No one could be more in earnest than Pelham was when penning this comparison, and for ourselves, we are so tickled with his introduction of the alderman that, admiring his freedom in acting on the only answer to the question placed at the head of this paper, we determine to cook a joke or two (if we can catch them), whilst engaged on the ensuing disquisition. Seriously, we see no reason why antiquaries should not be jocose; and though Horace Walpole's wish to teach them "to be," as he says, "singing birds," was difficult to carry out, their labours may aid and embellish the songs of future national poets, and also serve, by making the past of our country better understood, to strengthen her sons' and daughters' attachment to her. Nay more, even strangers to the soil, some of whom, it is notorious, feel more interest in Old Ireland than many of her children do, would listen gladly to such celebrations—more gladly than to the laments poured forth by the passionate poet of her "National Melodies." Like the great author of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Moore, in his young patriotism, laboured with affectionate earnestness for the recovery of the ancient lays of his native land. But he had not those tastes, and that appreciation of retrospects into ancient existences, that enabled the Scottish author to exhibit scenes of clan life *veluti in speculum*. When shall it be said of the noble old fortresses and halls in Ireland, as has been literally affirmed of mere mountains of land from the Highlands to the Tweed, that "not one lifts its head unsung?" The archæologic

details we are about to offer are homely, as their title implies; yet the reader will see that their topic excited the curiosity of an illustrious Londoner, a philosopher and poet, Samuel Johnson; and will at once admit that while this visitor to the Hebrides remained ungratified by as full an account of them as we possess, these details would have been still more welcome to the author of "The Antiquary." Some further introduction to our subject being still needed, let us continue.

Pelham's contrast conveys an idea of the hardships the English military had to endure whilst carrying on the war in, say, Ulster, then a mere wilderness, townless, castleless, bridgeless, and almost houseless. The notions we form on this point bring us to our theme, for our antiquarian memory recalls the contented terms in which many British officers of the day wrote of the hospitality they received from native chiefs. Indeed, to judge by some of their encomiums, the dignity above idealized might have been well gratified by banquets a Maguire or an O'Shaughnessy would have set before him. But we are anticipating; for as agreeably with the proverb, the proof of a pudding is in its eating, it is not time to prove the value of ancient Irish housekeeping until the pudding-period, or end of our paper.

Archæologically and accurately speaking, our theme should begin to develop itself from the epoch when the first habitation (in which housekeeping commenced) was built in Ireland. Authorities, however, either know nothing, or disagree on this point; even to the extent of denying that Ollamh Fodhla erected, A.M. 3883, a house on Tara hill, and also, that the palace of Emania was constructed so early as A.M. 4532. Some protest, too, that the said "palace" was no better than any ~~walrus~~ marked on Ptolemy's map of Ierne, and described by Strabo as a circular encampment, defended by *palisades* (whence the name,) and containing cabins for sheltering a clan and their cattle. Without venturing into this disloyal controversy, so far as the more ancient seats of our dynasties are concerned, we will merely say that such accounts of Irish palaces in the sixteenth century as

we have fallen in with do not describe them as worthy of Palladio or Jean Goujon.

Taking up an unquestionable authority, the little poem entitled "The Circuit of Murcheartach O'Neill," indited in 941, to celebrate the successful expedition made through this island by that ambitious king (with the object of paving his way to assuming the monarchy), we obtain almost the earliest insight into housekeeping here. The poet, or bard, who had accompanied the band of one thousand warriors, forming the force that effected this circuitous *coup d'état*, bestowed on the king his historic soubriquet of "Murcheartach of the Cloaks of Hides" to distinguish his patron for his liberality and providence in supplying his men with mantles made of hides, as covering against inclement weather—winter having been the season selected for the politic excursion. The circumstantial versifier tells how, on the return of the troops, in triumph, bringing with them several provincial kings that had been unexpectedly seized as hostages, upon approaching the "*paillis*" of Aileach, a gilly was hurried forward to desire O'Neill's queen "to send out women to cut rushes," for that high company was coming. He also tells how, when the floor of the hall had been well strewn, an enormous refec-tion was set before the leaders of the expedition and their captives.* This mode of covering floors supplied, as every one knows, the place of carpets in old England as well as in Ireland; and though it does not seem as fit a foundation for dancing upon as bare boards, *bien cirés* Shakespeare introduces it in the marble halls of Italy, Romeo exclaiming:—

"Give me a torch!

Let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on!"

In our marshy country, rushes were strewn on floors so late as the time of Elizabeth (the period we propose to examine), and, moreover, often formed the cool summer couches of hardy militants.

Glancing back again to the earliest ages of Celtic civil war, when *delirunt reges, plectuntur Hiberni*, and

those kings gloried in giving each other's "roof to the flames and flesh to the eagles," we discern little respecting their life under roofs so liable to arson; yet can perceive enough to enable us to do them the justice of explaining why they so frequently preyed upon one another, by observing that insufficiency of cattle and scarcity of corn sometimes necessitated predatory warfare. Whenever murrain seized the kine and swine of a clan, nothing was left to perishing men but to seize whatever was left with their neighbours. We may judge of the extremity, in this question of life or death, in ages earlier than the ninth century, by the fact that so cogent was the need of food, that clergymen not only obeyed the slogan of their septa, as an imperative order to arm in defence of their quadruped flocks and herds, but joined their kings in plundering expeditions. Besides these convincing proofs that necessity knew no law, it seems that an innovatory one, introduced by a Bishop of Derry, to relieve women from the latter service, was set aside whenever famine absolutely demanded that all who claimed to be fed should sally forth in quest of the wherewithal. In those pinching, hungry ages, the menials of clan-leaders were militant; either repelling incursions, or making forays, to supply the wants of their tribe, in seasons when their own corn and cattle had failed. In Wales, the very bards, whose persons were in all Celtic countries held sacred even in the whirl and rage of fight, were not exempt from acting as caterers as well as poets on pressing occasions; but were encouraged to swell the throng in search of plunder by the custom that entitled the *muscus aulicus*, musician of the hall, to the best heifer taken in any raid in which he had accompanied the *domestici*, or house servants; provided he had, prior to setting out on this service of danger, animated them by an inspiring chant. Literary relics may still be seen of this oral mode of rousing Taffy to go to some one's house, and as the nursery rhyme has it, "steal a piece of beef." If this time-honoured usage was in vogue when any archetype of Gray's "Bard" inveighed against the ruthless conqueror of the Welsh and supposed exterminator of their poets, Edward the First had as just a reason

for putting them to the sword as there is for slaying trumpeters, despite their plea of non-combativeness.

Originally, the *luchd tigha*, i.e. people of the house, or household of a Celtic king, were his regular force, his standing army, prepared both for resisting inroads and taking preys. In those dark ages of ugly days and darker nights, when his majesty might be awakened by the national hue-and-cry, *a-boo!* (which seems to have been a shout to the guards of the *boo*, i.e. cows,) and then was informed that a *creach* had been run on him during the small hours, to the deprivation of milk for breakfast and meat for any meal, defence was the most important of all sublunary objects, excepting, perhaps, the means either of recovering the prey, or replenishing the cow-guard, by sending out the household troop for a rush at the stock of some other unwary clan. It was then, obviously, of more consequence to retain a warrior with a clever turn for such work, than it now is to make good selection of a man of business, or a skilled huntsman. Such a *major domo's* head had to be strong for bearing blows as well as cunning in pursuing; and especially in returning, when driving a booty home. Accordingly, the responsible functionary was called *gilla gradha*, i.e. a gilly of trust, or confidential servant; and the title of the head of the king of Connaught's domestics was not steward, but "leader." Often and again, pressure from within, resulting from want of sustenance, was so severe, that the remedy pointed out by nature and custom, for filling the vacuum, was not left to the care of a servant, but the chieftain himself, as we read in O'Donovan's "Annals of the Four Masters," took out his household for the necessary "excursion."

The custom that obliged a chieftain to make a foray soon after his election is thus philosophically viewed by Martin, in his account of the manners of the Hebridean Gael; and we may add, that this act, called in Ireland *sluaigheadh ceannais readha*, i.e. the expedition on receiving the kanship, or headship, because the new king was bound to make it as soon after his inauguration as possible, served, besides giving proof of his prowess, to enrich the faction that had placed him in power:—

"Every heir, or young chieftain of a tribe, was obliged in honour to give a public specimen of his valour, before he was owned or declared governor or leader of his people. He was usually attended with a retinue of young men of quality, who had not beforehand given any proof of their valour, and were ambitious of such an opportunity to signalize themselves. It was usual for the captain to lead them to make a desperate incursion upon some neighbour or other that they were in feud with; and they were obliged to bring by open force the cattle they found in the lands they attacked, or die in the attempt. After the performance of this achievement, the young chieftain was ever after reputed valiant, and worthy of government, and such as were of his retinue acquired the like reputation. The custom being reciprocally used among them was not reputed robbery; for the damage which one tribe sustained by this essay of the chieftain of another, was repaired when their chieftain came in his turn to make his specimen. But I have not heard an instance of this practice for these sixty years passed."

Our authority wrote, we believe, in the year 1684, and besides his observation, 'twas "Sixty years since," he excuses the old custom of cow-lifting on a grand scale so reasonably, that one can fancy a lowland baron thought less of suffering by that practice than Bradwardine did, in 1745, when an unusual trick was played on him. Martin continues:—

"Chieftains had their fixed officers who were ready to attend them on all occasions, military or civil: Some families continue them from father to son; particularly Sir Donald Macdonald has his principal standard bearer and his quartermaster. The latter has a right to all the hides of cows killed upon any of the occasions mentioned above; and this I have seen exacted punctually, though the officer had no charter for the same, but only custom. They had a constant sentinel on the top of their houses called *Gockman*, or in the English tongue, "Cockman," who was obliged to watch day and night, and at the approach of anybody to ask, who comes there? This officer is continued in Barra still, and has the perquisites due to his place paid him duly at two terms in the year. There was a competent number of young gentlemen called *Luchktach*, or *garde du corps*, who always attended the chieftain at home or abroad; they were well trained in managing the sword and target, in wrestling, swimming, jumping,

dancing, and shooting with bows and arrows; and were also stout seamen."

Besides this account, as given by that preserver of many circumstances of ancient Celtic social habits, a much more eager observer of men and manners, Dr. Johnson, had, during his tour in the Hebrides, his curiosity excited by the very question of certain domestic details, which he could obtain scarcely any information on, but which we can supply, at least regarding Irish households. This great English philosopher observes:—

"The peculiarities" (of Hebridean life) "which strike the native of a commercial country, proceeded in a great measure from the want of money. To the servants and dependents that were not domestics, were appropriated certain portions of land for their support. Mac Donald has a piece of ground yet called the Bard's or Senachie's Field. When a beef was killed for the house, particular parts were claimed as fees by the several officers or workmen. What was the right of each I have not yet learned. The head belonged to the smith, and the udder of a cow to the piper; the weaver had likewise his particular part; and so many pieces followed these prescriptive claims, that the laird's was at best but little."

The good doctor, whose housekeeping was on a petty scale, often supplied by a cut of veal from a Fleet-street chop-house, would have been gratified to read the detailed statement lately given in the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, as to the apportionment of the several parts of a cow and a sheep, whenever these animals were killed for the food of a large Irish household. This singular document, now among the MSS. in the State Paper Office, was one of the collections made by Hammer, treasurer of Christ Church Cathedral, about the year 1594, when he was preparing materials for his quaint "Cronicle of Ireland." Not to republish it *in extenso*, but preferably, to quote and explain some parts, let us first remark, that Dr. Johnson's adscription of every slain cow's head to the smith is borne out, and that in our more liberal country, this workman (a most useful one when armour had to be riveted, and pike-heads sharpened), also received the tongue and feet. This fee was his in consideration of having knocked the ani-

mal down with his *ord more*, or big hammer; for it would seem the smith's field was the place whither cattle were usually driven for sale and slaughter.

Agreeably, also, with the doctor's statement, the udder was given to the family musician, who here, however, was not a piper, but a harper,—the more specially Irish household minstrel. As for the other performer, his music seems to have more peculiarly pertained to *al fresco* feasts; and was particularly welcome whenever the clan marched forth to repel an incursion, the piper playing the Erse variation of the old Gaelic tune, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" On the other hand, the *Fer-na-Cledha*, or "man of strings," was naturally an inmate; and, in times when pianos, papers, and polkas were not invented, a delectable source of amusement. After supper, the principal repast, the harpers struck up, and any resident or visitant *racruidhe*, or singers, sang. And did not the *duine-uassala* of the house often make the harper play a *rincaadh-fadha*, or long (country) dance, to the original air of "The wind that shakes the barley," and great delight of the young *mona-uassala*? Let another question be asked:—

"Where

Is traceable a vestige of the notes

That ruled those dances wild in character?"

The query may be replied to by an eager collector of those lively airs, Dr. Petrie, a competent appreciator of the soul for harmony possessed by the Irish harpers, who composed our immortal melodies.

The particular part claimed by the weaver, in Ireland, was the "bigge poodings;" while the "black" variety of this eatable went to the ploughman, and was probably much the same sort of agglomerate as is now known by the same name,—a strong indigestible mass, but suited to a hard-working man, enjoying *dura illa mes-sorum*. The porter, or doorkeeper, a domestic holding the responsible duty of giving or refusing admission to the often-thronged door of a great chief's house, received a certain portion. The tripe went to a functionary called "the kater," whose peculiar office requires explanation. Judging from his title, he was a caterer, or *achètier*, who purchased "cates" for the table; but by many contemporary

accounts, such as Sir John Davy's and Campion's, the "cater" of an Irish chieftain was a "cunning thief," whose regular employment was, not buying, but purloining food.

The house carpenter was entitled to the livers of each cow and sheep. "The man that draws water" received the latter animal's "bag pooding;" which seems to be the natural receptacle in which that peculiarly national dish, a Scotch haggis, is boiled, and not the comestible, celebrated in nursery rhymes, as made by the queen of the song, and stuffed by her with plums. The tailor claimed the "two small ribs that go with the hind quarters" of each beef; a sufficiency for this fraction of a man, who, like *John of the Needle* at Glennaquoich, and the miserable artificer *Petrucchio* maltreated, warmed his goose for, and cut cabbage from, both masculine and feminine habiliments. The hearts of cows and sheep were the respective perquisites of their several herds. The horseboy, or groom in charge of the chieftain's charger, and also of his hacks for the chase and the road, was rewarded with a well-covered leg bone of beef, and the sheep's head. In Scotland, it is probable, that the smith would have disputed this latter morsel, and have quickly converted it into the dainty called "singie heid" a savoury though ugly *entrée*, made by singeing off the wool, thrusting a red hot iron into the apertures in the head, and then broiling it on the ashes of his forge. In our country, this artisan, in remote districts, still claims the heads of pigs; perhaps in return for having rung their noses. The "garran keeper," a rough stableman, in care of the plough and draught horses, was used to get a neck of mutton and a bit of beef. A "choice piece" was the share of "the shott," whose function is not quite intelligible without annotation. This term seems to prove that the MS. it figures in was written when fire-arms had come into general use; yet, may have been designated shooters from more ancient weapons, such as cross and long bows; but more probably meant arquebus and matchlock men, on whose good shooting the safety of the house, if assaulted, much depended. In point of fact, and to speak plain, these men had the first choice, be-

cause they could take it, in an age when, and in a country where not knowledge, but strength, was power.

The "next choice piece" was the privileged lot of "the housewife of the house," a lady whose rights as the houseband's better half, seem inadequately considered, according, at least, to modern notions; for, what would the denizens of the distillery room at Squire Openhouse's say, if their mistress could only command a second cut, and that after the servant's hall was served? Some little gallantry and thought for the sex are, nevertheless, apparent in a subsequent allotment of the "swete-bred, to her that is" about to add to the number of mouths to be fed. The "nurse" claimed "the third choice." This attendant does not seem to have resembled the modern servant, or *bonne* of the same name; though indeed, there were "nurrishs" who brought up children sent in for fosterage; but a woman who attended the sick and wounded. Every one knows, from Shakespeare's dramas, the important part "the old nurse" formerly played in a great house. We next come upon a consequential domestic, "the physician," who received the beef kidneys, and under the curious name of "the astronomer," a shoulder of mutton. This retainer's second title also requires explanation to any who are unaware that the sciences of medicine and astrology were formerly mingled, as by Chaucer's practitioner, "the Doctor of Physike," who

"Kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel."

Whether our ancient semi-magical, semi-medical men had also anticipated Mesmer, we know not; but can well excuse the superstitious feelings of those days, in mixing supernatural with natural causes, since the two are not even yet definitively separated.

Concluding this list of the apportionment of no less than twenty-three parts of a cow, by stating that the marrow-bones were handed to "the dony-lader, the strongest man in the house," whose appellation, *duine* man, and *laidir* strong, signifies that he was an athletic warrior, we pass to

the fact that "the rump" was allotted "to him that cuts the beef;" a performance special, it is likely, to the master of the house, or "laird," who, as Dr. Johnson remarks, got but little as his share of his own meat. Certainly his perquisite was not the worst, and with it he probably supplied beef for himself and his guests, at the upper end of the hall table.

Some more particulars as to this application of the killed cow and sheep deserve notice. The skin of the latter quadruped was the cook's fee; but the former's hide might not be claimed by any individual, being destined to be bartered for "wyne and aqua vitæ;" while whatever "tallow" the defunct "beef" had accumulated whilst fattening, was made into candles.

The foregone insight into the economy of an old Irish mansion shows that the demesne and household were, in large measure, self-supporting. The only imports, wine, and either whiskey or *eau de vie*, were obtained by sending hides in exchange for those cheering commodities to the nearest seaport town. These teguments of kine, and other sorts of peltry, formed the largest article of export; and it speaks creditably for our ancient countrymen's powers of imbibing, that an ancestor of Lord Kenmare states, in 1584, the yearly importation of wine into Munster as averaging 1,000 tuns, at an average rate of one tun in exchange for fifty hides.*

Wherever the house was from which Dr. Meredith Hanmer obtained the above list of meat apportionments, the establishment was large enough to give employment to a "butcher." In a household of equal size in England, there would have been a baker and brewer; but an Irish lord grew little wheat, and gave almost all his oats to his horses, excepting a portion retained for griddle cakes. Money rent was almost unknown, just as contemporaneously, the Scottish border lairds reckoned their revenue, not by coin, but "chauldrons of victuals;" so that, in fact, our chieftains realized the Arcadian idea of independence of trade almost as fully as would have satisfied the patriotic views of a cer-

tain "Dermot Mac Poverty," a correspondent of the editor of the "Intelligencer," and who, writing at the time *The Drapier's Letters*, as to the revival of home manufacture here, were famous, suggests:—

"Can Ireland for all dis, do noting for himself? I tink he can, if he shall take de advishes of de clot man or de Draper (as dey call him), dat de big gentrys would eat dere good beefs and good muttons, and fat poultry, drink de strong beer and hot waters, widout much of de wines, at dere houses at home, and make dere own clots and all oder dresh, and so 'save shaks full of monia.'"

Sacks full of money could not, however, have been saved when the above list was written, because coin was so scarce that, as contemporaries observed there was "none stirring, even in great lord's houses."* In fact, the practical use of that system of allotting particular pieces of meat to the several inmates of an Irish household was to reward various services according to their comparative value. Thus, while the tailor received but a couple of small ribs, "the strongest man in the house" got the marrow-bones, and its defenders secured the choicest parts. Such a plan, therefore, enabled these familiars to sit at meat in peace together, without using the marrow-bones offensively. The custom had probably arisen from the desirability of putting system in place of the disputes that must have occurred at tables where communism existed, as Froissart states it did among the Gael, whose kings, in his time, admitted their mere varlets to sit at their board, and to eat from their porringers and drink from their madders, which usage they declared to be "the praiseworthy custom of their country;" but which to us smacks too much of equality, fraternity, and socialism.

We should be misleading our readers if we failed to draw a distinction between the house-keeping implied by the above list, and the style in which wild Irish kings lived in remote regions. Indeed, it is probable that Dr. Hamner, who resided at Waterford when

making his collections, set down the economy of an Anglo-Irish *ménage* (such as Viscount Decies might have kept at Dromana) with respect to the distribution of meat, rather than the system observed in less civilized districts. But, having already varied our theme by a preliminary divergence ament the earliest ways and means of housekeeping, we have not space to discuss the matter as regards the domestic economies of lords like Sir Bryan O'Neill and Yellow Sorlie M'Donald, each of whose dairies, at one time included 50,000 cows.†

Lord Mountjoy's secretary, the traveller, Moryson, notices indeed, the difference between English-Irish, and pure Gaels, in their diet and mode of serving up meat; saying that the former cut their joints and served them *à la mode Anglaise*. Nevertheless the close similarity between the details just given and those quoted by Dr. Johnson go to prove the practice Gaelic. The habits and characteristics of the Normano-Celtic barons were certainly deeply moulded after indigenous types, to such an extent, that some of the highest families of foreign extraction became more national in their manners than the natives; so, at least said the proverb *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, which we quote, not to be charged with a bull. Liberal housekeeping, the chieftain's virtue, was also his neighbour's—the baron's foible, or rather forte; for the more profuse his hospitality to the Dugald Dalgettys of the day, the thicker his plump of spears. There was this marked distinction; that while the feudal lord kept open house to attract followers, the chieftain was required to do so because originally, and even so lately as when Froissart wrote, every thing, except his bed, was common to his clan.

If we examine the characters of those two separate orders, as given by mediæval writers, we see that the stress of praise is laid upon their quality of hospitality. "The princely English lords," as a contemporary poet of Connaught styled the Norman-Irish nobility of the fourteenth cen-

* Campion.

† Camden, and Ulster Journal, V. 316.

tury, had so assimilated themselves to the Gaelic people that, as the bard declared, their foreignness, haughtiness, and perverseness, were turned into hospitality and good manners. The same writer gives an interesting character of a Connacian lord of the same period; Eoghan O'Madden, who is described as possessing qualities and graces that became an Irish chieftain excellently well. His sway over his territory, the poet declares, was undisputed, so that he never had to demand hostages from subordinate leaders of the tribe, and he was so lenient and merciful as never to put chains on a prisoner. Though he refused neither treasure, nor horses, nor cattle, nor food to any one, his wealth was great. He was the first, the most distinguished, in peace and in war; his figure was the most comely and regal in the hall; and his spear the foremost in the field of battle. From this somewhat poetic portraiture, we turn to a prose character, drawn by the old annalist, Friar Clyn, of Kilkenny; it is that of an eminent baron of the Englishry, Sir Fulke de la Freigne, who had led a gallant band of Anglo-Irish to the wars in France; he is described as a renowned knight, whose name served him more than the men he could command, as exceeding in fame rather than in substance; yet as never closing his gates, and being profuse in giving feasts. In short, praise of the hospitable disposition of lords was the stereotype form of eulogising them.

Spenser, the poet, states that the most popular character an Irish chieftain could obtain with his clan, was to be "their defender and spender,"—terms some of our readers may require to be explained. Such a king's prime duty was to defend his people; and we may be sure that he enjoyed no sinecure. Like others of his order, it was the special business of him and his men to protect his nation; and though crowns and armies were ever costly, in no country was the axiom better understood than in Ireland, that without soldiers, little would be left worth protecting. A brave defence having secured something to enjoy, the valiant and wise head of the clan community, being well entitled to take the lion's share in its expenditure, was more than rightfully so by the

custom of receiving him and his retinue in *cois-a-rie*, coshery, or assessed provision for the king; for, as the poet, our authority, observed all around him, and recorded, he was necessarily and cordially welcome to live upon his people, and to receive his share of the wealth he had guarded. Consequent on this peculiar social system, the first requisites of character in a chieftain were intrepidity, and such minor traits as commanded the respect of his clansmen, and secured him their attachment. They always retained the power, and sometimes exercised it,—for, in their proverb, "stronger than the chief are the vassals,"—of deposing a superannuated, or disabled, or insufficiently strong-minded or bodied ruler, since neither a coward nor "a hen-chief" (as an effeminate heir was once called, and then ousted,) would serve their purposes. The qualities that insured the chosen chief popularity were, first, valour, for which men feared and women loved him; and next, generosity and conviviality, in the derivative meanings of the words; especially if he evinced these congenial virtues in living among his clan freely and socially, without affecting any haughty superiority; in bounteously giving away much of his personal property, such as horses and cattle, gold and silver plate, jewels, and apparel; and in receiving his clan on festive occasions, such as the Yule and Easter feasts, at the government house, with a hospitality that acknowledged his people as the source of his rude wealth. Abstractedly considered, there was much more that warmed the hearts of men to each other in the clan system than in the feudal polity; for communism, arising from the natural right of all, in whose veins the blood of a common patriarch flowed, to share equally, was the soul of the one system, while a narrow, individualised claim to property seems the essence of the other. The social bond that held a clan together was, indeed, economically considered, a generous reciprocity of services.

The well-known almost literal translation, by Swift, of an Erse poetic description of *O'Rourke's Feast*, is not only admired for its spirit, but may be believed to be a tolerably faithful representation of scenes often presented in the festive halls of our

Elizabethan "kings." The original is thought to have been composed in honour of the banquet given on the inauguration of Sir Bryan O'Rourke, who was brought to trial, in 1591, at Westminster, and hung at Tyburn, on several counts of treason, having, among other overt acts, fastened, at Dromohare, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth to his horse's tail, and thus ignominiously dragged the royal effigy through the dirt. Such an insult was not to be borne, especially when performed in Ireland in times when, as it was observed, King Philip of Spain's picture stood at the head of the hall, while any portraiture of the Queen of England had to be looked for behind the door. Whoever the banquet-giving chief was, his feast is immortalized by Swift's translation, commencing:—

"O'Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who were not.

His revels to keep, we sup and we dine
On seven score sheep, fat bullocks and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast in pails is brought
up,
A hundred at least, and a madder our cup."

The whole poem is so familiar, we need not tell how the feasters fell a-fighting; but will pass to a dinner table where, in 1558, the pleasing spectacle was presented of the O'Shaughnessy entertaining the Viceroy, Thomas Radcliffe, the renowned Earl of Sussex, in a style so satisfactory that, as his lordship's journalist records, his Excellency and train "dyned on the 12th July at O'Shaghnes' house, called the Gortte," (i. e. the Garden,) "so worshipfully, that divers wondered at it, for the like had not been seen in no Irisman's house."

Sir Roger O'Shaughnessy (for this stately king was duly knighted), so surpassing his countrymen in the sumptuousness of his establishment, is picturesquely styled by the annalists, in their oriental imagery, "the alighting hill to all the English and Irish who came to him," and is affirmed to have been a man who, though not skilled in Latin and English, was held in much respect and esteem by the English. It is also to be found in the chronicles that this Celtic Sir Roger de Coverley's mother, Martha

Pheacagh, i. e. the gaudy or showy, was distinguished for her beauty and munificence; so we may imagine that to her her son probably owed his good taste in giving dinners. Were it not that we divine the cause, it would have astonished us to find that a chief in remote Connaught excelled in the appliances of banqueting; yet, the reasons are that this region was, if far from the vice-Jupiter of Dublin Castle, also far from the thunder and lightning of his artillery; and we also know that, as a Scottish clergyman observed to Dr. Johnson, the clans nearest to borders were comparatively more barbarous than those whose remoteness saved them from plunder and all its retaliations. The "worshipful" manner in which the Lord Lieutenant dined at Gort house, probably consisted principally in the number and appearance of his host's household. *Fanatica per l'antiquità* as we are, we cannot say how Sir Roger's "beef-eaters" were got up. By-the-by, these ministering men manifestly derived their name from the old French term *bouvattier*, a drink-bringer or "drawer," who was stationed at the buffet, or cup-board. What the Irish variety of these attendants looked like, we know not; yet, imagine that the stalwart galloglasses, who might have stood around as living chandeliers, holding, like Romeo and their prototypes in "The Legend of Montrose," torches and huge wax candles in their hands, produced a martial and imposing effect. Altogether, indeed, the picture our mind's eye forms of that festive scene, is a strange, yet delightful one; and the subject may fairly be suggested as worthy of the rich and graceful pencil of Maclise, one of the foremost in the limner's art, and the foremost to evince his sympathy with the ancient Mac's and O's of his genius-gifted race, by celebrating their deeds in his own splendid manner.

Sir Henry Sydney declares in his interesting autobiography that when, in 1577, as viceroy, he passed with his retinue through the mountain countries of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles he "was entertained by them as well as he could wish to be entertained any where." They were at that time at peace, and were, accordingly, as the Lord Deputy observes, "rich, having no waste land but that bore corn or

horn; and though formerly they used to buy bread in Dublin, or barter firewood for it, they now have corn to sell." Those good times had changed when in 1800, Viceroy Mountjoy visited the rebel chief of the former clan; surprising his house on the side of Glenmalur so suddenly, upon Christmas day, that its owner but narrowly escaped into the woods, "while my lord," says his secretary, "lived plentifully in Felim's house, on such provisions as were made for him and his hired troops and kerne," or household troop, "to keep a merry Christmas." This was turning the tables with a vengeance, to chase Felim like a fox, stop his earth, devour his roast beef, and drink his wine and strong waters. But it is time that our antiquarian conglomeration came to a close. Yet let us, while full of ideas of banquets, characterize the national peculiarities of the various principal performers in the grand historic stage Ireland presented at that time, by the following metaphors; allegorizing the land as a broad scene where *con-voives* feasted, but frequently fought, in country phrase, "through one another," as did O'Hourke's friends, of whom their bard sang—

"Good Lord! what a sight! after all their
good cheer,
For people to fight in the midst of their beer."

Metaphorically saying, then, in the fashion of Noll Goldsmith's "Retaliation," that while the assaulted natives of the land poured forth *wise beatha*, or water of life, the English brought blue ruin, besides introducing that *Sassenach*, or Teutonic, and Protestant beverage—beer; and, continuing to draw our allegories from the buffet, a Frenchman occasionally appeared on the scene, light as claret and effervescent as champagne; while the Spanish forces that now and then landed may be compared to their own liquor, especially in effect on the Irish; in whose heads the inspiring importation mounted, as sack did in Falstaff's.

Claudite jam rivos! These flowing fancies may be brought to a close by another suggestion to Sir Daniel Maclise, viz., that the state of this country during Elizabeth's time might well be presented by a series of historical pictures, whether of Burghley reading a despatch to the Queen, announcing a disaster in some campaign against O'Neill, or of this chieftain's self at the head of his clan, or of the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Trinity College, or of a hundred other memorable subjects, all which could be painted from the forms and colouring of the thousands of figures described in contemporary State Papers.

KAISERSWERTH, THE TRAINING SCHOOL OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THE morning in June, 1853, which we had fixed upon for our excursion to Kaiserswerth, was dark and louring. We rose early, however, and when about six o'clock our friend and guide, Mr. G—, entered, breakfast was nearly over. The usual salutations were succeeded by a discussion as to the prudence of making our proposed journey on such a dubious morning; but we finally concluded that as the rain had not yet come on, we should set out. Soon afterwards we were in the train on our way to Cologne. To visit this ancient town was not our object; still, while waiting for the Dusseldorf train, we visited the far-famed cathedral. Suffice it to say, that in the building itself we found much to interest—in the interior, much to sadden. Soon afterwards we crossed the river, and started for the

next station. Here, on our arrival, we did not find the omnibus we had expected to meet, and therefore were obliged to accomplish our journey on foot. This necessitated a shortening of our inspection of the institution described beneath; but the details supplied respecting it were partly gathered on the occasion of a subsequent and longer visit.

Before we enter the Deaconess Institution of Kaiserswerth, let us speak of its origin and object. We had become acquainted with both but a short time previously, while spending the month of May in Paris, where annual religious assemblies are held, something of the nature of the Irish April meetings. We had attended several of them. Amongst others, one on behalf of the Paris Deaconesses, held in the institution, in the Rue de Reuilly.

A subsequent visit to the edifice so greatly interested us as to inspire a desire of seeing the parent institution at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine.

It was founded about thirty years ago by the Pastor Fliedner, its present head. At the age of twenty he had been appointed pastor of the little weaving village of Kaiserswerth. A subsequent failure of the proprietor of the place involved the whole population in ruin. Penniless themselves they could no longer support their young pastor, with whom they would willingly have shared their last morsel. He was reluctant to leave his post, but his only means of support having failed, he had no choice. Followed by many prayers and blessings he left his people, in order to seek, in Christian liberality, help for the little flock. Germany was traversed, and an unseen agency afterwards led him to England. Here was to be sown the seed of that work of faith, the Deaconess Institution, which now shakes its blossoms over many lands. Mrs. Fry spoke to the Pastor, of poor female prisoners; he heard of her efforts among them, and his heart yearned to imitate her example. Soon afterwards he returned to Kaiserswerth, bearing to his people the gifts of their fellow-Christians. The lesson learnt in England was not lost. Such an opportunity as he sought was soon afforded him. Two young women having been discharged from the neighbouring prison, their friends would not receive them; their former employers also were turned against them. In the hearts of the pastor and his wife alone did they find sympathy. In the pastor's garden was an old summer-house, and here he lodged his penitents. With their own hands this faithful clergyman and his wife conveyed to them their food; and under their own eyes employed them to work in the garden, safe from contaminating influences, and protected from the temptations of poverty or scorn. When the numbers of such patients increased a friend came to assist. Then arose the thought that if others would but help, an important work might be done. In the early ages of the church pious women thus devoted themselves to His service, not as a means for their own salvation, but to bring forth the fruits of faith.

Kaiserswerth was, in former times,

an island, which derived its name from having been a gift of the emperor Charlemagne, as the site of a monastery.

The few houses it contains were taken one by one as required. These are now the pastor's house (for long ago he relinquished his parochial charge, and devoted himself to the institution), the Orphan's and Teacher's schools, and lodging-rooms, halls, and kitchens. An addition in the rear towards the garden and river is the present home of the Penitents. When the fame of Kaiserswerth reached royal ears, the late king granted a building opposite (formerly a home for retired soldiers) for an hospital. At a little distance in a garden is a new building, the Lunatic Asylum.

The institution, as a whole, contains upwards of 300 inhabitants. Of these, at the time of our visit, about twenty were deaconesses, and thirty novices; but the numbers necessarily vary.

The deaconess comes to the pastor with high certificates as to character. He examines her motives, discovers whether any duties require her presence at home, for to these he always gives the first place, and even the deaconess must, at the call of her parents, return to them. Should no such claims exist, however, she is received as a novice. As such she goes from one department of the work to another. Under the superintending deaconess she spends a short time in the orphan-house, the training-schools, the hospitals, and the asylums. Thus she learns the duties of each department. She has also learnt, meanwhile, something of the compounding of medicines, sick cookery, the general management of the establishment, and the *art* of visiting the poor.

All are taught to feel that it is not the amount, or the greatness of the work done, which meets with the approval of their heavenly Father, but that His eyes are open to the most trivial action done out of love to Him. This is the spirit of the pastor, and he seeks to instil it into the hearts of all.

Perhaps, his personal character, and that of Madam F., should have been sooner alluded to. In many of the rooms we saw a print, representing a dying female, with the inscription underneath, "*Rien que le renonce-*

ment." These were the dying words of the first Madame Fliedner, the foundress of the institution. The pastor married again. Madame F. is a wonderful woman. Who could guess that the kind, motherly, person you saw walking about with her knitting, or sitting in the garden, shelling peas for the evening meal, knows the history, character, disposition, and taste of every individual inmate of that great institution. Every deaconess comes to her for counsel and direction; every difficulty is submitted to her, from the question whether potatoes or beans are to be the staple vegetable for the ensuing week; what means are to be used with some refractory or neglected orphan; what deaconesses are best fitted to establish an institution in some other and distant region. Never is she or the pastor found bustling through the various departments—the quiet evening walk with the pastor, the short consultation with Madame, unfold the characters and reveal the feelings of the community. Both have a peculiar talent for government, the former has quick insight into character.

A very remarkable feature in the institution is the chain of responsibility. Each deaconess is supreme, and apparently despotic in her own department. Each is trained to be capable of establishing and governing a similar institution in any part of the world; yet each experiences the controlling influence of a master mind, and steadily adheres to the rigid discipline of sovereign authority. The novices are the pastor's peculiar care. Twice a week he gives them a course of instruction, which he also pursues when they become deaconesses. "To persons in such a state of mind what passages of Scripture are most applicable on such occasions?" &c. Thus he questions. In his own practical and simple manner he enforces their duties and suggests the true motive. Thus are the novices trained for a period extending from one to three years. Then, if there be an unanimous testimony to their zeal and love, and if the pastor and Madame Fliedner approve, they, on an appointed day, in the presence of the other deaconesses, dedicate and devote themselves to the service of God (as in our confirmation rite). They bind them-

selves as deaconesses for a period of five years. They are, nevertheless, at any time free to leave the institution, paying, however, a certain sum for expenses incurred while there. They are free at any time to marry; and if required by parents, &c., the pastor himself urges their return home. In any of these cases, however, they are expected to do good, as far as in them lies, to the souls and bodies of their friends and neighbours, bearing in their lives and conversation the impress of those who have devoted themselves wholly to the service of God.

Kaiserswerth is the parent, but it is not the only deaconess institution which exists. As opportunity has afforded, the pastor has sent forth deaconesses, two and two. One hundred and twenty deaconesses are thus dispersed throughout Europe and some parts of Asia. There are large and flourishing institutions at Paris, Strasburg, and Jerusalem; and in many other places there are smaller establishments of the same kind. One at Smyrna has been lately founded. The French residents there wished to have educational advantages for their children. Two deaconesses were sent from Kaiserswerth to perfect themselves in French at the Paris institution. There we saw them. At Kaiserswerth we found preparations making for their departure, and have since heard of their arrival in Smyrna. They would begin by opening a school for those whom they came to instruct, occupying any spare time with the care and education of the native women. After a time, an hospital would be added; and thus, step by step, would they advance. If, then, helpers at Smyrna were not to be found, Kaiserswerth would send other deaconesses to assist. Their labours are not, however, always so onerous. In France, where the sphere of the Protestant pastor's work is often too extensive for the powers of one man, a deaconess is sent to assist him. To her charge are committed the schools, the sick, and the poor. Pastor Fliedner's training, with regard to visiting the poor, is very striking. "If you enter a wretched cottage," he says, "only to leave a tract, offer a few words of advice, or read a chapter of the Bible—your words may be heard, but they

will not often sink deep into the heart. But enter the cottage to help the wife and mother to add some comfort to her home, or to show her some better method of nursing the sick husband or child, then will the few words of warning or comfort find their way into the heart otherwise hardened against the 'story of peace.' In the one instance you come only as the teacher, in the other as the friend and sympathizer."

It is time that we should enter the house. A few steps lead to the door of the pastor's dwelling. We are admitted into a small parlour, ornamented with garlands of flowers. Louisa Fliedner receives us. These flowers are the orphans' love-token to their beloved pastor. Should we like to go over the institution? Louisa can speak a little English: she will be our guide. She speaks of the family love of the community. We go first into the orphan house. In Prussia, eleven orphans are the wards of the king, and receive, if necessary, a certain allowance for their support and education. This, when they are received into any institution, is paid for their maintenance. The orphans all receive the same training as children. At fifteen, they have to take a prominent part in the responsible household duties—cooking, waiting on strangers—every thing, except washing, which is done in the penitentiary. At seventeen, their powers are known; they may be received as novices, be sent forth as servants or apprentices, or received into the training school in order to become governesses. When ready, situations are found for them, and they are sent out well provided for. Many, after a few years, have returned, and of their own free choice have become deaconesses.

Behind the orphan house is the penitentiary. Here few visitors are admitted. The washing of the establishment is chiefly done by these women. But what is found to be most peculiarly beneficial to their character is their out-door employment, of which they become very fond. One of the deaconesses, herself a peasant used to country labour, has trained them in the care of the dairy, garden, and farm.

The "seminariste," or training-school, is peculiarly interesting. Hither, from all parts of Germany, come young

girls to be trained as governesses and school teachers. A clever governess, not a deaconess, superintends their education. They must, before they come, have attained a certain degree of proficiency. A portion of the day is allotted for their own instruction; the remainder to that of others. A village school is attached to the institution. Its teacher has most wonderful energy, and the art of fixing the undivided attention of the children on the lesson before them. The seminarists listen to her teaching. Each in turn, on her appointed day, repeats to the children a lesson which she has herself received from the tutor of the establishment, and rehearsed before him. He listens, and afterwards points out to her, in private, how she might have made this point clearer, or that more interesting. At the play-hours of the infant school children, the teachers join in the games. They give lessons in botany, history, and geography to more advanced classes. They also teach reading, writing, and arithmetic to children in the hospitals.

In the one large building are contained, in different departments, men, women, children, and infants, suffering from every disease, principally scrofula and consumption, in various forms. A little dispensary is attached to the building. The deaconesses are all skilled in the compounding of medicines; but the dispensary sister was regularly apprenticed to the business. A physician visits twice a-day, but neither he nor the assistant pastor reside in the institution. There is also a kitchen for the preparation of sick food exclusively. On a large board is marked down the number of meals of each kind of food required for the day. Each hospital has its own superintending sister, assisted by novices; and, in the men's hospital, by male nurses also. The cleanliness and the comfort which reigns cannot be described. Every deaconess gives part of her spare time to reading to the sick, besides the morning and evening general reading and prayer, and the frequent visits of the pastors. But the most delightful thing of all is the infants' hospital, where the poor little sufferers receive all the care a tender mother could bestow.

Under the same roof with the hospital is the church of the institution.

Large windows, opening from some of the sick wards, afford to the inmates opportunities of joining in the services, which they much enjoy. It is a most affecting sight to look up and see the sick and anxious faces which crowd around them.

The lunatic asylum is not far distant. Here are received the rich, who pay as in other institutions, and the poorer, who pay according to their means. As the asylum is self-supporting, the number of poor received is regulated by the overplus from the payment of the others. Every thing to soothe and alleviate is here provided. A garden, musical instruments, books, &c. At the head of the asylum is Louisa Fliedner. Though only about twenty-two years of age, she has a peculiar talent for the management of the patients, of whom she is extremely fond. There are several deaconesses under her. Occupation and amusement are the principal modes of cure. Those who wish have lessons in music, singing, languages, &c. Every day the patients go out, to walk, either together or singly, with a deaconess. Singing is much used to soothe and quiet them when excited. Every birthday and holiday brings some special amusement. They much enjoy a pic-nic party, one of which we witnessed on our second visit. They all walked out to a little farm, where tables and benches had been placed for them in the garden. Many of them assisted in the preparations for the repast, during which cheerful conversation was maintained. The deaconesses were apparently occupied with their own amusements; but every movement of the patients

was closely watched. Some of the party went out in a little boat; others walked along the banks of the river. On one occasion, a girl attempted to drown herself by jumping into the river; Louisa Fliedner said, quietly, "The water will spoil your clothes," and walked on apparently unconcerned. The girl immediately came out, and followed her home. The day we saw them, all were quiet, and seemed to have great enjoyment of their little expedition. Our visit to the lunatic asylum over, we returned to the house.

Having finished our inspection of the institution, we re-entered the little parlour into which we had first been ushered. Here we found the pastor and Madame Fliedner. Their simple and earnest manner pleased us much, though at our first visit we had not the opportunity afterwards afforded us of becoming intimately acquainted with them. They had coffee, black (rye) and wheaten bread and syrup for us; *real* coffee for the strangers, the usual repast being rye coffee only.

The pastor had but that morning returned from a tour in England; but though much fatigued, was full of energy, desirous to excite all to some active exertions in the cause of God.

But it was already late, and we were obliged to shorten our visit. We had seen enough, however, to convince us that the spirit of love which animated the whole establishment was deeply rooted in the hearts of those who originated, and who now conduct the Deaconess Institution of Kaiserswerth.

THE BRIDE OF GLEN ARVA.

AMIDST the range of mountains which, traversing the shores of Erris, tower in successive peaks along the Irish western coast, is a glen, contrasting by its beauty with the savage wildness of the scenery round. Approached through a gloomy gorge, whose steep and rocky sides shut out the light of day, this green and wooded hollow, nestling deep between the lofty hills, refreshes the traveller's eye with a pastoral scene. Herds, flocks, patches of waving corn, and homesteads, clustering by a broad and winding lake, greet the pleased view. But as the fairest spots are often the scenes of saddest incidents, so with Glen Arva, as this lonely valley is named, is associated a story of melancholy interest.

At the eastern extremity of the glen, one of the homesteads, detached at some distance from the rest, and surrounded by tall mountain pines, stands, as sentinel over the only outlet to the adjacent country through the Pass; its trim thatch and white-washed walls, half hidden by the hawthorn and holly, attracting by an air of superiority the attention of the wayfarer. Here, some years ago, lived the Vernons. The head of the family, Peter Vernon, was what the country people called a "snug" man, and his house a "warm" one. He had long enjoyed a lease of the few acres of rich soil around his dwelling, with extensive rights of pasture over the moors and mountains near, so that in the lapse of years his cattle, sheep, and goats, had grown and multiplied into herds and flocks, as numerous as an Eastern patriarch's. These possessions made him the envy of the neighbourhood; and at the chapel on Sundays and holidays he was looked up to with deference and respect; but, of all his treasures, the one most envied and coveted, by at least one portion of the community, was his beautiful and only daughter, Katherine, her father's happiness and pride, on whom he lavished every care parental fondness could bestow. Naturally gifted, her education, at an adjoining convent, had imparted additional elegance and refinement to

her character. Her gentleness and beauty were the theme of every tongue. Possessed of great charms of person, no less was she beloved for her warmth and excellence of heart. Many a one would linger to gaze fondly on the well-known form, as lightly she tripped along the mountain side, the homespun scarlet shawl, worn gracefully, contrasting with her raven hair. Each one she met would turn to say "God bless her," as her dark blue eyes glanced brightly upon them.

No wonder that a maid so much admired should have had many suitors. Among these was Con O'Neill, the son of a neighbouring farmer. He appears, from the traditions held concerning him, to have been noted in the district for his fearless character. Feats of personal prowess are recorded of him. Added to this, the reputed wealth of his father, to which he was sole heir, rendered him a formidable rival. So soon, then, as it became generally known that he was an aspirant for the maiden's hand, each suitor in succession left the field; but though thus singularly favoured, O'Neill made little progress in his courtship. In vain Katherine's father added his sanction and advice.

"Spake kindly to him, Kitty," he would say; "sure he's a dacent, studdy boy, an' it's frettin' his life away for ye that he is. It's not long myself may be left wid you, darlin', for I'm growin' ould an' fayble; an' it ud be a comfort to me, an' to her that's gone, to see ye wed to one that'll care an' love you, whin I'm no longer to the fore."

To these appeals Katherine would only reply by throwing her arms around her parent's neck and bursting into tears, a mode of silencing further discussion on the subject which Peter was unable to resist; so matters went, till the death of the elder O'Neill from a gun-shot wound, received on his way homeward one fair-day through the Pass, from a concealed and unknown hand, placed Katherine's lover in the possession of the farm and property.

This event, enshrouded as it was in

mystery, and full of dark suspicion, gave rise to an uncomfortable feeling in the minds of the people of the glen towards Con, which though confined to their own breasts, was manifested in the reserved intercourse adopted towards him, and rendered it only the more necessary for him to take a decided course respecting Katherine. He, therefore, seized every opportunity, after his father's death, of visiting the Vernons' residence, but to his oft-repeated entreaties to Katherine, for her consent to their union, she would answer:—"Do not press me further, Con, my heart is cold to you, and when you are here, a dark shadow seems to steal across me; so say no more, nor think no more, of what my heart so surely tells me will never come to pass."

Thus repelled, when from time to time he sought to renew his suit, the passion which burned the stronger, as the hopes which fed the flame died out, he strove to quench, in a mad course of excess. A consequent estrangement grew up, which ripened on his part into bitter enmity, and when at last herds, flocks, and farm, had been dissipated, in a fit of frenzy he joined the revenue police force stationed at the neighbouring town.

It was about this time, that there was a frequent visitor at the glen, in the person of the heir of Crone Abbey; the title given to an edifice of great antiquity situated a few miles distant, formerly a monastery which passed on its suppression into the hands of its then occupants the Fitz-Geralds. An extensive domain, stretching away miles along the fertile plain which lay beneath the mountains, rendered its possessors persons of some consequence, and for generations the family had exercised considerable influence. A few years prior to the events narrated here, Hubert Fitz-Gerald, who like his forefathers was of the Roman Catholic faith, wedded rather late in life a lady of Protestant principles. Whether this marriage with one holding opposite tenets, whom he had met in society during one of his annual visits to the metropolis, was attended with happy results, reports spoke vaguely; but on his decease it was manifest that the popular esteem in which he had been held by the country people was not

continued to his good dame. The eldest son, discontented with his altered house, left Ireland for ever, and entering a foreign monastic order, buried himself politically and socially; three daughters, in succession, took the veil—two becoming superiors of provincial convents.

The youngest son alone remained at home with his now aged mother; but though natural infirmities, incident to advanced years, enfeebled Dame FitzGerald's constitution, they in no wise softened the austerity of her disposition, which exercised a gloomy spell upon all within the circuit of Crone Abbey. Hubert, the younger son, was not exempt from its influence, and his only happy moments were those he spent away. Thus his days were passed beside the river and the lough, on the mountain and the moor; and if he thus preferred the sportsman's toil of taking salmon from the stream, or tracking across bog and mountain the wild and scattered grouse, it was not the mere love of these pursuits that induced him to leave his home, but the pleasure that a schoolboy feels when the eye of the master no longer holds him in subjection. It was during one of these rambles, that in visiting Lough Arva by the only approach from the outside plains, through the pass where the Vernons lived, he had been surprised by a sudden storm, and had taken shelter at their house. Won at first sight by Katherine's beauty, he sought frequent opportunities of renewing the acquaintance, which were not denied by Katherine, who dared not even to her own heart confess the wondrous charm she felt in his society. Many subsequent stolen meetings on the mountain side confirmed this feeling, and difference of station was forgotten in the strong affection that grew up between them. To be united indissolubly, and for ever, was their ardent wish, and Fitz-Gerald taking his way at evening to Priest Brennan's, exacted a pledge of silence, and arranged for the celebration of their nuptials.

It was night: and before the altar, in the little chapel of Glen Arva, stood Katherine and FitzGerald—she in her simple dress, more beautiful than ever; he, the beau ideal of manly vigour. The marriage over, they

parted hastily—he, to Crone Abbey; she, homewards, to the Glen, before her father had retired to rest.

Early the following morning, FitzGerald received a summons to attend his mother. Of late their intercourse had been so reserved that he anticipated the interview with some foreboding. This feeling was not diminished, when, on entering her presence, he saw that her manner was more than usually stern.

"Read this, Hubert," she said, handing to him an open letter. He perused as follows:—

"HONORED MADAM,—The writer is a well-wisher o' yer ladyship and yer belengin's; and this few lines is to let yees be acquainted that Mither Hubert, unbenowns to ye, is consortin' wid the darter o' ould Peter Vernon, at the Lough. His intercoorse an' maytina, constint wid her in purmicious places, is agin all doubt, as can be sarfyied by yer humble sarvint, who notyflies this most respectfule, bin afeerd o' goins on un-playin' to yer honner's ladyship, so tak warnin' an' put a stop befoore worse follers.

"Honored Madam,

"Yer sarvint to command,

"A PEEP-O'-DAY BOY."

Despite his utmost efforts to command his countenance, the warm blood mantled to his temples, as he gave back the document; and it was not till his mother demanded, in an angry tone, as she tore the letter into fragments, "is there, then, a word or particle of truth in this?" that he controlled himself sufficiently to speak. For a moment he had thought of boldly avowing his romantic attachment for Katherine, and their marriage, and pleading for his mother's sanction to the union; but, looking up, and seeing in that face, regarding him so intently, no sign to encourage such a confidence, he shrank from encountering the storm of indignation an avowal so distasteful was certain to evoke, and answered—

"It is quite true that I know the Katherine of Glen Arva; and, did I love her too, what harm, dear mother, would there be?"

"What harm, Hubert?" she replied; "God forbid there be. But, surely, it unbefits the heir of Crone Abbey and an ancient house, to have his name on people's tongues as a cause

of scandal and reproach. No: let this folly be repented, Hubert, and remove far from you the temptation and the snare. And, providentially, it has so happened that your path of duty is made easy to you, for I have received by the English mail a letter from your uncle, Sir George Arva, saying that you are now gazetted to a cornetcy, and that you must join your regiment with all the haste you can. I have requested Jordan to put up all you will require, to which I will add some volumes of edifying matter, for reading in spare hours; so you, Hubert, prepare for the journey, while I must to my daily round of cares and duties."

So saying, the stately matron left him, and FitzGerald returning to his rooms, lighted the favourite meerschaum, the solace of his lonely hours, and strolling out through the demesne, pondered with such patience as he could upon the strange announcement he had heard.

To part from his young bride ere the kiss she gave him at the altar was yet cold upon his lips, he could not calmly contemplate as possible. Once he was hastening to seek his mother, to tell her that he renounced the cornetcy, and would not go. Then a sense of filial duty intervened, and shame at seeming to prefer a life of inactivity to a career of fame, checked the half-formed resolve; thus halting betwixt conflicting feelings, and hesitating to decide, it flashed into his mind that, to see Katherine, and be guided by her counsel, whatever it might be, was the course both love and duty called him to adopt; so, towards the mountain glen he bent his footsteps, and, walking at a rapid pace, soon reached the Vernons' residence.

Katherine was alone, and seated at a window which overlooked the Pass, and often, though the day was yet early, had she watched eagerly his coming; and springing up, the moment he appeared, she ran with wild delight to meet and welcome him. FitzGerald, overjoyed to see her, clasped her in his arms, and as he gazed upon those fond, dark eyes, looking up to him so lovingly, and that charming form and face which now he called his own, a spirit of proud defiance rose within him, and pressing her still

closer to him, he said, with all the ardour of an early love—

"You are now my own darling wife, and who or what is there in the wide world that shall ever separate us, sweetest Katherine?"

"Separate us, my life, my joy, my own dear Hubert," Katherine returned in broken accents of mingled tenderness and terror, pressing the hand she held again and again to her lips, and clasping it tighter as though she feared some danger near.

"Why, oh, tell me why, Hubert, do you utter such a word? Sure, my own dear one, there can be no cause on earth for such a dread."

"Nay, Katherine," he replied, "be not alarmed; but never stood I so in need of counsel to direct me," and he hurriedly narrated all that had passed in the morning's interview, saying, as he concluded—

"Now, dearest, tell me, can I, must I go?"

"Ah, Hubert," said Katherine, as her tears fell fast, and trembling as she spoke, "my dream is then come true; and what I shuddered at on waking from my sleep at dawn this morning, as some dark spell, already seems casting its black shadow over us; too true, indeed, they say, 'a dream by morning is a warning,' but they shall never separate us, you will never leave me; will you, Hubert?" she passionately exclaimed, clinging to his arms.

"No, darling, be assured I never will, for I am more resolved to stay by, and with you always, Katherine love; but tell me, what dream is this that scared you so?"

"Oh, I cannot relate it all, dear Hubert; but I thought we were together in some spot, I knew not where, and that a flash like lightning came before my eyes, for an instant blinding me, and when it passed, I looked, and you had vanished; and where you stood, a face glared upon me fearfully, and then all became dark, and, oh, so dreadful, that I screamed with fright—and then I woke."

A shudder passed across her as she finished speaking, and she looked so blanched with terror, that FitzGerald could not repress a feeling of alarm. He said all he could to comfort and assure her, and after a few moments he inquired—

"Did you ever before see the face

that appeared so strangely in my stead?"

"Yes," said Katherine; "but let us talk no more at present of it, dearest Hubert. I have determined to go and see old Hester Egan, who lives at the cross-roads; she is said to have dealings with the good people, and to have great knowledge of dreams. There was Peggy Stewart—her mother lives in the thatched cabin yonder—she was betrothed to Brian Wynn, who went to America some years ago, and accounts came that he was doing well, and Peggy got a letter, saying he was coming home, and fixing for the wedding then. Well, Peggy had a dream one night, in which she saw two figures—one was Brian, he was wringing his hands and weeping; the other was a woman all clothed in white, her hair streaming down, and water dripping from it; she could not see the face, as it was turned from her. Peggy was sorely distressed at the dream, so she went to Hester, and consulted her, and Hester told her it was a warning, and that a winding sheet would be her only bridal dress; but Peggy, who was a merry, light-hearted girl, forgot all about the dream, and took no heed of Hester's warning, and as the time drew near for Brian's return, she prepared her wedding clothes, and was the gayest, happiest girl in all the Glen, till one day she had been to visit Brian's sister, who had a message for her in a letter from him. The house is a long way off, across the mountain, and it was evening when she left, and not reaching home that night, she was searched for all the following day, and towards evening, in a dark, deep pool that lies upon the very summit, her corpse was found: a mist came on after her departure from Brian's sister's, and she had missed her way, and so perished. Not long afterwards a letter came from Brian Wynn, saying that one night, when sitting at the fireside, thinking of home and the one he loved there best, his betrothed suddenly appeared and passed between him and the window, her features all pale, and water dripping from her streaming hair, and it was the same day and hour that poor Peggy Stewart met her death. So dear Hubert," said Katherine, "you see I have reason for putting faith in Hester Egan's interpreting of dreams."

"Well, Katherine," replied FitzGerald, "be it so; but the reports I have heard of Hester would lead me to believe that instead of dealing with the fairies or good people, it is with the cadgers who traffic in illicit spirits that she holds converse; but I will go with you to her, my presence may be useful."

"No, Hubert," said Katherine; "that must not be, I will seek her quite alone, or else she might refuse the information, but you can meet me near; come as far as the cross-roads, dear Hubert, soon after evening falls to-morrow, and I will join you there."

FitzGerald promised that he would; and loth to part, still lingered with her, endeavouring to banish from her mind the melancholy train of thoughts she had been indulging. He talked of their future plans, and drew in brightest colours a picture of the happy life now opening before them.

The approach of Katherine's father prevented further conversation; and, renewing the appointment for the following evening, they took a tender leave of one another.

The next day was wet and stormy, as, towards the close of autumn, is not unusual in this district; and as Katherine looked out upon the foaming waters of the lough, and noticed with dismay the impassable condition of the roads, torn into rugged channels by the rain and floods, she half repented her resolve, and as the time drew near for setting out to Hester Egan's, hesitated on venturing so perilous a journey; but the determination of unravelling the dream, and keeping her tryst with FitzGerald, overcame all fears, so muffling close both cloak and hood about her, she started at dusk of evening.

The wind, previously abated, had now risen to a tempest, and swept down the pass in heavy gusts, and to Katherine's ears, a mournful, wailing sound seemed borne upon the blast, awakening all the superstitious feelings inherent in her nature, which the night itself, being Hallow-eve, was peculiarly fitted to inspire; popular tradition assigning to this season a special interest and solemnity, the souls of the departed being then supposed to leave their resting places and wandering abroad, to revisit scenes fa-

miliar to them while on earth. Thus Katherine's imagination peopled the surrounding air with beings of another world; and as with trembling haste she sped the lonely way, she calmed and comforted her mind by reciting prayers suitable for the occasion. So occupied, the road lost all its dreariness, and soon she reached the ford at the cross-roads; passing which with difficulty, owing to the swelling of the torrent having covered and displaced the stepping-stones, a rude footpath through a patch of bog, brought her, wet and tired, at last to Hester Egan's cabin.

Pushing the door open no occupants appeared, save the fowl at roost upon the rafters, and a cat of sablest skin and huge proportions sleeping at the fire. Katherine, disappointed, was about retracing her steps, when the faint glimmer of a light at a short distance attracted her attention, and walking towards it, she heard the sound of voices within a low mud building whence the light proceeded; on entering which, through a small aperture concealed by sods and whins, Katherine found herself within a still-house, and there, amidst the apparatus and ingredients, the tubs, and worm, and wort, was Hester, sitting on a stool, all absorbed in watching and directing the work of distillation.

Assisting her, and with whom, on Katherine's approach, she was conversing in a low tone, stood an old man, bent double with age and rheumatism. In a trembling, shaking hand he held a glass filled with the fiery liquid, the strength of which he had been testing, and was muttering, "it's one in four, devil a taste the less—Tina Haley's liquor to a shade"—as Katherine, with slow and silent steps, came before him, so like an apparition, that the glass fell shattered from his palsied grasp. Hester, rising, recognised in the unexpected visitor the fair and far-famed maid of Glen Arva; and making a low reverence, besought her to return with her to the house, but Katherine motioning her to send the old man away, and to resume her seat, sat down upon a stool beside her, saying,

"I have come, Hester, to relate to you a dream that has much troubled me, and made me very very sad."

Hester answered with emotion,—

"My blessin's on ye, while ye tell it me, an' sure such wisdom as threescore lonesome years has given, ye'r freely welcome to; for troth, it's a heavy heart, my child, that's timpted ye abroad, an' the night so wild, an' your poor purty face looks wan an' scared." So saying, in a soothing tone, Hester composed herself to listen, while Katherine, gazing fixedly and anxiously into her face, resumed—

"It was in some spot, I dreamed I was, I know not where, and with me there was one I love most dearly—yes, Hester, dearer than my life—and suddenly a flash like lightning blinded me, and when my sight returned, he whom I love had gone, and in his place was one long since I knew, but wished for ever to forget, and he looked so fiercely on me, that I shrunk in terror from him; and then darkness, oh, so black a gloom, fell on me, and him, and all around, and I shrieked, and thus awoke, and the dark night had disappeared, it was just the dawning day."

As Katherine finished her recital, the crimson blush, which had spoken more eloquently than words, when making reference to FitzGerald, was now succeeded by a deadly pallor, and the tears stole down her cheeks, as, calmly, with folded hands and anxious gaze, she waited for Hester to break silence; but Hester, seeming all unconscious of her presence, sat awaying herself to and fro, wringing her hands, and uttering a low moaning sound, which, ceasing suddenly, she started up, and whispered in a trembling tone—"Whisht, whisht, I hear the tramp o' footsteps comin';" and kneeling down, she clasped her uplifted hands in terror, and laying her face close upon the ground intently listened a few moments, then springing to her feet, she beckoned Katherine to the doorway, saying in a low voice, "fly, fly, the revenue are here." At that instant, and before Katherine, who had risen, and stood regarding Hester with a bewildered look, could take advantage of her warning, the clatter of grounding arms and voices of men outside, announced that the building was surrounded, and a moment after, several of the revenue police entered, and rudely seizing upon Katherine and Hester, despite all remonstrances, insisted on dragging them away as pri-

soners, while others remained to guard the important seizure made, till means were prepared for its removal. During these proceedings, the old man, availing himself of the darkness of the night, had adroitly slipped away, and hastened to rouse the neighbouring cabins scattered on the mountain's side. Soon responding to the call, a group of peasants, armed variously with forks and sticks, and one or two with guns, came running to the scene, but suddenly halting, drew together at the ford, as if to dispute the passage at that point, towards which four of the revenue were now seen marching with trailed carbines, closely guarding their prisoners. Katherine, thus escorted, walked first, closely followed by Hester, who, throwing her arms about wildly, and uttering loud moans, gave way to all the demonstrations of grief usual to her class, mingling fierce denunciations of her captors.

"Oh masha, masha," she exclaimed, "it's in the black waters of the lough I wish my bed had bin this weary night, before this throuble had fallen on ye, Miss Katrine, for my sake;" and then changing her tone to a shrill angry scream, she continued, turning to the escort; "but ye villins o' the world, ye murd'ring thieves, ye'll repent this night's work at yer dying hour; my bitter curse, the heavy curse o' sixty sorrow-laden years be on yees all! An', whisht, listen; there's voices on the air tell me ye'll rue it soon enough;" and muttering, "Ah, Mickey, I thought ye'd niver lave yer mistress widout rising help," whispered in Katherine's ear that friends were near.

At this moment the foremost of the peasants assembled at the ford, was challenged by an approaching voice. It was FitzGerald, who, having waited past the hour at the place of trysts, was proceeding slowly towards Hester's cabin when he encountered the group gathered there: a few words explained the cause of meeting, and their object of rescuing the prisoners; and, instantly divining Katherine's perilous position, and madened by the intelligence, FitzGerald frantically dashed across the ford. His daring example was only too willingly followed by the excited peasantry, and before Hester's whisper had died on Katherine's ear, a loud shout an-

nounced deliverance at hand. Several of the peasant party carried bogwood torches, which threw a ruddy light upon all around, disclosing the revenue escort drawn up with loaded carbines pointed at them; Katherine, her beautiful features blanched with terror, and Hester gleaming with defiance. By the same red flickering light FitzGerald saw his beloved, and was beheld by her; and as its fitful flame fell on the face of each, it revealed to Katherine's terror-stricken gaze the features of Con O'Neill.

An onward movement of the party to the rescue was followed by a single shot, and FitzGerald was seen to fall, the smoke yet curling from O'Neill's carbine pointing to the hand that fired.

A thrilling death-like shriek succeeded, and Katherine fell swooning to the ground. Shots were now returned by the country people, wounding two of the revenue, and hotly pressed, O'Neill, who had retreated to his comrades at the still-house, apprehending further casualties from a prolonged resistance, decided to withdraw his party, and abandon both the prisoners and the seizure. Hester, thus released, directed all her efforts to the restoration of Katherine, who, relapsing from one fainting fit into another, evinced, only at intervals, a momentary consciousness of the painful scene she had just passed through, by convulsive sobs and moans, which shudderingly escaped her pale and scarcely parted lips. But though Hester lavished every care, and used all the arts familiar to her skill, in her anxious solicitude and sympathy for her sad fate, every means she tried were unavailing to revive those pallid features, more lovely still when cold and fixed as if in death.

So they gently lifted her upon a rude litter, hastily prepared, and tenderly bore their beautiful burden to her now sorrowful home at Glen Arva.

During this period FitzGerald had not been neglected; raised from where he had fallen, his bleeding wound was stanchd and bandaged; and by some of the party, who well knew how soon informations of the rescue and affray would be sworn, and warrants in the hands of the constabulary be out against them, he was carried far away to a remote spot in the

mountains. In this hiding place he was safely secreted, and carefully tended till his wound was sufficiently healed to admit of his going abroad, the reports that he had obtained from a trusty emissary confirming the expediency of such a step. Of Katherine he learned that, after a severe fever, supervening on the first attack—his name being ever on her lips during its delirium—she had sunk into a state of extreme prostration, exhibiting no consciousness of the presence of any one she loved or knew, and that her only chance of recovery depended upon strict seclusion and absence of all excitement. Relative to the late affray, and his own implication in its consequences, it had become matter of notoriety that informations, attributing to him a foremost part in the rescue and attack upon the revenue had been sworn by the serjeant in command of the party, and proclamations offering a large reward for his arrest were posted through the country: so, with a heavy heart, and full of sadness for the fate of her he loved so dearly, FitzGerald went abroad.

Some months afterwards, when the excitement consequent on the affair had passed away, upon representations being made in his favour, supported by the influence of his friends, a communication was received at Crone Abbey, that the Crown had withdrawn the prosecution. This intimation reached FitzGerald, and his heart bounded with delight, as he looked forward to an early reunion with the object of his love. But alas! she, for whom these ardent aspirations breathed, was insensible to human joys or sorrows. Under the influence of a settled melancholy, deepening from day to day, her gentle spirit, wounded in the first morning of its love, had succumbed to the rudeness of the shock, and though at times she would seem to recall happy memories of past days, and, on such occasions, would wander for hours beside the lough, visiting spots endeared to her from their association with FitzGerald, at other periods she would remain a prey to mental malady of the most distressing nature. During the time this "dark fit," as the country people termed it, was upon her, all the incidents of that fatal scene, the night of the attack, were present to her mind in terrible reality, and her

sufferings, both mental and bodily, were painful to witness, one peculiarity being remarked, whether in the bright or darkest phase of the disease, that she firmly believed the shot fired by O'Neill to have been fatal, and that FitzGerald was lost to her forever.

Such was the sad condition of the once light-hearted and still beautiful Katherine Vernon, when one soft summer's eve the usual quiet that pervaded the precincts of the small hostelry at Glen Arva was broken by the arrival of a post car, on which a traveller was seated, muffled, notwithstanding the warmth of the night, in the ample folds of a capacious cloak, so worn as effectually to conceal his features from observation. Alighting from the vehicle, he stood some moments silently regarding the scene around, till roused from his reverie by the salutations of the host, he gave some brief directions, and then bent his steps towards a part of the lough where a boat lay moored; springing in and taking up the oars he pulled out some distance from the shore. FitzGerald, for it was he, landing the day before, had journeyed without resting, as a bird returning to its nest, till the summit of Glen Arva had appeared in view, and longing again to clasp Katherine within his arms, now skimmed along the tranquil waters of the lough in the direction of her home.

It was eventide, and the gathering shadows of the night that hung upon the mountain's side now closed darkly o'er the lough, and rendered it needful to proceed with caution, lest he should strand on one of its numerous islets; so, lifting the oars, he allowed the boat to drift, and the current setting towards the outlet at the pass, carried him to the foot of the rocks, which, at that point, rose abruptly from the water. Peering through the darkness, to descry a light or other indication of the Vernons' residence to guide him to the landing-place, FitzGerald's attention was suddenly arrested, and his view transfixed on what seemed an apparition. Startled and alarmed, again he strained his gaze and beheld with awe a figure draped in white moving slowly along the overhanging rocks, the sharply cut and glassy face of which afforded no apparent footing.

Nurtured in the midst of supersti-

tion, FitzGerald yielded to its influence, and various legends of apparitions connected with the district became instantly present to his mind. While thus uncertain in what character to regard the form then traversing so perilous a path, whether as mortal, or a being of another world; and as spell-bound still he gazed, the profound quietude pervading the scene was broken by the firing of a shot. The report, reverberating and echoing from every near and distant hill, had scarcely died away, when there arose mournfully upon the air, a wailing, piercing cry, so sorrowful, so agonizing in intensity, that FitzGerald's blood ran cold within his veins, and with feelings painfully wrought up, he sprang upon the rocks, determined to seek an explanation of the mystery.

At the first step of his ascent, there was a rustling sound, followed by the slipping of loose stones displaced above; then fell upon his ear the dull sound of a heavy plash, a faint scream, and all was still. Horror-struck at the event these tokens told him had befallen, FitzGerald plunged boldly into the dark waters of the lough, and swimming out, recognised, a few perches distant, floating lightly on the surface, the loose white drapery, which, when first seen through the mists of night, had given to a female form the resemblance of a phantom. An instant more, and he had reached the spot, and held within his stalwart arm a frail form, now insensible and sinking fast. An expert swimmer from his youth, FitzGerald found no difficulty in sustaining his light burden till he should reach a landing-place in safety. Exhausted by exertions so nobly made, no sooner had he gained the strand, than kneeling down to rest, still tenderly supporting in his arms the unconscious object of his care, as tremblingly he gazed, anxious to discern the faintest glimmer of returning life, the long tresses of dishevelled hair, dark as a raven's wing, that hitherto had veiled her face, now parting, fell on either side, and in the pale beams of the then just-risen moon, FitzGerald saw, with anguish and affright, the features cold and wan, but passing fair, of her, the idol

of his soul, his fond and beauteous bride. No sound of grief escaped him: one moment, speechless, tearless, still he gazed; then, his heart bounding with a sudden hope that yet, if instant aid was found, his beloved might be restored to him and life, he raised her drooping form, and hastened in the direction of the pass. He had not proceeded far, when he was met by Katherine's maid, who, filled with apprehension, had been seeking her mistress far and near, and now, discovering the sad cause of her protracted absence, filled the air with plaintive cries. At intervals upon the way, she informed FitzGerald, amidst her tears, how Katherine had been ailing long, and never in her right mind, since that fatal night when she believed him dead; that her aged father, sorrowing for his only child's sad fate, had pined away and died, and that morning was interred; and Katherine, who before seemed only partly conscious of her loss, had no sooner witnessed the departure of the funeral cortege from the door, than she became convulsed with grief, and, parting wildly from those around her, fled, they knew not whither. Since that hour she had been sought, and no tidings heard, till meeting with FitzGerald.

They had now reached Katherine's residence, and the night wind sighing through the tall mountain-pines which stood around, sent forth a mournful welcome; and as FitzGerald entered, bearing their youthful mistress in his arms, a loud wail of grief arose from the sorrowing household, who, gathering round the couch on which he laid her, applied every restorative and remedy they knew.

For some weeks Katherine continued in a perilous condition; though rescued from death, her system had sustained a shock from which recovery was slow. Through long days and weary nights, consumed by burning fever, she tossed upon a restless couch, and during all this time, FitzGerald, watching at her side, never left her. His hand it was, that, always near, refreshed with moisture her parched lips, and cooled her burning brow. At last the crisis came, and when the fever went, it left her low and faint. But a wondrous

change for good had passed over Katherine's soul. Early on this day, she had fallen into a long deep sleep, and awaking, her eyes filling with refreshing tears, rested fondly on FitzGerald, and calling him to her side, she took his hands between her own, and pressed them to her lips. Twice she essayed to speak, before her voice so feeble now could utter what she wished, then murmured lowly, "Come closer, nearer to me, dearest;" and FitzGerald, pressing his lips to hers, with a deep thrill of joy, she whispered, "Promise, my own dearest, that you will never, never, leave me more, that we shall never part again;" and reading in his eyes the fond assurance sought, continued, "Oh! what happiness I feel, now that fearful dream is past, to wake, and find myself with you, my loved, my life;" and bursting into tears, she wept, as happy children weep, sweet tears of joy, till, exhausted by the excitement, she fainted in his arms.

Katherine's recovery was now rapid, and not many days subsequent she was enabled to leave her room, and leaning on FitzGerald, to stroll about the pleasant walks, that extended to the water's edge. Thus several weeks were spent, happy beyond their brightest dreams. FitzGerald had been but once to Crone Abbey since his return, (his mother having permanently left to reside in England), to give instructions relative to alterations he intended making for the reception of his bride, it being arranged to leave the cottage at the Glen, as soon as Katherine's health was fully re-established, and he had ridden over early for that purpose, returning to breakfast with her. It was a lovely summer morning; the little room in which they sat was a favourite one of Katherine's; beneath, lay stretched before their view, like a broad sheet of molten silver, the placid waters of the lough glittering in the sun. Beyond, the steep mountain side, now clad with greenest verdure, enhanced the beauty of the scene; through the rustic windows, opened wide, came the soft balmy air, laden with perfume. Katherine was much better than ever she had been; her spirits were light and gay; and

FitzGerald, overjoyed at his hopes of her returning health being so early realized, caught the same infectious gaiety, and laughingly the moments sped, as, conversing of their future plans, he fondly gazed upon her bright and happy face, regarding him so lovingly, and fancied that never since the hour, when in her bridal dress she stood before the altar, had Katherine looked so radiant and beautiful. At that instant she hummed a melody, recalling to his mind a scene of bygone days, and waking from his reverie, he besought her to sing it once again. Complying with his wish, she took her seat beside him, and in a voice of exquisite sweetness sang the first stanza of the air, when suddenly the strain of music ceased, and Katherine uttered a sharp cry of pain, and in a moment more fell to the ground, a stream of blood fast issuing from her lips. In the exertion of singing she had burst a blood-vessel, and alas! the bloom and health so late regained and dearly prized, was now for ever lost. Again carried to the couch, where so long she had lain a sufferer, she grew feebler from day to day. In vain FitzGerald cherished hopes the most ardent, and refused to believe her recovery uncertain. Gradually she

became worse, and sank perceptibly each passing hour. At last, Katherine, who, from the commencement had nourished hopes for FitzGerald's sake, and comforted him with assurances which her failing strength foretold her were illusive, became conscious that her end was near, and the bitter anguish with which she regarded the approaching hour, when separation from her beloved husband could no longer be averted, added inexpressibly to her sufferings.

It was eventide again: the sun was sinking in the west, and FitzGerald, seated at her side, was thinking how soon the brightness of their day had set, when Katherine, awaking out of sleep, whispered, as once she had done before—"Come closer, nearer to me, dearest—my own dear life;" and FitzGerald bending over her, his eyes blinded by tears, could only fondly kiss her. Then taking both his hands within her own poor wasted ones, she pressed them to her lips, and murmuring, "Oh, how happy, happy thus to part, with you, dearest, still beside me," she softly fell asleep again, and still clasping both his hands to her dear lips, her gentle, loving spirit, so long fluttering on the verge of life, fled peacefully from earth.

NEW NOVELS.

"*ADAM BEDE*," by George Eliot, author of "*Scenes of Clerical Life*," is pre-eminently, and not undeservedly, the last fashion with the novel-reading public. Now, we are not going to sneer at the novel-readers, for every one now who can

afford time from his special "mission," as the cant is, for doing what you like and want plausible excuse for—which means Stock Exchange gambling, or trade hazard—reads novels. There are still a few people who have not read novels for ten

- Adam Bede*. By George Eliot. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.
Eric; or, Little by Little. By Frederic W. Farrar. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.
Mignonette: a Sketch. By the author of "*The Curate of Holy Cross*." J. H. and J. Parker, London.
The Laird of Norlaw. By the author of "*Margaret Maitland*." Hurst and Blackett, London.
Friends at their own Firesides. By Mrs. Ellis. Bentley, London.
Fellow Travellers. By the author of "*Margaret; or, Prejudice at Home*." Hurst and Blackett, London.
My Lady: a Tale of Modern Life. Smith, Elder and Co., London.
Life's Foreshadowings. Hurst and Blackett, London.

years, and have the old strange scruples against them, as dangerous, immoral, and mentally enervating, but these are few, indeed. Every one now knows, to their cost, that a novel may be an epic, a sermon, a pamphlet, a satire, a declamation, a lampoon, an encyclopædic article, a new system of philosophy—any thing. Nor can serious people complain much of the frivolity of imagination, and the unfocussing, desultory state of mind produced by novel reading. There is only too much fear now of a novel being too didactic and purposeful. But still, with all this promotion of the novel to something, since Scott's time, of more than mere pleasure and scrap-historical information, there is yet a class of novel contemptibly sugared, tricky, flimsy, and injurious to the unseasoned mental stomach: the sort of hot-roll novel, thrown off by a certain class of literary baker for the daily consumption of a luxurious, satiated class of readers, whose mental appetite is jaded, and who are to healthy readers what opium-eaters are to beef-eaters. The hot-roll class of writer is either a poor sickly creature who has discovered a sarsenet-ribbon style of writing, bright, glossy and flimsy, that goes down with people of the same mental calibre as the author; or else, is a once-celebrated writer now worn-out, and reduced to a jaded spectre of his own fame, publishing because he wants money, or craves for more praise, and getting a publisher, not—as he thinks vainly—from his own merit, but because his name on a title-page still sells a book, whatever it be. Indeed, it is not uncommon for a rising author to become more known, and to have more readers when his writings become worn-out and *passé*, than when, in his earliest period, he was at his climacteric, but was less known. This is one of the necessities of the train of waddling geese, of unreasoning admirers, that follow cackling and applauding in the wake of every successful author, unless he be too proud and solitary to care for such pitiful and fitful applause: the straw-fire admiration of a nine-months' wonder—admiration without root, growing on stony and wooden places, and fading as soon as the capricious April sun of

fools' liking goes for a moment behind the cloud. The reaction from Scott is, we believe, most prejudicially curtailing the imaginations of our modern writers to their own featureless times; Kingsley, Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, Brontë, all have helped to deepen this groove. But a change must come, and the age be brought again to its level; for, we hold, that novels turning entirely upon the present day are as dangerous and injurious to Art as if they turned entirely on former ages, as they did when the sky was still radiant with Scott's gorgeous dreams of chivalry and middle-age romance. We are too apt to forget that for the purpose of Art, modern writers, particularly when dealing with ideal and good characters, change or shape them from a standard just as Scott did his Desdemona, Amy Robsart, or his Effie Deans, whom Mr. Eliot has had in his eye in his present novel. Dickens' clowns are comic forms, impossible, for the most part, as the monsters of Rabelais' pantomimic allegory. Thackeray's cynics are small Timons, and his view of life is restricted by the violence of his likes and dislikes; and as he only deals successfully with modern middle-class London-life, and has no sympathy with the bulk of the ungenteel human race, whom we call, pityingly, the poor, this restriction narrows him still more.

Mr. Eliot, the author of "Adam Bede," whether he suppress his name or not, is author of "Scenes of Clerical Life," and is either a clergyman or a dissenting minister. When we first took up his book, we thought it was "hard lines" for us; that we had got on a novel like Mr. Warren's "Now and Then," and we began to pray for a safe deliverance. We thought from the occasionally professional sermonizing tone and the "ower gude" people, that we had got on a novel full of grey-haired, Windsor-soap-washed, lavender-scented countrymen, such as you see in sham rustic pictures, and on the stage, that fountain of all worn-out and false conventionalities. Now, over goodness, like all exaggerations of a good thing, is the especial sign, whether in action, writing, painting, or on the stage, of sham, hypocrisy, and want of heart. It is what onion-tears are to the unforced effusions of the human tear

duct. When you find in a book a man weeping over a dead ass, you may be sure the same man will break his wife's heart or send his children to the workhouse. When you see a picture with a grey-headed man in a white smock, smirking vacantly at two simpering lovers playing at chess, be sure that painter swindles his landlady and is going through the court. See, on the stage, a pious old father, always snivelling and turning his eyes to heaven, be sure the deviser of that character is a cheat and a plagiarist, who borrows without acknowledging from the French, and who, when the people call for "author, author," bows with India-rubber back from a dress box. But further examination showed us, that "Adam Bede" is an honest book, sound to the core and of the right grit, through and through, yet deficient in incident, not strong in construction, indulging occasionally in stock melo-dramatic reprieves and safe prison situations; but otherwise "very admirably good," and fresh as a cold but bracing March morning. The trifle too much dust standing for the trifle too much sermonism; and the slight *souçon* of ritual, the slight chill of staginess. The itinerant preacher, Dorcas, whom Adam marries, is, we are afraid, daughter of a certain pen-child of Mr. Kingsley's, called Grace; and too many of the scenes remind us in the mode of treatment, simple and almost newspaperly, of a certain not unknown book called the "Heart of Mid Lothian." But, perhaps, Mr. Eliot is young, and still is steering in the wake of the old men of war, before he strikes off and sets sail to the undiscovered country, which the double-firsts, the new men, the Columbuses of literature, must discover, or go down in a storm off the cape of Frustrated Expectation, which always, sooner or later, blows for authors who promise and do not perform.

Adam Bede is, of course, a strong man, a good man, who can lift so many hundred weight. That is the Kingsley necessity for a hero now, just as red hair is for a Pre-Raphaelite model. He is also a carpenter, which meets the second necessity of our day. People like to see the supernatural artizan delineated, and then wonder why Travers's man, who comes in to put

up the new cupboard in the nursery, is so unlike the novel hero: why his hands are so coarse and dirty, and his manners are so savage and uncultured, and why he leaves out his h's;—and fancy a good Christian with no h's.

The young lady is right; Adam Bede is possible, but not probable. His want of education is cunningly, as painters say, "kept down." He quotes the Bible like a minister. He talks not Chinese, but Carlylese. He is a Berseker hero, without the drink of hemp. He is a Norseman without the "bang." He has few weaknesses, and those few are only foils to his virtues. You wonder why such men do not rise to high posts and attend levées. Nay, the very marriage of Adam and Dorcas is one of the new novel-tricks; for, of course, Adam is much too old for her. Then, again, as to the burr and jolt of the dialect used by so many of the characters, we do not know whether we like or dislike it: it is either affected, or it is helping to do for English speech, and its different keys, what Scott did for Highland-English, and the Scotch of the two Lothians. In killing off poor disgraced Hetty, Mr. Eliott has followed another of the modern conventions, and it certainly is difficult to wash and light up for the final tableau and drop, a character you have spent two volumes in blackening. But, as to whether it is not rather a timid and painful murder of a heroine, and rather an anti-climax, happening early in the third volume, we do not feel ourselves called upon to decide.

Perpetually throughout this good and thoughtful book we see cropping out that clerical power and habit of observing village character, of which Mr. Kingsley is the highest and most violently muscular type. If an encyclopædia of human nature is ever produced, many a leaf will be written by clergymen, we think. They know the small sins of life; they know the mental colics of conscience; the romance of families; the self-sacrifices and immolations; the sufferings and retributory punishments.

Of this fine and thoughtful observation, refined indeed to almost a woman's subtlety, an admirable instance is seen in the way the author represents Martin bearing the news

of Hetty's disgrace. His pride is hurt more than his heart; he will help her, but he will not forgive her. "Mild men," says Mr. Eliot, "are often more severe than others, on exceptional occasions: they are more liable to be under the yoke of traditional impressions." The chief regret of the old man is, that he, seventy-two last St. Thomas's, won't be carried to the grave by the pall-bearers he had already picked out in the parish.

The great charm in the book is not merely the bold, high religious feeling, but the healthy flicker and sunshine of humour—pure English humour—that plays about the pages of Adam Bede. Mrs. Poyser, particularly, is a sort of heavenly Pipchin: sour and piquant as olives are her sayings, with a dash of the Sam Slick vein of oily fun. She is terrible as Lady Macbeth, with her biting taunts; but she is good as gold at the core. It is not given, for instance, to many women—no, nor men either—to speak like this wise termagant:—

"The men are mostly so slow," she says, talking of our sex, which she is depreciating, "their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking top while a man's getting 's tongue ready; an' when he outs' wi' his speech at last there's little, troth, to be made on't. Its your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

To which her shrewd adversary, the old bachelor schoolmaster replies,—

"Match!—ay, as vinegar matches the teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'ill match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'ill match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as the horse-fly is to the horse; she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

But Mrs. Poyser is not to be put down, and is quick upon him in this deliciously smart and hard-hitting dialogue, as a tennis-ball is in returning from the wall you aim it at.

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Poyser, 'I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'id simper at 'em like the picture of the sun, whether they did right or wrong; an' say

thank you for a kick; and pretend she did not know which end stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife mostly; he wants to make sure of one fool, as 'ill tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors.'"

To this Bartle replies that the gardener, who says he likes a clevensh, managin' woman is wrong. "He must take a woman as he does a vegetable, for what she excels in—not peas for roots, and carrots for flowers. Women never do much in cleverness, but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong-flavoured."

The husband throws himself back in his chair, looks merrily at the wife, and asks her what she has to say to that.

"'Say,' answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; 'why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because they're summatt wrong in their own inside.'"

Now, this sort of conversation will surely make many a dull Belgravian household pine for such witty friends as Mrs. Poyser, the gardener's wife.

Nor is it in the more playful powers of wit and fancy that Mr. Eliot excels alone: in the prison-cell he treats all the agonies of the poor girl condemned to death as if familiar feelings. He has, at least, so much of the dramatic power as relates to the power of living for a time in another creature's heart.

Let alone the author's love of children, fine humour, love of nature, and keen insight into character, the book would be a good one had we no character in it but the brave carpenter, Adam Bede—with his susceptibility and self-command, his strong conscience, large heart, and good sense. He is given us honestly in the rough, even down to his broken fingernails and Norse clumsiness. Mr. Eliot, with his painting (which is a sort of Crabbe manner Tennysonized) delights in the hopes and joys of common life, the inheritance of affections nurtured by a simple life of common need and common industry—the life with no noisy echo beyond its own neighbourhood; the

inheritance of faculties, trained in skilful courageous labour, until the quiet churchyard grave under the blue sky. Indeed, his motto from Wordsworth, about "flowers that prosper in the shade," shows how Wordsworthian is his ideal of writing. He writes to be faithful to nature, not to make bad men always in the wrong, good always in the right. He writes to teach us sympathy and forbearance for the ugly, stupid, tiresome people of the world, to teach us not to chill fellow-workers by indifference, or to injure them by prejudice; therefore, with this quiet taste he likes Dutch pictures, with the good old woman happy in her daily toil, cleaning a stew-pan or scraping a carrot. Things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, he hopes. Human feeling does not wait for beauty, it beautifies whatever it loves. He wishes to give a lifetime to the living representation of common things, for this world is not one of mere extremes, and heaven's light falls on poor and rich. One cannot afford to keep all one's love and reverence for heroes, for heroes are rarities. Better is it for us to find one trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit in the same pew at church. Mr. Eliot laughs at the lofty order of mind that finds no object good enough to feel for. He has found human nature lovable and full of deep pathos and sublime mysteries, by looking for it among common-place, vulgar people, not in epical palaces, and heroic temples.

Mr. Farrar's "Eric, or Little by Little," is a boy-novel, or, rather, perhaps, a boy-tragedy. Of old, there were no stepping stones between baby *féeries* and the full-grown novel. The reader passed directly from his Countess d'Aulnois to his Fielding or his Richardson. The system of books for all ages, evolved under the existing economy of literature, is a marked sign of the times. And yet, it is possible that a book does not always find its chief readers of the age or the class for which it was purposed. Often it is the man who has drawn the most delight from the chronicle of school events, while the boy has been deep drinking of the pleasures of the more advanced fiction; just as it some-

times happens that the greybeards have laughed loudest at the child's pantomime, and the children have been the more absorbed by the preceding tragedy. Men may like the better to read of boyhood; boys of manhood. But, passing by this question, let it be said at once how admirable is Mr. Farrar's book: how calculated to win the interest and approval of almost any and every class of readers. And yet, they who propose to follow the fortunes of Eric must prepare themselves to be keenly tried. Their hearts will be deeply stirred in the course of the narrative; their feelings highly wrought upon. The author is no flinching, complaisant relater of a pretty story; his manner is as eloquent and powerful, as his matter is vigorously real. It is his object to give a true picture of what school life *sometimes* is, while he disclaims all thought of identifying the school he calls "Roslyn" with any existing place of education. This is as well, for the school of the book seems to us one of marked badness, even considered with regard to the lowest average to which public schools have now and then fallen. Eric Williams, a bright, frank, fair-haired, honest English boy, enters the school in the Isle of Man; under much trial, under many misconceptions and accidental difficulties, the boy for a while holds his own in a gallant, dashing way. "Little by little" the corruption of the school corrodes his moral principle: he sinks from his pinnacle of goodness; his course becomes irretrievably vicious. His younger brother, Vernon, follows him to the school, and follows also his ruinous and wretched path. Vernon is killed by a fall from the cliff in a bird's-nesting expedition.

This sad mischance for a time recalls Eric to a sense of his errors; but for a time only. He relapses, and, under a suspicion of theft, runs away from his school, endures great hardships as a cabin-boy on board a collier, and ultimately dies, horror-stricken with the thought that the intelligence of his sins and the loss of her other son have caused the death of his mother. Such is the barest outline of this painful, yet deeply interesting novel, written with the purest, manliest motives, and full of

the most refined tenderness. With an aching heart, the author lays bare, one by one, the delinquencies of his hero, his prayers and tears seeming to follow each fresh revelation, while his words of monition, drawn from the incidents of the narrative, gleam with vitality and force. For ourselves, we must admit that we had desired a less sad conclusion ; but it was, perhaps, part of the author's plan to admit of no saving clause ; to point his moral the more surely by showing how, in one instance at any rate, "little by little," declension from right ended in inevitable ruin. Yet, it seems to us an error in the art of the book, that certain of Eric's school-fellows—as bad, if not worse than he is—escape with impunity ; and are heard of, on the last page, as successful and well-to-do men. It should be mentioned, that the author by no means seeks to *write down* public schools. Justly he says—"The innocence of mere ignorance is a poor thing. . . . The true preparation for life, the true basis of a man's character, is, not to be ignorant of evil, but to have known it and avoided it." We should fail to do justice to the book were we to omit to note the fervent religious feeling which pervades it. As a sample of the poetry and eloquence of the more narrative portions let the following be taken :—

"Meanwhile the tide rolled in calmly and quietly in the rosy evening, radiant with the diamond and gold of reflected sunlight and transparent wave. Gradually, gently it crept up to the place where Vernon lay : and the little ripples fell over him wonderingly, with the low murmur of their musical laughter, and blurred and dimmed the vivid splashes and crimson streaks, upon the white stone on which his head had fallen, and washed away some of the purple bells and green sprigs of heather, round which his fingers were closed in the grasp of death, and played softly with his fair hair, as it rose, and fell, and floated on their undulations, like a leaf of golden-coloured weed, until they themselves were fairly discoloured by his blood."

The ruin of the young, the fair, the hopeful—what theme is more movingly melancholy ?

"The Laird of Norlaw" is a full-flavoured novel. There is no hesita-

tion, no meandering, no spirit of compromise about Mistress Margaret Maitland. She holds her pen with a vigorous unrelaxing grip, is firm and sure in her drawing, without blur or wavering, and her colours are swept in with an ample and robust brush. It is a comfort to the wanderer in the world of fiction to light on such certain *terra firma* as is this novel of the "Laird of Norlaw." There is a sensation of home and rest in a secure stronghold while under the influence of Mistress Margaret. We have house and food, fuel, and raiment for a certain term before we recommence our pilgrimage. Not that this book surpasses the author's former efforts—perhaps it hardly equals some of them ; but it is pleasant to meet again, even in a less successful theme, the old power of narration, the skill in construction, the fertile resources, and the pervading feeling of earnest poetry. The curtain rises upon the scene of the death-bed of the old Laird : grouped round the dying man are his wife and three sons, all bowed and broken beneath their impending loss. The Laird, weak and irresolute, is conscious, at last, of the wrong he has done his family. He has impoverished his estate, neglected his children, despised his wife, to squander his cares, intellect, and affections upon a by-gone dream. As a boy he had loved Mary of Melmar. She had slighted him, had grievously offended her father, and eloped with a worthless Frenchman. For many long years nothing is heard of her. Her unhappy father forgives her at last, and bequeathes to her his estate of Melmar, with a proviso, that if she die childless, the property shall pass to her cousin and lover, the Laird of Norlaw. How the Laird sought far and wide, to the ruin of himself and family, for this lost Mary of Melmar, to assure her of her father's forgiveness, and to put her in possession of the estate, is suggested rather than told. His quest is fruitless ; but, believing her to be still living, he refuses to lay claim to Melmar, which passes to the next-of-kin, Mr. Huntley, an unscrupulous attorney. The Laird dies deeply in debt ; even his poor remains are arrested by his foe, Huntley, on their passage to the grave. The three sons, however, evade the

vigilance of the sheriff's officers, steal away the body, and bury it furtively, by torchlight, at Dryburgh. How grandly this simple family, the widow and her three sons, support their bereavement and their misfortunes is powerfully told. The most marked figure of all, perhaps, is the mother—with her strong deep affections hemmed in with jealousies and suspicions, ever suffering under the slight cast upon her by the Laird's recurrence to his early passion; ever repressing this suffering and heaping over it her wife's duty, her mother's love, and her woman's sense of pride to subdue and quench it. Now straining her children to her heart with the thought that nothing shall part them from her; now voluntarily tearing them away, to start forth in the world, seek their fortune, and build up again the fallen estate of Norlaw. Always loving and tender, in her self-sustained, proud, Spartan way, and yet often narrow, and crabbed, and inconsistent, from the very energy and intensity of her feelings. The stunned, aching grief that falls upon the unhappy family, gradually yields to time and to the evident necessity for exertion to retrieve, in some measure, their misfortunes. Huntley, the confident, restless, eldest son, emigrates to Australia, to make a fortune in the bush. The scene of the parting of the mother and son at Liverpool is a masterpiece. Patrick, the second son, stolid, shrewd, straightforward, is apprenticed at an iron-foundry at Glasgow. Cosmo, the youngest, is of a strange, nervous, febrile temperament—a sort of Shelleyism possesses his mind. He ponders long over the story of his father's love for Mary of Melmar, and, at length, all the sons chivalrously repudiating any claim to the estate, he wanders over the Continent, as his father before him had done, seeking everywhere the lost heiress. The flaw in the story is, that the lady, when discovered, does not kindle any very great interest in the mind of the reader, and so the whole machinery of the narrative is somewhat impaired by being made, as it were, to revolve upon an unworthy pivot. How Cosmo disinters "the charming old lady," who now represents the object of his father's infatuation, is, of course, arranged upon one of those plans which

are the proper perquisites of fictionists, however seldom their occurrence in actual life. It would take too long to follow out the story in all its windings. The discovery of the rightful heir to Melmar, of course, ejects Mr. Huntley from the estate, and not only that, it also extinguishes utterly the title of the Norlaws to the property; but the old lady, with her Frenchified airs and her weak sentiments, has some notions of poetic justice, and schemes a union between her daughter, Desirée, who has been suffering as a French governess in the house of the knavish Mr. Huntley, and the young Laird, regardless that the affections of both are pre-engaged. How obstinate the old lady is, and how acutely poor Cosmo, who was the means of giving her the estate, and who loves Desirée with feverish earnestness, suffers from this romantic folly, must be learnt from the book itself. Of course, in the end, Mary of Melmar's plan is negatived, youth and love and beauty being all against her. Cosmo wins Desirée and the estate; while the Laird, with the money made in Australia, renovates Norlaw and takes to wife, with his mother's blessing, Katie Logan, the minister's orphan daughter. The story is dexterously managed, though occasionally redundant and overlaid. It had been better if the forcible simplicity which is the keynote of the first volume had pervaded the whole work. The situations are too often repetitive. The inclination of the *dramatis personæ* to bestow their affections upon undeserving objects is almost epidemic in its iteration. Thus old Norlaw loves the not very meritorious Mary, who, in her turn, throws herself away upon a worthless husband: her eldest and consumptive daughter, Marie, dotes upon a very repulsive scoundrel, M. Pierrot: this daughter, Marie, selfish, silly, and commonplace, nearly drives a very worthy Scotch minister, Cameron, distraught, for he has been blind and foolish enough to fall in love with her. The book would be improved by the weeding out of some of these superfluous incidents. With this understanding, the "Laird of Norlaw" is a sound and hearty fiction, fresh and wholesome, and will act like a tonic on the rather jaded intelligences of the majority of novel readers.

Why a solid two-volume story like "Mignonette" is called a *sketch*, we do not clearly understand, inasmuch as the author can hardly have contemplated the amplification of a book which already suffers from dilution and over-elaborateness. If this is a sketch, what is to be the finished work? If this is the foundation merely, what are we to expect in the completed edifice? "Mignonette" is a melancholy book. In the preface, the author considerably gives a note of warning of the approaching lugubriosity, just as the striking clock at the commencement of Mr. Puff's tragedy begets "an awful attention in the audience." We are told that the author wrote, "suffering under severe trial and disappointment. Full of activity and perseverance, he had been for years looking for some opening which could afford him the power of exercising his energies. This had been at times offered him; but it had invariably happened, at the last moment, that something of an unexpected nature was against his making use of it." There is a little of the "twas-ever-thus" tone about this wail, and some association with the grand Micawber system of waiting for something to turn up. It is to be regretted that the result of all this bottled force is not of a more hearty and muscular nature than the book before us. Not that "Mignonette" is pre-eminently a weak novel. It is only not sufficiently strong to warrant the allusions to the "dreary time," "the inclination to despair," "the resort to work as a distraction from trouble," "the recalling past sorrows," &c., which figure in the not very judicious prelude. We are led from these to anticipate rather a less sober manner and rather more stirring matter than we find. "Mignonette" is simply a love story, with a sad ending, told in a placid, not to say flaccid, style—sentimental always, tender and feeling occasionally, but never very grand, or passionate, or strongly poetical. The action is carried on in a provincial town called Bishops Lamford. This secures us all the dulness and none of the freedom and freshness of the country. We plunge at once into a hot-bed of clique rivalries and coterie gossip. We are presented with a bouquet of young ladies, whom a

frothy baronet of the county has labelled with the names of various flowers, such as Carnation Snowdrop, Anemone, Morning Rose, Lily, Wall-flower, and, lastly, Mignonette. A little dazzling and confusing this, especially as the distinguishing traits which led to the bestowal of the titles are not very clearly marked. Mignonette is kept back until the close of the first volume. This is done, we presume, with the intention of fostering the curiosity and whetting the interest of the reader; but a tardiness in bringing the heroine on the stage is really a fault in the narrator's art, and the effect is a feeling of protraction and superfluity throughout the first half of the book. Mignonette is described as a "pale little girl, with large dark eyes, . . . nose *retroussée*, curling upper lip, and very dark brown hair." This little lady loves and is loved by the hero, a poor hard-working young man. Her father peremptorily breaks off their engagement. Subsequently Herbert, the lover, succeeds to a large property devised to him by an eccentric will of old Admiral Ayescough. The young gentleman enters upon his possessions, visits his neighbours, and dandles a little with one or two other fair members of the bouquet. But not very seriously. Though resigned comparatively to her loss, his heart is still with Mignonette. In due time the parted pair meet again. The novel-reader with the tranquil mind thinks, of course, that now matters will be comfortably arranged, and the banns put up forthwith. The melancholy novel-reader is sure of anything but that. Never was known such obduracy. Never was lady so persistent in securing the unhappiness of both her lover and herself. She loves him with her whole soul, and yet will have none of him—will not listen to him; hustles herself into a premature grave, and turns her admirer into a melancholy monomaniac, perennially strewing that grave with mignonette wreaths. "Yes, Herbert never misses this duty; and as he stands above the remains of her who was the dearest thing to him in life, he thinks he beholds through the haze the dim outline of her presence, always ready to welcome the expiation of his one slight inconsistency." Why

the lover does not turn from the obstinate and unreasonable Mignonette, and find consolation in the love of the charming Wallflower, only the author can inform us. Probably a conclusion so agreeable would not chime well with his over-sombre mood, for he is nothing if not melancholy. We can see no good, no healthy end, to be achieved by such a novel as this. The author suggests that self-reliance is the moral of his teaching. This is not very evident. More probable is it that he desired to have his "say" on matters ecclesiastical from a High-church platform. His incessant iteration of reverence for the Establishment and its ministers has a sort of feminine pertinacity about it. It is always being returned to, and re-insinuated, and re-suggested; it oozes out of every chink and cranny in the narrative. No sooner does the author become a little out of breath with leading his characters about, than he sits down for a quiet chat over the propriety of daily services, weekly communion, reading the Apocrypha, the celibacy of priests, &c.; and even after a country dinner-party, the gentlemen over their wine discuss nothing but re-pewing the church, sermons on the festivals and Tractarian crotchets generally. It is really time to protest against a system of novel-writing which, under the pretext of urging a purpose, inveigles us into these kinds of topics, just as at prim private schools amusement is said to be blended with higher aims, and the children are entertained with what is called "religious magic lantern." There must be some clear line of demarcation drawn between the fiction and the sermon; and we hope not to meet again the two shuffled together and bound up in one volume. Apart from this, on a pleasanter theme and in a less maudlin state of mind, we shall have no objection to meet again our author, who, it is manifest, can be agreeable if he will.

A Quaker novel sounds as unlikely a thing as a jester's earnestness or a bishop's hornpipe; and yet Mrs. Ellis's last book is a romantic narrative, purporting to illustrate the social and domestic life of the Society of Friends. Probably, it was hardly

contemplated that the work should vie in interest with the novel *pur sang*, or should be measured by the same standard. A lower tone is a matter of necessity in dealing with the sad hues of Quakerism. Where the repression of feeling is a duty—where it is as much a desideratum to clothe the mind with dull primness as it is the body—where imagination is cramped down to the poorest limits, and fancy forbidden altogether, it requires a Bronte hand to fight against and overthrow such odds as these. And yet, strong conviction, or, at any rate, fervent appreciation of the conviction of others, power of observation and narration, forcible treatment, and steady reliance upon nature, might, even out of such unpromising materials as are comprised in Quaker domestic life, weld a fiction of a certain stern solemn impressiveness. But, then, these are hardly at the disposal of the author of the "Women of England," who is tender rather than robust, and more suave than vigorous. And so it happens that "Friends at their own Firesides" is not a very striking or a very moving work. The feeble and the commonplace predominate; and the weakly narrative is still further debilitated by the singularly undramatic way in which it is wrought out. The mistake has been, perhaps, that Mrs. Ellis has sought to engraft a romantic upon what should have been simply a historical work upon the manners and customs of the Society of Friends. These antagonistic plans between them have rent the book, which was not of a texture to resist much tension.

Of the novel entitled "Fellow Travellers; or the Experience of Life," it may fairly be stated, that its travellers are among those persons whom we have not met, and its experiences are such as it has never been ours to know. The unreality of this book is prodigious. We think of some exhibition of wax-work figures, suddenly endowed with a sort of galvanic vitality. We pause to wonder in which of the planets exist the people we are reading about. We seem occasionally to be studying the proceedings of some newly discovered genera, so difficult is it to keep in

view that the story before us purports to portray our fellow-beings in our own world, in our own times. And yet the cleverness of the book is unquestionable; but it is over-cleverness, a quality almost as fatal as over-stupidity. With the one, the work skims and soars away above our heads, out of our reach, like a lost balloon, just as with the other it settles and sinks down, and the waters close over it as over a too heavily freighted barge. The fault of want of sober ballast is as mischievous as the error of having too much of it. The author, or authoress, we would rather say—the word is cavilled at, but it has become a necessity for all that—must really study the bridling and management of her Pegasus, for the plunging and rearing, curvetting and kicking, in the shape of sham fine writing, mystic commonplaces, artificial rhapsodies, and didacticism generally, is absolutely distressing to the bystanders. We know that the desire to be pre-Raphaelite has often betrayed novelists into prosiness; and that, in aiming at nature many have stopped short at very ordinary versions of her; but still the excess to which the idealising principle is carried here—the rouging and pearl-powdering, the refining of speech, and the elaboration of purpose with which every character and action is invested is simply startling. But these, perhaps, are faults to be amended by a moderate exercise of judgment. More serious are the errors in the art of the novel, which go to the very foundation of the book, and menace the security of the entire edifice. We have seldom encountered a story written upon a plan more crude and unsound. The chapters follow each other upon a most strange principle of coherence: occasionally it seems as though pages out of divers other books had somehow lost their legitimate moorings, and had washed up accidentally in the present novel. The effect is curiously *bizarre*, like a broken kaleidoscope, in which the pieces of glass are present, but the system on which they combined harmoniously, absent and lost. Characters are elaborately introduced, ceremoniously paraded before us, and then suddenly they drop out of the book, as though there were some trap-door in its

pages; or are most unseasonably handed over to death by the novelist, as a child tired of its doll coolly deposits it in the fire. The action, such as it is, extends over a long period of years. A sort of gray grandsire feeling comes over us as generation after generation passes before us. The heroine, Avicè, is a dull water-colour angel, who, loving one man, marries another, and endures the sentence of twenty years' penal servitude in the bonds of an unhappy marriage as the fruits of her misdeed. Scott was laughed at for hoarding up his heroine, Miss Edith Bellenden, until she was thirty years of age before he gave her to her lover, Morton. But here we are expected to be interested in Avicè, at the comfortable maturity of forty, when a resigned widow, she is at last united to her first love, who has, of course, conducted himself like a prodigy of constancy during his long term of service. To us it seems that such incidents as these neither enhance the interest nor the truthfulness of the narrative. In fact, we rise from its perusal with a strong sense of indignation upon our mind, and with a consciousness of having been very much more teased than entertained. There are gleams of promise, traces of observation, symptoms of power, nevertheless, to be met with here and there, which may be accepted as some apology for many errors—just buoy up the work to a tolerable level, and will, perhaps, justify our looking to the next novel from the same hand not without hope or interest.

"My Lady" is a clever book; but are all old institutions to fade away in a *diminuendo* movement? It seems something like it. The half-crown has dwindled to the florin; the five-act tragedy has dwarfed into the three-act play; comedy has become comedietta; and our friend, the three-volume romance—is there not springing up in some quarters a preference for two-volume books? At any rate, here is another novel in two volumes: "My Lady, a tale of Modern Life," and a novel which, in point of intelligence and power, may rank as highly as any of its more protracted neighbours of the season. The story may be briefly described as a novelized

case in the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Court. It is little more or less. Precisely such a portion of the news of the day as papa prudently skips when he reads out the paper to the family circle. "*My Lady*" is the wife of Sir Philip Umphrville. The rising curtain discovers her seated placidly amid her growing up family, awaiting the return of her husband, whose return, unknown to her, is impeded by the fact of his having eloped with another man's wife! The great trials which break upon "*My Lady*" when this intelligence becomes known to her, constitute the chief interest of the book, and, it is only just to add, are most forcibly and eloquently rendered. How nobly the worse than widowed woman bears herself under her weight of sorrow: never, in all her jealous passion, her shame, her sickening disgust, her outraged pride, never forgetting what is due to her children, to herself, and even to the one who has brought down all this anguish upon her; how self-sustaining, how considerate, how tender of the reputation even of her wretched husband, how exquisitely loving toward her children, how soothing to all their awakened yet vague alarms; all this is told with masterly strength and truth. At length the fugitive husband tires of his escapade, and returns to his wife, seeking condonation of his offence. This the indignant wife calmly but firmly refuses. She insists upon separation, and the necessity is reluctantly admitted by Sir Philip. The family is divided in the manner usual on these occasions. The daughters follow the mother; the sons, sorely against their will, are constrained to remain with their father. For some time this painful state of things is continued. The husband and wife never meet; the sons see their mother clandestinely only. But the necessity arises for the re-union of Sir Philip and "*My Lady*." Important political events are transpiring; the country is on the eve of a general election; the domestic difficulties of Sir Philip are becoming the subject of discussion in the newspapers. He has been cast in heavy damages in an action brought against him by the husband of the lady he eloped with. It is desirable, for electioneering purposes, if for no other, that the separa-

tion should cease, and that "*My Lady*" should appear in public on terms of amenity with Sir Philip. In short, he insists upon her returning once more to his house, and resuming her place at the head of his household. She refuses, and he commences to assert his husband's powers under the law then existing, and enters upon a suit for the restitution of his conjugal rights. Great the ecstasy of Doctors' Commons—intense the agony of "*My Lady*." A malignant fever stands her friend, and death relieves her from the cruelties of her position. She dies, pardoning her miserable husband—who regards her sickness as a feint, and will not hasten to her bedside—and blessing and blessed by a tender group of devoted children. Sir Philip continues a worthless life, and the story ends. There are many portions of the book to which we have not thought it necessary to advert, as they affect in but a small degree the interest of the chief theme. Of these are the loves of Hugh, the eldest son, and Susan Mitford; the duel between Hugh and the brother of the eloping lady; and the unfortunate love for this gentleman entertained by Evelyn, the eldest daughter. And here we may fitly mention certain art-defiances in the book. Of course we undertake to lay down no permanent rules of the art of narrative, but it must be apparent to all that there is danger in carrying on more than one theme in a story of this nature. The autobiographic form of relation certainly relieves us from some of this embarrassment. We are there safe from more than one set of what novel writers call "mental ejaculations." We only get one series of adventures, those of the autobiographer. We are spared mental autopsies of the other characters, and are not worried by that omnipresence and omniscience which the novel writer makes such great use of when he works his puppets from behind a curtain, and loves them all so much he will insist on giving us the particular history of each of them, and explaining detailedly the precise wires and jerk-strings by which each is moved. It needs no common ingenuity to introduce many plots into one novel, and yet to interweave these so subtly that each buoys up and strengthens the other, not rivalling so much as aiding. The con-

trary is the case in the present book. The chief and great interest of the work centres in the trials of "My Lady." We are distressed when we are taken from these. We are teased, and not interested, by other events which divert us from this part of the story and protract our further progress. Some of the most exquisite portions of the book—the loves of Hugh and Susan—in this way weary when they should delight, for they stand utterly apart from the other great theme of the book, and have the effect of delaying and diluting the interest they should, upon all principles of art, increase and support. It is of course correct that the narrative should bear us through many phases and deviations; but not that excrescences should be allowed to grow upon it to the disfigurement of all form, and until, like *goutres*, they sap the vitality of the whole. It is not impossible that the author has sought to countervail the painfulness of the story by these agreeable redundancies; but the result has not been successful. Distressing as it is, the narrative chains us to it, and our interest never swerves—our sympathy never abates, while we are tracing out to the end the sorrows of the good Lady Umphraville. We shall hope, however, on another occasion, to meet the author on less morbid ground; for unhealthy the book must, in some measure, be fairly considered. As a protest, the book was hardly necessary; the recent divorce measures have accomplished much of the reform the writer insists upon. Nor are the trials of the unhappy wife by any means so great as was possible under the old condition of things, when the parties possessed less wealth and social importance, and the husband was even less considerate than Sir Philip. As a further fault in taste we would especially deprecate the needless introduction of the "hereditary insanity" question, which, in the mouth of a girl of seventeen, and addressed to her boy lover, bears a particularly repellent character. The whole raising of this topic is another of those episodic excrescences we have already adverted to. We forbear to make further question of a book of such eminent promise; the very power of the work has induced a keener and severer investigation of

its merits and failings than less ability, perhaps, had obtained. We look forward to meeting this master hand on a more of a master's theme. It is not in every novel we can light upon a style so vigorously graceful—upon an intelligence so refined without littleness, so tenderly truthful, which has sensibility rather than poetry; but which is also most subtly and searchingly powerful.

In "Life's Foreshadowings" we recognise a tale which, with a few striking faults, has numerous beauties, and is pervaded throughout by an intimate knowledge of the human heart. The author of "Old Times," by whom this story is also written, is no sentimentalist, no weaver of wild romance, or pupil of the overstrained and improbable school of novel-building. In describing him as everywhere natural, we give him the highest praise that could be conferred on the writer of fiction, at a time when the power, and force, and charm that consist in being simple, are so commonly ignored. And this attractive simplicity of the work lies not less in the directness and lucidity of the style, than in the sharpness with which the characters are drawn, in their vivid independence of each other as creations of art, in the marked contrasts of their qualities and courses of action, and in the breadth and completeness of the conception of each. We admire the tale principally because this firm and masterly grasp is not manifested in one or two of the actors, and absent from the rest. Very often works of pretension and of high ability are spoiled by inexcusable carelessness in the management of the part committed to subsidiary personages; but here equal care has been bestowed on all, and the result is an unmingled sense of satisfaction. This general finish pleads strongly and with success for a proper leniency towards blemishes which the critical judgment cannot regard as trifling, or pass over as unworthy of special mention. One of the most frequent of those blots is the tendency of the author to fall into the oracular utterance of wise saws, such as occur, for example, in the scene where Jay's waywardness is the subject of too detailed delineation. There is nothing new in the jealousy which the little minx cherishes to-

wards her good, and kind, and ever-forgiving stepmother, nor in the form this feeling takes, and yet pages are covered with the minutiae of its petulant manifestations, and these are scarcely relieved from dullness by the author's clear, vigorous diction. There is a class of American fictions in which such passages abound, and these works are immensely popular with boarding-school misses somewhat of the Janette temper, as well as with persons who are very prudent and very good, and immaculate in their own eyes, but are, nevertheless, wofully deficient in comprehensive and masculine ideas. It would be positive injustice, however, if it were not added, that the author of "Life's Foreshadowings" but seldom sinks to common-place, and well compensates for these lapses, few and far between, by chapters where the interest is wrought up to an intense pitch, where originality is marked on every line, where the scope of the passage is masterly, and where the language is at once rich, flowing, and effective. There is a rapid diversity in the story, too, that greatly enhances its attractiveness. The tragical and the humorous jostle each other; the warmly-tinted love-scene, in such romantic spots as lovers delight in, is in agreeable contrast with conversations in which pleasant banter and keen repartee render the colloquy pungent and exhilarating. Nor has the writer been wanting in portions of the work demanding the highest exercise of the novelist's art; and without unraveling the plot, or going over the leading incidents of the lives of Henderson and Roach, we may point to the death-scene of Annie Brandon, and to the funeral, as specimens of the author's abilities as a dramatist. By a few slender touches he inspires these

paragraphs with the truest pathos. The worst-drawn portrait in the book is that of the wilful child, Jay. There is a feebleness about it, in parts, that injures the whole plan and spirit of the work; nor is Mrs. Henderson, with all her winning sweetness, forbearance, charity, and deep heart-love, any thing remarkable. She is a model of girlish tenderness and truth, and of wifely purity and fervour—that is all; but such models are not uncommon, though few are quite so faultless as Annie. Roach and Henderson, however, are done with an able pencil. The canvas on which they stand forth is warm, impressive, and full of vitality. The denunciation of the agrarian murderers by Roach's uncle is also powerful. "Life's Foreshadowings" is far above the class of mediocre novels. It is not without crudeness; but it is the production of a scholar and a person of liberal and extended reading, whom industry will make a very pleasing and popular writer.

The novel we have thus briefly noticed appeared originally in the pages of the *Irish Metropolitan Magazine*. This publication has ceased to exist. During its short life it contained many spirited and clever contributions of a miscellaneous nature, among which were criticisms and essays, as well as brief tales, that we have read with pleasure, and that met with cordial acceptance from the Irish public. One of the best features of the Magazine, for a considerable period, was certainly the work under notice. The effort to establish the periodical was an enterprising one, and though its conductors did not succeed in giving it a permanent existence, we feel pleasure in saying, to the credit of Irish literature, that their pages were marked in a high degree by taste and scholarship.

ARABS OF TIME.

"YOUTH and maiden crowned with rose,
 Whence have ye wandered?" "Whence the wind blowa."
 "Whither advance ye?" "Where the sun glows."
 "Where is your bright home?" "Nobody knows;
 Fancy is ours, and love and song,
 As heart by heart we wander along."

"Youth and maiden, ye who seem
 Simple and bright as the wandering beam,
 Say, sweet phantoms, what may you deem
 Of this little life of passion and dream?"

"What is the world we wander through?
 A grave? a mart for the mammon crew?
 Or a palace roofed with gold and blue—
 A temple reared for the good and true.

And what is this Life that unaware
 We make unto!—a prison lair?
 A battle-plain to do and dare,
 And reach the summits crossed with care?

Ah! life is a cot on a lonely lea,
 From out whose little window we
 Catch some faint glimpse of the shining sea,
 And golden hills of Eternity.

When opes the year we take the charm
 Of rural days by field and farm,
 When over leagues of pasture warm
 The spring cloud stretches a rainy arm.

And when along the streamlets flow
 The gelid moons of April glow,
 We watch the blue hills shine in snow,
 The violet round the oak-root blow.

By sweet rose thicket and garden mound
 We rest, when summer in splendour drowned,
 Swings o'er the perfume-breathing ground,
 Her aureate censer, burning round

With odours, through the long-drawn day;
 Nor care how Old Time rolls away,
 Dreaming beneath the sultry gray,
 On yellowing heaps of fragrant hay.

On autumn days through woods we tread,
 Mournfully musing over the dead,
 Whose smiles we see in the evening red,
 With hope in our hearts, and heaven o'erhead.

O, far away from the cold world's sight,
 By a fire of leaves in the forest night;
 A flask of wine makes fancy bright,
 As we revel and sing in its faery light:

No king we serve, or priest who shone
By stately shrine or golden throne,
Our hearts are all the priests we own,
And poets are our kings alone.

Thus as we wander on we win
A radiant sphere, that 'mid the din
And clangour of a world of sin,
Still rounds its orbit from within.

All beauty's ours that meets the sight,
All seen is won, of dark and bright,
By day the guest of the golden light,
The first star shuts our eyes at night.

Ever awake with the dawn, whose glow
Hallowed our cradles long ago ;
Ever asleep with the stars that slow
Over our tomb in time shall go.

As thus 'mid visions mournful or gay
Wend we up the eternal way ;
Still to the Ruler of Worlds we pray
That we may die the self-same day,

Like twin birds that heaven designed
To sing and voyage, free as the wind ;
Like twin birds whose sepulchre shrined
In moss and foliage none may find.

Through friendly seasons toward our goal,
Through leaves and snows and winds we roll
On to the star-bright Heavenly Pole,
On to the country of the Soul.

Where is our home, then, would'st thou know ?
Not in the world's vain realm of show ;—
'Tis in our *hearts*, twin hearts that glow
Through day and dark wherever we go.

Traveller, adieu ; across the wide
Strange realm of passion, care, and pride,
Like evening shadows side by side,
On to the world of Light we glide.

Traveller, adieu ; life rises o'er
The round of earth, like morning hoar
That springs from the dark to sink once more
To its golden rest on the starry shore."

T. IRWIN.

ANGLO-SAXON COLONIZATION.

THE Greeks appointed to the honoured position of being head over a colony, one of the principal men, if not the principal man of the nation. A monarchy would send forth its royal prince, or perhaps one of the two kings who sometimes reigned contemporaneously over the same community. An aristocracy would depute its most distinguished nobleman; a democracy, its most eminent popular leader. The chiefs of the expedition brought with them persons from all ranks, and transplanted a state of society similar in all respects to that from whence they had come. They carried with them their civil polity, their religious worship, and even their games and festivals. The colonist missed nothing which he was wont to regard or to honour; the original nation seemed but to be reduced to smaller dimensions; and the colony became, on its first settlement, a mature state,—a state destined to possess its own page in history, and its own associations of renown. Its citizens honoured as heroes those who had conferred on the community of which they formed a part the chiefest of all boons, viz., that of calling it into existence, and perpetuating in it the laws and the learning, the arts and the religious culture, which distinguished the natives of Greece from surrounding barbarians.

Grecian colonies were usually independent sovereign states. They were, from the very nature of their constitutions, small, like the communities from whence they derived their origin; and this minuteness of subdivision formed so universal a feature of the polity of Greece as to induce Plato to declare, that Athens, Sparta, and Thebes, would cease to be states, if they were to contain more than 100,000 citizens; thus emphatically marking the peculiar notions which then prevailed, as to popular rights being very much or chiefly connected with the management of the individual city where each man dwelt. The love of country became intense, in proportion to the narrowness of the

sphere within which it acted, and led persons to look to the interests of the town to which they belonged, to the exclusion of more enlarged views. The Greek, devoid of an extended ambition, devoted himself the more ardently to the enjoyment of freedom within the limited circle where his municipal rights were centered. The settlements in Ionia, and at Bosphorus, in Syracuse, as well as in Italy, presented striking examples of what patriotism, in conjunction with enterprise and the spirit of liberty, could accomplish, even in remote ages, when the dominion of man over the resources of nature had been but very partially established. The Grecian Colonies of the West often outstripped their parent states in the race of philosophy; and, as a general rule, the peculiar features of the cities of Greece were reproduced in the settlements they formed, and gave rise to effects in their history precisely similar to those produced by them at home.

This minuteness of subdivision, joined to the ineradicable vices of governments solely dependent each on its own single city, rendered the ancient Greeks incapable of attaining to extended empire, or maintaining an enlarged and united system of political action. But the growth in population, and in all that constitutes the material strength of the mass who entertained the Pan-hellenic feelings (including of course those colonists who were not separated by too great a distance), supplied at length the power and the temptation to coalesce for the purpose of extending their influence, and to gratify their common antipathy against the Persians. When such a condition of things came to exist, the occasion and the man that were to call latent forces into action were not likely to be long wanting; and the Macedonian hero appeared, to unite the Greeks and to lead them to victory.

From this epoch, Grecian colonization essentially altered its character. It became associated with foreign conquest. The numbers of the martial hosts that were led into Asia;

their superior physical energy, and unequalled morale (to borrow a favourite expression of the first Napoleon), aided effectually by their ample material resources, constituted that force which compelled the great king to give way to the genius and fortune of Alexander; and the Greeks throughout their conquests planted colonies in Asia, in Europe, and in Africa. These colonies were not inhabited exclusively by persons of Greek extraction, nor were their laws invariably formed on a Grecian model; but they exhibited the character and the institutions of Greece in the form best adapted to secure the objects for which they were established, to perpetuate the peculiar type of their civilization, and to sustain the dominion that had been won. These aims they accomplished; and gave proof of what may be achieved by a vigorous race, formed in nature's finest mould, in stamping their impress upon others. Though in the lapse of years those colonies lost their distinctive features, they for a succession of ages afforded many conspicuous instances of private merit and public virtue.

Free development was the main-spring and the life of the institutions of ancient Greece. Democratic energy sent forth its colonies, and urged forward the pursuit of science; but the widely-extended Pan-hellenic nation which thus grew into magnitude, wanted (as has been shown) consistency and a central authority to direct it; so that its political action was nugatory, and its liberties came to an end. The Macedonian rulers exercised a compression, which caused Grecian activity to compass greater things than it had ever done when its exertions were uncontrolled, and an expansion took place of a vast amount of physical energy, which spread over Asia the empire of Greece, and with it her language and civilization; which founded a monarchy surpassing in strength and intellect all that had preceded it, and which imparted to the larger portion of the then known world, the impress of the directing minds of Philip and of Alexander—the latter of whom appears to have very much derived his ideas of civil administration from his illustrious preceptor, Aristotle. The great master of ancient philoso-

phy, in his work on state policy, has bequeathed to modern times the maxims of Grecian wisdom, and handed down an imperishable memorial of the advancement to which the human mind had then attained in the science of government. Alexander has left a material monument, destined, no doubt, to an equal duration in the important and celebrated colony which he established in Egypt, and named after himself, in order to perpetuate his fame.

Effects are produced by the regulated energy of the British character similar to those which followed from this vast expansion of the Greek race, of their conquests, and of their colonization. Democratic impulse has ever been the chief source of colonizing expeditions from this country, as it was in the cities of Greece. The control and guidance of the firmly-rooted government of Britain, of its monarchy and aristocracy, were requisites to enable the spirit of the people to accomplish the unequalled results which have been witnessed during the last two centuries. A desire to rise in the world is often the immediate motive that induces an individual to emigrate. Sometimes it has been the passionate wish to carry out peculiar religious or political theories, as in the instances of the New England Colonies, of Pennsylvania, and of many other settlements. The success attained has always, however, proceeded from the peculiar energy that is associated with our popular institutions; an energy which, having been restrained, regulated, and judiciously directed, has called into existence that most marvellous and stupendous creation of modern times—the British Empire, in its present extent; but which would evaporate and be expended to little purpose, if not thus moderated, precisely as happened in ancient Greece.

The next race after the Greeks who pursued colonization on an extended scale, and made it a leading object of their policy, was the Roman. Wherever the legions established the Republican or Imperial authority, they endeavoured to introduce the worship of their tutelary deities. The Lares and Penates ever accompanied the eagles, and were planted along with that renowned standard which displayed throughout a subject world

the well-known initials of the Senate and Roman people. The colonies or settlements of Rome largely augmented her strength, as their inhabitants could be relied on to assist in supporting the authority of the central government in every emergency. They adopted, as the basis of their formation, the municipal principle, which consisted in this, that power should be delegated by the supreme authority, with limitations as to objects and locality.

The local government of the military colonies of Rome resembled almost exactly the rule exercised by the central magistracy and the usual conduct of affairs in the neighbourhood of that city which exercised dominion over so many kings. These military colonies constituted so many garrisons of the most effective kind in different quarters of the empire; and the customs, spirit, and even features which emphatically distinguished the Romans, were impressed on their inhabitants to a degree that it would have seemed almost impossible to anticipate. Society was reproduced complete, and with a perfect resemblance to its parent model. The other municipalities were formed on the plan of introducing into them to a certain extent the Roman law and religion—of entirely establishing the supreme authority within their limits, and of delegating to them the largest amount of self-regulating power compatible with allegiance to the commonwealth. The purpose was to render nations subordinate to Rome while leaving them their own institutions. Thus the exertions and the force of the central government had no need to be wasted in overcoming resistance on unimportant points, neither did grievances arise from attempts to enforce regulations made at a distance that must in many cases have been oppressive. The best security existed in consequence of these arrangements for good local government, and the strength of the state was left disposable for the promotion of the common welfare. The municipal system insured an absence of distracting opposition, and in no mean measure contributed to the might of the mightiest of ancient empires: a world-wide dominion was preserved, not alone by the overwhelming force at the disposal of the senate or the

emperor, it was also sustained by the adherence to the centre of the colonized, and the contented submission of the conquered provinces.

In the colonies and municipalities of the Romans, society was well constituted; it contained all ranks of people, and was not formed with an undue preponderance of any one class, as has been too much the case in some of our recently-formed settlements. The same feature was to be observed among those belonging to the Greeks, as has been already stated. The ancients would assuredly not have deemed any colonizing enterprise worthy of honourable mention which did not provide for the building up of the social fabric in such a manner as to preclude those enormous evils arising from neglect in this particular that have been witnessed in our own times, and which were exhibited in their most gigantic proportions in communities formed of convicts, who were sent into exile without any provision for an admixture of persons untainted by crime. In order to do justice to this topic, it would be necessary to consider it in detail; and it is only alluded to here because the conduct of Britain in recent times, in forming convict settlements, presents so startling a contrast to the practice of the most celebrated nations of antiquity.

Municipal institutions were thus the basis of the Roman system: they became, likewise, the foundation of the efforts made by our ancestors to enlarge the British empire by colonization, which efforts first assume a prominent position in history at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The statesmen of that period plainly saw that it was impracticable to govern distant plantations inhabited by Englishmen in any satisfactory manner by the constant exercise of authority at home. This is proved by the writings of those eminent men who chiefly promoted the expeditions then undertaken, as well as by the preambles of various charters granted to colonies. But the most practical demonstration of the spirit of former times is to be found in the fact that in no one instance was there an attempt made to rule from this country any body of men who had gone forth from England till the close of the last century, when convict colonization had

commenced. The principle was admitted that emigrants carried with them their rights as British subjects and the body of the common law, as well as an allegiance to the crown: and the communities thus formed were distinguished from those states which became municipalities of Rome in not having an ancient and peculiar local constitution to preserve. It therefore became requisite to specify their forms of government in the charters granted. But the regard for municipal institutions which animated our ancestors of the seventeenth century was identical with the feeling which had actuated that mighty people who have been our masters in so many of the arts, and especially in those of colonization and of war. A disposition to encourage self-government in local affairs imparted life and strength to the colonization of England, as it had done to that of Rome.

The reason and the necessity (so far as any existed) of the restriction subsequently imposed on the operation of the municipal principle, by calling into existence the present powers and recent practices of the Colonial Office, need not be here considered. It is right, however, to observe, that there is a difficulty in understanding how an idea has arisen which has lately been advanced in some quarters, that colonization is one of the lost arts; for the last two centuries have exhibited results arising from the plantations made by our own country of a magnitude that throws into the shade all the achievements of former ages. The reason may possibly be, in some degree, that during the last few years, there has appeared to be a less perfect *system* than existed at a former period of our history for reproducing society in all its parts in newly settled countries, but allowing that this is in some degree true, the results must be looked at as a whole, and it will be found that up to the present moment an agency of constantly increasing power has been in activity; that it has called mighty states into being and augmented the wealth and resources of the civilized world to an almost incalculable extent; that it has impressed its stamp on the character of modern times, and exerted a momentous influence on the political and social interests of mankind. It is comparatively but a short time

since England first sent emigrants to America, yet the nation that has grown up on that continent now inspires us with amazement. The progress of Australia has been, in proportion, still more rapid; and Mr. Cobden appears to anticipate that it will not require even so long a period as that comprised in American history, to usher into existence there another new world, whose inhabitants will assume their place in the congress of the mightiest states, if they have ceased to belong to the British Empire. He seems, indeed, to expect that they will dispute our maritime supremacy.

British colonization has not alone given birth to great communities in distant lands, it has not merely created the wealth of America and Australia, it may be said likewise to have called into being the ports of Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bristol, while London, with its ships, sailors, and docks, bears witness also to the large augmentation which the national resources have derived from it. As a consequence, too, of this extraordinary growth of population and of riches, the improvement of agriculture, and therefore the production of food at home, and even an increase in the numbers of those engaged in farming pursuits have been promoted by its progress. The effect on manufactures is, however, more direct, and a remark has been well made by Lord Brougham (himself one of those who long since most clearly discerned the influence of colonies on national wealth), that every axe which falls in the back woods of America puts in motion a shuttle in Lancashire, so intimate is the connexion between the advance of settlement, and the demand for British manufactured goods; the peasant who emigrates becomes the customer of the manufacturer in England, and is himself the producer, either of raw material or of that wealth which, after having been given in exchange for finished goods, enables the manufacturer to purchase it elsewhere.

The vast growth and accumulation of capital in this country which has been brought about by colonization, constitutes the principal direct means through which the national strength has been increased as a consequence of it; but colonization has likewise been

essentially useful in causing the existence of a large mercantile marine, so enabling an armed naval force to be kept up, adequate to protect the interests committed to its charge, and to acquire and maintain supremacy on the ocean.

To no other single cause is to be attributed so large a portion of the astonishing greatness of the United Kingdom, for resources derived from possessions beyond the seas could alone enable our small islands, with their originally insignificant populations, to sustain an equality with the powerful monarchies by whom we are surrounded, and to govern, as at this time, about a sixth part of the human family. The greater production of food at home, and the increased numbers of the people, counteracted the original disadvantage under which this country laboured in having but a circumscribed territory. Augmented pecuniary means, and the presence of courageous allies in distant regions, rendered the national arms irresistible; it was chiefly the New England colonists who conquered Canada, and the Sepoys engaged for the defence of the territories first acquired by the East India Company, gained for us the most part of Hindostan, while they have enabled the Government at Calcutta to annihilate the dominion of every other European power wherever they could be employed, whether in Asia or in Africa, to dictate peace to Birmah, and to Persia, and even to originate much against the will of the ruling authorities, a new course of policy in China, whose millions have been reluctantly compelled to do homage to the superior intellect and power of European civilization.* British possessions in distant lands more than fulfil the purposes accomplished by the Roman colonies of old, for they

bring to bear, in the remotest regions, the warlike prowess of the present day, with its civil and administrative skill, as also its better organized material resources. The influence thus exerted is greater since the energies of modern nations are more potent than those of the most celebrated empires of antiquity.

Of late years much has been said of the necessity for colonizing systematically, as distinguished principally from "shovelling out paupers," (to use an expression of the late Mr. Charles Buller, who first endeavoured to mark a contrast between the two modes of proceeding). By systematic colonization he meant a colonization founded on Mr. Wakefield's doctrine, that it is requisite to put a "sufficient price" on waste land. This principle deserves attention, as bearing on the well-being of newly-founded settlements, and, when duly modified, is a good one to act on; but it ought not to be given too great a prominence. The entire government of the colonial dominions of the Crown should, no doubt, be conducted on a system, and that it must in fairness be deemed to be thus conducted is proved by the work recently published by Earl Grey, on "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration," from whence it clearly appears that certain principles were attended to, in the management of affairs by him, which rendered the policy of this country towards the colonies, and as to emigration and the forming of new settlements, as systematic as any thing could possibly be; these principles must, of necessity, change from time to time, with the progress of events, and must be modified by the experience derived from history; but principles there have been, from the earliest times until now. It has been

* Whatever may be the future organization thought desirable for the Indian Army, it cannot be forgotten that the Sepoys of Bengal performed good service in their day, as those of Bombay and Madras still do, and doubtless new levies in Bengal would hereafter serve the British Government with faithfulness and effect, when care is taken to avoid allowing predominance to the fatal idea of caste, which has been the immediate cause of the mischiefs that have arisen. There can be no necessity, however, under any circumstances, to enlist recruits out of any population whose allegiance might be doubtful, for, independently of the excellent troops to be raised without difficulty among the Sikhs, Ghoorkhas, and other tribes in India, our various colonies supply the means of having faithful soldiers, and of unsurpassed military character, who can at all times be landed at Indian ports, and maintained by Indian revenue; levies which could be made in Africa, might especially perform most important services in this manner.

already shown that municipal institutions supplied the basis on which colonization was carried on in the seventeenth century by England, as they had also been the foundation of the enterprises of a like nature undertaken by the Romans and the Greeks, and the history of our settlements best exhibits the principles and systems (often erroneous and unfortunate), on which the colonial policy of this country has been conducted. It is true, however, that at some periods our government has not adopted a sufficiently enlarged and comprehensive course of action, in dealing with new circumstances, as they have arisen, and this was especially the case with respect to the difficulties caused by the famine in Ireland, in the years 1846-47, when an ardent desire to emigrate seized on the mass of the inhabitants of this part of the United Kingdom, while no satisfactory means existed to enable them to do so without incurring frightful sufferings and mortality. By degrees, however, useful regulations were made by Parliament, by the Executive departments of Government, and by the Colonial Legislatures, which have checked these evils and subjected the bringing out of emigrants and their location in British settlements to as much control as it is desirable to exert, due regard being had to the necessity of permitting, as far as possible, a freedom of individual conduct.

While we sympathize with Poland and Italy, while we desire the emancipation of prostrate communities and the resuscitation of their nationality, it ought to be borne in mind that there is grave reason to doubt whether constitutional government can be expected to take root among them, or well-regulated liberty to flourish. The failure has been universal, of all attempts hitherto made to build up institutions resembling those which with us have stood the test of time, among races that are not Anglo-Saxon in their origin. But such a process of construction is going on in our colonies, and especially in Australia, where our fellow subjects are working with the spirit and determination of their race, the machinery of Parliamentary Government, and are establishing municipal institutions of the same nature as those under which they were born.

They have no tyranny to overcome, and military prowess is not the instrument by which freedom is to be secured, social blessings acquired, or the spirit of patriotism displayed. But a love of country may, among them, accomplish objects equal to any achieved by it in other lands, and in past ages, when in alliance with martial ardour, or when engaged, as in the instances of Coke and Hampden, among ourselves, in a combat against arbitrary power. In Australia, particularly, the patriot may well feel that he is engaged in laying the foundation of one of the grandest fabrics of human wealth and power—of a nation which for good or for evil, will henceforth exercise an extended influence on the world's history.

At least as much true glory is connected with the progress of freedom, when associated with the arts of peace, as with those of war; in the former case the benefit to humanity is unaccompanied by the alloy which mingles with the triumphs of the soldier, and this drawback ought ever to be kept in view, when honour is worthily accorded to martial virtue and heroic desert. Man's sympathy with great action is in unison with the activity of his nature, and is perhaps more powerful than any other sympathy; the progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, identified as it is with general intellectual advancement and material prosperity, claims and enlists regard, at least as much as the regeneration by forcible means of any empire in ancient or in modern times.

The progress of the Anglo-Saxon race is chiefly promoted by colonization, which may be defined to be the peopling and settling of a country. This definition is in strict conformity to the derivation of the term from the Latin word *colonus*. But in speaking of colonization, at the present day, persons almost exclusively refer to the peopling and settling of new countries, and usually the new countries which become the scenes of such operations are colonies, settled by nations that have long been established. The efforts of the British Empire are principally directed to the peopling and settling of the distant possessions of the Crown, and these endeavours present the most notable examples of considerable results ensuing from ex-

ertions of this nature. The proceedings of the United States, however, and of Russia, are also on a vast scale, and would, by the magnitude of the effects produced, command attention more than they do, were it not for the far greater importance of the march of events in British settlements, especially in Australasia. The immense colonial dependencies of Spain are, for the most part, lost, and what remains of them is oppressed by the same unfortunate policy which enervated the power of Philip II., of that monarch who was once esteemed the most potent in Europe, and who derived the larger portion both of his prestige and of his resources from his sovereignty over the Indies. France has not, as yet, been fortunate in her endeavours to form colonies, but it seems probable that the present Emperor may be more successful than his predecessors, particularly if the Levant becomes a theatre for his operations, and, at all events, the settlement recently formed by him in New Caledonia holds out the fairest promise of success.

The "peopling and settling" of new countries was considered by the ancients to be "heroic work," in the justice of which opinion Lord Bacon agrees—himself the chief originator of modern progress of all kinds, since he indicated the now well-trodden road by which the human mind has arrived at its present point of advancement. While he assigned a high place to the art of colonisation, he himself deserves honourable mention among the eminent individuals who in this country have made it an object of attention; to him are due the projects on which were founded the North American settlements established in his day, and he also recommended the plan pursued in forming the Plantation of Ulster in Ireland, in the main an undertaking of a similar description. To erect a superstructure of national greatness is certainly an enterprise as deserving of the efforts of an elevated ambition, as those achievements which, for the most part, have formed the subject of the poet's song; enterprises undertaken with such objects merit the esteem accorded to them in the ages of classic antiquity, an esteem sufficiently denoted by the epithet already quoted.

Vastness of conception and grandeur in the scale of execution, arrest the notice and influence the opinions of men, and the unexampled extension of colonizing operations in modern times makes it probable that, if carried out in a worthy spirit, public feeling will, at a future period, appreciate them as highly as it has hitherto esteemed martial exploits. Past history, too, sadly testifies how large a portion of human action has been devoted to the purpose of destruction; while it, at the same time, proves, how often even those virtues which adorn our nature have been mingled with the pursuit of this end. Let us hope that, in future, they may most frequently be found united with aspirations to promote social happiness and moral and intellectual progress.

There is ground for gratification in the fact of a constitutional government being established in our colonies, bearing a resemblance to that of the parent country, so far as circumstances permit, since this affords reason to hope that the enjoyment of rational freedom may be spread throughout the world. Few more satisfactory spectacles can be imagined, in communities which owe their being to ourselves, than that they should exhibit a capacity for parliamentary, or, as it is usually called, responsible government. We may trust that their progress will be insured in virtue and well-regulated liberty by following those principles of policy to which the United Kingdom owes so much, and that they will be swayed by similar motives of public action. One of the strongest demonstrations, too, which is possible to be given, of the excellence of our machinery for self-government, is the circumstance that it is applicable to a colony, where the number is but small of individuals of education and ability, who are ready to devote themselves to the public service, and where even the first minister of the Crown must commonly be a person in an humble position of life, as compared with those who occupy the posts of cabinet ministers in England. Indeed, the colonial secretary, or the chief secretary of a colony is generally a grocer, or a publican, or perhaps a "storekeeper," who has shown some aptitude for business, but who is not so much immersed in it as to pre-

vent him from engaging in politics. This elasticity of our institutions, their applicability alike to the conduct of the affairs of an empire on which the sun never sets, and to the concerns of a colony which must be of comparatively limited extent, proves at once their strength and their power of endurance.

Colonization has already been defined as the "peopling and settling" of a country. This includes arrangements for its suitable government. A good government is requisite, if the settlement is to prosper, and the stamp which will be impressed on it at its origin, as well as the description of colonists who will come to it, depend, to a considerable extent, on the form of its institutions. It was said that the national character of the Romans continued to display, up to the latest period of their existence as a mighty people, many of the features that distinguished their progenitors, who betook themselves to the asylum opened by Romulus. The same stern determination, the same self-asserting pride, the same strong-handed decision in council and in action were visible in all ages. In like manner, the New England colonies of America, as well as Virginia, and other states that might be named, to this day exhibit each the peculiar marks imprinted by their several founders. It is most remarkable how minutely this is found to be the fact. The traces generally appear with as much freshness as if the impressions had been made but yesterday. Of course, extensive alterations take place in the lapse of time, but the progress in each instance appears to be determined by the original circumstances. The Puritan of New England is just as much a Puritan as his ancestor was in the reign of Charles I., though the object against which his detestation is at present directed is negro slavery, instead of prelacy. The Virginian is just as aristocratic as his forefathers, though his feeling is now chiefly centered in desires to maintain a luxurious establishment through means, very much, of his black servants, instead of consisting, as it did, in devotion to his church and king, and in a sympathy with the mass of the cavalier gentry in England during the civil wars of the seventeenth century. The

same passionate attachment to liberty exists throughout all the States, which has animated them from the first; but the form in which it manifests itself is changed. There used to be, in many quarters, a wish to have the liberty to deal severely with any difference of religious creed. This desire has entirely died away, and the Southern States are now principally solicitous to assert their liberty to manage their slaves with absolute authority, uncontrolled by interference from any quarter. And at all times the American idea of liberty has been, that it consisted in political rights and prerogatives, not in freedom from needless dictation, which is the natural conception that presents itself to the minds of nations not trained in the schools, and by the history of Western Europe or of the New World.

The same preservation of the original features may be observed in the different colonies of Australia, in which it might, perhaps, have been more expected to remain up to the present time, their establishment having been so much more recent. No doubt, however, can be entertained, that New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, for example, will retain in future generations the distinguishing characteristics which are now to be seen in each.

The fact is certain, that of late years, for a time, the pursuit of colonization did not engage the attention and the ardent support of those orders of society in this country, who, at an earlier period of English history, eagerly embraced it, and regarded it as a road to fame and fortune. From the end of the reign of Elizabeth, to the middle of that of William III., the most distinguished and the noblest, the most active men of every political party, looked to colonization as one of the chief means to benefit themselves, and to promote their peculiar opinions, which, in that age, were always connected with an anxiety to secure the triumph of some particular religious ideas. This state of feeling was universal. It has been already mentioned that Bacon applied his mind to the subject, and the first settlement of Virginia, especially, was conducted in conformity with his suggestions. In the reign of Charles II., the celebrated

Robert Boyle worthily followed in the steps of his great master in philosophy, and warmly espoused the cause of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, whose operations he wisely and happily organized. The large success which has crowned their efforts and his own, constitutes what, in the opinion of rightly judging men, is a more enduring and illustrious monument than even his scientific renown, and proves the justice of the reply given by him to his sovereign, when he urged him to take Holy Orders, promising him church preferment, viz. :—"That he could serve God better as a layman." This is not the place to describe more at length the labours of the Incorporated Society, to which allusion has been made, to which the grateful recollection of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States, gives the most honourable testimony, while the actual condition of the Church in the Colonies generally, bears witness to its efficiency in conferring present benefit. But mention should here particularly be made of Colonel (afterwards General) Codrington, who acted in conjunction with the Society in making liberal and judicious arrangements, to set apart an endowment for religious objects in Barbadoes. He, at an early period, gave an example, since extensively imitated, of recognising while engaged in the acquisition of riches, the duty of providing for the maintenance of the Church of England, to which he belonged, and the establishment of its ministrations on a lasting basis, in the colony where his property was to be situated. He went to Barbadoes on the conclusion of his services in the army, and appears to have entertained a very laudable ambition to realize £100,000 (an enormous amount to look for at that period), while engaged in the honourable pursuit of advancing the interests of his country, and of the Church to which he was attached. He accomplished his objects,* and has demonstrated

the propriety of joining exalted ideas of duty with assiduity in seeking the attainment of fortune, and in promoting the national welfare. The family of Codrington has always occupied an honourable position among those connected with the West India, and has, naturally, as a consequence, gained distinction in this country.

Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, felt a zealous interest in all that concerned the forming of the North American settlements. He was appointed by Charles I., with eleven other persons, Commissioners for the Management of Colonial Affairs. In the commission it was expressly recited, that the motive of the King in granting a charter to the settlers of Massachusetts Bay, "was not merely to enlarge the territories of our empire, but more especially to propagate the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The judicious exertions, also, of the well-known Bishop Berkeley, at a subsequent period, should never be forgotten, whose researches in almost every department of science, and whose varied attainments, nearly unrivalled in his day, did not prevent him from making the building up of the Church in the Colonies his main object. His proceedings, entered upon with this intention, were admirably devised, and supply a precedent, in many respects, worthy of being copied by those who, at the present time, have similar desires. He had already become celebrated for his scientific writings, when he engaged in this enterprise, and gave unmistakable evidence that abstract investigations, if conducted in a comprehensive and really philosophical manner, are far from being necessarily opposed to the efficient management of practical arrangements. The plan for a college which he proposed to found at Bermuda for Indian scholars and missionaries, excited a degree of sympathy which is quaintly described by Dean Swift.† He says—

"Dr. Berkeley is an absolute philo-

* General Christopher Codrington died in the year 1710. He founded the Codrington College in Barbadoes, for the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants. The property with which he endowed it now produces about £1,800 yearly. His steps in reference to this endowment, and his other proceedings, likewise, appear to have been well arranged, and produced the happiest results.

† Swift gave him a letter of introduction to Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (who was at Bath), and expresses himself in a way that is worthy of notice. The letter is written with the point that characterizes him.

sopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past hath been struck with a notion of founding a University at Bermuda, by a charter from the crown. He hath seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He shewed me a little tract, which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were), of a college founded for Indian scholars, and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole £100 a-year for himself, £40 for a fellow, and £10 for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your Excellency's disposal. I discourage him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do; and therefore I do humbly entreat your Excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design, which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage."

Dr. Berkeley's design was eminently practical. He pointed out to Sir Robert Walpole that funds could be derived, from the improvement of some crown lands at St. Kitt's, of which no one previously understood the importance. £20,000 was accordingly destined to be placed at his disposal, and he went to Rhode Island (instead of Bermuda) in the year 1728. After spending a great part of his own fortune, and not having received any of the money which had been promised (it having been diverted to other purposes), finding that there was no prospect of giving effect to his ideas, he returned home and became a bishop. He was enabled indirectly to further the objects in which he felt so warm an interest, perhaps as effectually as would have been in his power had he been permitted to carry

out his scheme, by taking an active and leading part in the management of that same venerable society of which mention has already been made. His memory has not passed away in Rhode Island, and it lives among ourselves, as that of one of the great and worthy men who have appeared in our history. The judgment of posterity does justice to the opinion of his contemporaries, which ascribed, in the words of Pope—

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

Sir Harry Vane, with most of the leading Puritans, took part in founding the settlement of New England. Their object principally was to establish their own form of religion in a new country, since they could not at that time do so in England. They were generally men of respectable birth and competent means, sometimes of considerable wealth. The chief originators were individuals of the highest consideration; but for the most part they remained at home, where they gave effectual aid to those who went out as settlers, by their countenance, constant correspondence, and pecuniary assistance. Vane, however, went himself for a time to America; and it is recorded that Oliver Cromwell and Haslerig, with other leading men entertaining similar opinions, attempted to proceed thither, but were prevented by Charles I. The Grand Council of Plymouth (in England) was incorporated, with the intention of settling North Virginia, and (as the district which subsequently formed New England was then denominated) consisted of many of the first nobility and gentry of Britain.*

The sympathy and the intercourse were complete and unremitting between the settlers and those who entertained opinions similar to theirs, on religion and politics in this country; and the inhabitants of New England occasioned an incredible amount of anxiety and annoyance to the government of Charles I., until the dis-

* There were in this association—Lord Georges, *President*; Captain Mason, *Vice-President*; Marquis of Hamilton, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl of Southampton, Earl of Lindsey, Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Stirling, Lord Maltravers, Lord Alexander, Sir Ferdinand Georges, Sir Knelm Digby, Sir Robert Mansel, Sir Henry Spelman, Sir James Bagge, Mr. Montague.

tractions which arose in the British Islands no longer permitted any large share of attention to be bestowed on them.

Those engaged in this important and singular undertaking succeeded perfectly in their intention of keeping the settlers free from episcopal control, notwithstanding the efforts of Laud to bring them under the discipline of the Church; they established institutions, to all intents and purposes, republican, for their nominal subjection to a distant monarchy was not of any practical moment. These institutions have served as the foundation of the existing laws of the United States. With a wonderfully small amount of alteration they have supplied the basis of the present federal constitution, as well as of the constitution of the several New England states. The individuals therefore who engaged in the original colonizing of this portion of America must be considered to have accomplished their objects; and they in most instances derived likewise an adequate, though by no means an extraordinary pecuniary remuneration for the money they expended.

Lord Baltimore was perhaps the wisest of the many eminent persons who obtained charters for establishing proprietary colonies, and certainly was the most fortunate. It was his intention in doing this, to promote the Roman Catholic faith; and he received the Royal permission, "by and with the advice, assent, and approbation of the freemen of Maryland, or the greater part of them, or their delegates and deputies, to enact any laws whatever, appertaining either unto the public state of the said province, or unto the private utility of particular persons." William Penn closely imitated him in many things, and appears to have derived many of his ideas as to colonizing from Lord Baltimore, whose charter he pretty accurately copied. But Penn's ruling desire was to form a Commonwealth (according to the literal signification of the term), to be conducted according to the principles of the Society of Friends, though in subordination to the authority of the British Crown; towards which he entertained feelings of strong attachment. Both Baltimore and Penn saw their exertions

rewarded by success, so far as concerned their religious ideas. But the current of events overbore the power both of the Roman Catholics and of the Quakers, after a short time; so that Maryland and Pennsylvania have long lost the practically exclusive character they once possessed, though indelible traces remain of their origin. It may be observed in passing, that no similar change could have taken place in New England, or in Virginia; the influences which affected them at the commencement of their history having maintained a vigorous action ever since.

Each colony thus attracted its own sect; the religious feeling was sectarian. However little most persons may be practically guided by pious feeling if unmixed with other motives; when it is united to sectional sympathies, it becomes imbued with a principle which enables it to sway men's judgments, and to stir up their souls. These sectarian colonies had powerful inducements to offer to settlers. The same motives which led so many distinguished persons to engage in their formation, caused large numbers of individuals of birth and good station to emigrate to them; and what has been stated as to a few of those which exhibited the most peculiar and striking features, was true, more or less, of the other American plantations established by England.

But this sectarian attraction lost much of its force as the mind of the British nation ceased to be ruled by the peculiar ideas which marked the period of the Civil Wars; when each party entertained the notion that its own creed might become supreme, and put an end to every opposing form of belief. After a general toleration had been firmly established, subsequently to the Revolution, which may be considered to have been the case at about the middle of William's reign, sectarian religious zeal lost much of its force. Though interfered with by the commotions of the period, colonization had continued to occupy a large share of the public attention up to this time; but on the diminution of sectarian feeling, its principal attraction ceased, and the energies of the people soon turned to the prosecution of the wars with France, which severely taxed the national resources.

The system of legislation, too, became less satisfactory; chiefly because colonists were not permitted to manage their own affairs so much as formerly; and after the separation of the United States from Great Britain, roads to wealth and distinction were opened in the expanding manufactures and commerce of this country, as well as by the acquisition of India, which held out, for the application of enterprise and capital, more inducements than those possessed by any region open for the location of emigrants. The West Indies alone invited colonization to any considerable extent; colonization of a peculiar character it is true, being connected with the odious traffic in slaves, but still a colonization which produced lucrative results. The attraction of wealth to be acquired in these islands proved a sufficient motive to cause large sums to be invested in them; and the effects were vast, if they were not satisfactory, in consequence of the dreadful trade with which they were associated.

Enough has been stated to account for the change in the public feeling as to colonizing pursuits, which commenced at the period already specified, viz., the middle of the reign of William III., and continued to exert an influence up to very recent times. Of late years, however, colonization has resumed its place in the estimation of public men, and of those who enjoy a good position in society; but the inducements to enter upon it are, to a certain extent, different from what they at one time were. Sectarian anxiety to found communities, each professing exclusively some one form of Christianity, at present operates with far less force than formerly, but there is a solicitude to provide adequate means for religious teaching, at least equal to any that existed at any former epoch. This is especially true with regard to the efforts to establish on a satisfactory basis, the ministrations of the Church of England in our newer colonies, efforts on decidedly a larger scale than any even those which so honourably distinguish the seventeenth century. Private munificence supplies the chief power, now at the disposal of the Church and its authorities, for the accomplishment of such aims, and less can be looked for from Government aid than before the

practice commenced of help being granted by the State to various religious bodies. But the contributions of individuals afford a full equivalent for all that the British Government ever did in this way, which was, indeed unhappily, much less than it ought to have been, and it is well known that one lady, whose praise is in all the churches, has alone contributed funds sufficient for the endowment of no less than three colonial bishoprics, in addition to the sums she has applied to other church objects. On the whole, the advancement of the welfare of the Church of England in the remote parts of the Empire, has never been so much studied by its members at home as at this moment, and churchmen in distant settlements (the individuals whose interests are primarily affected), are not backward in bearing their portion of the necessary expenditure. It is to be observed, too, that the sectional feeling from which flowed such striking results in the seventeenth century, though diminished in intensity, and modified in its action, is by no means destitute of vitality. That Church principles possess a real power, has been amply demonstrated by the exertions on the part of churchmen already alluded to, and by persons of the highest attainments and prospects dedicating themselves to those missionary labours, for which so hopeful an opening is presented by the colonies. If the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries hand down the memory of a Berkeley, whose grand desire was to devote himself to the advancement of the Church, in the then recently formed Plantations of America, the present age can tell of a Selwyn and a Perry, who have applied their talents and energies to the service of the dioceses of New Zealand and Melbourne, talents and energies already appreciated at Oxford and Cambridge, as entitling their possessors to aspire to the highest positions in their native land.

Colonization by the Anglo-Saxon race is the great fact of our age. More than any other fact it influences the destinies of man, and prospectively it directly affects multitudes, even as vast as the millions of the Chinese Empire, in their happiness and in their habits, and moulds the type of

their institutions and of their civilization.

Varied, however, have been the motives of modern nations for seeking enlarged dominion. The design has often been to draw to the mother country the trade of dependencies, and to derive benefit and profit from monopoly. In India, the lust of conquest has been frequently prompted by the evident advantage of possessing enlarged resources, which followed as a consequence. But an increase of territory in that part of the world has been in the greater number of instances forced on the British Government, who have usually desired to act on the defensive, and who have thus much strengthened their position. A natural inclination to attack and cripple enemies has led to the annexation of many foreign territories, of which Canada, Jamaica, and the Cape of Good Hope are examples; and, finally, a wish to dispose of criminals whom it was not desired to retain at home, has resulted in the planting of some of those settlements, which have proved the most important. Convicts were sent to Virginia, Maryland, and the Jerseys at one time from England, and after the American revolt, it was determined to establish the colony of New South Wales, in order to dispose of them. Tasmania was soon afterwards settled with the same intention. America and Australia, thus connected in the earlier period of their annals with convict settlement, more than any other countries, present instances of the marvels which Britain can accomplish in colonization, more than any other land. They have exhibited the unprecedented and unimagined results that may be achieved by an energetic and self-governing race, when applying ample means, and the increased command possessed in modern times over the powers of nature, to render available the resources of regions wanting only the expenditure of capital and industry to convert them into the abodes of nations destined to change the course of commerce, and materially to affect the fortunes of the most distant families of the human race.

This is not the place to discuss, at length, questions as to convicts, so far as such questions bear on the principles that ought to regulate colo-

nization. It may suffice here to observe, that the advance of settlement is greatly assisted by a command of convict labour for the construction of public works which are not likely to be soon executed by any other means, and the want of which ever proves a serious drawback to the prosperity of even those communities that make the most rapid progress. To so considerable an extent is the want of public works felt, where there is not the resource of convict, or of slave labour, that this deficiency sometimes causes an actual decline, as it has done in the colony of Victoria, and probably will do in a still greater degree, notwithstanding the riches that would formerly have been esteemed fabulous, which have been there realized. The channels of commerce have been partially diverted by the opening of the navigation of the river Murray, there being no railways to accommodate the traffic between the interior and Melbourne. The expense of forming railways adequate to do this appears to be prohibitory, at the present rate of wages, and with a supply of labour insufficient to meet the demand that would be occasioned by these lines being undertaken. It is now too late to send convicts to Victoria; to do so would be a step which could be advocated by no one; but if adequate means of communication had been established before the discovery of gold, Victoria would possess the prospect of a much further and more satisfactory progress than can now be anticipated. It is not, however, a want of railways into the interior that alone is felt as a privation, arising from public works having been insufficiently attended to in the earlier days of that colony. The inconvenience is extreme from the absence of dock accommodation, and of all kinds of port establishments, though it has of late been slightly mitigated at enormous cost; the absence of good ordinary roads is to the present moment an evil experienced in the actual neighbourhood of some of the chief entrepôts of commerce, and diminishes the profits of business, while it augments the charges of living. It operates, in fact, as a tax on production, and it is now an admitted truth, that every such tax affects the industrial classes in precisely the same

manner as a diminution of the fertility of land, or a decrease in the profits of any sort of business. Exactly in proportion to the amazing progress of Victoria is the degree in which this want of public works is felt. An unprecedented advance has taken place, without the accompaniments that ought to be found with it.

Even the formation of streets in Melbourne, and the regulation, to a very imperfect extent there and in other towns, of drainage and various works of absolute necessity, were too long neglected; and when neglect was no longer possible, these objects have only been carried out by an extravagant outlay. All this presents a contrast to the neighbourhood of Sydney, and, still more remarkably, to the state of things in Tasmania. In that island, which resembles an England in miniature, the arrangements of society are not dislocated. A care for the formation of institutions to promote education has naturally accompanied the regular settlement of the country, the development of the habits of civilized existence, and the means of living in comfort, and has produced consequences more beneficial to the interests of religion, and more conducive to a well-ordered condition of society than the strenuous efforts made at Melbourne, which, however, it is right to add, were arranged in accordance with the state of public sentiment in a community of very liberal ideas and of immense wealth. In Tasmania, moral and physical progress have advanced hand in hand, as ought ever to be the case. At Melbourne, the aspect of things presents, at every turn, irregularities and incongruities, that mar the effect of the whole.

The strength of the United Kingdom is inherent in itself; it consists in the wealth, the intellect, the courage, and the unequalled physical energy of its inhabitants. The material of our ships and dockyards, and the nautical skill of a numerous seafaring population, must likewise be reckoned as elements of national power. It has been already shown, that colonies have materially increased the wealth, the numbers of the people, and the improvement of the land of Great Britain, and, were this the fitting place, it would be easy to point

out some benefits not already touched on, which are caused by an enlargement of the field wherein capital may be employed, and by opening to private enterprise a road to advancement. Colonies also add an extraneous force to the Imperial power, and augment its prestige, in itself a most solid benefit. But the best practical way to judge of their value is, to consider for a moment what a different position two small and over-taxed islands in the Atlantic would occupy without them, or if they had never existed.

One aspect in which the affairs of the colonies will be every day more and more regarded, is in reference to their influence on the general policy, military position, and power, of the British Empire. That empire at present comprises about one-sixth part of the inhabitants of the globe among those directly obedient to its sway, and in extent of surface exceeds any other dominion either of ancient or modern times. The number of people immediately acted on by the decisions of the Imperial Government is still greater, and amounts to at least a fourth part of the human race. This includes the tributary states of India and some tribes in Africa entirely dependent on the British Government, so far as they have any relations with civilized man, but whose exact degree of subordination it would be difficult to define. Large numbers in other parts of the earth are also, in various measure, guided by British influence; the communities that dwell in the South Sea Islands are so for the most part, and this is likewise true with respect to some nations in the peninsula of Cochin China, and several races in America. Finally, it may be with truth asserted, that all nations are affected more or less by the material and moral forces that centre in this country. The most independent feel the action of agents of so much importance in the affairs of the world, in the same manner as each planet is in some degree regulated in its movements by the motions of the other heavenly bodies. In the most minute, indeed, as well as in the vastest things, the order of Nature is affected both in the moral and the material universe, by the fate of even the smallest atoms; but it is only when the result becomes compara-

tively important that it arrests attention. Thus, to take an example, in one part of our transmarine possessions, in the North American Colonies, popular grievances long accumulated, noiselessly and imperceptibly to those at a distance, as the flakes of falling snow, until at length their mass, like an avalanche, overwhelmed all opposition, and produced a revolution which has changed the balance of power, and affected the commerce of distant nations, while it gave birth to habits of thought and motives of action, that will probably be felt throughout all that remains of human history.

But the strength of the various members of this widely-spread dominion is not concentrated. Its military resources are practically unlimited, and the army of India alone might be increased in number, so as to be more than double that of Russia. It was, before the late defection among the Sepoy troops of one Presidency, already more formidable than that of any European nation, except Russia, Austria, and France, and it was not much inferior in amount to the forces that could be brought into the field by the two latter. The recent extraordinary mutiny in the Bengal Army in no way alters this state of facts. The lower castes, the Sikhs, the Ghoorkhas, the Mahometan popu-

lation of some districts, the hill tribes, and many other subdivisions of the people, will always supply as many troops as may be desired; and they can be relied on as trustworthy, if properly mixed and handled by British officers, and made to rest in military operations on the support of an European soldiery. It is reasonable to expect that the Mahometans of certain districts will, with proper management, be trustworthy, since Russia has Mahometan troops that can be relied on, under circumstances calculated to try their fidelity to the utmost. And it is probable that good soldiers may still, to some extent, be found among the higher caste Hindoos; for in the Madras and Bombay armies such men have maintained their allegiance. But the idea of caste must be treated with a policy widely different from that hitherto pursued towards it.

A limit to the numbers at the disposal of the Indian Government is only imposed by the sums requisite to pay them; and Britain, having a greater command of money than any other nation, can, under any imaginable circumstances, bring to bear the largest amount of force, wherever an armament can exert its power, which has India for its base of operations.

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PRIZE ESSAY ON INDIA.

WE, the Adjudicators of the Prize offered by the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine for an Essay on "The position which the Government of India ought at present to assume towards Christianity and Christian Missions," have unanimously selected the Essay, No. 6, distinguished by the motto—

"Let those who assert that the doctrine of Christ is opposed to the well-being of the State give us an army of such men as the doctrine of Christ enjoins soldiers to be. Let them give us such citizens, such husbands, such wives, such parents, such masters, such servants, such kings, such judges; lastly, such payers and receivers of the public revenues as Christianity requires, and we shall see whether they will then venture to say that Christianity is injurious to the State: whether they will not rather admit that this religion, when it is obeyed, is a great safeguard to the State"—*Aug., Epist.* 138;

as the best of the twenty-eight which have been sent in upon the occasion.

While we have had little hesitation in forming our conclusion, upon a balance of the various elements of which account was to be taken in such a competition, we desire to express our high opinion of several of the unsuccessful treatises. We have selected for special commendation the Essays No. 13 and No. 23, of which the former is distinguished by power and originality, the latter by clearness and good sense. No. 28 also appears to us to possess peculiar merit.

In concluding our task, we would congratulate the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine upon having procured an Essay so vigorous in style and full of information as that to which we have had the pleasure of awarding his Prize, and upon the number of thoughtful statements which his offer has elicited.

MONTIFORT LONGFIELD, LL.D.
JAMES A. LAWSON, LL.D.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER, M.A.

PRIZE ESSAY ON CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. J. B. HEARD, B.A.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS ON THE RELATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

OUR duty to promote Christianity in India arises either from some dogmatical notion of the State upon which we reason deductively from the general law to this as a particular instance, or it grows historically out of the facts of the case from a survey of the rise and establishment of British power in India.

There is a suspicious simplicity about the deductive method which should warn us from adopting it in arguments of this kind. The dogmatic divine, who lays down certain principles and then unflinchingly applies them to the case in question, or the pragmatic lawyer, who produces a precedent which decides, as he thinks, the moot-point, are both liable to be tripped up on their own ground; for an adversary has only to set up a rival dogma, or quote a counter-precedent, and the whole argument falls to the ground. As there is no royal road to science, so there is none to political truth. The historical or inductive method, on the other hand, has often illustrated the proverb that "the longest way round is the shortest way home;" and, therefore, before setting out on it, we will state our reasons for avoiding that political short-cut in which an arbitrary interpretation of the Old Testament, or some abstraction of our own that we call the State, seem to point out our duties in this particular instance.

I. In the first place, we cannot reason from the conduct of the Jewish theocracy to the conduct of the British as rulers of heathen India. If it were only meant that the same moral principles which are enjoined on Hebrew kings and judges are becoming in all who are in authority now, in India or elsewhere, none, we think, would dispute so moderate a demand; but those who recommend our imitation of the Jewish theocracy generally mean something much more than this: we are to be swayed not only by the same principles, but we are to copy, as far as time and place will permit, the same external institutions. As Moses built a tabernacle according to the pattern shown in the Mount, so we are to copy the theocracy in our government at home and abroad.

This view of the State recommends itself from its very simplicity and show of piety. Very early in Church history we find the Christian ministry copying the functions and office of the Aaronic priesthood; and as early almost as Constantine we find civil rulers, supposing themselves successors of David, anointed with oil at their coronation, after the practice of Jewish kings; fancying a fulfilment of the prophecy that on the bridles of the horses should be holiness to the Lord, by inserting in the bridle a nail of the true cross; claiming a sacredness to the kingly person apart from the kingly office; and altogether copying out, in a bald, external way, theocratic ideas in Church and State, without regard either to Gentile times or the genius of the new dispensation.

This application of the letter instead of the spirit of the Old Testament has come down unquestioned almost to our own days. The Reformation struck at the notion that the Christian ministry was a copy of the Levitical priesthood; but we did not, therefore, get rid of all theocratic ideas at once—the Davidical type of kingship was retained. Selden, for maintaining the legal as opposed to the Levitical right of the clergy to tithes, was summoned before the High Commission Court, and compelled to retract his opinion and express regret for having disturbed the Church and offended the Court. His opinions on Church and State were too liberal to please either party. He seems alone of his age to have understood the difference between the positive and moral precepts of the Old Testament—for confounding which he thought the clergy incompetent to meddle in civil government. "Bishops," he says, in his "Table-talk," "are now unfit to govern—because of their learning they are bred up in another law. They run to the text for something done among the Jews that nothing concerns England. 'Tis just as if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our braziers to have it made as they make kettles, but he would have it made as Hiram made his brass work, who wrought in Solomon's temple."

Even the Puritans, with all their republican tendencies, still held to these theocratic opinions in Church and State. They took for their model the conduct of Joshua and the Judges, instead of Solomon and Rehoboam. In all other respects they were at one with the Royalists in their application of the Jewish polity to the Commonwealth of England in the seventeenth century. We cannot read the debates in Parliament or the News-letters of that day without meeting allusions to obscure names and incidents, written in the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel, which start up from the slumber of centuries to furnish precedents for the troublous times of Charles and Cromwell. Just as the French Jacobins copied Greek and Roman precedents, so the English Puritans copied Hebrew. The constitutional lawyer was superseded by the pulpit-drum expositor of the obscurest books of the Old Testament; and it was not till a generation or two later that the Latitudinarian divines began to teach, timidly at first, and with faltering lips, that there were uses in the Bible besides furnishing the Stuarts with an Eikon Basilike, and that we might adopt the principles of the Hebrew monarchy without copying all its practices either in Church or State.

A better understanding of the difference between these, the times of the Gentiles, and the old dispensation, has taught us not to graft theocratic ideas on such an incongenial stock as the British Constitution in the nineteenth century. It is as if we made our domestic arrangements the rule of our public life, instead of keeping the two spheres distinct and separate. The

descendants of Abraham were like an overgrown family that still remain under the same roof, and assemble round the same board, and, therefore, obey the wishes of the old patriarch who still lives among them. A community like ours is rather the case of the boarders at some large hotel, who keep to certain rules of the house for general convenience. An hotel where the guests assembled for family prayer, and agreed to obey in their private rooms the wishes of the master of the house, is a very delightful but impracticable dream of good men who think to govern an empire as they govern a family, and who forget the fundamental difference between a community sprung from one common parent, and holding common traditions, and a mixed multitude like the inhabitants of the British Isles, or any of the other great states of Europe. We cannot, then, appeal to the Old Testament for a short and easy method of dealing with the question of the duties of the State towards Christianity in India.

II. Others, again, reason from their ideal of a State. It is the old fallacy of reasoning on a metaphor, applied as follows :—

The State is bound to maintain and promote the truth.

Christianity is the truth.

Therefore the State, &c.

Or it runs in this form :—

You are bound to maintain truth in your family.

The State is a family.

Therefore the State, &c., &c.

Deductive reasoning of this kind has such a show of reason that an indolent thinker hardly perceives that it is no reasoning at all. It is only the goose-step syllogism : it marks time, but marches not. The whole conclusion is wrapped up in the major ; and as this proposition is asserted, not proved, no issue ever can arise on it. In reasoning from our ideal of a State to the facts of the case, we are repeating the old Realist error—reasoning, that is, from thoughts to things, and not from things to thoughts. “Although we think,” says Bacon, “we govern our words, yet certain it is, that words, as a Tartar’s bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment.” In using the word State we think we have some real thing on which to try our assertion ; whereas we impose on ourselves. The State is only a word, and we make it mean one thing, our adversary another. It is like those statues of *Dædalus*, turning every way, that we think we have shaped to our fancy, when another comes and turns them round, and lo ! there is a transformation. The same word is made to mean quite a different thing. In all such cases the proverb is true—“He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him.” The patriarchal theory of Filmer was plausible, but it was stripped and exposed by Locke who set up the tacit-consent theory of a State in its stead. This, too, in its turn, has been demolished by Archbishop Whately, who has had the wisdom to see that no theory of a state can decide our duties in each particular instance. To give kings, for instance, the right to dispense with their own laws, or subjects, on the other hand, the right to rebel, is to assert a contradiction in terms. It is to give a *right* to do wrong, like the Irishman’s blunder, who said “he would do what was right in his own eyes, and wrong, too, if he pleased.”

We do not take our stand, then, on some ideal view of a state of our own, and argue downwards from it to our conduct in India. In cases like this we follow the well-known Lesbian rule—“for the rule of what is indeterminate is itself indeterminate also, like the leaden rule in Lesbian building, for the rule is altered to suit the shape of the stone ; so do decrees differ according to circumstances.”* To hang the plummet once and for all, and to build up straight by it instead of testing each stone by itself, both saves trouble and carries with it a greater show of principle. There is no right we so readily dispense with as that of private judgment—to judge, that is, each case on its own particular merits. It is pleasanter to ourselves, and looks more plausible to others, to say “we have a law,” and by our law we are bound to decide

* *Aristot. Nichom. Eth. Lib. v., ch. 10.*

off-hand. It saves a world of trouble to have a rule to direct our conduct in each particular case. It is a strong proof that the Bible is of God that it has none of these cast-iron rules that casuistry delights in, and directors of conscience in the Romish Church devise to meet each particular case. Now, an off-hand theory of the State is like an off-hand rule about fasting, or penance, or prayer; it saves the trouble of thought: "my director has said so," and that is enough. In the same way when we syllogise thus: The State is bound to maintain truth; Christianity is true; and therefore it is the business of the State to promote it;—we *may* be (for I do not mean to say that some do not very sincerely hold this opinion with whom we have no dispute at present) indolently escaping the labour of thought by pleading a rule which decides the matter beforehand. No; a shifting plummet may be as true as a fixed one, and a wall built by the Lesbian rule as straight to the perpendicular as one run up on the one string-course; and therefore, without deciding beforehand that the State is bound to uphold Christianity in India, because Christianity and truth are convertible terms, we think we shall reach the same conclusion though from a different road.

Our argument for our duties as a State to our heathen subjects in India is contained in the principle that duties vary in the ratio of privileges: to whom much is given much is expected; to whom little is given little is required. Our argument is historical rather than dogmatical. In proportion as the English have risen to supremacy in India, in like proportion are they bound to use their supremacy for the good of their subjects. We have passed through two stages of growth in two centuries of commerce with India, and are now entering on a third. During the first century we were merchants only; during the second century we were merchants and princes; at the beginning of the third century we are princes only; and therefore as princes bound to rule for the good of others more than our own. True sovereignty is unselfish; the centre of the universe to whom all things flow is also its spring of life. He does all things for his own glory, because his glory is indissolubly linked with the good of all His creatures. All true sovereignty should reflect His in miniature. When it fails of this it becomes a tyranny, a selfish abuse of power, which soon brings about its own destruction.

The law of human affairs is this—that no power can rise above its responsibilities; they rise with it. The attempt to discard these responsibilities defeats itself. "Tyranny," says the Greek tragic poet, "rushes up the lofty crag only to topple down into the abyss beneath." The traitor's leap in Rome was from the Tarpeian, and in face of the capitol; there was but one step from the usurper's throne to the traitor's grave.

It is an instructive thought that our duties as a State in India have thus arisen from the nature of the case. When the Company was only a private body it had only private duties—its political relations brought with them political duties; and now, as sovereigns of India, we have sovereign duties to discharge.

We have examples at home of the same transition from private to public duties. A small tradesman in employing a labourer merely contracts with him for so much work to be done at such wages. It is here a contract less about *persons* than *things*; so much work is exchanged for so much wages. But a great employer by his command of capital can engage many workmen. He keeps them in constant employment, and thus has the command, not of so much *labour* only, but also of so many *men*; the contract is not about *things* only but about *persons* as well. Thus the great employer is not absolved in conscience like the small, by merely paying his labourers a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. He has higher duties in proportion to his greater command of capital. He is an employer of labour and *something more*; and it is just this *something more*, which political economy has said nothing about, and which lies at the bottom of all the Chartism and Socialism of our great cities. The philosophy of strikes is thus exceedingly simple; it is the great law that action and reaction are equal. Capital is the combination of employers to keep down wages; and the strike is the combination of labour to raise them. It is selfishness beaten with its own weapons; and till manufacturers see that they are something more than contractors for gangs of men, and that

capital has its duties as well as its rights, we must expect our great cities to continue what they are—a drain on the stock of public virtue and a spectacle of moral weakness as much as of material strength. Happily, a better spirit is springing up among our great employers, and a few shining examples will stir the rest. Many manufacturers are now providing schools, religious teaching, useful and innocent recreation—and, in fact, are recognising that they are something more than contractors for labour—that over and above the fair day's wages they have duties to the man, his wife, and children, and that no contract that ends with the pay-office on Saturday night is a fair one on his side. Our joint-stock companies, being the greatest employers of all, have the highest duties of all to those they employ. A railroad company, for instance, that erects works like those at Crewe or Swindon, around which a population springs up equal to that of a small German capital city, becomes a kind of state in itself. For its own protection it maintains its own police, with titles, and badges, and the uniform of office. On its own premises, under special Acts of Parliament, it exercises a kind of magisterial authority. Shall its duties stop here? or, as a petty state, shall it provide teachers and preachers, schools and chapels, for those whom it employs? It is to the credit of these companies that they have acted better than the current theories of the day would warrant them; and, with all political economy against them, have come to the conclusion that it is their interest to build schools and chapels, if needed, and put out their shareholders' money in other property besides rails and plant.

The case of these great companies at home applies, *mutato nomine*, to the Company that began as merchants and have ended their career as princes in India. When they were few, and but strangers in the land, their duties were circumscribed by the narrow sphere of their commercial dealings. If they acted as fair traders, paid their debts, and kept order within the bounds of their factories, this was all that could be expected of them. But as the Company rose to greatness, new relations sprang up between them and the natives, and little by little their commercial character disappeared, and the political took its place. The Company was to be blamed for not discerning sooner their altered position. They clung to certain traditions of their commercial origin, and pleaded to every call of public duty—that they were merchants only, not merchants and princes. Their conduct was the same as if our great joint-stock companies in England insisted that they were bound by no higher obligations than the petty traders and carriers of a past age. This illiberal view of their present position is what we charge them with when we speak of the traditionary policy. It was conduct like that of those political economy pedants on our railway boards who oppose all grants to churches or schools on the ground that the company is incorporated as public carriers, not as reformers of morals or instructors of youth. It has been well said that "half truths are whole errors;" and the traditional policy pursued for nearly a century in India is the most striking instance on record of the mischief that may arise from men living below their position, affecting the immunity of private station to excuse their neglect of public duties.

The case of the English in India should have awakened more reflection than it seems to have done during last century. It should have been taken for granted, as it seems not to have been, that our extraordinary rise brought with it extraordinary responsibilities; whereas there were two parties, and only two, on the Indian question in these days, neither of which understood our position there. There were those who, like the poet Cowper, revolted from the unscrupulous measures and men of the Clive and Warren Hastings school—

"Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
Exported slavery to the conquered east;
Gone thither armed and hungry—returned full,
Fed with the richest veins of the Mogul;"

and who would have recommended us to give up conquests stained with so much blood and perjury. There were, on the other hand, those who accepted the situation as one forced upon us, and pleaded the sophism that Asiatic conquests must be held as they were gotten by Asiatic morals; and that conduct unbecoming a Christian was excusable outside the bounds of Christendom pro-

per. Both sides seemed to miss the conclusion so self-evident to us, that with our extraordinary rise we came under extraordinary obligations. One party were for drawing back altogether, another for persevering as we had begun; but to neither did the sentiment seem to suggest itself that India, whether by fair means or foul, had been put in our hands as a solemn trust by God for our acquiring dominion over the souls of men as well as over their bodies. Both sides passed this subject by as if the double motto of the Spanish conquests in America had never occurred to them—

“Al rey infinitas terras,
Y a Dios infinitas almas.”

In one word it was not a missionary age in the church, and, therefore, the State could not be greatly blamed for not discerning its mission in India.

The case of India was from first to last peculiar. It must be studied by itself. No general theory about the State and its duties, drawn from experience elsewhere, will apply here. The duty of the State to its subjects at home furnishes no precedent, for we are a people under a representative government, and the House in voting grants for education or worship is only voting the people's money to meet the people's wants. Nor again, in our wide Colonial Empire is there any precedent for the conduct of the State in India. Canada was a conquest, with its clergy reserves, which we had little else to do than respect; and if the Canadians have since confiscated these reserves, it is the act of the colony; Imperial Parliament has left them free to settle these matters among themselves. New Zealand, again, is a colony of settlers springing up among the Aborigines, and dividing the island with them. Whatever the relations may be between the natives and settlers nothing like it can occur in India. India is not a military dependency like Gibraltar or Malta, nor even a case of a Protectorate like that of the Ionian Islands. Of all these examples the last is, perhaps, the one that comes nearer the mark than any other; and we should prefer to hear a foreigner style us the protectors of India than either its conquerors or its colonizers. Thus history, rich in experience, has no direct lessons to teach us, because she has no exact precedent to produce. Greek and Roman colonies were both good of their kind. The Canterbury settlement has been a copy in late years of the one; Algiers, under the French, is an exact pattern of the other. From the Spanish conquests in America we shrink from drawing any precedent, and their only use can be as a beacon to tell us what to avoid. We are almost, then, if not quite, without precedent for our future conduct in India. It is to India alone that we must repair for lessons of our future policy towards its inhabitants. The Portuguese, the Dutch, and the East India Company have one after the other acted on a distinct line of policy, and the lesson we have chiefly to learn from their example is negative only. They have all taught us what to avoid, rather than what to imitate; still, as a channel is buoyed by the wrecks that have occurred in it, so, during these centuries European rule in India has been accumulating its melancholy register of failures; and it is something towards success to know how and why others have failed. As in induction the negative instances are even more decisive than the positive, and till they are enumerated no general law is possible, so with our experience of success in India; though it has been almost wholly negative, we are, perhaps, nearer discovery than if, allured by some splendid instances of success, we generalized too promptly on the right policy which Europeans in India should pursue. Saddened and sobered by recent, as well as early, failure, we sit down to our task, knowing at least its difficulties; with the errors of men of good intention to warn us on the right hand and on the left, we have learned diffidence of ourselves and toleration of the opinion of others. To the dogmatist who would call on the State to enforce its Christianity we only answer by pointing to the ill success of Dutch and Portuguese dogmatism; to the man of expediency and compromise we point, on the other hand, to the ranks of the Bengal army. The light of past experience Coleridge* compared to the light in the stern of the vessel—it only shows the furrow her keel has cut through the waters. But even with that light we

* In his Lay Sermon.

can be sure of breakers ahead if we see breakers astern. Our policy must not be of the *via media* school, a tame compromise between State propagandism and State indifference; this is to run the ship right into the eye of danger; for as Paul's ship was broken to pieces because it ran in where two seas met, so to sail between two opposite currents of policy is to incur the dangers of both. We shall only avoid the fate of our predecessors in India by putting the ship about, and steering an independent course of our own. One error does not correct another; it is only true principle that will correct the fault of false principle on one side, or temporizing subserviency on the other. If only, then, to teach us what to avoid, our past experience in India has been to us most valuable; and before attempting to decide how the State should act towards Christianity in India we will briefly consider the three examples of a different policy, and the results in each case.

CHAPTER II.

THE PORTUGUESE AND DUTCH IN INDIA.

THE Spaniards and Portuguese colonized and conquered in the East and West Indies, under religious convictions which are an enigma to our matter-of-fact and incredulous age. If the character of Cromwell was misunderstood for two centuries by his countrymen and co-religionists, is it wonderful that the Spaniard of the age of Cortez is still regarded by us as a loathsome compound of hypocrisy and cruelty? The modern historian may dig up the bones of a Cortez and a Pizarro, as Charles II. vindictively did the body of Cromwell: he may enact over them the mockery of a trial and capital sentence, but he only betrays his own impotence. Dead men and bygone ages are alike beyond our praise or our blame; it is both wiser and more generous to judge them not by our knowledge of good and evil, but by their own; and to remember that perhaps our conscience is unenlightened on some points as theirs was on others.

To understand the Spanish, and therefore the Portuguese propagandism, we must bear in mind that the crusading spirit survived in Spain when it had died out through the rest of Europe. It had there been kept alive by the rivalry of the Spanish and Moorish races. The last burst of the crusading spirit in Europe was that which, under Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, led to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. With the conquest of Grenada the crusading spirit died out for ever, having outlived its time two centuries at least in Spain. The discovery of America thus happened at a conjuncture in the history of Spain when the national mind was fired with the enthusiasm of a religious war brought to a successful issue.

To the tamer spirit of the North, where the fire of crusading zeal had long since burnt out, America or the Indies would have opened out visions only of flourishing plantations and markets for adventurous merchants. But Spain in the fifteenth, was what Germany and France were in the twelfth century, a people of one idea, and that the strongest that can possess the mind, the idea of chivalry for the cross. They were crusaders who believed that the sword could cut the knot of controversy when the priest's fingers could not untie it. It was an "Act of Faith" to try infidels by the ordeal of pain, when proof to the other ordeal of monkish logic. They could not see in the case of others what they never understood in their own case—that a religion of fact depends upon proof, and that to appeal to the sword was to throw away the only argument that Christianity had ever prevailed with. In their simplicity they judged of the state of mind of an adversary by their own, and thought that if they could see no flaw in the chain of proof, it was therefore evident there was none, and that if the heathen loved darkness rather than light, they should be punished for it; it was a case they thought of obstinacy of heart more even than obtuseness of understanding, and a little terror was wholesome to quicken their apprehension.

It is well for mankind that Christianity never has succeeded in this appeal to the sword. Mahometanism took the sword, proselytised with it very successfully over the fairest regions of the three Continents, and now it is perishing with the sword. Ill-judging Christians would have done the same with their religion over and over again. It is fortunate that their prosely-

tizings have never succeeded. The Spaniards exterminated the Indian races, but could not convert them. The Portuguese could not exterminate in India races that outnumbered them a thousand to one, nor could they induce them to adopt Christianity as millions had adopted Islamism. The failure both in America and in India was complete, and there is thus a negative evidence to the truth of Christianity to match the positive evidence of its success in the first three centuries. It is as much, we believe, of God, that Christianity should not succeed when armed with the sword and spear of civil power, as that it should succeed when armed with the sling and the smooth stones of faith and reason. The Inquisition in India was a decisive failure, which may be quoted among the modern evidences to the truth of Christianity. If the Mamertine is a ruin and relic to show what Christianity is, the Casa Santa at Goa is also a ruin and relic to show us what Christianity is not.

In the year 1557 the Inquisition was founded in Portugal, and in 1560 the Holy Office had made its way to Goa, where it was set up by Cardinal Henry, Inquisitor-General of Portugal, as a great engine of State for promoting Christianity in India, and heretics and heathen were committed alike to the tender offices of La Santa Casa. Of the number of the latter we know nothing, for dead men tell no tales, particularly in inquisitors' dungeons; but of the heretics, one or two escaped to enlighten Catholic Europe—one in particular. M. Denon was a French physician, whose sufferings and escape were published in Picart's "Religious Ceremonies," and blazoned abroad in Europe by Voltaire. When Dr. Buchanan visited Goa, in 1808, he produced a copy of Denon's narrative in presence of the Chief Inquisitor, who could not deny the truth of the statements, but only added, by way of explanation, that the Inquisition had undergone some change, and that its terrors were mitigated. The mitigation only amounted to this: that whereas the old Inquisition, which was abolished in 1775, allowed a public auto-da-fe, the new Inquisition, as remodelled in 1779, enacted that the terrible sentence should be put in execution privately, and within the walls of the Holy Office. In this particular it struck Dr. Buchanan it was only a change for the worse. The Chief Inquisitor almost confessed as much to him, when he said, "*Nunc sigillum non revelat Inquisitionem.*"

The same John III. of Portugal, who founded the Inquisition at Goa, did not disdain to use bribes as well as threats. There is a French proverb about a spoonful of honey killing more flies than a bottle of vinegar. His Majesty tried the effect of both, sweet and sour, and only coerced when he could not cozen the natives away from their idols. He lays down the principle that Pagans may be brought over to our religion not only by the hopes of eternal salvation, but also by temporal interest and preferment. He therefore directs that "on professing Christianity they were to be provided with places in the customs, to be exempted from impressment in the navy, and sustained by the distribution of rice out of the public revenue."*

Within a generation or two from the publication of this letter, the Portuguese name had begun to decline in India. Their historians reckon the three ages of Portuguese rule in India as follows:—From the first discovery of India to the year 1561, they call its infancy. From that time to the year 1600, they reckon as its prime of manhood. After the year 1600, they say that old age had overtaken it, and that it is now but a shadow of what it was. It is not for us to point the finger at other States whose conduct to the heathen around them cannot have been much worse than our own. But we take their own testimony:—"Our Rock is not as their Rock—even our enemies themselves being judges." "When do you expect that your nation will recover its power in India?" said an Englishman to a Portuguese priest in Goa. The priest replied, "As soon as the wickedness of your nation shall exceed that of ours."

As the Portuguese declined, the Dutch rose to power and influence in the East. The experiment of missions carried on by the State was to be tried a second time, and fail as in the first case. If it be said that Portuguese missions failed because the Christianity taught was corrupt, this cannot be said

* Letter of John III. to the Viceroy of Goa in 1541. Baldous, ch. 22, quoted in Sir E. Tennant's "Christianity in Ceylon," p. 9.

of the Dutch missions. If the fault were in the form of doctrine, not in the mode of conveying it, then we should not find them both alike fail of success. In both cases there must have been the same common cause of failure, and that common cause was the unnatural attempt to coerce conviction by inducements any other than those that sprung out of the religion itself. To hold out either temporal threats or temporal rewards to a mind inquiring after eternal truth, is to disavow, *pro tanto*, the truth itself; if it is truth, it will commend itself—if it is not, why desire conformity to it? The Dutch system was, if possible, even more absurd than the Portuguese, for they professed a purer and more spiritual form of worship, and, therefore, temporal inducements to embrace it were more unnatural. But in the island of Ceylon the Dutch continued what the Portuguese had begun. On the 6th October, 1642, the Reformed Church was formally established as the only lawful religion of the island; and, after the ideas of the age, they began the double task of rooting out Romanism, and planting the Reformed faith in Ceylon in its stead. There soon appeared a series of persecuting edicts against the Romish missionaries and their converts; all priests were expelled the island, and a proclamation issued against harbouring a priest under penalty of death. These exterminating edicts were renewed again and again, in 1658, in 1717, and a third time in 1733, with little or no success. Romanism even spread under the reviving breath of oppression. In 1717 they were in possession of 400 churches, while the Dutch Presbyterians, after seventy years of State patronage, had barely one-fourth of the number of congregations and converts. The Romanists had churches in every district from Jaffna to Colombo; and in 1734 they extended their operations to the southern provinces, and with such success that the Presbyterian clergy of Galle, in despair at the apostasy of the natives to Romanism, as well as their aversion to Protestant truth, gave way and resigned the field to their more successful rivals.

The Dutch had as little success in sowing their own seed as in rooting up that of the Romanists. The chaplain of Galle, in 1680, reported that idolatry was on the increase, so much so that he doubted the propriety of baptizing native children, "lest that which is holy be given unto dogs." Every thing was "*pro forma* and by constraint." In 1682, the Governor, yielding to the entreaties of the Consistory, issued a *plakaat*, imposing penalties on devil dances and similar idolatrous ceremonies; and, in 1711, the Government declared that any Christian convicted of participating in any heathen rites was liable to be publicly whipped and imprisoned in irons for the space of a year. And yet the Consistory of Galle was forced to confess that the native chiefs, though baptized, were incorrigible Buddhists. "When a child is born, they still consult astrologers; when it is sick, they hang charms round its neck; and, even after baptism, they do not use its Christian name, but give it a heathen name instead, on the first occasion of its eating rice. They make offerings to the idols at Kallragam; they bestow gifts on the mendicant servants of the temple; and, in short, the highest benediction which they can pronounce on their friends is, 'May you become a Buddha.'" For this the clergy blame the Government for not enforcing the penal laws of 1682, as if the same enactments which had produced this system of organized hypocrisy could also put a stop to it. To make men hypocrites with one *plakaat*, and punish them for it by another, was the profound policy of the Dutch clergy in Ceylon.

The Dutch proponent system is thus described in the Bishop of Victoria's "Visit to India and Ceylon" (1856), by the Rev. Abraham Goonesekara, a native clergyman, who had been baptized in childhood:—

"The proponents were a kind of schoolmaster-catechist stationed in every village and supported by the Dutch Government. Their duty was to instruct, catechize, and prepare the natives for baptism, which ceremony they performed on given occasions to a promiscuous assemblage of persons who had succeeded in repeating certain vague formulæ of religious instruction, such as the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. In the general anxiety to obtain the civil privileges attached to baptism, and the fraudulent methods whereby the uninstructed heathen contrived to insinuate themselves among the number of those baptized, it came to pass that a large portion of the Singalese population

became Christians as far as the baptismal ceremony was concerned, and remained heathen even in name—not a few of the Buddhist priests, at no remote period, being included among the number of those who had received baptism. This shocking state of things has been gradually dying out under the British rule. Mr. Goonesekara pointed me to a neighbouring village where he himself once saw a Buddhist priest in the midst of his journey turning aside, and, by means of a pecuniary bribe, getting his own son substituted, among the crowd of persons in the course of being then baptized, in the place of the child of a poor man in the village; and this in order to gain the civil immunities and advantages conferred by the baptismal certificate of registry."

It is not difficult to account for the failure of the Dutch mission in Ceylon—it would have been more wonderful if it could have succeeded—its success would, in the end, have told more against Christianity. The Dutch failed for the same reason that the English failed to spread the Reformation in Ireland under Elizabeth. In both cases a Reformed Church that had revolted from Rome for one reason among many—because she used prayers in a tongue "not understood by the people"—committed the folly of trying to evangelize a people through the tongue of the stranger and conqueror. It was folly—little short of tempting God—to suppose that He would reverse, for the sake of modern State missions, the apostolic miracle of tongues, and give to the heathen to understand the preacher in the tongue wherein he was born, and not the reverse. Too late the Dutch in Ceylon and the English in Ireland found out their mistake. The mischief was irreparable, and the opportunity lost to both. By a curious instance of retributive justice, the priests of Rome, who had been ousted as Latinists in Holland and England, made up for the ground they had lost by their preachings in the vernacular in Ireland and Ceylon. It was like the spear of Peleus—Rome was healed by the same weapon that had given her a deadly wound at the Reformation. Of the want of an Irish-speaking ministry in the Established Church of Ireland we now know the result. The mistake only began to be remedied in 1818—three centuries too late. The people have adopted the English tongue, and we are now trying to teach them in Irish. What a satire on the "unready" Saxon! It was the same in Ceylon. Of ninety-seven names of ministers in the island, between 1642 and 1725, only eight could speak either of the native tongues. In 1741, Mr. Cramer, their only Tamil-speaking minister, died; and their only Singalese scholar, Mr. Aguilar, was put in charge of the Portuguese congregation at Colombo.

During the remainder of the eighteenth century the Dutch ministers paid less and less attention to their schools and churches among the natives; and from this period to the year 1802, when the island was ceded to the British by the treaty of Amiens, the religious history of Ceylon was, like the religious history of Ireland during last century, the stagnation of an endowed but unmissionary Church. Professor Smyth called the eighteenth century the Zuyder-see of politics. The epithet was more applicable to the Dutch missions in Ceylon—all was stagnation abroad as well as at home, in Church as well as in State.

The penal laws in Ireland furnish another curious parallel with the conduct of the Dutch in Ceylon. It was decreed that no native should attain the rank of Moodeliar, be permitted to farm land, or hold any office under government without subscribing the Helvetic confession of faith, and submitting to baptism in the name of the Holy Trinity. The result was that many if not most of the Singalese chiefs conformed as in Ireland—where the elder branches of the same family were Protestants, the younger lapsed into Popery. When the British got possession of the island the relapse into Heathenism was so general that Mr. North and Sir Thomas Maitland took steps to stop the scandal, of an apparent extinction of Christianity under British rule, by continuing a little longer the proponent system, when the chiefs flocked again to insert their names in the *thomboor* baptismal register, under the impression that that was the only means of securing their property and privileges under their new masters. To this day there is no mission field so unpromising as Ceylon, from the known pliancy of the native character. When you ask a Singalese his religion he will say he is of the Government religion. Numbers of the

natives are enrolled as Christian Buddhists. If two Buddhists quarrel, the bitterest name of abuse is "unbaptized wretch;" and when a parent upbraids his child in anger he sometimes threatens to disinherit him by saying he will blot out his baptism from the thrombo.

CHAPTER III.

THE POLICY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

We have now to consider a policy in the opposite extreme from that of the Dutch and Portuguese. The question is raised by the Bishop of Victoria in these words, "which is the more highly culpable, the attraction of native idolaters to Christianity by the prize of situations under the Dutch Government, or the repulsion, as in India, for too long a period of native Christians from Government patronage on account of their Christianity, and the concentration of official favour upon the unconverted heathen, opponents, rejecters, and revilers of the Christian faith."

It is strange that public men have not yet learned how to treat Christianity. From one extreme of persecution they pass at a bound to the other extreme of propagating it by statute and penalty as in the Roman empire. The secret of this inconsistency lies in this—that it is much easier to *enact* than to *act* Christianity—easier for a Constantine to preside over theological councils as a "lay Bishop" than to embrace the doctrine of Christ in the "hidden man of the heart," and obey its precepts out of an honest and good conversation; it is easier for a French minister, who may be half a follower of Comte, half of Voltaire, to send a frigate to the South Seas to back up the pretensions of meddlesome Jesuits, and pick a quarrel in their behalf with poor islanders not yet enlightened with French ideas of religious liberty, equality, and fraternity, than to carry out its precepts of forgiveness of injuries—doing good to those that hate us, and in meekness instructing those that oppose.

It is a conceit of Bacon's that as Moses' real mother was also its foster-mother under the protection of Pharaoh's daughter, so it should be of Christianity and the Church. But where is the State that acts thus considerately—that finds out spiritual men to do spiritual work, and commits the heavenly babe to its true mother as its nursing mother. This delightful theory of the relation of Church and State never has been, perhaps never can be, realized as men are now constituted. The maxim—it is called the Timmivelly maxim of the Church Missionary Society—that "none but spiritual men can do spiritual work" implies a test of character far out of sight of mere political sagacity. We must content ourselves, then, with one of these two alternatives—an external Christianity in external alliance with the powers that be, or an internal religion acting internally on the masses around it, and leavening them with Christian principle.

We have seen how the State under the Dutch and Portuguese inclined to one extreme, we have now to see the East India Company inclining to the other. Statesmen like those who founded our Indian Empire could see no course between disavowing their Christianity altogether, or calling on missionaries to preach and the heathen to heed what was preached, and because they saw the ill results of the latter course they resolved persistently to follow the former. Such, if public men can give a *reason* for their conduct at all beyond blind prejudice and the example of others before them, must have been the reason of our Indian rulers. Events have since falsified those reasons; and those who appeal to facts should be judged by the facts. It was necessary, they say, to keep our Christianity back for fear he should terrify the natives into revolt from fear of State proselytism. "The fear we admit," a director would say of the old school, "is a foolish one. The Christian religion is one of mild persuasion, not a routine of external services like that of Hindus, or a persecuting dogma like that of Islam; still to save trouble and keep things quiet, we will maintain a modest reserve about our religion; say and do as little about it as possible; and if fanatical saints from Exeter Hall will break into

* "ἐπισκοπος των εἴω" is the title he claimed to himself in these assemblies.

India, backed by public opinion at home, we at least will have nothing whatever to say to them, and assure the people of India of *our* dislike to these proceedings." The people of India were in ignorance of the real spirit of Christianity and, so far as traditionary policy could, were *kept* in ignorance to this day: and what is the result? The less they knew of true Christianity the more they feared it. It was the case of a shy and restive horse who balks at a heap of stones every time you ride by it. Tired of whipping him, you put on blinkers and ride by in safety for many a day to come; but once the blinker falls off or flaps back, and he darts wildly by it, and you run the risk of breaking your neck. Every horseman knew long before Mr. Rarey came to teach us, that to cure a horse of this vice, it is not blinkers and whip, but hand and voice that the groom must use. He must lead his shy horse up to the dreaded chimera—let him smell it, rub it with his nose and forefoot, and the vice is cured once and for ever. Now Christianity was the Sepoy chimera—a horrid and fantastic shape—the birth partly of Hindu ignorance and partly of Hindu experience of other conquering creeds; it was a child of the mist of imagination, like the giant of the Hartz mountains, which is but your own shadow projected, that a little sunlight and common sense taken together will disperse. The reverse of the old opinion is nearer the truth—we say that the more Hindus know of Christianity, the more they will laugh at the thought of a general proselytism by platoons and masses. Where missionaries and Hindus are left to themselves as in Tinnivelly and Krishnagur, the complaint is on the side of the preacher, not of the people. So far from the natives lamenting the loss of their religion, the missionary rather laments "who hath received our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

The word neutrality has been taken to express the policy of the East India Company as opposed to that of their predecessors the Dutch and Portuguese. They are given credit for more than they deserve. Theirs was rather a protection policy of existing religions than one of entire and honourable neutrality.

Setting out, perhaps, with the sincere intention of treating all religions alike, they found that Hinduism and Christianity were not equally matched, and that however well the latter could succeed without State patronage, that the former would languish and die out in the cold shade of official neglect; therefore, to make the balance equal, they threw the weight of official favour into the scale of heathenism, and thought they showed their neutrality by helping the weaker against the stronger religion. Theirs was only a half neutrality at best—one of makeshift and expediency—it was the policy of cunning, not of wisdom; the policy which suggested that whether all religions were equally true or equally false, they were certainly equally useful, and that the magistrate should thus protect them all, and particularly protect those that needed protection most.

Let us examine this protection policy on its own showing. When the Company became the virtual sovereigns of India, they found certain religions professed by the ten or fifteen different nations that peopled that great peninsula; but were these religions all and equally by law established? Were they bequeathed to us in the dying testaments of the deposed native princes? Were our hands so tied by treaties that we could not take one step to introduce Christian missionaries into India, without taking two steps to stop the decline of heathenism by temple endowments and pilgrim taxes? Treaties are matters of fact, and the documents, if any, are in existence; particular rights were secured we know in particular cases, and certain temple lands reserved to the priests under grant from their former rulers. But with these exceptional instances there was no religion by law established in India, and we were free to govern it on principles of entire and honourable neutrality, not that of a one-sided neutrality, which, on the plan of protectionism, now discarded in commerce, put a bounty on false and a prohibitive tax on true religion, so as to keep the foreign religion out of the country.

As a matter of fact, of the many religions of India none had any legal rights beyond those of sufferance. Except the Mahometan (a fair case to be dealt with on the rule that they who take the sword should perish with the sword), all other religions in India existed on our old law of custom, "that

the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." They were certainly thus entitled to toleration, which no one now would deny them : they existed there on sufferance under Mahometan princes, and on sufferance we might have left them still. But the Company went farther, and here they broke through their own rule of neutrality, they undertook to protect them as *religiones licite* in danger of being outbid by a more popular and new religion. Among a people divided in religious belief as the native races of India were, Christianity, though a new-comer, had as good a right to a footing there as any other; and to claim for the Koran or Shaster an immunity from competition with the Bible was to stretch protectionism to a length it had seldom been stretched even in commerce. To exclude Christianity because it did not exist already in India was to appeal to a *status quo ante* which had never existed in fact. There had been free trade in religious opinion in India; were we to be the first to close the ports against our own religion? Of all the brilliant blunders of protectionism none ever equalled that of the Governor-General in Council who deported Carey to Serampore and Judson to Rangoon. We made an insane attempt to blockade India against Christianity.

The case of India, moreover, was not that of a small united people, where a religious monopoly is not very oppressive—at least for some time. In Sweden, for instance, it was denounced at the Diet of 1634 by the great Gustavus: "We consider it our first duty to deliberate on the ways and means by which our dear fatherland may be guarded from this dangerous disease of religious division." This he proposed to effect by the promulgation of laws and ordinances enjoining the reception of the Augsburg Confession, and none other, by which a conformity and unity in Church ceremonies may be manifest through the whole kingdom, heresy and false religion guarded against, and the whole spiritual state so ordered and carried on that a harmony may be found no less in religion than in civil government. In this case the people, as represented by the four estates, agree to hold by one common form of worship. The old Roman law, *separatim nemo habessit deos*, may be pleaded as a plausible ground to proscribe dissent, when, as a matter of fact, all are agreed. As according to Locke we abridge some of our natural liberty when we enter into the social compact, so one of these rights may be the right of individual dissent as much as the right to repudiate the national debt. We may abridge our rights of conscience as much as our right to self-taxation, though it is a question how far we can tie up our descendants' rights in the same way.

Again, the plea is sometimes allowable that a State may act a little arbitrarily to keep out a great evil. There may be, and are cases of small communities like the Pitcairn islanders, when a disturber of the public peace, civil or religious, may be dismissed the island. As I may show the door to a begging friar, so a Jesuit missionary may be given his passage in the next ship when he intrudes unwelcome and uninvited. In a household, on board ship, in garrison, there can only be one religion, and that or none must be the choice of those who take service in such communities.

But the case of India was far different. It was not a happy family, like the Pitcairn islanders—on a rock in the ocean—it was a great continent, with a Babel of religions existing there already. One more could not add to the confusion. Till the natives of India called on us to protect them we were, at least, bound to hold back and give fair play to all. To anticipate their objections to Christianity was to put ideas of religious uniformity which were not in existence before. Our moderation in favouring every religion but our own seemed only monstrous and absurd. It was a deep artifice, they thought to seduce them unawares out of Hinduism. We were cunning, we thought, in concealing our real opinions—they were more cunning still in divining them. It was a case of double deception; not a comedy, but a tragedy of errors began by us, and played out by them. Fools that we were to think that in cunning we could ever match Asiatics, and by a policy of exclusion to our own, and subserviency to their religion, keep up the delusion that no change would ensue from the occupation of India by Europeans and Christians. Europeans and Christians! We were Europeanizing India; could a Hindu conceive—can we conceive ourselves—that we should not therefore Christianize it. Are the two movements separable, or our civilization an

ideal thing that has sprung up of itself in Europe, and not out of the parent stock of our religion. Our Druids worshipped the mistletoe: because it was in the oak, but not of it, they revered it as a prodigy dropped from the skies, and not propagated as other plants. Is our civilization this mistletoe on the old English oak? could Directors, like the Druids of old, cut off this parasite to Christianity, and hang it up for the admiration of Hindus? The wise Hindus knew better than we that this could not be. They felt that European and Christian ideas went together; and that the old policy of Europeanizing India without avowing to Christianize it was worst of all, because most dishonest. We were saying one thing and doing another—respecting caste but overturning it—teaching the Shaster and the Newtonian system at one and the same time.

The word proselytism is an unhappy word, under a ban. All sides agree to denounce mere proselytism, and, loudest of all, the old Indian party. But if words are true to their meaning, then they, and *only* they, are the proselytizers. The Jews, for instance, had no commission to communicate their religion to the surrounding nations; and we know they acted accordingly: with the key of knowledge in their hands, they neither entered in themselves, and them that were entering in they hindered. But, in spite of themselves, they inoculated the nations with ideas of the being and purity of God. They were not missionaries, and violently opposed the true missionary, St. Paul; still they prepared the way. But they could not see the inconsistency of their position; they could neither go back or go forward—back to the days of old exclusiveness, when nations were shut out from nations, and Israel, like their forefathers in Goshen, had light in their dwellings—or forward to the days when the middle wall of partition was to be broken down, and both Jew and Gentile to become one body in Christ. They hated the Apostle Paul for his broad liberality, and yet, in their petty way, followed his example. They repudiated propagandism, yet proselytized as far as they could.

The conduct of the old Indian party was quite as inconsistent. They denounced missionaries, and prohibited their educational attempts; but set up a scheme of their own, which proselytized all the while, though in an underhand way. There was no mistake about the missionaries: they avowed their design was to uproot Heathenism, and to plant Christianity in its stead; but it was hardly honest in those who professed such tenderness for Hinduism to introduce European science that must give it its death-blow. The Hindus felt that the Company professed too much, and that to Europeanize, without Christianizing in one way or other, was more than man could do. They should have gone back altogether, or gone forward altogether—back to the days when the Company's arms were a pair of scales only, and Hindus did and thought as they pleased—or forward to the point when Hindus should sink all their peculiarities in a common civilization and a common Christianity with Europeans.

In contrasting the conduct of the East India Company in one extreme with that of the Dutch and Portuguese in the other extreme, it is well to remember that the crown and people of England were never accomplices in this exclusion of missions. It is important to bear this in mind now that the crown has resumed the Company's trust. While we honourably accept the Company's liabilities and engagements to native states, we deny that we are bound by any of the traditions of the India House to which the crown and people of England never were parties.

The word *traditionary* policy is commonly used to express a certain routine favouritism to Heathen rites and aversion to missionary preaching, which sprung up nobody can tell when, and been carried out nobody can tell why. A few great statesmen may be quoted in its favour, and a few more like, Lord Wellesley and Lord W. Bentinck, may be quoted against; but its authority, like that of all traditions, is an unwritten and unproved authority. The policy itself is like the patrimony of St. Peter, a thing of forged decretals, and false, because modern, authorities. Clive, who conquered India for the Company, never avowed this policy; on the contrary, in 1758, he stood godfather, in Calcutta, to the missionary Kiernanders' child, a step which should make Lord Ellenborough creep with horror, and which might warrant Lord

Canning's recall, if the Marquis of Lansdowne is an authority on the traditional policy. Warren Hastings never laid down the exclusion of missionaries from the upper provinces as the condition of our holding them; or Lord Cornwallis, in drawing up his settlement scheme, demand their exclusion as disturbers of the rights of property. No; the traditional policy was foisted on the Company by small men of narrow pedantic minds—Directors who knew as little of their own religion as of that of the Hindus, who caught up second-hand the gibes of the Edinburgh wit at the Baptist missions, and second-hand the assertion of Pundits that Hinduism was a venerable creed, and Hindus a simple united people; and putting together these second-hand views of others, conceived an alarm to their empire in India from the entrance of missionaries into India. Absurd as they sound to us, the assertions of the Indian party in the debates of 1813 were looked on as great and wise maxims by all except a few ignorant and obdurate saints, and one or two public men like the Marquis Wellesley, who overtopped by a whole head and shoulders the men of his day.

The true explanation of the rise of the traditional policy we believe to be commercial jealousy, which blossomed and burgeoned out into religious exclusionism. The founders of this policy, if we can call them so, were neither jurists nor philosophers. It arose from no fine-drawn speculations on the right of conscience, or the tacit consent of Hindus to follow their ancestral faith, and none other. They had not settled in their minds that there was a perpetual entail of superstition in India, which could not be cut off without violating the laws of Manu, or committing sacrilege on the Puranas. They had no theory of the absolute religion, like the long-haired German professors, or professed an insight into the true and fundamental form of Hinduism, in which it was Christianity under another name. Such refinements would not have been even understood by the practical men who kept a sharp eye on Indian accounts, and disliked all interlopers on the Company's premises.

Enthusiasts there were, and learned men, no doubt, such as Sir William Jones and Colebrooke, who looked on India with the fond imagination of scholars, and through the same Homeric haze that a Grote, a Gladstone, or a Muir, may be supposed to contemplate the Isles of Greece. India was to them a land of mystic wisdom, and a philosophic religion—so old, it must be true—so profound, it must be inspired. With a simplicity that learned antiquarians are seldom superior to, they copied down as ancient the modern inventions of Pundits; and as every valet-de-place is a Cicero in Rome, so every Pundit was a depository of wisdom, deeper than that of Moses, with all his Egyptian learning. We turn with a smile to the pages of Robertson, and read the romance of a respectable Scotch divine of the golden age, somewhere between the Ganges and the Indus, lasting some time between Adam and Moses. Eighty years ago, when Rousseau philosophized and Voltaire caricatured history, for purposes of their own, we took for granted that somewhere outside of our Christendom and civilization were the blessed seats of wisdom and piety. Voltaire sought it among the sages of China; Rousseau among the Red Indians. Our Indian antiquarians were therefore almost excused for falling into the prevailing fashion, and painting the Hindu as a mild, cultivated people, with sacred books much older than Moses, and with little to learn from us, Europeans, save our devilish inventions of gunpowder and brandy, to blast and burn both bodies and souls of men.

But whatever learned men among them thought or wrote, we acquit the Directors themselves of yielding to the influence of Rousseau's sentiments, or Robertson's rhetoric. No such fine fancies troubled their commercial minds. The traditional policy grew out of the very vulgar desire of keeping a good business all to themselves. They had a monopoly, and every settler in India was a poacher on a well-kept preserve. They reasoned in trade, as Harry the Fifth in arms, "the fewer men the greater share of profit!" and, therefore, they treated interlopers as the king would have treated poltroons, "their passports shall be made, and crowns for convoy shall be given them." The jealousy of trade is proverbial, and of all trades the Indian was most jealously watched.

There, in the wake of the Dutch, and quite as exclusive—they could not possibly be more so—the Company conceived that whatever others gained was clear loss to them. The word *interloper* was thus imported into our language by the Company from the Dutch. It is a word as racy of the East Indian trade as the Spanish word *buccaneer* is of the West Indian. What a buccaneer was on the Spanish main an interloper was at the Dutch and English factories in India—an intruder to be hunted out, imprisoned, fined, and even hanged if he repeated the offence. Thus the traditional policy was only commercial monopoly taking another shape. A missionary would have been a kind of supercargo on board every merchantman; would have seen her bill of lading, and have asked troublesome questions of the right and the wrong, as well as the profit and loss, of every venture. Such a moral agent at all their factories would have been insufferable. It was impossible to draw up a general rule against interlopers and allow a special exception in favour of missionaries. There was a covenanted service in the Company's pay, and all Europeans in India outside that pale came under an alien Act, the rigours of which have never been equalled by the most despotic states in Europe.

The most munificent offer ever made was that of Mr. Haldane to the Company, in 1796. It was like the gift of Arunnah the Jebusite, "as a king to a king," of £40,000, to be expended on a mission to Benares. The Court of Directors, while respecting the sincerity of Mr. Haldane's motives, replied that "they have weighty and substantial reasons for declining compliance with this request." Now, we do not say that the Directors were all infidels, or believed that antiquarian myth about the purity and truth of the Shasters. A more commonplace explanation of their dislike to missions will suffice: "they doubted where this would grow." Once allow Mr. Haldane to settle in India, with a band of missionaries in his train, and the days of monopoly were numbered. Interlopers would pour in under one pretext or another. A missionary might plant indigo as well as print Bibles, deal in salt as well as deal out tracts. Such pious frauds on their covenanted service could never be checked, and between open ports and open Bibles the Company would, at last, disappear in a rabble of Englishmen running riot over the land.

Thus the admission of missionaries or not into India was the field on which the battle was fought between exclusionists and interlopers. The Baptist missionaries, Carey and Marshman, first threw down the gauntlet, and for twenty years, from 1793, when Wilberforce withdrew his motion for throwing India open to missionaries, to 1813, when he carried it at last in the face of the Company, the battle of traditional exclusion was fought out with pertinacity on both sides. What was to be said for the Company was said by Mr. Canning in an ironical speech, in which he put the Company's objections as follows:—"You (the free traders) are a pack of piratical ragamuffins, who want to lay our villages in ruins and blood, and carry away our children into captivity. We have heard of the horrible traffic you carried on in the slave trade for upwards of a century without shame, and would not abandon without a struggle." Fortunately, said Mr. Canning, for the private trader, the right and power of interference did exist in Parliament who would consider the question in all its bearings without heeding the exaggerated pretensions of the commercial lords of Asia to dominions acquired by British enterprise, and yet held by British arms.*

Thus, partly to avoid the error of the Dutch and Portuguese, but principally from jealousy of all interlopers with their Eastern trade, the Company settled down into a kind of Gamaliel policy. They would refrain from missionaries, and let them alone; and at the same time command them that they should not speak in the name of Jesus in India. The policy has been thus enunciated more than once under authority "to protect the natives in the undisturbed enjoyment of their religious opinions, and neither to interfere with them themselves, nor suffer them to be molested by others;" "to observe a strict impartiality between those who profess its own creed and those who hold the creeds of their native subjects, and to act upon the principle of neutrality."

There is so much we agree with in these principles that it seems invidious to criticise them in detail. Enlarged views of religious liberty are still so rare in the world that we should not divide the friends of toleration on minor points. But even on its own principles, the Company enounced more than it could execute, and confounded, under the common term religion, things that differ as wide as the east is from the west.

I.—It professed a neutrality which was impossible from the very first. No State can be neutral to open immorality; impartial it might be to moral and immoral religions alike; neutral it never could be. All sovereignty implies the suppression of scandalous vice; and though some old Indians made a weak attempt* to excuse Suttee, on these grounds of the rights of conscience, the voice of the country went with Lord W. Bentinck in suppressing this as a demoralizing practice. The scandal is not with the State for interfering, but with the religion that obliged such interference; so that, in fact, neutrality by the State, in religious matters, was possible only so far as it was not "a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness" which the religion taught.

The State has again and again interfered to suppress religious rites in India on moral grounds. The swinging festival, widow burning, infanticide, the Hindu law of inheritance, have called for interference, and should have led statesmen to suspect the soundness of a principle which is thus broken through every day, and which every Government school in the country must set at defiance if it does the work it is intended to do.

II. Again, neutrality is impossible, because no State can poise itself equidistantly between a spiritual and a ritual religion. Like Mahomet's coffin, the State is *toto cælo*, underneath a spiritual religion like Christianity; it can only overlook a ritual religion, for true Christianity is raised to sit in heavenly places with its ascended Lord. The two cannot be treated together, for the forces in the two religions are incommensurate. The State might as well enact that the Ganges should not encroach on the temple Ghâts, or the temple Ghâts on the Ganges.

"Volvitur et volvitur in omne volubilis amnia."

The forces of nature, as Bacon long ago said, are only governed by obeying them; it is quite as true of spiritual forces. The laws are as unerring and unalterable by human caprice in the one as the other; and, therefore, to affect an impartial indifference between one religion and another, is to affect a sovereignty not given to States; it is the madness of Alexander affecting the nod of Jupiter.

We have traced the true origin of the traditionary policy to commercial jealousy. We have thus a better excuse to offer for it than the neutrality principle of its modern advocates. The Company may be excused for its conduct, because it was only a Company, and did not rise to its position as the State in India. "It governed India," as Burke long ago said, "with an eye to its tallow. How India would cut up; how she would tallow on the caul and on the kidneys." Nature's noblemen are rare and exceptional births; a few such conquered India, and a few more settled the Company's Raj over it; but from Clive to Wellesley they were misunderstood by their employers; and vulgar minds used vulgar expedients in a position they could neither have made or kept by themselves. Greatness was huddled

* "It may be useful," says Colonel Mark Wilks, in his "Historical Sketches of South India" (vol. i., p. 499), "to examine the reasonableness of interfering with the most exceptionable of all their institutions. It has been thought an abomination not to be tolerated, that a widow should immolate herself on the funeral pile of her husband. But what judgment should we form of the Hindu who (if any of our institutions admitted the parallel) should *forcibly* pretend to stand between a Christian and the hope of eternal salvation. And shall we not hold him to be a driveller in politics and morals, a fanatic in religion, and a pretender in humanity, who would forcibly wrest this hope from the Hindu widow." Yet, in spite of this apology for Suttee, the State has interfered, and there are few who, in 1859, would agree with this plea for toleration to Suttee as put forward in 1829.

too fast on the Company. It could not look "every inch a king," fresh as it was from the counter and ledger. "India," said the Marquis Wellesley, "should be governed from a palace, with the sceptre of a statesman, and not from a counting-house, with the measuring wand of a merchant." Aspiring man! he little knew that the aspirations of his employers bore in a very different direction. Good dividends, and no wild or expensive schemes of education, were the Company's ideal of Indian statesmanship; and therefore a safe man, like Sir George Barlow, well trained in the traditions of a trading monopoly, was preferred to the great proconsul. *Par nobile fratrum*—the sword of Wellington, and the sceptre of Wellesley, were too much for the Leaden Hall and the city tradesmen.

The Frenchman and the Englishman differ in this, that great success makes the one giddy; it stupifies the other. Napoleon took lessons from Talma, how to wear his coronation robes, and strut in the Tuilleries with the train of an emperor at his heels. Our Court of Directors were only stupified under success no less amazing. Like Christopher Sly, dropped into the bed of state in their sleep, they rubbed their eyes and protested—

"Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker—not Christopher Sly."—*Taming the Shrew*.

"It was all a dream; they were plain John Company still; it was facetious to lay at their feet a hundred rajahs' crowns, and ask them to sit on the Calcutta *divan*, as the Nawab of the Great Mogul. If they did so they must be excused for clinging to some of their old tastes. It was a vulgar prejudice; but they really preferred casting up accounts and taking stock, to these troublesome affairs of State, Native Education, Police, Suttie, and so forth; they would meddle as little as possible with them; and as to those foreign wars and interventions, they were for peace at all price, and must recall the Governor-General that dared to embarrass their trade with them."

We were called by Napoleon "La Nation Boutiquiere," and the Company Bahadour accepted the definition as their rule of empire. Now, there are many things highly incumbent on a ruler which it would be ruinous for a private trader to attempt. The statesman who is nothing more than a clerk of the market, or an inspector of weights and measures, is no statesman at all. We may thrust empire upon him, but we cannot expect him to pursue an imperial policy. Statesmen of all parties saw that the commercial and the political character of the Company were incompatible, and desired their severance. Still the Directors clung to their monopoly as an awkward rider on a run-away-horse clings to his pommel, and tried to *hold on* to it if they could not *hold in* the Governors-General, who, from Clive to Wellesley, were overrunning India in spite of them.

There is a pretty fable quoted by Miss Martineau to express the silent, stealthy way we came by the mastery of India:—

"So then, when the pedlar found he was welcome in the castle, he made himself at home; he set down his box and put off his cloak; when lo! he was in armour and wore a sword. Then one said he had seen the glitter of his breastplate while yet the stranger was on the threshold; and another had heard the tap of the sword against the floor: and the family mistrusted the change; but the pedlar said that his armour and weapons were as necessary to his calling as his box and his lock and key."—*Fairy Tale, quoted from Miss Martineau's 'India.'*

Now we were, it is true, a century ago, only pedlars, and, under Cornwallis and Wellesley, we threw away our pack and showed the shining armour by which we meant to hold the entry we had made good. But this transformation took the Company at home as much by surprise as the natives of India. Our protectorate of India was treated as a *coup d'état* more even by Englishmen than by Hindus. The men of that day could not discern the coincidence between the loss of America and the gain of India. Later historians have reminded us that the Settlement Act of 1774 was a set-off to the Declaration of Independence. It was the fortune of one man to witness the loss of one empire and the gain of another. The same Cornwallis, whose name is linked

with disasters in the West, deserves honourable mention among the most successful administrators in the East.

The Company all through "accepted the situation" reluctantly and with ill grace. The Governor and Company of London Merchants trading to the East Indies made it as their rule from the first "not to employ any gentleman in any place of charge, and requested that they might be allowed to seek their business with men of their own quality, lest the suspicion of the employment of gentlemen being taken hold of by the generalitie, do drive a great number of the adventurers to withdraw their contributions." Sir Thomas Roe's advice to the Company is characteristic of their policy to the last—"At my first arrival I understood a fort was very necessary; but experience teaches we are refused it to our advantage. If the Emperor would offer me ten I would not accept of one."*

The fault indeed has been all the other way. So far from throwing off the pedlar's cloak to show the shining armour, the Company for a long time kept up the awkward attempt to fight with one hand and trade with the other. The testimony of M. De Valbezen† is decisive on this head, and should silence the clamour of journals of the *Univers* stamp, who denounce our unbounded rapacity and profligate usurpation of the rights of unhappy India.

The best excuse for the traditionary policy is, therefore, this, that it grew out of the commercial jealousy of the times, and was persisted in by men who could not rise to a sense of their mission as the rulers of India. Like all cases of wrong-doing it was so venial an error at first that it is hard to say when we are to begin to blame. We were masters of India for nigh forty years, from the victory of Clive at Plassey to that of Cornwallis at Seringapatam, without an attempt being made by the Church at home to evangelize India. All this time that the Church lay dead to her mission we have not a word of blame to cast at the Company. Its indifference was only natural—the result of indifference in higher quarters. Traditionary policy only becomes blameworthy from the day that the Church set about her duty; then the Company should have thrown open the door, and afforded protection at least to all preachers who were willing to come. Instead of that the Company laid aside their cherished neutrality principles to oppress Christianity and protect heathenism. We are bringing no vague charges against the Court of Directors. Their public acts from the year 1795 and onward prove, that as the Church became active and evangelistic in India the Company set itself to thwart and oppose it. The traditionary policy, from the date of the Directors' prohibition of Mr. Haldane to proceed to India, must be distinctly understood to be a policy markedly hostile to Christian missions. Let us enumerate a few of these overt acts by which we support so serious a charge:—

1. In 1793 Mr. Wilberforce proposed, on the renewal of the charter, that "such measures should be adopted for the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions in India as may gradually tend to their advancement in useful knowledge, and to their religious and moral improvement." This moderate proposal was met by such opposition of the Indian interest in Parliament that Mr. Wilberforce was forced to abandon it, and thus defer for twenty years the regeneration of India.

2. The first Baptist missionaries were refused a passage in a British ship, and soon after their arrival in Calcutta, forced to retire to Serampore under protection of the Danish flag. Again, in 1799, when four more missionaries arrived, they were prohibited from settling in British India; and again, in 1806, Mr. Chater and Mr. Robinson were hardly permitted to proceed to Serampore; so that, as Carey says, "the removal or suppression of the whole mission would not be a matter of regret to the Governor-General."

3. The Government seem to have thought that if they could not exclude missionaries they were bound to right the balance between the two religions by their marked patronage of heathenism. In a despatch sent out in 1807,

* Mills' India, vol. i., p. 24.

† M. De Valbezen, *L'Iade*, p. 31, *et passim*.

they lay down the principle of neutrality which is to work all on one side, "neither to interfere with the native religions themselves nor to suffer them to be interfered with by others." In consequence of this new law of one-sided neutrality, Bishop Corry was reprimanded in Madras, Sir Peregrine Maitland dismissed, and Mr. Fisher the Chaplain at Meerut censured for presuming to baptize Prabhu Din the first and only Christian Sepoy in the Bengal army.

4. In 1816 a regulation was enforced that no native should hold employment under Government but a Hindu or a Mahometan, so that, as Bishop Heber pointed out, "Christianity fared worse under a Christian than under a heathen government, for while Christians are allowed to hold office under a heathen Rajah at Tanjore, under a Christian government they were excluded."

5. As opinion at home went forward, traditionary policy stood still or even went back. In 1833 a despatch was sent out desiring that in all matters relating to their temples, their worship, their festivals, their religious practices, their ceremonial observances, our native subjects be left entirely to themselves. This despatch was treated as a dead letter for five years, and only in 1838, on receipt of another despatch enforcing the former, was it very partially carried into execution. To this day there are 8,292 idol temples in the Madras presidency receiving from Government an annual payment of 97,678 rupees, and in the Bombay presidency as many as 26,589 idols and temples, the revenues of which are more or less under Government control. In ancient Rome the temple of foreign gods, such as *Æsculapius*, *Cybele*, and other *dei advenæ* were placed under tribute; they were licensed, as Tertullian calls them, *Tributarii Dei*.^{*} We have put in the same way idolatry under tribute, and made ourselves accomplices with idolatry by extracting revenue for what we should have barely tolerated. Such was the pilgrim tax which was so profitably farmed at Gya and at Juggernaut, so that Hindus have said the Company cannot believe our religion false, or they would not be at such pains to maintain it.

6. Traditionary policy has carefully excluded the Christian element from all Government schemes of native education. As lately as 1849, a native of good caste, holding a situation in the Hindu College, was obliged to resign for becoming a Christian; and Mr. Graves, the principal, was warned soon after not to receive two Hindu youths to a private reading of Scripture in his house on Sunday. In 1854 the Council of Education refused the Calcutta Bible Society permission to place copies of the Scriptures, in the vernacular, in the library of Hindu College. And again, after the despatch of Sir Charles Wood had been sent out sanctioning the principle of Grants in Aid; and the supreme Government at Calcutta, acting upon it, had given permission to the Church Missionary Society to apply for such a grant to educate and civilize the Santals—the Directors thought fit to annul the grant, and appoint secular instructors instead.

7. So late as the eve of the Indian Mutiny, the *Friend of India* was "warned" for expressing a hope that a century hence India might have a Christian population; and the address of loyalty of the Krishnagar Christians was not officially acknowledged. Even the Governor-General has been called to account for his Missionary guinea, and warned that such acts of indiscretion would, if repeated, justify his recall. "For a European gentleman in India there is, strictly speaking, no private life." This excellent sentiment of Lord Stanley, to the cadets of Addiscombe, is strained to mean that Lord Canning's private acts and feelings as a Christian reflect upon his public conduct as Governor-General; and that neutrality must be the rule of private as well as public life of all Indian officials.

8. That there should be no mistake as to the meaning of the word neutrality, the traditionary policy indited a despatch in May, 1847, purporting that as the Government is pledged "to abstain from all interference with the religion of the natives of India it is obviously essential to the due observance of that principle that it should be acted upon by our servants, civil

^{*} Adv. Nationes, i, 10.

and military. The Government is known throughout India by its officers, with whom it is identified in the eyes of the native inhabitants, and our servants should, therefore, be aware that while invested with public authority their acts cannot be regarded as those of private individuals."

This despatch was received by Lord Hardinge, who understood it, unequivocally, to mean that by this comprehensive prohibition the civil and military servants of the Company were enjoined to take no part whatever in missionary proceedings; "but he was of opinion that the publication of the Court's order in the *Gazette* was not advisable, and that it should be confined only to officers of the most experienced judgment at the head of the two Governments of Bengal, and the Upper Provinces."

When Directors, ten years ago, could send out a despatch, which their own authorities in India dare not publish in the face of Christian opinion in England and India, and which was only dragged to light from its official pigeon-hole on a motion in the House of Commons a year ago, we are not calumniating the traditionary policy when we say that its action for upwards of fifty years has been systematically adverse to Christian missions, and that the time has come when one of the two principles must give way. Either the missionary or the Company must retire from India. It has been thrown out as a taunt that the religious societies of England overturned the Company, and that Parliament, as the real voice of the country, only acquiesced under the clamours of Exeter Hall. It is about as true as that Erasmus or Hutten's letters caused the Reformation. No, the traditionary policy of the Papacy caused its overthrow in England and Germany. It was given space to repent during five centuries, and it repented not; and therefore it was thrown off as incorrigible. The Company in the same way caused their own overthrow. The time had come to give up the traditions of trade with its consequent indifference to higher considerations; but they clung to them, and therefore were forced to take the consequence. Little by little the sceptre passed away from the men of the counting-house. Cannon-row arose to take the rule out of the hands of Leadenhall-street, leaving the Directors only so much patronage and a power of veto which they seldom dared to exercise. The Company was behind the age, and the anomaly of the Double Government was only endured because our public men had not yet agreed on a substitute for it, and because we are a people proverbially cautious of change.* At last the Crisis came. The traditionary policy of exclusion which had been broken in on in all other directions, held its ground in the ranks of the Sepoy army. Within the native lines no missionary ever intruded; no ray of heavenly light ever broke. Yet it was where non-interference was indulged to the uttermost that it most signally failed, and with it, of course, the days of the Company were numbered. Now that the Company is politically defunct, it has many to praise it we presume on the rule, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

"*Extinctus amabitur idem*" is the poetical justice which Horace says awaits the benefactors of mankind, who only burn in the blaze of envy they have kindled when alive; and we will not deny that the Company deserves to be remembered. Often has it happened that the Statesmanship was at Leadenhall-street, and the routine and stupidity in Cannon-row. Directors,

* It was strange that Directors and Proprietors of the East India Company could not or would not see the anomaly of the Double Government during the debates in Parliament last year. In the year 1698, when the old Company was doing battle for their chartered monopoly against a new and rival Company which was afterwards amalgamated with the old, they wrote out to their servants in India, "That two East India Companies in England could no more subsist than two kings at the same time regnant in the two kingdoms; that now a civil battle was to be fought between the old and new Company, and that two or three years must end this strife, as the old or the new must give way." At the end of 160 years their own admission might have been turned against them—to prove that two kings of the East could not reign together in London, one at the east and the other at the west end.

like the late Henry St. George Tucker, often have controlled the inaptitude and ignorance of the Board of Control. The master-mind was behind the scenes, and in the Double Government the ostensible was not the real head of affairs. But though we admit all this, and much more, as in candour bound, of single Directors, this cannot excuse the faults of the traditionary policy. The men were often better than the system they administered; nay, of late years, it was generally the case, they were so. It was the men of our day, held bound by the traditions of a bygone age, excusable, in some sense, fifty years ago, when the experiment of letting in light upon the darkened Hindu mind was to be tried for the first time, but inexcusable now. The effect of the traditionary policy, as it has worked for the last ten years, was this, that one Director, with an obstinate aversion to missions, could appeal to the precedents of fifty years ago, and overrule the better convictions of his brother Directors. Gladly we admit that many Directors, perhaps, if it were known, most of the body, both subscribed to missionary societies in India and heartily wished them success. But the traditionary policy stood in their way. One Director could claim a despatch forbidding all countenance of missions by all Indian officials, and the feelings of a hundred thousand Englishmen in India must give way to the command of one obstinate, just as in the National system of Ireland, the objection of *one* child in a school to read the Scriptures must overrule the wishes of all the rest. Such was the traditionary policy: it was powerless for good, powerful only for evil; and all right-minded men must rejoice that they are relieved from the incubus of traditions of the past generation. It would be as fair to judge of the sentiments of the Church upon missions from the gibes of Sydney Smith, published fifty years ago, upon "Carey the Cobbler," as to judge of the Court of Directors lately dissolved by the Court that declined Mr. Haldane's offer, and broke up Fort William College at Calcutta. There was, therefore, all the more reason to cut the last thread that linked men of such different sentiments together. This has now been done, and the Indian Council, composed in a great measure out of the same men as the former body, is set free to represent the altered feelings of the age towards missions in India. Our epitaph on the traditionary policy must be the saying—

Opinionum commenta delet dies.

On the 1st November, 1858, a proclamation was read in all the chief cities of India, in which the Queen announces herself Queen Defender of the Faith over India as well as Great Britain and Ireland. The proclamation then proceeds to lay down a principle of religious liberty to all, and non-interference with any of her subjects' belief, which resembles so nearly the policy of neutrality we have represented above, that it is necessary to see clearly wherein the two differ. The former policy was a neutrality of indifference—this a neutrality of principle. A Deist for instance and a true Christian apparently are equally tolerant—in reality the former is the most intolerant of men.*

The Christian is tolerant because he has read his own heart, and can make allowances for the prejudices of others, from knowledge of his own. Her Gracious Majesty then, "firmly relying on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion," can disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose her convictions on any of her subjects; for toleration being a duty we owe to Christianity, men will be tolerant in proportion as they are truly Christian, and not, as is commonly thought, in proportion as they think all religions "equally true, equally false, and equally useful."

We are now on the outset, then, of a new lease of empire in India, and have to profit by the warning in opposite extremes of the Dutch and Portuguese, and more lately of the East India Company.

* "India," said Dr. Carey, in 1807, "swarms with Deists, and Deists are in my opinion the most intolerant of mankind; their great desire is to exterminate true religion from the earth."

The question of the conduct of the State towards missions in India has been greatly simplified by the abolition of the Double Government. We now know what the State means, where we are to look for it, and whom we are to blame if it is badly administered. Between the people of India on one hand, and the people of England on the other hand, there is now only one, and not as formerly two courts of appeal. The two races are brought nearer to each other—the last barrier that stood between them and us removed.

The question is further simplified from the fact that the state in India is not a representative Government. At home we are in the anomalous position, that while the Crown and Constitution are based on religious tests—these tests have been abolished by Parliament, one after the other. In theory the Executive is appointed by the Crown, upon whom the test is still binding ; in fact it is appointed by a minister responsible to a Parliament that has done away with these tests. Civil disabilities on account of religious belief have disappeared one after the other, so that we are now midway between the theocratic or Church and State theory of our forefathers, and the opposite or independent theory of modern republics. On the one hand ours is a Christian State, only because the immense majority of the people are Christian ; on the other hand we are a Christian State, because the subjects of a Christian Queen, who is by her coronation oath bound to act as Defender of the Faith.

The duties of the State are exceedingly simple to those who hold that *le roi est l'état*. They are equally simple on the opposite theory—that all power comes from the people. It is because we are under a mixed government between these two that it is so difficult to define what are the religious duties of the State in England ; the two contending parties on questions involving the alliance of Church and State should treat each other with more indulgence than they do. For both are right in so far as they reason from their own premises, and wrong in not seeing that there are other premises besides their own.

But in India there is no question what is the State, for the representative element does not exist. Were a parliament called in Calcutta, and deputies sent up from the various races and religions of India, then undoubtedly the same controversies would arise there that have arisen at home. Such a parliament might deny the right of the State to tax the people for the support of a religion not professed by the people. But as till then (and we are of these reformers who think that *political* rights are the *last*, not the *first* to be given to a subject race—that people should be *educated* first, *emancipated* afterwards, not as in Ireland, in the reverse order) the English in India compose the governing body of the State in India. We are masters of India by right of conquest, and, therefore, the motto of paternal governments a little worn out in Europe, may still be safely adopted in Asia—"Every thing for the people ; nothing by them."

This paternal government principle which is intolerable to us Europeans is not only what Asiatics prefer, but the only State theory they can easily understand. We, as a people, have a genius for self-government. Our youngest colonies put forth their parliament in miniature as naturally as a young tree bears the fruit and flowers of the old stock. Nay more, our colonies only prosper when left to enact the mother country's system over again. George the Third's paternal theories of government cost us the United States, and till the Colonial Office left off meddling with the internal affairs of fifty colonies, our colonies were only a source of weakness and distraction to the empire at large.

But with India it is quite different. The people know nothing of self-government, and only understand the will of the magistrate, which is to them as a message of fate. Our regulations may be good, but the Hindu only looks to the men who administer them. "The best regulations," says an intelligent native gentleman, "can be turned into a source of worst oppression by an unscrupulous or careless magistrate ; and if you give us a good magistrate he can keep us happy without any regulation at all. Punjab owes its happiness more to Sir J. Lawrence, and Messrs. Montgomery and McLeod

than to any system or regulation. Oude was placed under the same system, but not under the same officers, and it did not succeed. Remove them from the Punjaub, and hang me if Punjaub does not go to pieces before the earth has completed its annual circuit."

The executive and legislative of India are therefore in the hands of the hundred thousand Englishmen who hold the country by right either of conquest or cession. If there were a Herald's office for making out the titles by which we hold our many dependencies, we should sue for the title of Lord Protector of India. India is a commonwealth without any natural head of its own. We have been called in to save further anarchy. We do not hold it *from* the people, but we hold it *for* the people of India; and the sword of state which we snatched from the hands of Mahometan invaders, or Mahratta mauraders, should be "wrapped in a cloth behind the Ephod," like the sword of Goliath in the house of the priest of Nob (1 Sam. xxi. 9)—a religious trust committed to us by God till such time as the people of India are educated to know and use the right of self-government.

Our duties are thus twofold: provisional and permanent. 1. We have a provisional duty to the English in India. In the words of Lord Wellesley, respecting the servants of the East Indian Government, "To fix and establish sound principles of religion and Government in their minds, at an early period of life, is the best security that can be provided for the stability of the British power in India." 2. We have a permanent duty to discharge by the people of India. Our occupation of India is not natural. We are in India to quell the distractions of a divided country, whose rightful prince has abdicated or forfeited his right. We are bound, then, in honour, not to make our encampment permanent, by neglecting to raise the people to that point when they can dispense with our protection. We are bound to educate and improve the people, so that when the time to withdraw arrives, India shall not be in the state that Britain was when the Romans withdrew, a prey to the first invader, or in the state the Papal States now are in, when there would be but a day's march between the evacuation of the French and a republic of anarchy, and the problem of self-government, after ten years' armed protection, as far off as ever. We have no example in history of conduct so generous as this, conduct which we can bid England imitate—for nations seldom acknowledge a mission from God to do a work, and having done it retire. If he who ruleth his temper well is *better* than he that taketh a city, what shall we say of him who can both conquer towns and conquer the lust of conquest. The moderation of Scipio was singular, but the moderation we desire would be without a parallel in the world's history. It would be easy to act on

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he who has should keep the power,
And he should keep who can."

It would be even easy to throw up India altogether as Mr. Congreve, the priest of humanity, recommends, on the authority of the positive method, or as some of the "peace, at all price, party" suggested. But to govern India as a trustee to a minor, an estate he is to resign in a few years, requires an amount of disinterestedness not common, either in men or in nations. It is certain that it is only a religious people that can thus act as a righteous people, and that to understand our mission to the natives of India, we must know and obey our mission to our own people in India. The duties of the State are thus twofold: 1. To Christians; 2. To those who are to be Christianized; and we shall treat them, therefore, in their natural order in the second portion of this essay.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

TWELFTH EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of the National Institution is chiefly remarkable from its annually containing specimens of the works of very young artists, sometimes, of course, of the most crude and incomplete character, but at others, we are bound to say, many are to be found which contain the germs of high promise. Of these it is the province and privilege of the critic to observe the first development, watch the growth—sometimes, indeed, with regret to see a fine talent wasted upon toys or misled by weakness, but frequently gradually enlarging itself into the perfect character of an artist, and then taking a place among the great names of the profession. Many such have we observed thus progress during more years than we now like to name, since art-criticism has been our province.

"The many fail, the one succeeds," is true of other things than the finding of sleeping, beautiful princesses in enchanted palaces. The palace of art is not to be entered by every one, and no exhibition which it has yet been our lot to see, but shows "the bodies and the bones of those who strove in other days to pass." Thickly they will hang upon the walls, the jejune and imperfect attempts of those who had not will, nor at times power to force a road through the terrors and difficulties of early study. We say early study, not without purpose; for all acquainted with the subject will admit with us, that the main cause of such numerous failures is that the tyros have never mastered the power of expressing their own thoughts; not so much that they oftentimes lack thoughts, fancy, or imagination—far from this, indeed—for it is often to be seen that in some pitiful daub there are evident signs of thought and feeling vainly wrestling with the power to speak, as it were; glimpses of true and fine expression, grand design, solemn feeling, and phases of colour appear at times, such as show how much there is wasted of mind, and hope, and labour. Here are, then, "the bodies and the bones of those who

strove in other days to pass" into the enchanted regions of art. Very sad it is sometimes to see them, nor less sad to notice another set of signs which express that the obstinate heart of the man has frequently set itself to accomplish a task never intended by nature for its powers. Far from artists are many men who, by plodding on from year to year contrive at last, in a mechanical way, to produce works of which the best that can be said is that they are not bad, and that they exhibit industry; these never display feeling for art or the slightest glimpse of a subject, such as a man who truly perceived the motive required by an intellect when fitly employed to express its thoughts or even perceptions; it is, therefore, but blind and dull work keeping on in the groove wherein it was at first set to run, with an obstinate persistency almost stupid, if it were not so pitiful.

There is no exhibition like the National Institution which so fully displays the peculiarities of these two singular idiosyncrasies of the lost and the misapplied talents, for it is mainly composed of unequal classes of painters, those who have been painters for decades, and who remain still students only, and not masters, and those who, having never been students, can never be masters. To walk along those walls wakes not a little pathos in the mind of the observer. *Hell*, they say, is paved with good intentions; and sure are we that no place affords so many spectacles of failure and disappointment as do the walls of a picture gallery. It has often occurred to us that it is a subject well worthy of a powerful and thoughtful writer to deal a little with the failures in art. The successful get all the trumpet-blowing, and few or none take heed of the immense number who faint by the way. We must, however, pursue the old plan still, of only noticing the excellent works, as those which, although meretricious or bad, are so more from the faults and follies of the painters than their want of talents and executive skill.

Comparatively speaking, the figure pictures here are few, and of those few, fewer still are worthy of notice. The exhibitor of last year on these walls who evinced most promise of talent, was T. Morten, a very young man, respecting whose very remarkable productions we dwell with great pleasure in a recent summary of last year's art, in the *Dublin University Magazine*. It is with no small surprise and regret that we observe his productions now before us to be very far, indeed, below those referred to. They are four in number, the best being an illustration of school-girl life, a branch of subject evidently a favourite with the painter. No. 456, "Kept in," shows two girls detained after school to finish some neglected task. One works away hard at the disgusting primer, but the other looks out of window longingly at the roses in full bloom, and the soft waving of the trees as they are tossed by the summer breeze. The face of the idle culprit is full of expression, and the composition of the two figures, as they are arranged together, is exceedingly striking. There are good points of colour also, but the follies of drawings, hideous disproportions, and downright smears of paint, which take the place of good, solid, and thoughtful work, are, indeed, painful to look upon; the more so as Mr. Morten showed us last year that he was capable of great things in that way, and the few faults we could then find were only such as might be hoped another year of work would convert into perfect and good execution. It is perfectly incredible how a man of such talent could allow himself to put before the public such a work as 577, "The Blind Boy," the poorest thing that ever resulted from heedless and flagrant smears upon a canvas. Not quite so utterly bad as this is a picture styled "The Family Idol," 581, showing a singularly ugly baby being dandled in a very awkward fashion by a young lady, whose hair the precious infant has pulled down about her face. The *locale* of the picture is an artist's studio, the painter himself, a most ill-favoured mortal, sits working at an easel in the background. The best figure is that of a young lady who leans over a chair playing with the baby, in the design and execution of which we recognise something of the artist's

pristine promise. The fourth work is a head of a young man, somewhat fantastically entitled "Loyal," 578. There is some really splendid execution in this face; but we are not quite sure that the method of execution and much of the arrangement of colour has not been derived from some studies of heads by Millais, which, although not yet placed before the public, are precisely of this quality. If Mr. Morten is, indeed, indebted to the famous A.R.A. for the secret of this practice, we can but regret that he has so far copied some most culpable follies in drawing, such as no one else but Millais can expect to get indulgence for, and he only, because all know him to be a perfect and admirable draughtsman, who belies his own powers, and helps his greatest enemies by these childish shortcomings. If Mr. Morten intended this head to be a representation of his own *beau-ideal* of one pre-eminently loyal, we cannot agree with him that a thick, spread-lipped face, with hard features, and broad, heavy, louring eyelids, best typifies the motive.

These may be styled dramatic or humorous subjects; and to continue our remarks upon the class, let us refer to a picture by another young artist who is fast making himself a name. By J. M. Carrick is No. 261, a street scene, without special title, but which is most fitly illustrative of the lines quoted:—

"Still silently fell the snow,
From theatres carriages spread,
And my wife rocked to and fro,
In grief o'er her baby dead.

Just as she reeled in a faint
With sickness, a form came past,
With the tender zeal of a saint,
And found us shelter at last."

It is night, and bitter with wind and snow, two forlorn beings have seated themselves at the steps of a splendid mansion, the wife reclining half dead against the rails, the husband nigh maddened by their troubles, look desperately about in blank hopelessness and despair. To them comes a charitable stranger with friendly succour. The pathetic expression of the exhausted father's face, as he turns round with half incredulous anger to the new comer, is something most impressive, and a very high testimony of the talents and observing power of the

artist. He has evidently read more on the subject than an ordinary mind would do, and by expressing the bitterness which has made the troubled man savagely turn at first even against the proffered help, is truly fine and high in character. It would be difficult to express more in such a subject, or to give more variety of emotion to it than is suggested by the utter languor and abandonment of the mother's down-stricken attitude, clutching closely as she does the form of what was once the darling of her heart, now but a dead baby. There are lighted houses in the background, where festivity is in full swing, and lordly carriages go heedlessly down the street, while these two quiver with the cold and moan with human agony.

There is more pain than pleasure in contemplation of a little picture by J. T. Hixon, 78, "The Rehearsal." An itinerant showman drilling a miserable mongrel of a dog through his exercises: the latter squats on his haunches before the man, holds a pipe in his mouth, and is girt with sword and sabretash. The queer, bewildered expression of the animal's eyes is well given, as is the severe, brutal look of the master. It is to be lamented that the artist has not purer ideas of colour. A work which promises very highly indeed, if the painter will carry out his present system of execution, is 148, "A Tiresome Child at a Pic-nic," by W. H. Fisk. The scene is a narrow pathway through a small plantation, down which a lady and a gentleman have strolled for the purpose which it is said young people do stroll down lonely pathways. They have been watched, however, by a "tiresome child." "Clara (who has been following them about all the morning) thinks she has found out at last why Captain Osborne and Emily want to go gathering wild flowers such a long way from the rest of the party." The little marplot has dived after them through the thicket, and just at the moment when the hand of the Captain goes round the waist of the damsel, who, with feminine prescience, has taken off her broad-brimmed hat, there stands the child on the bank above, rounding her eyes and drawing in her breath with a whistle of astonishment to see how quietly "Emily" is about to submit to the attentions of the military. Incomparably the best part of this pic-

ture is the child's face; and we consider that, for expression and character, this is by far the finest work of the kind in the exhibition. The amount of work—stern, hard work, indeed, that cannot fail to bring a splendid reward in power of execution—the artist has given to this remarkable picture is truly astonishing; but like many men who give so much to the subordinate portions of the painting, the principal parts have not obtained the attention they merited; for instance, the design is lacking in spirit and point of itself—not that the moment chosen by the painter is not capitally expressed—but, having to deal with the subject, we think he might as well have shown the perpetration of the act of kissing, which so alarms the prudery of the child. There would have been more spirit in this version of the theme, we think; at present the Captain looks half afraid, although the lady is not unwilling. Again, the faces, accepting the design as it is, are somewhat tame in expression; there should have been more ardour in the look of the soldier, and either more *espièglerie* or more expectation in that of his companion. Moreover, the flesh colour of both is opaque and dull—the Captain rather livid, indeed. This is because the same intense variety of colour, which we observe throughout the accessories and the background, has not been employed on the chief portions of the picture. Nothing could be finer than the execution of a horrent thistle, which rises bristling with pikes in front, each curving sweep of its pilose leaves drawn with astonishing truth; the varieties of texture, and the varieties of colour where the light strikes, shines through, or is reflected from the leaves hereof, is absolutely true. Now, at the same time, the lady's waist has not been drawn with the same transcendent skill; it appears rather to bulge than simply to sway elastically against the lover's hand. The silk of her dress has not received the same care in other parts. The sleeve of the man's coat is very badly drawn, not falling over the wrist as it should do, but looking like the section of a pipe. Let us not be supposed to depreciate the enormous labour Mr. Fisk has spent on this picture, or in any way to undervalue his great success with many parts thereof. We enter, indeed, at length on the

subject, because there is evidently the foundations for, and the firm will to make, a fine style of execution. In doing this he will certainly succeed if he will but consider what are the most important portions of a picture: first, the design must have spirit and fulness of action; secondly, the expressions must be vivacious and vivid—for with these two things alone many a little woodcut is a nobler work of art than many, or indeed most, foolish *chefs-d'ouvres* of so-called great masters; then beauty and variety of colour must be had, and lastly, finish. The truth, we imagine, is, that the artist in question is trying his strength in a new style, and if this be the case all is explicit; he is beginning at the lowest point, and by rigid faith in the law he has so loyally followed out, that honesty and industry will conquer all things, is proceeding from step to step. The work before us will be of enormous service to him; and on his journey let us wish him good speed—for what has begun so well cannot but end well.

Mr. J. A. Fitzgerald has two small pictures, which, if he will but dispense with raw crudities of colour, at present rife therein, promises much for him as a humorist painter of children.—a phase of humour, by-the-by, very little cultivated. Childish fun is, however, always the fun of funs. The first of them is numbered 4; styled "Follow my Leader." A lot of ragged urchins paddling about in the rain; one with somewhat superfluous attention to his costume, has tucked up his trousers knee-high before entering on a puddle; over his head he holds an umbrella, more split than Sancho's breeches; a desperate set of comrades follow him through mud and mire, and the storming rain; all grin with true boyish thoroughness of glee in mischief. Mr. Fitzgerald's second picture is "Happy Hours," 266, a much more carefully and solidly executed work than the last. A boy crouches on hands and knees on a garden path, bearing on his back a little girl, whose head is decked fantastically with flowers and boughs. The strange steed has a bridle in his mouth, and is led by another boy, who, to support the equine character of his charge, feeds him with grass, which is received with a capital affectation of a snort and champ by the would-be horse. The face of the little girl is

truly pretty, despite a little rawness of colour and hardness of drawing. We commend these faults to the visitor's indulgence on account of the careful execution of the rest of this picture, and also for the true spirit of play evinced in it.

Another humorous picture of very genuine quality, is No. 61, "Trifling with his Affections," by C. J. Lewis—the scene, the thrashing-yard of a farmstead. Seated on the head of a well is a good-looking young fellow, whose incipient whiskers indicate his arrival at that time of life when Cupid is supposed to understand that "rubbish may be shot here." He is looking up heart-smitten by the charms of a gamesome damsel, who, with a loudly-laughing companion, loiters to tease him on the steps of the house. The poor fellow's affections are evidently in a state of extreme tenderness, and will not bear to be "trifled with," so dolorous is his look at his sportive enslaver, who, in spirit of mischievous fun, is about to dart a nut at his rueful visage. The face of this girl, herself, is truly pretty, and, with all her sporting tricks, a softness may be detected in her kind blue eye, which shows that she even is not unscathed. Her companion, dark and wild as she is fair and sweet, laughs so boisterously as rather to suggest an *arrière pensée* of jealous disappointment as to the effect of her own charms on the handsome victim. There is a pleasant bright sunny effect throughout the picture thoroughly in keeping with the gaiety of the subject. Altogether it is one of the most pleasing works of the kind we have seen this year. The same artist's "Spring-time in the Woods," 351, is a nicely-painted landscape.

Mr. Rossiter has made himself a name of late for humorous painting. Two of his pictures evince a marked improvement in solidity of execution. The first, 98, "The Turnstile," shows a group of children gathered at a stile on a village green; a big boy sits on one of its arms, and is turned round thereupon by two girls. He holds in his arms a little urchin, the expression of whose face is that of delight mixed with not unjustifiable alarm. The faces throughout are pleasingly conceived and well painted. Those of the girls are very pretty. Their expressions and attitudes would

be improved immensely if they appeared to be more in earnest at their fun. There is a lacking of spirit and vivacity in both look and action. The colour of their dresses has been well and skilfully studied, more varied in each individual portion than we have yet seen in any work from this artist's hands. A capital solidity of execution, good conception of character, and commendable colour are qualities which may be discovered in Mr. Rossiter's other work, 407, "Itinerants:" a youthful music-band in a street. A boy plays an accordion with that lackadaisical affectation which the professors of that instrument ever adopt. Another flutes it on a tin pipe, discoursing horrid music therefrom. A little girl bears a triangle.

By Mr. Hayllar is a clever little picture, 352: "That's the way the money goes." A sturdy, cherry-cheeked, burly boy astride of a toy-horse, which, despite its robust legs, seems scarcely adequate to bear his weight. On the floor lie strewed a world of fragile toys in imminent danger of destruction. Mr. Hayllar's picture is full of character and spirit; but we must confess some disappointment at comparing its execution with a most charming little gem he sent to the R. A. last year, styled "A Carpenter's Workshop:" a sunlight effect in a room; truly a sunlight effect of the most recondite and exquisite order. The present painting is overloaded with hot colour, gross tints pervade, and the whole looks coarse and heavy to a sad degree.

It is not often our lot to have to chronicle a picture exhibiting so shameless a spectacle of either unblushing carelessness or crass ignorance as is to be found in a production, (167), called "The Rose of Lucerne," F. Underhill, with those lines appended:—

"I've trinkets, rich and rare, to add to your
graces,

Of waist, neck, or arm, or your neat pretty
faces,

Then buy a little toy of the Rose of
Lucerne."

We said in the commencement that we should not notice simply bad works, which were to be accounted for by the stupidity or ignorance of their painters; but there is no rule without an exception, and in the pre-

sent case we must really depart therefrom, principally because this picture occupies a very prominent position. Who, or what does the reader think the "Rose of Lucerne" is? Nothing less than a misformed *Crétin*, a sheer dwarf, whose swollen neck and huge head sustain a face, the features of which are so villanously drawn as to be absolutely awry. This miserable "Rose" offers toys to other unfortunate beings similarly misshapen. It is draped in a curious set of ragged festoons, and stands in a very peculiar atmosphere, more suggestive of snow than any other meteoric effect. We have consulted a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the towns of Switzerland, and more especially with Lucerne. He tells us, and his word is beyond doubt, that, although cretinism does prevail to some extent in the Savoy Alps, at Lucerne it is comparatively rare; at any rate it is hardly fair to show a whole population thus affected. If the artist has a pique against the ancient city of Lucerne, surely this is rather too wholesale a way of revenging himself, and somewhat like that adopted by the famous caricaturist who drew a Scotchman's route to London, and marked each angle of the road with a rubbing-post against which poor oatmeal-fed Sawney found comfort for his shoulders.

"Anxious Moments," 141, by E. Walton, shows a young mother watching the cradle of her child, who seems to sleep between life and death. There is some vigorous deep-toned painting and good colour in this picture, which, although rather in excess, and marred thereby, is commendable. If the mother's face were not slightly out of drawing, it would show a very genuine expression. Our enumeration of the figure pictures must conclude with a notice of those by F. Smallfield, Nos. 269, 319, 379. The first, "Queen for a Day," well illustrates Boccaccio's lines appended:

"Io son vaga della mia bellezza,
Che d'altro amor giammai;
Non curero, ne-ávido aver vaghezza
Io veggio in quella, ognora.
Ch'io mi specchio,
Quel ben che fa contento lo intelletto,
Ni accidenti nuovo e pensier vecchio,
Mi puo privar di sí caro diletto."

The face is to our mind somewhat

needlessly sad and pinched, or, to use a colloquial, but very expressive word, "scraggy." It is only the head and shoulders of a girl. Her dress is executed with much feeling for colour and tone. If we were not certain that the work before us is rather an experiment than otherwise of the artist in an unwonted style, we should regret the seeming carelessness of its execution and roughness of surface, a thing which, however it may be endurable in broad coarse works, is not to be tolerated for a moment in a female face, still less when that constitutes the sole subject of the painting. Mr. F. Smallfield's chief work is the second in order of numbers, 319, "Early Lovers"—a reproduction under a different effect of his etching, contributed to the Junior Etching Club's illustrative series of Hood's poems, quoting the well-known lines which begin:—

"It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast,"

The scene is a field-stile at spring-time, round which bloom roses and convulvi in profusion. An ardent boy makes love to a young girl, both parties being rather too juvenile to excite much interest in the spectator by the way. The actions and expression are, nevertheless, full of intensity and feeling. The youth stoops himself to see the face of the girl, which is lifted up to him with a very sweet regard of affectionate devotion. The colour is very full and strong, rich in great variety and depth, and exquisitely harmonious. The painting of all the accessories is extremely full of truth and beauty. Never did we see roses more finely painted, or the whole poetry of a subject better sustained than in the soft spring twilight that gently glooms about the happy youths. The third work, though full of feeling and spirited character, pleases only relatively less than this one. It is styled "The Popular Song;" a little maid-of-all-work refreshing herself in her own peculiar sanctum, the kitchen, by acquiring a favourite street ballad. Her face is truly excellent.

Numerous are the good landscapes here, and among the very best are those of H. Moore, three in number, (34)—"Gathering Bark." It is a coast scene, looking from a cliff into the

deep curve of a bay, upon the richly varied green waters of which soft sunshadows of pale purple are lying, like wondrous fish seen through the green medium. The fault of this portion of the picture is that the colour of the water is what is technically called "dirty," the tints have not been kept pure and simple in themselves, the result being a smeary appearance. The lack of clearness herein affects the land part of the picture, for that lacks the solidity which is best gained by the extremer purity and brilliancy of colour of the water. On the edge of the cliff is a coppice, upon a bank of which an old fellow is busily gathering bark. The most skilful part of this picture is decidedly the arrangement of colour evinced in the disposition of some masses of wild hyacinths, whose blue goes beautifully with the blossoming white of the hawthorn, and the gold fire of the ferns where they glint in the sun. No. 124 is a very different theme, "Showery Weather—the Maritime Alps, near Piedmont," a mountain side sloping to meet the bases of distant hills, upon whose tops lies a mighty crown of snow. In the mid-distance stands a most vivid and splendidly painted rainbow, as fresh and steadfast as if it meant to shine for ever like the snow behind. The picture which testifies most to Mr. Moore's talent is one of an unusual subject, a cross effect indicated by its title, "The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night (5.) A smooth rippling bay, with the distant side trending away imperceptibly in a great curve. Upon the waters is a fluttering track of light, towards where the moon stands full and golden in the sky that the sun's light yet fills. Nearer to us is a road running along the crest of the cliff, and dipping into deep tree shadows as it recedes. There is some beautiful painting and most delicate observation in the way in which the soft mixed tone, and what is most notable, even the colour of these shadows is painted; they partake of the purplish colour due to the sunlight, and that cooler hue which the moon's influence requires. The crossed lights, or bright patches of light which find their way through the foliage from different quarters and different luminaries is not less finely represented. This picture merits the highest admi-

ration for its honest execution and most delicately loyal rendering of a very subtle and difficult effect.

For the work of a member of the famous Boddington school, which wastes more superficial executive skill than any other since the world began, No. 26—"Reminiscences of an approaching Storm at Hastings," by W. Williams, is a picture not without spirit or force, although deficient in colour as an abstract quality. "St. Paul's from the Thames" (37), J. A. Sleaf, looks to us like a revelation, so murky and grim it is, yet we cannot say it is too much so, only one really does feel staggered to think we can possibly exist in so gloomy and tartarean a place. The work is very spirited. Nos. 38 and 42, by W. Parrott—"Church of St. Pierre, Caen," and "The Old Clock Tower, Rouen," are clever renderings of interesting localities. Two views in Venice, by W. H. Burnett, "San Giorgio" (43) and (55) "Church of the Salute," are, despite great crudity and hardness, not unworthy of commendation for a certain brilliant clearness. No. 473—"Sketch from Nature," by J. May, is a fine bit of skilful work, although merely a point of rocky land with the sea breaking over it, the nearer part of the sea stained with opaque yellow of the earth, and the distant a deep rich green, a heavy gray sky overhanging all. By E. Hayes, A.R.H.A., are two pictures of his favourite effort—"Wet and Windy" (74), Baldoyle Sound, near Howth, a piece of coast, where a glimpse of green light runs upon the removed hills: a fisherman's boat is hauled upon the beach, and the tide is coming in. Also, "Homeward Bound, Shoreham Harbour" (86); a vessel coming in between the low pier heads, upon a rough sea that turbulently rolls itself in fruitless anger about the craft. There is much vigour and discriminate painting of the sea in this work. His other pictures please us less.

Two more coast scenes will comprise the whole of those we have to refer to. They are by J. G. Naish, (463 and 348), both remarkable for the vivid colour the artist delights in. If it were possible, with pigment, to exceed in this quality, we should say they did so; but that is not the case. Nor is it possible to do so with judi-

ciously chosen colour, as these works prove. The fault is, indeed, that they are rather hard and cut in effect—at least the first-named work is so, as we have observed in previous productions by this painter. This picture is from the little cove, called "Le Creux Harbour, Sark," a deep dent in the rocky coast, guarded by a pier of stones bound together by piles. The effect is sunlight, brightly shining, and is admirably rendered; the deep green sea-waters of the harbour take a deeper and cooler green from the shadow of the pier, which like a bar lies upon them, and the wavering surfaces of the sea cast ripples of light upon the shaded side of the pier, and into the inmost recesses of its innumerable chinks and cranies. All this is beautifully strong, vigorously true, and fine in feeling for nature; so is the painting of the cliff, dark purple-brown stone, that looks like a wondrous metallic wall as it lies sheening and glittering with gray gold lights and bluish shadows in the sun. The infinite variety of the water-worn pebbles on the beach is fully given, and they are innumerable; but certainly some boats that are moored thereto are too small. Mr. Naish should learn to moderate the intensity of his distinctness, if we may so speak. As much finish, and even more beauty of colour, might be felt as more truthful, even if his work were softer and more sweetened. To borrow a phrase from music, there is too much perfect harmony, and the whole picture needs temperament. Mr. Naish's other picture is of a novel subject enough, "A Dream of the Guillot Cave, Sark," (348). A deep-sea cavern, where not even the wrecks of men's work have intruded themselves; all is the undisturbed dominion of the ocean people, some of whom are seen, "as they passed by in their joy like a dream on the murmuring ripple." The red tawny algæ hang from rock and cleft, and wave about without a wind in the slow soft pulses of the sea.

The landscapes, strictly so called, are of more than usual merit. By J. Peel is 63—"An October morning, preparing the ground for winter sowing." A bright, but not clear, autumn morning; the rising sun has filled the misty air with light, and the long

shadows lie in the furrows and at the foot of the trees; both the atmosphere and the distance of this picture are fine. "A Salmon Trap on the Conway" (J. Fraser, 117), is a very spirited work, rich and true in colour, and the distant hills lovelily soft. By G. Pettitt is 144, "The Red Tarn, Helvellyn," one of his constant subjects. The lonely tarn amongst the mountain peaks, that lies idle and still as if meant only to reflect their barren sides, hopeless and vacant as itself; a world of heavy, gray cloud glooms above, with that feeling of silent motion ever conveyed to us by the wallowing roll of vast masses of vapour, aids immensely the impression both of motionless solidity and utter silence that pervades a scene wherein we might suppose "that no one comes, or hath come, since the making of the world." Fine as these pictures of Mr. Pettitt's really are, we must regret that he does not indulge in a greater variety of theme. The fate of the tribe of Boddington should be ever before his eyes.

We should have included Mr. Whaite's exquisite moonlight picture, "Clovally by Moonlight" (185), among the coast subjects if he were not better known as a landscape painter. The moon sleeps softly on the little fishing town, all in a sweet repose of cool richness of colour. So strange and unearthly-like it looks that one might presume the scene to be the bottom of the sea. People who have suddenly come upon such a scene as this, must, if they be capable of observation at all, have observed that a short time elapses ere they recognise the precise nature of the objects really before them, when seen under so unusual an influence; the shadows take startling and unexpected shapes—they look unfathomably deep and solemn—the colour of every thing is changed, and the existence of two lights (when, as here, such is the case) makes the sight still more startling. The confused glare of a fire from a smithy in the centre of the town breaks upon the cold light of the moon with strange effect. This is wonderfully brilliant and truly a triumph of execution, and adds not a little to the merit of the abstract colour of the picture, which is aided by the deep purple tone of the sails of some fishing boats that lie

aground in the harbour. Mr. Whaite's other picture—(383) "A Woodland River"—is an honest and modest little study of a stream rippling in the heart of a wood.

Mr. Thorpe's four pictures are of divers subjects. (118) "Pevensey Bay, Windy Weather"—a low, level, stony beach, where a very effectively painted wave runs in to its own destruction. This picture lacks colour, as we may observe of the rest of his works. (119) "Sheep and Lambs;" (132) "Sheep in a Meadow." In both of these the grass is quite heavy and dirty in colour; but the grouping and composition of the animals show a wonderful talent for that rarely-mastered branch of art—composition. In the fourth—(133) "For Sale"—a tall schooner lies upon a beach, like a stranded fish, an appearance much assisted by the hawse-holes that show under her bowsprit like little fish-eyes. There is a certain freedom about the execution which, though bespeaking practice, is not all genuine.

Mr. J. S. Raven's pictures will end the list of works we have to notice. (73) "Sanfoin and Clover in Flower" displays a gorgeous blaze of colour on a soft rolling down that lies open to the spring sky; a large field of sanfoin, deeply intermixed with poppies, clover, mallow, and wild amaranthus, all afire, and alive with yellow, purple, white, orange, brown, green, scarlet, red, crimson, and blue, until the effect is quite marvellous in dazzling brilliancy of colour. Full of the most elaborate execution, and yet soft and true, we never remember to have seen so fair and powerful a combination of tints. The clear spring air about is bright and pure, and in the firmament masses of bright clouds, like snowy islands, hang soft, and a shadow of one of these lies dreamily upon the burning bed over which it seems slowly to pass. Amongst the blooms some children gather the choicest, and beyond the little hill above just peeps an ancient church-tower and the roofs of a village; further off, a varied country with chalk-pits, hop-gardens, and fields in other stages of cultivation. Altogether a wonderful picture. "Red Wheat and Wild Flowers" (122), although a little opaque, is still full of power. (126) "Crops greene, drawn from ye quicke:" the edge of a young

wheat field, with a bit of ploughed land in front, wherein are the busy rooks, is most admirable in feeling for nature. (349) "Sketching from Nature" showing an artist, under his umbrella, studying from nature by a roadside, himself earnestly studied by an inquisitive child, is really capital for every quality. "Mid-day on the South Downs" (500) shows what may be done out of apparently scant materials, when such are in the hands of a skilled workman. This is a lofty Sussex

down, a rolling level, burnt up by the hot summer sun, a few sturdy furze bushes alone have defied the heat and keep their deep green, casting a tantalizing shadow too small for shelter; a sheep-boy attends his charge in a drowsy way; a hawk hovers above in the hot air; while, far off, the purple-banded sea ripples brightly under the shadows of the sleepy summer clouds. Mr. Raven is a most promising artist, upon whose progress we cannot but offer our congratulations.

PHŒBE.

PART I.—AT MY FEET.

I.

CELLS and caverns suit my humour : from my youth I've loved their gloom.
Hollows, like hearts, wherein sounds sink, as bodies in the tomb,
To perish in forgetfulness, be they but false or vain,—
To rise, if they be words of truth, in echoed truth again.
How often in *this* cave I've sat, and listened to the world
That weltered in, and made each wave a moral as it curled—

With Phœbe at my feet,

And the hopes of heaven outshadowed in the tresses she unfurled !

II.

Once I stood, my boat-cloak round me, on a ledge within this cave ;
Bravely my skiff at anchor rode, and wrestled, head to wave :
An eye was straining o'er the dusk and undivulging deep,
Out, from the clearness into mist, from waking into sleep,
From salt wild streams to soft child-dreams—that eye was mine—Oh, God—
Blind—blind !—so stands a simpering fool upon a church-yard sod—

The dead beneath his feet—

He humming idle tunes, or switching nettles with his rod !

III.

Hollow grotts have been my fancy—*this* is one could fill my soul ;
The porphyry rocks that wall it in, with shadows black as coal,
Cleft by some mountain Polypheme, are what the senses see,—
But it is that *between* these walls that had its charm for me :
The empty adits—aery haunts of touch-abhorring things ;—
The mystical and mythic heart that at this moment brings

Dead Phœbe to my feet,

Out of past thunders, and her ghost upon the silence flings.

IV.

Caves, waves, and wave-worn grotts.—But here that eve the surf ran high
Breathlessly high : a moon-struck madness drove each billow by
The slippery ledge I signalled from ; and lodged it in the den
Where echo revelled, of that chasm the lonely denizen ;—
And still those introverted jaws yawned evermore for more ;
And still they welcomed every wave they swallowed, with a roar

Returning past my feet

To drown for each successive surge the secrets of the shore.

V.

Caverns—seaweed-haunted hollows.—There was sea-wrack in this cave—
 Long as lashes of the Furies—sharp as scorpions of the grave.
 How it lashed and scourged the waters that rebounded from its lair,
 While the heaps of rattling shingle rolled and rumbled in their rear
 Down the stair-way of the deep !—I caught the spirit of the hour :
 A whirlwind seemed to sweep me up with every blinding shower ;
 And the force of winged feet
 Would waft me, in my frenzy, to a phantom-Phœbe's bower.

VI.

Why did I choose a trysting-place so tristful ? Ye will say.
 Well—it was something of her mood, and something of my way ;—
 A way I had of wildness—wildness words could scarce explain—
 A way I had of wildness—wringing pleasure out of pain.
 We recked not yet of ease—I had but blushed to have drawn balm
 From beds of thornless roses, or succumbed beneath a palm
 With Phœbe at my feet,
 Striving with straws of circumstance to ruffle up the calm.

VII.

Then 'twas a whim—absurd romance, ye'll say—a piece of show.—
 'Twas something more than this, perchance. I'm not at shrift, ye know—
 A shadowy sketcher.—But that hour the sea came up in swells
 Tremendously rebellowed—like the morn's rebellious bells
 Rising against the darkness at the clarion of the cock ;—
 And flung its message as a gauntlet down upon the rock
 Once trod by Phœbe's feet,
 Now grinding in its ire beneath the outrage of the shock.

VIII.

So slow in coming !—but, she comes !—Oh, as the Peris fair !
 The very hopes of heaven are looped along her lengths of hair !
 The wild cave, and the wilder wave, are children at the breast,
 When once that holy hand of hers is laid upon their crest !
 See—it's a speck—I see it still across the years of waves,
 Nearing, and nearing ever.—Time, thou tardiest of slaves,
 Bring Phœbe to my feet !
 Speed for thy life—for mine—the courts of heaven are in these caves !

IX.

Nearer, and nearer !—What a throne is this amid the sea !
 A Median throne of mystic gloom and dim sublimity !
 Her and her destiny !—I fling my sceptred hand between,
 And hold it as the hope of grace to my approaching queen.
 Near and more near. Dear and more dear. Oh, glorious !—Once on shore—
 The long ledge leaped—the rough ridge reached—thenceforth 'twill be no
 more
 Poor Phœbe at my feet,—
 Borne by my side a peerless bride to the ancestral door !

X.

Nearer—and dearer !—Up across the palpitating waste
 Of breakers, comes the bark of life—*my* life—to be embraced
 Within this cave—within these arms—this clasping soul of mine
 Not thirsting less for love than these black porphyry-rifts for brine.
 Nearer—and dearer !—On the heights the lights but wait to ope
 Their sudden fires ; and 'neath the spires the ringers slack the rope
 Till I'm at Phœbe's feet,—
 Till with one flash and clash both cast love's happy horoscope.

XI.

Nearer !—'Twill hold us many an hour to untangle,—as we stray
Under the hereditary elms, some smiling summer's day—
The bannered branches swung aloft, the vassal sward beneath,—
All that of wantonness was feigned—the wild and wizard wreath
We bore into the bowers of peace, and consecrated there
On Love's o'erivied altar—how I held my head in air,

With Phœbe at my feet,
And scarcely deigned to drop a hint that she must not despair !

XII.

Nearer !—A nutshell of a bark to breast these waves withal !
A speck, emerging as they rise, and foundering as they fall !
If terrors rest at Love's behest, 'tis only sport to see
The waste to windward, and these porphyry walls upon her lee !
More sport when it is past !—The porphyry walls are hung with brine
That will be diamonds, when her eyes have lighted up the mine,

And Phœbe at my feet
Drinks of the cup of happiness, and says it tastes like wine.

XIII.

Nearer—Oh, clearer !—damned bells ! go, jangle joy's adieus !
Accursed lights, away ! and fire the murderous miner's fuse !
It was the old ancestral ban—witches had shrieked the thing
Out over heaths : and pallid mothers muttered, shuddering—
This will come out. And here it was—the hags had prayed their prayer.
With lashing hair, and bosom bare, and ghastly glare and stare

Came Phœbe to my feet—
The bark—oh ! 'twas her corpse—and bore another freight—Despair.

XIV.

In my boatman's cloak 'twas muffled—could I trust it to the sod ?
The throats of churches would have thrown my secret up to God.
Far o'er the ocean swept my skiff—and through the dead of night,—
With horror striking in my wake, like a swimmer in his might,—
I bore my dead ; two dead ones drove adown the Atlantic steep,—
A living, livid, lonely one,—too dead to wail or weep,—

And Phœbe at his feet,
To be consigned in silence to the silence of the deep.

PART II.—IN THE SKIES.

I.

Graves and grottoes once bewitched me—under cities—on the shore—
Something spectral in their shadows set my soul upon the soar,
Which went flitting round the cornices of melancholy thought,
Owl-like, screaming, eye-ball gleaming, feathers from a phantom caught
Writing ghostly riddles on the roof, for madness to behold
And unfold. But now an angel, re-united to the mould

Of Phœbe where she lies,
Hath drained the cup of madness into chalices of gold.

II.

I bore her o'er the Atlantic—down the parallel of fear—
Wound and wound my boat-cloak round her—that her eyes might not appear !
Oh, I feared *them*—feared them as a fiend's, lest they might pierce me
through—

Might dart a glance which like a lance should thrust me through and through.
By night I heaved it o'er—the body—that was what went down—
But what went up was a Shape of awe, that wore a robe and crown.

Yes !—Phœbe in the skies
Stood on Canopus—star of joy—crowned with a golden crown !

III.

The spirit was upshining there—but the stubborn dead was here.
 They swung my soul between them as the earth and moon the mere,
 In the ebbing and the flowing of Thought's palpitating waste,
 As it rolled upon the Future, and recoiled upon the Past
 Overcast! For like a stone the precious burden had gone down—
 My sun of life, my love, my wife, my jewel and my crown!—

The spirit from the skies
 Glittered and trembled—dark and still was the thing that had gone down!

IV.

Alone, alone—with the heart of stone, upon the lonely main!—
 And then the heart of stone waxed hot to have it up again!
 A desperate arm I thrust below; and snatched at ugly weeds
 Instead of hair. In my despair I cried—there have been deeds
 Of faithlessness where God hath interposed a sudden hand
 To rescue wretches such as me. Oh, God!—But no command
 Out of the sullen skies

Weighed up the weltering Phoebe from her bed of shells and sand.

V.

I grounded on a barren beach—a sick and sultry coast,
 Girt by a scrub of prickly shrub, in far-off palm-trees lost.
 Bones lay about—but none were there to say what might be said:
 Vultures, uppoised like floating buoys at anchor o'er the dead,
 Kept questions off:—though there was one that struggled at my throat
 For words.—A pestilential beach—a reach, where—all remote—

I whispered to the skies
 The first faint hint of a conscience-dint by Phoebe's sorrows smote.

VI.

Delirium. But a vision crossed the chasms within my eyes.
 It was a man of God that trod those lampless vacancies.
 A man of God it was that trod, and swam them as they filled
 With tides of tears; for the fever's grasp had left me like a child.
 I could not look for weeping—so much love was in his look;—
 Such strong compassion bowed him o'er my passion—but I shook

As if the very skies
 Spoke thunder,—as he placed within my withered hands a Book.

VII.

I sunk it in the sea. And, as I gazed, rose from the sea
 The cold, grim Feature, Death—and, as I gazed, came down to me
 The warm, bright Creature, Life.—Descended down, as doth a hope
 Upon a dream, that walks the plank celestial moonbeams slope
 Into sick chambers. Up, the Death, and down, the Life were drawn—
 Stood, looked, embraced. From ocean's hold the body held in pawn
 And the spirit from the skies

Blended together:—and behold—lost Phoebe, like a dawn!

VIII.

Descended on this heart the One that wore the cross and crown—
 The Out of sight, a shade and light, now rendered up, and down!
 Into the hollows of old thoughts, the trysting-place of yore,
 The radiant bride of youth might glide, revisiting that shore
 Of porphyritic blackness,—now a memory to be—
 A soft encircling memory of the Phoebe of the sea
 And the Phoebe of the skies,

Arched, like a bow of promise, o'er my soul's serenity.

IX.

Ascended and descended. Come, for a comforter and friend.
 Come to the old ancestral hall, where gathered menials bend
 Along the oaken benches, as the household prayer is sped,
 The solemn Psalm uplifted, and the mighty Scripture read.
 Come to the fires, where villagers make merry on the green—
 Come to the spires, whose bells explode in joyous bursts between :—
 That the angels of the skies
 May follow in their ministries where Phoebe's feet have been !

X.

Descended—entered, to become my saint and cynosure—
 Entered—to visit, at my side, the cabins of the poor.
 To offer bread, of earth, or heaven, to heaven's, or earth's, distress ;—
 To make me blessed in my share of so much blessedness.
 Gloom hath departed. Day by day I watch new glories rise—
 Nightly I catch the murmurings of seraphic harmonies :
 And Phoebe's angel-eyes
 Beam on me ever, evermore, from the quiet of the skies.

ADVENA.

THE CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND.

JOHN CAPGRAVE was born in 1393, at Lynn, in Norfolk, in which also he closed his studious life, at the mature age of threescore years and ten. Beyond these two facts and dates we know scarcely any thing of the man. It is supposed that he was in later life Prior of the house of Austin Friars, at Lynn, of which he was long an inmate, and it is certain that he was Provincial of the order in England, and the author of some seven-and-thirty distinct tractates, logical, theological, and historical.

Nothing but its accidental unwieldiness prevented Capgrave from disguising his Saxon name in a Latin dress. He would have been something more than a learned man if he had not attempted it. Few know the real names of Melancthon or of Erasmus. The use of Latin as a common language to all the literati, almost necessitated a form of the author's own name, which should submit without a struggle to the inflections of that language. Capgrave wrote a good deal in English, and when his pen ceased to give off this native stream,

and drop by drop the monstrous forms of monkish Latin oozed from it, the very ink that it would have demanded prevented the busy Provincial of the Austin Friars from adopting a *nom de plume* so portentous as "*Johannes de Monumento-pilento*."

Just for experiment sake, however, in one of his prologues, he jotted it down, and seems to have felt relieved from an unpleasant load upon his conscience in so doing. He had done his *devoir*—won his spurs—hung them up in his hall. Henceforth he is plain John Capgrave.

Whether Bale and Leland follow a common authority we know not, but both express themselves in precisely the same words, when they describe his studious habits :—"Libris, perinde ac concha suis scopulis, adhæsit ;" and truly where the limpet sought food, too often did he find nought but a stone. We are by no means disposed to undervalue the probable contents of the library of the Austin Friars, at Lynn. But the age of Capgrave was one in which the mind of the student was beginning to awake

out of the dreamy stupor of centuries. Gigantic trifles had occupied the most gigantic minds. The era of the Quodlibets had passed, when grave divines could discuss the question:—"Whether a chimera bominating in vacuo could devour its second intentions," and close the treatise with a doxology! The people were not so easily imposed upon as of old, and therefore their teachers must provide for them more solid instruction. At this crisis lived and wrote Capgrave. His "*Liber de illustribus Henricis*" lies before us in the wide-margined, beautifully printed translation which the accurate and industrious editor of the Chronicle and the Latin text has given to the world. To expect our author in this early hour of the morn of literary revival to have freed himself from the puerilities that distinguish its darker hours, were utterly unreasonable. The most learned man of those days could lay no claim whatever to the character of an etymologist. Those acquainted with the works of Lennep, Everard Scheide, and others, will not be surprised by the subtilty of Capgrave, or the pliancy of the material on which he operated. That "*Taurus*" should derive his name merely from the faculty of "*stretching his tail*," is a suggestion as valuable as that—

"Henry derives its origin from the Hebrew language, which is the mother of all languages. For '*Hen*,' as say the interpreters, means '*Behold the fountain*;' or '*Behold the eye*.' '*Ri*,' or '*Rei*,' as used interchangeably in certain codices, is '*My shepherd*,' or '*My pasture*;' and '*Cus*,' an '*Ethiopian*,' or '*dark*.' From these, therefore, when they are brought together, is made the meaning, that he who is crowned with this name, possesses a fountain, which the hart panting, and renewing its youth, swiftly running, longs for; and cleansing the eye, also, of the mind, from beam and mote, he will patiently await until it be proclaimed to him, as it was of old by the Lord to his disciples, '*Blessed are the eyes which see the things which ye see*.' '*My shepherd*,' or '*My pasture*,' is joined to this name in sufficiently suitable relationship, because our king is the leader of the whole flock, not only by reason of surpassing authority, but also by the exercise of good works, and the people, devoutly regarding this, devour it as food (!) Further, the Ethiopic darkness is referred alone to this, that I

believe our king to be pure from the worst defilements, and, therefore, innocent and exempt, and not stained with the smoky hue of any dark colour."

Bravo! behold a shepherd—for he is a shepherd. Behold an Ethiopian—for he is nothing of the kind. Quite as good as "*lucus a non lucendo*."

But it is not to the ingenuity of the orthographer alone we must look for an indication of the future greatness of the monarch. He was "born in the month of December, and on the sixth day thereof,"—here is the text, now listen to the sermon:—

"It is worth while to bear in mind, that although that month is the twelfth with us, it is the tenth among the Jews, since they begin the year in March, which we do not. Of old custom, therefore, that month keeps its name December, that is '*decimus imber*,' having its virtue from the decad; and thus it suggests to us, that our most religious king was for this reason born in this month, that it might impress the ten commandments upon his mind—that he should love God and his neighbour; that he should not take His name in vain—and the like. He was born on the sixth day of the month, that we may understand that this is the sixth Henry; or else because it is a toilsome journey to keep the commandments, and this journey is contained in the number six, because in six days all things were made"(!).

A most edifying discourse!

This, however, is but a specimen of the refinement of the age. Capgrave would have been unworthy of his doctor's degree, if he could not give you a pertinent sermon from any text. It is to be lamented that he did not live at a sufficient distance from the time of his Henry, to be able with safety to give us a history of his reign. It was a most eventful period in our annals, and the chronicler was in the prime of life. But he dared not tell what he knew of this luckless "shepherd." Instead of this, he gives us a tedious dissertation on the adoration of the cross, the blessings of matrimony, and the Austin Friary at Lynn, mingled with pious reflections, and fervent prayers, in which the small modicum of hope that appears, is an approximation to a history of the period. A whole sheet of vellum was left bare at the end of this Life of Henry VI., in the autograph MS. of the author. Had he lived to fill that sheet, we should

have had something worth all his Henries put together.

Yet, with all these serious faults, the Lives of Illustrious Henries is a work well meriting a place in the library of the student, though scarcely worth the careful translation which has been executed by Mr. Hingeston.

We turn to the Chronicle that we may estimate the value of this contribution to our available literature, and find John Capgrave in his cell. The blaze of a court dazzled him—the dim light of the cloister sharpens his vision. Like all conscientious chroniclers, he begins his Chronicle with the Creation. No wonder this, in an age in which the Sacred Chronicle was in so few hands.

"Anno Mundi 1.—The firstman, Adam, was mad on a Friday, withoute fader, in the field of Damask; and fro that place led into Paradise, to dwell there: after dryvyn oute for synne. Whaune he had lyved nyne hundred yere and xxx. he deied, byried in Hebron: his hed was lift with the Flood, and leynd in Gulgatha."

Here is something Moses did not know. Chevreu begins his "History of the World" with a similar statement; but he is more precise than Capgrave, for he tells us Adam was made a little before four o'clock in the afternoon! Odd that a monk did not feel the force of the argument against celibacy, contained in the following entry, under the date "Anno 30:—"

"This year Eve brout forth Abel and Delbora at o birth; and it is seid comounly that at every birth she bare a man and a woman, to multiplicacioun of the world."

Not generally known is the cause of diverse schemes of chronology, which have puzzled our less studious moderns. A variance of a whole century is thus accounted for:—

"Anno 130.—Of this yere, a cxxx, be dyvers opinionos amongis these Cronicularis. Moises seith that Adam begat Seth whaune he was of age a c. wynteris. Alle other Cronicles sey that whaune Seth was bore Adam was of age cc. and xxx. The cause of this dyversite is assigned be studious men, that Moises counted nowt that hundred yere in which Adam ded his penauns. For in this secunde hundred yere Adam ded penauns for his sinne, and so ded Eve."

Another cause of this diversity is duly recorded by our author; but he

must be consulted by the curious who would have two strings to their bow. There is nothing new under the sun. What, not even an opera? Mayhap, not even the last. Who, think you, composed the "Harmonious Blacksmith?" Handel? Bah! he only revived it. Listen:—

"Jubal was synder of musik, not of the very instrumentis which be used now, for thei were founde long aftir; but this man fond certeyn soundis accordyng, and to this intent that the grete laboure in schepkepyng (sheep-keeping) schuld have sum solace of musik. And that this craft schuld not perch (perish), he ded write it in to (two) pileres, on of marbil, a nothir of tyl, for feer (fire), and for watir. The other man, Tubal-Cayn, that fond first smythis craft, he mad first wepenes of batayle, both invasif, and defensif; and as it is seid, the forseid Jubal proporcioned his musik after the sound of Tubal hamberes; for he ded make hem of dyvers proporciones, sum hevriere sum liter, aftir his delectacion."

That Enoch and Elijah are the two witnesses of the Revelation; that the ark was more than half a mile in length; that Jair "was a Galadite, which had xxx sons, good riders, specially on asses;" we merely inform our readers as we pass on to more recent periods of the world's history, only pausing to present a specimen of our chronicler as an expositor of Scripture.

"Anno 3322.—In these same dayes regned Melchisedech, of whom we fynde many divers opinionos. Summe say that he was a aangell; summe say that he was the Holy Goost; summe say that he was Sem, the eldest child of Noe. But the very treuth of him tellith the apostil in the Epistel which he wrote to the Hebrewis. Thus he seith: 'His name is the King of Justice, and than is he clepid Kynge of Salem, that is to say, King of Pes; withouten fadir, withouten moder, withouten genelogie, neither having beginning of dayes ne ending, likened to the Son of God, he dwelith a prest for ever.' The apostil menith not be this that Melchisedech had no fadir ne no moder, but that Scriptur spethik not of hem; and for he was figure of Christ, that had no fadir in erde."

A comment this much cooler and more sensible than some of our modern dogmatists would give, and one which increases our regret that many expository works of Capgrave have per-

ished. Not at all improbable is it that had he been less inclined to substitute a careful comparison of Scripture with Scripture for the dreams of the Mystics, or the ingenuity of the later fathers, we should have had more of his commentaries in safe keeping. It would be too much to expect, however, that he should be wholly free from the peurile conceits and anile superstitions of his age. The great Wickliffe had breathed his last in peace, despite his pertinacious enemies at the court of the Pontiffs, some six years before Capgrave was born; and though he entertained all that bitter feeling towards this pioneer of the Reformation which might have been expected from a friar, yet the Bible was abroad, and could be no longer ignored by the friars. Wickliffe was execrated, but Wickliffe had marked out for them their work, and it must be done. Capgrave lectured at Oxford on the Old and New Testament. Wickliffe had placed the precious volume in the hands of the people without note or comment. The book was there; all that the friar could do was to supply those annotations which the Roman Church has rightly deemed the next best thing to a prohibition of the text. But the text was not necessarily married to the comment. Pious, self-denying men, followed in the steps of their master, and multiplied copies of his vigorous version. The press had not yet been born, but individuals here and there were slowly and laboriously framing wings for the precious word soon to fly from the work-room of Guttenburg with a speed in those ages regarded as little short of miraculous. The friars owed Wickliffe an old grudge, for he had not spared them either in his writings or his sermons. Confined to his bed by severe illness at Oxford, the occasion is seized on by his enemies. He is chained by debility, as unable to defend himself if assailed, as to fly from the assault. A long train of friars, black, white, and grey, approach; and, admitted to his bedside, a pious harangue is pronounced by their spokesman, the burden of which is, as might be imagined, the many and heinous sins of which the bold reformer had been guilty in exposing the infirmities of the confraternities. This was too much for the

sick man. With an energy that they did not at all calculate upon, he leaped up in his bed, and summoning his remnant of strength, exclaimed:—"I shall not die but live, and declare the evil deeds of the friars." And he amply redeemed his promise. His contemporary at Oxford, Geoffrey Chaucer, did not spare the vices and chicanery of the cowl. The subject was a popular one, and as exhaustive as it was popular. It is in this sense we are to understand the bitter remark of Knighton:—"If you meet two men on the road, one of them is sure to be a Wickliffe." Not that half the nation agreed with the parson of Lutterworth in his theological views, but the all but universal voice of the nation called for a reform of the Church. It is not John Capgrave, but the Provincial of the Austin Friars, then, that pens the following passages:—

"In this tyme on Jon Wicklef. Maystir of Oxenforth, held many strange opinions:—That the Cherech of Rome is not hed of alle Churchis. That Peter had no more auctorite thanne the othir aposteles; ne the Pope no more power than anothir preest. And that temporal lordes may take away the godes fro the cherech, whan the persones trespasin. And that no reules mad be Augustin, Benet, and Fraunceys, adde no more perfeccion over the Gospel than doth lym-whiting into a wal. And that bischoppis schuld have no prisoncs; and many othir thingis."

This is a fair representation of the teaching of Wickliffe. At first he confined himself to the exposure and rebuke of the vices of the monastic orders, which stalked abroad through the land, and afforded a popular subject on which one might safely dilate. But as he found his hearers and readers disposed to listen, his deeper convictions of the errors of the Roman theology found utterance.

Capgrave's pen is dipped in gall when he records the death of Wickliffe:—

"In the ix. yere of the Kyng, John Wicklef, the organ of the devel, the enemy of the cherech, the confusion of men, the ydol of heresie, the meroure of ypocrisie, the norisher of scisme, be the rithful dome of Gode, was smet with a horibil paralise throw ouste his body. And this veniauns (vengeance) fell upon him on Seynt Thomas day in Cristmase; but he deyed not til Seynt Silvestir day,

and worthily was he smet on Seynt Thomas day, ageyn when he had gretely offendid, letting men of that pilgrimage; and conveniently deided he in Silvester fest, ageyn whom he had venomously berkid for dotacion of the Church."

But Wickliffe being dead, yet spoke. The torch that slipped from his cold hand was fanned by eager disciples, and the success that attended their efforts is plain in the fact deplored by our chronicler, that "the bischoppis of this land saide right nowt to this mater, but kepte hem in here houses, and opened no mouth to berk ageyn these erroneus doggia."

The bishops evidently regarded them as doing a service, when they diminished the influence of the monks who were themselves an *imperium in imperio*. Possibly some of them were infected with the heresy. This was certainly true of some in high, nay, in the highest places. Take a proof. A great pestilence raged in Coventry where the Parliament was being held. The Archbishop of Canterbury on leaving the place of assembly, met a priest carrying the viaticum to a sick man, and as in duty bound "did reverens to the sacrament." But it is recorded with pious horror that "many of the people in the strete turned her bakkes and avaled not her hodes, (lowered not their hoods) ne ded no manner reverens. This was told unto the Kyng, and he ded in this mater dew correccion, for many of hem were of his hous."

The pontiffs addressed bulls to the bishops, and cajoling letters to the King on this subject; but it was not till 1401 that a statute was passed against the Lollards. The cause of this tardiness in repressing dissent and contempt of Papal power was the then condition of the Pontifical court. The Popes resided at Avignon, and even before a rival Pope had been set up at Rome, the very fixing of the seat of the Papacy on French soil had a tendency to lessen its influence in Britain, bitterly hostile as it was to France and every thing French. Philip le Bel had annexed Avignon to Sicily, but it was the boast of its inhabitants that residents at Avignon were naturalized citizens of France. The majority of the Sacred College were Frenchmen by birth. Add to this the morals of the court of the Pontiffs

during this captivity! Capgrave shall speak for the most sincere adherents of the Papacy:—

"A.D. 1354.—Upon this were sent solempne embassiatouris of the Kyngis party of Yngland to the Court of Rome, but whan thei come thidir, with fraude of the courtesanes, which were comensalis with the Pope, thei were illuded."

"1402. In this tyme cam oute a bulle fro the Court, which rovokid all the graces that had be graunted many yeres before; of which ros mech alaundir and obliqui ageyn the Chorch; for thei seide pleylnly that it was no more trost to the Pope writng than to a doggo tail (!); for as ofte as he wold gader mony, so oftyn wold he annulen eld graces, and graunt newe."

Here is none of the servility of the Ultramontane. It is in times of tyranny, combined with corruption, that civil liberty has been most signally vindicated. No sophism can divorce purity in administration from rightful possession of power. Can it be abused? Then some check is called for, and, therefore, the rights of the governed are inadequately protected. The same spirit that was just, at this period, prompting the Commons of England to vindicate their position as the representatives of the people, was actively at work among the most sincere churchmen, leading them to assert the ancient liberties of the Church of England, against the aggressions of the Pope.

We must hasten on to note one or two political events, merely by way of illustration, in which additional light is thrown by this fine old Saxon chronicle. The spread of Scriptural knowledge is, to say the least of it, contemporary with the assertion of civil liberty. This sun, it has been finely said, illuminates where it warms not. The light derived from the word is not always accompanied by the heat which, when it touches the heart, it ever evolves. Rome and Austria are right: if you would keep the people in slavery, keep them in ignorance of the Bible. The growing power of the Commons, hitherto only recognised as a Committee of Supply, is noticed by all writers on this period. It was becoming their custom to make certain conditions on the occasion of granting a subsidy; and the amount of boldness which they had displayed

on such occasions may be estimated from the fact that, in one case, they carried their scrutiny into the royal household, and not merely demanded the dismissal of a minister, but of a mistress. In the Parliament, however, that was summoned to Coventry in the year 1403, an extraordinary scene is recorded to have taken place, the chief actors in which were the Speaker of the House and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Hume is so shocked at this whole transaction, that he would gladly deny that it ever took place, if he could.

It rests, he says, on the authority of one solitary witness. This, however, does not seem to him sufficient ground for rejecting the tale, for the witness is Walsingham, and the story, one which Walsingham had every reason to suppress. In Capgrave, we have another witness, and as his version of the matter is fuller and more curious than either that of Hume, or the still more graphic one of Lord Campbell, we will give it entire:—

"In this yere was a grete Parlement at Coventre, in which the Kyng asked a grete summe of the peeples. And the Speker of the Parlement answered that swech summs myte not be rered (raised) so ofte in the peeples; but if the Chereh schuld be put fro her temporalities. This answer was gov by Ser Jon Chene, Knyte, Speker of the Parlement. And no wondir though he was enmy to the Chereh; for he had before take the ordir of subdiacoune, and without dispensacionne aspired to the order of wedlok (!) and eke the degree of knythod. The Archbischope ros and seide:—'Now, se, I weel whidir the malice walkith. Thou renegade and apostata of thyn ordyr, woldist put the Chereh al undirfote; but, whil this hed stant on this body, thou schal nevyr have thi entent. Remember the wel, that at evry task, the Chereh have payed as mech as the lay fe (property), and alle your businesse is for gadere to make your selve rich. But know this for a treuth, that land schal never endure a prosperite that despiseth Holy Church.' And then ros the Archbischope, and kneeled before the Kyng, and prayed him he wold remember him of the oth that he mad in his coronacion—that he schuld meynnten the Chereh, and alle the ministeres thereof in al her libertees. Then the Kyng commaunded the Archbischope to take his seyte, behesting him that he schuld leve the Chereh in as good a state as he fond it. Then said the Archbischope to the knytes;

—'Ye have stered (incited) the Kyng to enchete all the temporaltes that longyng to the French monkis in al the land; and though the valew of hem come to many thousandis, the king is not amendid thereby half a mark be yere. For ye amongst you have it, and dispende it your plessauns. And, moreovyr, I sey you, myn hed schal rather bowe onto the swerd, than Holy Chereh schuld lese any part of his rite.' Thus sesed the fals chalenge of the enemyes to the Chereh."

Thus Hume was in error in supposing that this was the first proposal made by the Commons, to save their own purses at the expense of the revenues of the Church. It is plain that the temporalities of the French Monks had been, *at the instigation of the Commons*, long before confiscated; and although it is more than probable this had been done under the pretence of enriching the Treasury, it had been diverted into the pockets of individuals. The artful renegade who now represented the Commons counselled a further move in the same direction. All the temporalities are the proposed prey, a temptation too great even for the monarch, thinks Lord Campbell, for he suspects Sir John Cheyne to have been prompted by the King himself to make this proposition. However, the motion was premature; nay, though renewed after the lapse of five years, and urged with more effrontery, it was unfortunately coupled with a demand for remission of the statutable penalties on Lollardy. This clearly indicates the source from which the proposal emanated. The King's answer was echoed in the fearful death shrieks of a smith, who was burnt in Smithfield for the denial of Transubstantiation. "When the fer brent, he cried horribly. The Prince comaunded to withdrawe the fire, cam to him, and behite him grete (much); but it wold not be. Wherefor he suffered him to be brent into asches."

Richard's remorse after the death of Arundel is set forth in a simple sentence:—

"After his deth, the king was tormented with dredful dremes, that he myte not slepe. Eke he thoute evyr that a schadow of a man walked before him. Moreovyr this grevid him, that the common peple talked that he was a martir, and that his head was growe

again to his bodi. For these causes, in the tent day after his sepulture, at the ten houre at even, the kyng sent certyn dukes and erles to delve up the body, and make a frere for to go betwix the hed and the body. And with this dede the kyng was more quiet. But for al this, he commanded the wax aboute his grave and clothes, and othir aray, to be take away, and to leve the grave desolate."

How well his temperament is portrayed by our great dramatist:—

"For heaven's sake, let ussit upon the ground And tell sad stories of the death of kings: How some have been deposed, some slain in war, Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed."

Are Englishmen degenerate? They do not think so. Then here is an exemplar in the olden time of the proper way to deal with a French invasion. Cherbourg shows its teeth. Our forefathers would have done the same—but with a broad grin.

"A.D. 1403. In this same tyme the Frenschmen cam to the Ylde of Wite, askyng tribute of the dwellers to the sustinauns of Quen Ysabella. And thei of Wyte answered that Kyng Richard was ded, and the Queen Ysabella sent home; wherefor thei wold not pay. If thei came for to fite, thei schuld be welcom, and thei schuld give hem leave to enter the lend, and rest hem IIII days before the batayle. The Frenschmen hard this answere, and sayled fro that cuntre."

Talk of a Lancaster gun, shells charged with fatal gases, stink-pots—all must stand by to make way for an invention of the Duke of Burgundy. He had designs on Calais, and had prepared "apparentment" for the siege, "amonges which was a horrible ordinauns—small barrelis fild ful of serpents and venomous bestes, wech he thoute for to throw into Caleys be engynes, that when the barrelles broke, the corrupt venom schuld infeste hem of the town." Well for the poor people of Calais, all the Duke's arsenal was burnt at St. Omer.

A proclamation for the enforced return to their estates of absentee Irish landlords is among the many curiosities of our chronicler. It seems that in 1393 it was found that so many of the Irish settlers were in England, that the

"Wilde Irish were come in, and had dominacionne of al that cuntre; and, more ovyr, it was noted, that in Kyng Edward time the Thirde, when he had set there his bank, his juges, and his chekyr, he received every year XXXM. pound; and how the Kyng Richard was fajn to paye yerly to defens of the same cuntre XXXM. mark."

Here is a physical fact, curious if true. There were heavy rains in harvest. The corn was abundant, but so wet that the bakers (baxteres) had to dry it in their ovens before it could be ground. When it had been ground and baked, the bread had

"No vertue; for as sone as men had ete, thei hungered agayn: whereof fel mech mischief. Summe died for hungir; thei that were put out of houshold went into the cuntre, and robbid pore men. So mech hungir grew in the lond, that foure peniworth of bred was not sufficient to feed a man o day."

The French have improved vastly in the art of getting rid of a king since the year 1392.

"In that yere the Kyng of Frauns daunsed in his halle with IIII. knites, and was arayed like a wodwous (a wild-man of the woods), having a streyt cote, dipped in rosyn and pich. And sodeynly, with touching of a torch, the cote was on fire, and he had brent, had not a lady rysen, and pulled him out of the dauns. It was saide that this was the ymaginacion of his brothir, wech desired to be Kyng."

The story of Pope Joan is told by our author in the same plain unvarnished manner, in which he records the creation of our first parents.

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. II.

WALKER, TALKS, AND CHALKS.

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]

THE older I grow the less reliance I place on circumstantial, or what lawyers call presumptive evidence. This, we are told, is founded upon the connexion which human experience demonstrates usually to exist between certain facts and circumstances and certain other events. When the one occurs, the others are presumed to accompany them, almost as a matter of course. The probability is so strong in some cases, that they say it creates a moral conviction. In my opinion, this ought not to be called a presumption of law, but a piece of presumption in lawyers. Nothing can be more unsafe or uncertain than this mode of drawing conclusions from probabilities; for my experience accords with that of Rochefoucault, who maintains that "what is probable seldom happens."

Indeed, it appears to me sometimes as if everybody and everything in the world was perverse. Few things turn out as you expect. No one does what he is desired to do; even if he complies with an order he fails to execute it in the manner and at the time prescribed. Our best laid plans are frustrated, and our fondest hopes destroyed: "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." If you wish to exhibit a child to advantage it is sure to misbehave; if you are anxious to show the walking or trotting powers of a horse, he obstinately refuses to use either pace, but persists in breaking into a canter; if he has speed, he either won't exert himself, or he bolts, and you lose both your patience and your money; if you have a good church living, your son will not take holy orders; if you have an entailed estate, your wife most provokingly presents you with daughters only. Without any reasonable cause you dislike the heir presumptive, and your life is consumed in vain regrets that your property must not only pass away from your family, but go to the very person above all others in the world whom you do not wish to be your successor. The rector of your

parish, whom you fondly hoped would be an ally, a confidential adviser, and a welcome guest, is a thorn in your side that you can neither extract nor endure. He is either a Puseyite, who opens the gate, rubs out his master's marks, lets his sheep escape and mix with the flock in the next pasture, and is not honest enough to follow them; or he is an ultra-Evangelical, who despises all ecclesiastical authority, until he becomes a Bishop, when he preaches from every text but charity and humility. As a landed proprietor, you sometimes think his sermon is personal, and is meant for you, and the congregation seem to be of the same opinion, for when he alludes to Ahab coveting his neighbour's vineyard, all eyes are turned upon you. If, after consulting the moon and the barometer, you give a fête champêtre, as soon as the company assembles a gale of wind arises, prostrates your tents, and the rain falls in torrents, driving your dripping guests into the house; the piano is appealed to as a last resource, and some wicked friend sings, in mockery of your affliction—

"There's nae luck about the house."

Nor are you less perverse yourself. If you have to rise early for a journey you are sure to feel so uncommonly sleepy that morning, that you would give all the world for another nap; if you have a duty to perform, it becomes irksome, not because it is difficult, but because it must be done; it is therefore postponed until the latest moment, and then something occurs that prevents its being attended to at all. Indeed, the events of life, like dreams, appear in the words of the old proverb, "to go by contraries."

I have been led into this train of reflection by what occurred in the smoking-room at Cork. It was natural to suppose that our conversation, as travellers, would have turned upon the place we were in, or the country in which it was situated; but instead of that, we transported ourselves more than five thousand miles away, and

discoursed upon Vancouver's Island and the Inter-oceanic Railway. It is always so. At sea we never talk of the ship, unless it be to ascertain our progress; and when we arrive at the port of our destination, the past, and not the present, occupies our attention. The reason we are so little improved by our travels is, we allow our thoughts to be diverted from the object we had in view when we left home. Experience ought to make us wiser, and I shall endeavour hereafter not to fall into a similar error. I have neither the station nor the ability to lead conversation, but I shall strive for the future to turn it to topics connected with the country in which I am sojourning. But what avail good resolutions?

As I have already said I had just taken a season ticket on the line between Southampton and London, and had no sooner determined on this mode of amusement than unforeseen circumstances for a time diverted me from my plan, and induced me to cross the Channel to Ireland.

It is not very easy to know one's own mind, but we no sooner arrive at a conclusion than the wind veers, and we change our course. The South Western Company have got my money, and I have my ticket in my pocket. When shall I use it? Time alone can answer—I cannot.

On the morning after my accidental meeting with the Americans, as related in the last chapter, my friend Cary called to say that unforeseen difficulties having arisen to prevent the completion of the business on which he had come to Ireland, he could not possibly return for several days, and he begged me to remain till he was ready to embark.

"Zackly," said Mr. Peabody, who just then entered the coffee-room—"Zackly, stranger: hold on by your eyelids and belay where you be. Senator and I are going right slick off to Killarney, like a streak of greased lightning, and will be back agin' 'bout the latter end of the week, as sure as rates. S'posen you go with us? It will help you to pass the time, and that's better nor being caged here like a toad, that's grow'd over when it's asleep with bark, and gets confined in a pine tree. Let's have some '*walks, talks, and chalks*' about the Lakes. Senator can talk '*Proverbs of Solo-*

mon' to you, for he is well up in the Book of Wisdom, and the Irish are the boys for '*Lamentations*.' It's no wonder they had a famine, when the country raises nothen' but grievances, and that's a crop that grows spontaneously here. It covers the mountains and bogs, and the hills, and the valleys; it pysons the lawns, and it overruns the parks. It spiles the gravel walks, and it grows in the pavement of the streets. It's like that cussed weed charlock, if you kill one root of it, fifty come to the funeral, and a hundred more put in a claim to the soil. If you go for to weed it, the Devil himself couldn't pull it out without tearing up the wheat along with it. But that's neither here nor there. It's their business—not ours; and my rule is, to let every feller skin his own foxes. If an Irishman will fill his knapsack with grievances, he has a right to do so; he has to carry it, and not me. I am looking arter fun, not grievances. You are all packed up. S'posen you jine Senator and me? We have both travelled a considerable sum. I'll swop nannygoats with you, and give you boot when you tell the best one. Waiter, put the gentleman's plunder and fixins into the car;" and before I had time to reflect, I was off.

"Quomocunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes."

"Perhaps," I thought, "it is all for the best; as I have had no opportunity of forming expectations I cannot be disappointed."

After we had proceeded a short distance, Peabody suddenly stood up on the car, and addressing the driver, said, "Hallo! where under the blessed light of the living sun are you a-going to, you scaly son of a sea-sarpint? Didn't I tell you to drive to the Railway?"

"Sure, yer honner, isn't it to the rael road I am going with yer honner, and his lordship from England there," pointing to me. "Well, let her went then," said the Yankee, "for I am wrath, and if I lose the train, the devil a cent will you get out of my pocket, if you take me up by the heels and shake me for an hour. Go ahead," and he gave a yell that brought to their feet a dozen men in a field, who were lazily contemplating from the ground the incredible amount of work they had done that

morning. The horse started under its influence into a gallop, which nearly jerked us off the car, and the driver cast a terrified glance at the performer, to ascertain whether or not he had the devil for a passenger, for neither he nor any one else who had not ascended the head waters of the Mississippi ever before heard such an unearthly shriek. Then, suddenly, seizing the reins, Peabody stopped the horse, and said, "Come now, a joke is a joke, and I have no objection to one when I fire it off myself, but I ain't a target for every fellow to practise on, I tell you. Now, do you know where you are going, you skulpin, you?"

"Is it do I know where I am going to?"

"Come now, no shuffling, but be straight up and down, as a cow's tail. Say yes or no?"

"Well, I do, yer honner."

"Where to?"

"To Killarney. Sure I heard yer honner say you was going to Killarney."

"Yes, but I didn't tell you to go there. I told you to drive to the railway."

"And so you are on the rael way, yer honner; and the rael way it is for gentlemen like you to travel where you can have the whole carriage to yourselves, and see all the country, instead of being shut up like a convict going to Spike Island, in that coffin of a box on the line, where you can't see nothen for the smoke and the dust, and can't get out to walk up the hills, and stretch your legs, let alone have a pipe. Sure it's myself that knows the country entirely, every inch of it, far and near; all that you can see, let alone what is out of sight, and the demesnes, and them that they belong to, forby them that was the real owners before the confishcations. Didn't I drive the American Ambassador and his niece, God bless 'em both; and didn't they bestow their money on the poor as free as hail. 'Pat,' says his lordship to me (tho' my name is Larry, for furriners always think an Irishman's name is Pat), take that trifle, my boy, putting a piece of goold into my hand, that had an eagle on it, wid it's wings spread out as if it was making for it's own nest at Killarney—'take that, Pat, and drink to the health of the Americans, the friends of old Ireland.'"

All this, and more, was addressed to Mr. Peabody, whom the quick-witted driver soon perceived, from his pronunciation and manner, to be an American; nor was it thrown away upon him; it reconciled him to the trick that had been played upon him, about the railway station. "But," said he, before he assented to this change of route, "how can that horse take so many of us?"

"Take so many of yez, is it? Bedad, he'd take the whole of ye, and two more in the well besides, and be proud to do it, too. He is worth both of Mike Callaghan's nags, who travelled the whole distance with only one leg atween the two." "How was that?" said the Yankee. "Why, he rode one of them hisself, and as he didn't set sideways like a gall, in coorse *there was only one leg atween them.*" "Stranger," said Peabody, "you may take my hat. Score me down for that; you have aimed it, and I will stand treat. Drive on!"

It is needless to say that the animal, as Pat knew full well, was unequal to the work, and that we had to hire relays on the road, to complete our journey.

It is not my intention to narrate the incidents on the way, or to speak of the country through which we passed. Guide-books and "Tours" innumerable have exhausted the subject. Nor shall I attempt to describe the far-famed Lakes, and their varied scenery, at once so sublime and beautiful. Indeed, had I the inclination, I am free to confess I have not the power to do so. I had seen Killarney before on several occasions, and every time came away more and more impressed with its singular beauty. No description I have ever read conveys an adequate idea of the exquisite scenery, and no place I am acquainted with in any part of the world can at all be compared with it. The American lakes are in general too large, and those of Canada either too tame or too isolated. There is nothing like Killarney; of its kind it is unique. The English lakes, lovely though they undoubtedly are, are on a different scale; and much of the interest attached to the Scotch is poetical and adventitious. Killarney is as dissimilar as it is superior to them all. And now that it is so accessible, and the hotel accommodation is so good,

it argues either great prejudice or want of taste in English tourists to leave it unvisited.

The Senator expressed the same high opinion of these Irish lakes, but appeared to think that those in the White Mountains of New Hampshire might well bear a comparison with them, and regretted that they were so remote, and so little known. "I have seen the lakes to which you refer," I said; "but I must beg leave to differ with you when you put them on an equality with these. The White Mountains are so lofty (for they are the highest range north and east of the Mississippi), that they dwarf, as it were, the lakes they enclose, which seem mere basins, while the evergreen pines and firs, (for there is but little variety in the forest trees) are sombre and melancholy, and a sense of loneliness and isolation comes over you that is almost appalling. Here there is every variety, as well as great luxuriance of foliage—the elm, the ash, the gigantic holly, and the arbutus, are beautifully intermingled, while the mountains not only vary very much in size, but what is of still more importance, do not overpower the scene. Every thing here is in keeping, and in due proportion, and I may add, in its right place. The wild, barren, and rocky Gap of Dunloe, instead of protruding into the foreground, is so situated as not only not to disfigure the scene but to prepare you by contrast for the magnificent and gorgeous panorama which so suddenly arrests and enchants you as you emerge from the gorge. The scenery of the New Hampshire Mountain Lakes is grand, but not pleasing; and the locality is so apart from the world, that you feel as if you were the first and only man that had ever looked upon it. They have no tone, no light and shade, no mellowness; all is bright, sunny, and dazzling. The outline, though waving and graceful, is too distinct and too sharply defined, while the atmosphere is so dry, and the sky so high and clear, that it presents one unvarying aspect: you can take it all in at one view, and carry away with you a distinct impression of it. But Killarney, from the peculiarity of its climate, displays every variety of expression. The errant fleecy clouds, the passing shower, the translucent mist, and the

deep black thunder-cloud, the oft-recurring, often-varying light and shade, and the smiles and tears of nature, must be seen to be appreciated; they defy alike the pencil and the pen. The lake of the White Mountains, like every other in America, has no associations connected with it, and no extrinsic interest. Poetry has clothed it with no charms; History has refused it a name, and excluded it from its pages. The primeval shades of the mountains chill you, and the unbroken silence of its solitude fills you with awe. Killarney, on the other hand, has its ruins of noble structures, its traces of the hand of cultivated man, its memories, its legends, and traditions. Learning and piety have had their abode there in remote ages, and heroes and warriors repose in death in the strongholds and fastnesses that bespeak their power and valour. It is a fairyland, and the marvellous mirage reproduces their departed spirits in shadowy forms, as they return at long intervals to revisit the spot that, living, they loved so well. The monks rise from their graves, and in long and solemn processions devoutly enter the ruined temples, the walls of which were once vocal with their music; and the spectral O'Donoghue emerges with his charger from the lake, and madly courses through the mountains, in mimic rehearsal of the chase—a ruling passion strong in death."

"Well, stranger," said Peabody, "what's all that when it's fried? Do you mean to say the dead walk here?"

"I mean to say," I replied, "that there are many persons who have seen what I have related, fully believe in the reality, and are ready to swear to it."

"Do you believe it?"

"I saw a procession of monks once myself pass over a bridge erected at the instant, and enter the ruins of the abbey on the Island of Innisfallen, when both bridge and priests suddenly disappeared from view; this was about ten years ago."

"Stranger," said he, "travellers see unaccountable things sometimes; but, in a general way, these wonders happen far from hum. Now, I once saw a strange thing, and only once, *near* hum," and he sung, to the tune of "Oh, Susannah," the following stanza,

with an indescribably droll expression :—

"I took a walk one moonlight night,
When ebbery ting was still,
I thought I saw dead Susan dere,
A coming down de hill.
De buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
De tear was in her eye;
Says I, 'My lub, I'm from de South,
Susannah, don't you cry.'"

"So you don't think the lake of the White Mountains equal to Killarney, eh? Did you go through the hotel?" "I did." "And ain't that equal to the Gap of Dunloe?" "I think not." "Well, did you see that are great lake with a 'tarnal long Indian name to it that no created critter can pronounce without halting and drawing breath, it's so full of a's, and i's, and o's, and u's, that if stretch'd out straight it would reach clean across the water? Because, if you did, in course you saw the hot, biling spring in the bank, at the foot of the falls, where trout a yard long jump right in, alive and kicking, and cook themselves without any touns or trouble; did you see that?" "No, I did not." "Neither did I, said he, with an uproarious laugh, "nor ere a Green or White Mountain boy that ever lived neither; but I thought *you* might, for there are folks in England who think they know more about our everlastin' great nation, and have heard and seen more of it than any Yankee that ever trod shoe-leather. Why, one of your British Keounsals to Boston vows he has seen the great sea-sarpint there, with his own blessed eyes, and his wife says she will ditto the statement with her affidavit! As for comparin the two lakes, the American and the Irish, and saying which is the handsomest, I won't undertake the task: p'raps you are right, and p'raps you ain't, may be kinder sorter so, and may be kinder sorter not so. But what's the odds? Beauty is a very fine thing; but you can't live on it! A handsom gall and a handsom view are pretty to look at (though of the two give me the gall), and if you had nothen' else to do but to look, you could afford to stare as hard as an owl. But in this here practical world of ourn, the mouth requires to be attended to as well as the eyes, and kicks up an awful bobbery if it's neglected. Now, this place is all very well in its way, but it *don't* pay. The wood is scrubby and not fit to cut for timber; and if it was, though

there is plenty of water, there is no fall for a saw-mill—no powerful privilege of any kind. There are many other places I would sooner spekelate in to set up saw, grist, or factory mills. There is a 'nation sight of good localities in this country for the cotton fabric business, and I have been prospecting near Galway, now that the Atlantic steamers come to Ireland. But it won't do to establish manufactories in this country, the people are too divided. Factories and factions, like fire and water, are antagonistic principles: put the fire onder the water and it biles right up, foams, frets, and runs over, and if you shut it up, it explodes, scalds, and kills everybody; put the water on the fire, and it first squenches, and then puts it dead out. There is no such country in the world, if the people had only sense enough to know it. But they can't see, and if you give 'em telescopes, they either look through the big eend, and reduce great things to trifles, or they put the little eend to their eyes, and magnify mole-hills into mountains. It takes a great many different kinds of folk to make a world, and as every country is a little world in itself, it must have all sorts of people in it too. Italy has only Italians, Spain, Spaniards, Portugal, Portuguese, and so on; and see what a mess they make of it in their manufactures, commerce, and government! They are behind all creation, they are just what creation was made out of—chaos! They are all one way of thinking. You must have many men of many minds to go ahead. Now, England and the United States produce every sort and kind of opinion: Catholics, Greeks, Church (high and low), Presbyterians (Kirk, Anteburghers, Free Church, and Seceders), Methodists (Primitive and Episcopal), Unitarians, Baptists (of all shades of colour and dye), Independents, Quakers, Moravians, Universalists, Lutherans, and ever so many more dittoes, too numerous to mention in a catalogue, so we must call 'em et cetera. Well, you see what is the consequence? Why, they all get along their own road, and no one asks the other where he is going, and p'raps he couldn't tell him if he did.

"No man wants to know another man's creed, no more than he does his name. He has got his own conscience, his own purse, and his own luggage

to look arter; it is as much as he can cleverly do. Each one minds his own business, and never misleasts another. Now, here you see, it is another guess kind of matter. There are only two sorts, as a body might say—Celt and Sassenach, or, Catholic and Protestant—and Protestant here means only Church and Presbyterians, who make common cause against the other. Well, what's the result? These two great bodies, you see, can't agree in nothen. If you go for to talk of schools, they keep apart, like the two forrard wheels of a stage coach—five feet exactly. If they come to elections, it's the same thing; if they meet, they fight; all, too, for the sake of religion; and if they assemble in a jury-box it's six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other. Killing comes natural—half the places in Ireland begin with kill—there is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys), and what is more onmanly, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Kilbarrack, after the English soldiers; Killcrew, for the navy; Kilbritain, for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder, and Kilmore, if that ain't enough. Stranger, one sect, whatever it is, won't do, for then the clergy are apt to get fat and sarcy; and only two sorts is worse, for they fight as they do here. But you must have all sorts and kinds, so that no two will agree to quarrel with another. Sectarian spirit is either too strong or too weak here; if it is too strong, it should be diluted by mixing other kinds; if it is too weak, the English should send them more ingredients to strengthen it, and make it rael jam. You have seen the Mississippi where the Ohio joins it? Well, the two streams keep apart, and you can trace the separate waters of different colours, ever so far down; they don't mix. And you have seen the Gulf-stream? Well, you may talk of ile and water not mixing, and there is no wonder in that, because their natures are different; but the Gulf-stream won't unite with the ocean; it keeps to itself for thousands of miles, and this is a natural curiosity, for they are both water, and even storms, tempestical hurricanes, and currents won't mingle them. Now, that's the case here—the Celt and the Sassenach elements won't mix; and yet, both call themselves Christians, and both,

like the two streams in the Mississippi have different colours—one orange, and one green. It fairly beats the bugs. They want other currents to neutralize them. What's your ideas? What's the reason, while we are one people in the States, the English one people, and the Scotch united also, the Irish are *two* people? As you are used to expoundin', Ly, expound that, will you? for it passes me."

"Mr. Peabody," said the Senator, (who seemed a little disconcerted at the allusion to his functions as an Elder), "let me remind you, again, that when you speak of religion in the flippant and irreverent manner you have just now done, you exhibit a want of good taste and good sense. It is not suitable to refer to it in a conversation like the present, so I must decline to pursue the topic. As regards the fatal affrays, and agrarian outrages that sometimes take place here, recollect that they are often magnified for party purposes; and, as the British public have an appetite for horrors, every case is paraded in the newspapers with a minuteness of detail that is calculated to pander to this diseased taste. The number of homicides in Ireland falls short of what occurs in the United States. I am informed on the best authority, that, on an average, there occurs one a-day in the city of New York." "What do you call the best authority?" asked his friend.

"The Bishop of the Diocese."

"Well, I don't," said Peabody. "I call the police records the only reliable accounts. Recollect bishops must paint!"—

"Pray, abstain from that style of conversation," said the Senator. "What you say about our being one people, is true of us as a whole, but not locally so. The French and their descendants, at New Orleans, as you know, keep apart, and live in different sections of the city. So they do in Canada and other places, because they are, in fact, two people, with two different languages, and two different creeds, sympathies and customs, and *one is a conquered people*. They are gradually becoming absorbed, because they are on all sides surrounded by the Americans; but the process of absorption is not yet complete.

"This is the case with the Irish (who are also a *conquered people*)

with the exception of their having less tendency to amalgamation, because they are surrounded—not by the English—but *by the sea*. In addition to this, the old penal laws and disability acts of former times, which were equally unjust and impolitic, erected impassable barriers between the two races. Such distinctions in our country cannot long be maintained, for there are no old grievances for demagogues to agitate upon. There are no confiscated estates there before their eyes to remind the descendants of the former owners that their patrimony is in the hands of the spoiler; no ruins to attest the ravages of the conqueror; no mouldering cathedrals to recall to mind the piety and misfortunes of their ancient clergy; and, above all, no tithes to pay to a church which they disown and dislike. So there is a reason for the state of things we see here, though no justification; for it matters little whether a grievance is well founded or not among the commonality of mankind so long as they think it a grievance. I regard the ancient language as the greatest difficulty to be encountered here. It contains the records of all their traditions. To impose your laws and institutions goes but little way towards changing the feelings of a people; indeed, it estranges as often as it conciliates them. Impose your language, and the conquest is complete."

"Zactly," said Peabody. "It reminds me of an Eyetalian I once knew at Utica, called Antonio, who, when he had learned a little English, married a Scotch gall, that could only speak Gaelic. I used to split my sides a larking to hear the gibberish they talked; a droll time they had of it, I tell you, and their signals was as unintelligible as their talk. Well, some years afterwards, who should I meet but Antonio, in the market at Boston. So says I, 'Antonio,' says I, 'how do you and your Scotch wife get on?' 'Well,' says he, 'so well as we did, and more better now, except scoldy, then she talk Gaelic so faster as ever, and I speak Italian, and we no understandy one nother no more. Thenshe first cry, then laugh, and we shake hands, and talk slow, and come good-natured.' You are right, Ly, you must larn a gall's language, or she must larn yourn, afore you can make

love. When I was a boy at night-school, I used to find larnen came easier by kissing over a book than by crying over it, by a long chalk."

"What nonsense you talk, Peabody!" said the Senator. "It's not the fault of the Government now," he continued, "though folks are always ready to blame Government for every thing that goes wrong, but it's the fault of circumstances. Time, railways, and the general civilization of mankind are gradually making the change. The Danes, the Romans, the Normans, and so on, are all amalgamated in England now, and form one race—the better for the mixture—who have one language, the richer and better for the mixture also. Ireland has hitherto been out of the world, steam has now brought it within it, and it can't help feeling the influence of extended commerce and free intercourse with the people of other countries. Railways have completely altered the character and habits of our backwoodsmen. They have brought them to our cities and taken our citizens to them, and they are acquainted with all that is going on in the United States and elsewhere. Steamers have civilized the whole population of the Mississippi, who were in fact a few years ago, what they called themselves, 'half hunters, half alligators, with a cross of the devil.' There is now no such place in the Union as Vixburg was twenty or thirty years ago. The Church has superseded the gambling house, and Lynchers and Regulators have given place to the duly constituted officers of the law. We owe to steam more than we are aware of. It has made us what we are, and, with the blessing of God, will elevate and advance us still more. The same process is going on in Ireland, though more slowly, from the causes I have mentioned. Still the improvement is so great, that I, who have not been here for twenty years, hardly know the country. The famine was an awful scourge, but Providence ordained that it should furnish a useful lesson. It taught the people that Protestants had kind hearts, and generous impulses, and it promoted a better feeling between the two sects. A common danger produced a common sympathy, in which brotherly love can alone take root."

"Yes," said Peabody, "but when a common danger is over, common instincts spring right up again, like grass after it is mowed, and are as strong as ever. My brother Jabez had an awful instance of that onst, that frightened him out of a year's growth, indeed it stopped it altogether he was so all-fired skeer'd. He is six feet two, now, in his shoes, and if it hadn't a been for that are shock to his narvous system, I do raily think he would have stood seven in his stocking feet. Was you ever in Indianny, stranger?"

"Yes, I have hunted buffalo there."

"Well, then, Jabez lived there once afore the flood."

There was something so comical in this expression that I could not resist laughing outright at it. He joined in it most good-humouredly, and then proceeded—"You are welcome to your laugh, stranger; but, by gosh, if you had been there, you would have found it no laughing matter, I can tell you. Well, Jabez bought a location from Government, built a shanty on it, in the upper part of that territory, and cleared some two or three acres of land, close on the borders of the prairie, intending to hold on for a year or two, till settlements advanced up to him, and then sell out and realize. He was all alone, some miles from our brother Zeke, who had squatted on those diggings some five or six miles farther down, and moved his family from Kentucky. Well, one night he went to sleep as usual, and dreamed he was drownin' in the Mississippi; and when he woke up, he found he was near about all under water, for the flood had come on all of a sudden, and he had been fool enough to build on too low a level. He hadn't a minute to spare, the flood was rising so fast, so there was nothing for it but to cut and run quick-stick while he could. So he outs at the door like wink, and, as luck would have it, his old hoss, Bunker, had come home, as you say, 'in a common danger, for common sympathy.' He slips the rope-halter on him in a jiffy, and off, full chisel, to cross the prairie to brother Zeke's. But, bless your heart, when he got to the plain it was all kivered with water for miles every which way he could see. The only thing discernible was, here and there, the tops of a clump of cypress trees

a-stickin' out, like chimbleys in a fog, and they wern't overly distinct neither, for the sky was cloudy and broken. Well, on, and on, and on they went, he and the old hoss; and the water rose higher, and higher, and higher. It was fust trot, then walk, then crawl, then wade, then stumble, then stagger, then swim. Well, old Bunker began to breathe so quick, and sneeze so often and so short, he thought he'd just slip off his back and hold on by his tail; but that was heavy work for the hoss, to tow him arter that fashion. He felt sartified it was gone goose with both of 'em, and was a-thinkin' they had better part company, and try to fish for it on their own separate hooks, when he 'spied a log a-driftin' by; so he lets go of the tail and climbs on to that; and, as the current was setting down towards Zeke's, he began to feel at last as if he could hold on that way till break of day, when, all at once, somethin' got up at t'other eend of the log, and what should it be but a tarnation painter! (panther). There was a pair of eyes, like two balls of fire, making the water boil a'most, a-starin' right straight at him, and he a-trying to look as much like a sea-devil as he could—both on 'em feeling as if one darn't and t'other was afraid—both guessing they had trouble enough of their own without fightin'—and both wishing the other would make his bow and retire without loss of honour on either side. At last, brother Jabez seed a little island, as he thought, a-looming up in the dark waters; but it warn't an island—it was only an Indian mound, or ground-house, as they call it, where their dead used to be buried. The moment he seed it, he slipped off the eend of the drift-stick to swim for it, when down goes t'other eend of the log, like a tilt, and off slips the painter, chewallop, into the water, and they swam, side by side, to the land. Well, when they arrived there, what should he see but the old hoss (who had got to land before him), four or five deer, two buffalo bulls, a bear, a coon or two, and a possum, all standin', tremblin', and shakin', but as peaceable as if they war in the ark. When day broke, Jabez seed the water was a-fallin' fast, and the mound gettin' bigger and bigger, so he ups upon old hoss and takes another swim, to be out of the way afore

breakfast-time came on, and lots was drawn which of the crew was to go for it to feed the rest. Well, the current helped them, and he and old Bunker soon reached Zeke's, when he and his brother loaded their rifles and started off in the canoe for the island, or mound. The painter was helpin' himself to the coon when they arrived, and the two bulls were standin' sentry over the bear, who was grinnin' horrible at 'em. The *common danger* was over, you see, and the common instincts broke loose again. Jabez had no pity for his half-drowned companions neither, and pinked the deer as if he had never seen them before.

"That was pretty much the case, I guess, here, too, arter the famine was over. Both were uncommon peaceable during the plague—orange and green were turned wrong side out for the time; but, you see, they wear them now as they used to did, and the colours are as flaunting and fresh as ever."

"That's a very good story," said the Senator, "and it is a very true one, for I knew your brother well, and have often heard him tell it; but it does not apply. If men were of different species, instead of different races or tribes, or were beasts of prey, the analogy would hold good; but the comparison is both unjust and degrading. The circumstances to which I have alluded have kept the two races apart; but there are other and no less powerful influences now in operation of an opposite tendency that cannot fail to produce the most beneficial results. In addition, too, to those I have already enumerated, I may mention that emigration has relieved the country of a superabundant population that pressed heavily upon its resources, and by the withdrawal of so much unemployed labour, has ameliorated the condition of those that are left. There is now sufficient occupation for all, and increased wages have both stimulated and rewarded the industry of the poor. The Incumbered Estates Court has worked wonders for the advancement of agriculture, by opening to cultivation lands that were closed to improvement by absentee landlords and bankrupt proprietors; while railways have afforded access to markets, and furnished profitable fields for the investment of capital, and facilities for intercourse

among the people, without which there can be no interchange of opinions, and no enlargement of ideas. Thirty years ago, a journey from the west coast of Ireland to London occupied, under the most favourable circumstances, as much time as a mail packet of the present day does in crossing the Atlantic. Now a line of steamers is established at Galway to compete with the Cunard vessels at Liverpool for London passengers to the States. This one fact alone contains more information, and suggests more reflection, than all the statistical tables of the Boards of Agriculture and Trade combined. It shows that Ireland is commercially, geographically, and politically in the right place, and has the right men to stimulate and direct its energies in the right direction."

"Ly, you talk like a book," said Peabody. "That's a fact. I can't state a thing as clear as you can, but I can tell when you state it right, and when you don't. Many a judge would decide wrong if a case weren't well argued; and that's about the only use a lawyer is. I am glad to hear you say Pat is improving, for he is a light-hearted, whole-souled critter, and full of fun. They are droll fellows. Lord! I have often larfed at the way an Irish help we had at Barnstable once fished me for a glass of whisky. One morning he says to me: 'Oh, your honour,' says he, 'I had great drame last night entirely—I dramed I was in Rome, tho' how I got there is more than I can tell; but there I was, sure enough, and as in duty bound, what does I do but go and see the Pope. Well, it was a long journey, and it was late when I got there—too late for the likes of me; and when I got to the palace I saw priests, and bishops, and cardinals, and all the great dignitaries of the Church a coming out, and says one of them to me, 'How are you, Pat Moloney,' said he, 'and that spalpeen your father, bad luck to him, how is he?'" It startled me to hear my own name so sudden, that it came mighty nigh waking me up, it did. Sais I, "your reverence, how in the world did you know that Pat Moloney was my name, let alone that of my father?" "Why, you blackguard," says he, "I knew you since you was knee high to a goose, and I knew your mother afore you was born." "It's good right your honour has then to

know me," says I, "let alone my father." "Bad manners to you," says he, "sure this is no place to be joking in at all at all; what is it you are after doing here at this time o' night?" "To see his Holiness the Pope," says I. "That's right," says he, "pass on, but leave your impudence with your hat and shoes at the door." Well, I was shown into a mighty fine room where his Holiness was, and down I went on my knees. "Rise up, Pat Moloney," says his Holiness, "You are the broth of a boy to come all the way from Ireland to do your duty to me; and it's dutiful children ye are, every mother's son of ye. What will ye have to drink, Pat?" (The greater a man is, the more of a rael gintleman he is, your honour, and the more condescending) — "What will you have to drink, Pat?" "A glass of whisky, your Holiness," says I, "if it's all the same to you." "Shall it be hot or cold," says he. "Hot," says I, "if it's all the same, and gives no trouble." "Hot it shall be," says he, "but as I have dismissed all my servants for the night, I'll just step down below for the tay-kettle," and wid that he left the room and was gone for a long time, and just as he came to the door again, he knocked so loud the noise woke me up, and, by Japers! I missed my whisky, entirely. Bedlad, if I had only had the sense to say, "Nate, your Holiness," I'd a had my whicky, sure enough, and never known it warn't all true, instead of a drame.' I knew what he wanted, so I poured him out a glass.

"Won't it do as well now, Pat," says I.

"Indeed, it will, your honour," says he, "and my drame will come true after all; I thought it would, for it was mighty nateral at the time, all but the whisky."

"Droll boys—ain't they?"

"Well," said the Senator, "there is something very peculiar in Irish humour—it is unlike the humour of any other people under the sun. At times it is very pointed; at others it is irresistibly droll, from a certain incongruity or confusion of ideas. I am not certain, however, whether a good deal of it is not traditional. I am not very fond of telling stories myself; for though you may know them to be *original*, still they may not be *new*. I am satisfied the same thing has often

been said in different ages, and by people in different countries, who were not aware a similar idea had occurred to, and been expressed by others. I have heard repartees and smart sayings related here, as having been uttered by well-known wits, that I have myself heard in America, and often long before they were perpetrated here. If you relate a story of that kind, you are met by the observation, 'Oh, that was said by Sydney Smith, or Theodore Hook, or some other wit of the day.'

"For instance, there is the story of the man, who, on his death-bed, recommended his son to be honest, as he knew it was the best policy, *having tried both courses*. Now, it is certain that has been told in Scotland, in England, America, and Spain. To tell it, gives you the reputation of being too familiar with Joe Miller.

"Discoveries are of the same kind: many men gain credit for what was known ages ago. Harvey has the credit of being the first who discovered the circulation of the blood, and his remains are at present sought for, for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory. But that it was known to the ancients is very certain. Longinus"—

"I knew him," said Peabody. "I was present at his trial, and saw him hanged at New Orleans—I did, upon my soul. He was a nigger, and one of the most noted pirates on the coast of Cuby. He made more blood circulate, I guess, than any man I ever heard tell of; he was of opinion dead men tell no tales, so he always murdered the crew of every vessel he captured; he cut the throats of all his prisoners, and then threw them overboard. I shall never forget a rise I took out of Mrs. Beecher Stowe about Longinus. I met her once at New York, just before she came over here, to make fools of whimpering gals and spoony Lords about Uncle Tom. Just as if such things could be true! Why, stranger, does it stand to reason, and convene to common sense, now, if a real good workin' nigger, and a trusty one too, is worth a thousand dollars, his master would be such a born fool and natural idiot as to go and flog him to death, and lose both him and his money, any more than he would ill-use a super-superior horse! Why it has impossibility stamped on the

face of it, as plain as her Royal Highness the Queen's head is stamped on a twenty-shilling piece that they call a sovereign. I hate such cant—I hate them that talk such rignmaroles, and I despise the fools that believe them and turn up the whites of their eyes, like dying calves, and say: 'Oh, how horrid! how shocking! what a pity it is such a bitter thing as slavery should bear such sweet fruit as sugar, and then call for another lump to put in their tea, to show their sincerity. It makes my dander rise, I tell you. Well, Aunt Stowe was collecting honours, like Madame Tussaud, when I met her. So, thinks I, if I don't stuff you like a goose, it's a pity; and I'll season it with onions, and pepper, and sage, and what not, till it has the right flavour. Here goes, says I to myself, for fetters, handcuffs, chains, whips, pollywog water for drink, and stinkin' dried fish for food—enough, if put under glasscases to decorate the chimney-place of Buxton, Shaftesbury, and Sutherland, and fill Exeter Hall, too.

"I hope," said she, "you are an Abolitionist, Mr. Peabody, as I said to the Duchess."

"To the backbone," said I; "it's the great Eastern ticket now for the Presidential Chair. New England never had but two Presidents, and them were the two Adams, father and son. The younger one, Quincey, first started the 'Mancipation Ticket, to go ahead against the Southerners. One of his eyes was weak, and if he touched it, it was like starting a spring in digging a well, out gushed the tears in a stream! Whenever he talked of niggers at public meetings, he'd rub his right eye with his nosewiper, and it would weep by the hour! People used to say, 'What a dear man! what a feeling man that is! what a *kind, soft heart* he has,' while he thought *how soft their horns was!* He acted it beautiful, but it takes time to work up a ticket with us, you know. Charles Somner matured it, though he got an awful cowhiding in Congress for coming it too strong; but you will put the cap sheaf on it, see if you don't. Arter your book called 'the Key to Uncle Tom' is out, we shall be able to carry a President from the Eastern states, that's a fact."

"Oh, Mr. Peabody," she said, "oh, fie! now, don't your heart bleed (as

the Duchess said to me) for the poor niggers!"

"No, marm," said I, "I am happy to say it don't. Bleeding at the lungs is bad enough; it's like goin' up-stream with a high pressure boiler: you don't know the minute it will burst and blow you into dead man's land. But bleedin' at the heart, marm, is death any which way you fix it."

"Oh, dear," she said, "Mr. Peabody, what a droll man you be; but our people down east are so clever, as the Duchess observed to me, ain't they? You feel for them, as the Countess of Ben Nevis told me she did, don't you?"

"Countess of Ben Nevis," said I; "only think of a lord being called Ben? like Ben Franklin, the printer! But I suppose there are vulgar lords as well as vulgar Yankees?"

"Pooh!" she said; "Ben Nevis is the name of a Scotch mountain; I am sure you know that, and the title is taken from that classical spot."

"Well then," said I, "Joe Davis' County, in Illinois, which I used to think a disgrace to our great national map, is not so bad arter all, for it's *classical*. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! just fancy the Countess of Joe Davis," said I; "and I almost rolled off the chair a larfing, for I hate folks bragging everlastingly of nobility, that only invite 'em to have something to talk of, and that look at them through the big bend of an opera-glass, to make 'em seem smaller than they be. Who the Duchess was she quoted so often, to astonish my weak nerves, I don't know, and don't care, for I 'spose I shouldn't be one mite or morsel the wiser if I did hear her name. But one thing I *do* know, and that is, all the nobility don't think like her, for there was a top-sawyer one lately had up for throwing sticks at Aunt Sally, who was a nigger as black as the ace of spades or the devil's hind leg. The magistrate said Aunt Harriet and Aunt Sally were both American ladies, and bosom friends, and any insult might provoke a war with the States." "Still," said Aunt, drawin' herself up a bit, as if the joke stung a tender spot, "still, Mr. Peabody, you feel for the poor negro, don't you?" "Well," said I, "marm, to be serious, between you and me, I must say, though it's only in confidence" (and I looked round as if I was anxious no one

should hear me), "I am not altogether certified I do feel for people that are unable to feel for themselves." "Do you think, sir," said she, still perckin' up, as proud as a hen with one chick, "do you suppose, sir, a negro, when tied up and flogged, don't feel as acutely as we should? Do you deny he has the same flesh and blood as we have? or that he is as sensitive to the torture of the lash as we should be?" "Well, marm," said I, looking very grave and very wise (for all fellers that say little, and look solemn, are set down, in a general way, as wise), "as to the same flesh and blood, I won't say, though I should doubt it, for they tell me sharks (and they ain't overly nice in their tastes), when a boat is upset, always prefer whites, not liking the flavour of blacks; so I won't dispute that point with you; but this I will maintain, they hain't the same colour, nor the same feelings we have." "Of course they haint the same colour, but 'nimium ne cread collary,' (though what that means when the husk is took off and the nut cracked I don't know), "how do you make out they have not the same feelings we have?" "Why," said I, "you have heerd tell of Longinus, haven't you?" "In course I have," said she, "he was a great man in the court of Zenobia." "He was a great man, and a great villain," says I, "and no mistake, for he was the wickedest, fiercest, most cruel pirate ever seen. He wasn't tried in the court at Zenobia, for that's an inland town of Texas, but at New Orleans. I was present at the trial, and saw him hanged, and the way the crowd yelled was a caution to sinners. If they had had their way they would have thought hanging too good for him, I can tell you, for once a nigger gets the taste of blood he is more like a wolf or a tiger than a human being. Well, there was one Jeduthan Flag, a Connecticut pedlar, there, who bought the body of the sheriff on spekelation, and hired a doctor to take his hide off, and he dressed it with alum and lime, cut it up into narrow pieces, and made razor-strops of it." "Pray, what has the dead negro to do with sensibility and pain," said she? "Well, I was a-going to tell you," said I, "I bought one of the strops, and I have got it now. I gave fifty dollars for it. Would you believe it,

the leather is near half-an-inch thick. It is like pig-skin, that they use to cover saddles with, soft and pliable, and oily too, just like that, and has little wee holes in it, like as if a needle had made them; it's the grandest strop I ever had in my life. Now, if a nigger's hide is as thick as that, how in the natur' of things can he feel a whip? Why, it don't stand to reason and the natur' of leather that they can any more than a rhinoceros." "Mr. Peabody," said she, "is that a fact?" "True as any story you have got in your book, says I, and that's a fact, I assure you." "Well, I never heard any thing so horrible," said she. "Oh, Mr. Peabody, how slavery hardens the heart, how debasing, how demoralizing it is. What will become of our great nation, when we not only buy and sell negroes, but make a traffic of their skins. I like an authentic story. I am delighted to be able to publish this horroring tale to the world. What a sensation it will create. May I make use of your name?" "Certainly," said I, "say Amos Peabody told you, and refer them to me for further particulars." I left her making a memorandum; and what I told her I'll swear to, and that is, that it is as true as any story she has heard.

"The fact is, stranger, slavery is a cussed thing, and there is no two ways about it. It is a black page in our history; but how to tear it out without loosening all the other sheets is the great difficulty we have to encounter. We all deplore it with grief and mortification. But what in the world is the use of a woman a racing all over the world like a ravin' distracted bed-bug, a screeching and screaming out as loud as if she was whipped herself. *It ain't them that yell the loudest that feel the most.* I had almost forgot the story of Longinus till you mentioned his name, Ly."

"You are a strange fellow," said the Senator; "the moment you hear people talking seriously, you immediately turn the conversation to some nonsense or another, that has no connexion with it. As I was a saying, sir," he continued, "when our friend here interrupted me, even many modern discoveries, although original, are not new, and were well known to the ancients. The circulation of the blood is one: it is clear,

from a line quoted by Longinus from an ancient poet, that the circulation of the blood was then a well-established fact. I cannot repeat the line, for my Greek is rusty, and we have not the book here, but refer to it when you are at leisure, and you will be convinced I am correct. But in humour also, as I have already said, the coincidence is very striking—without undervaluing Irish humour, I am inclined to think something is to be attributed to traditional fun, and something to a people whose perceptions are quick, whose characteristic is cunning, and whose habits of thought are so much alike. That cunning has much to do with it is quite clear from the fact that the lower orders are very much more ready and droll than the upper classes. It is also remarkable that they are much more humorous at home than in America, which perhaps is also in part attributable to the circumstance of their being more industrious there, and in consequence more matter-of-fact. Their whole character becomes changed there. Here they are idle, there they are the best labourers we have, more persevering and enduring than the English, and more honest in their work than the Scotch. The Americans form the mass there, and they are compelled, by the force of circumstances, to mingle with them; here they form the mass, and every inducement is held out to them to prevent others from mixing with them. I do not blame their clergy for encouraging them to remain a separate people, because I believe they sincerely think it the safest way to keep them from the contamination of heresy. It is but common justice to them to attribute this to an honest, though mistaken, conviction. But what do you say to your English patriots, who, being aware of the predisposition of the people, encourage them in it, for the purpose of securing their votes, who set tenants against their landlords, Catholics against Protestants, and the whole population against the Government!—who create grievances for the purpose of being chosen to redress them, and use the power conferred by their confidence for their own advancement. “Bunkum,” as we call it, or political humbug, as you term it, though the same thing has a very different effect here from

what it has in America. No man is deceived by it there; it is used by every party, and understood by all. It is incense offered to the majesty of the multitude, who very justly suspect every public man, and disregard their reasoning, but who compel them to bow down and worship them, and at last choose that side that best suits their interest. There, there is no principle involved in party struggles, because all men are equal and have similar rights. It is men, not measures. Here there is a most important one at stake, and that is the preservation of the monarchical element in a mixed constitutional government, where from the various orders of social and political structures, men are not equal. There, deception, bad as it essentially and morally is, works no serious injury, for it merely substitutes one party for another; and it is of little consequence to the country which predominates. Here it is of vital importance, for if demagogues succeed, the balance of the constitution is in danger, and a democracy may supersede the monarchy. That noblemen and gentlemen of property and station can lend themselves to such a fraudulent system of politics, and condescend to play such a dangerous game, is to me wholly unaccountable. I can understand the conduct of a man like Bright. He is desirous, as we say, *to come out of the crowd*. He has no position in the country, and is anxious to make one. A social one, he knows, is impossible; a political one is within his grasp, especially as he has the manufacturers with him, and is identified with their money and masses. Though very deficient in constitutional knowledge, he is a very good declaimer. His business is to demolish, and a strong, though unskilful workman is equal to that sort of work. I can understand him. He is not a dangerous, though a mischievous man. He is better suited for Congress than your Parliament. But there is one lesson he would learn there that might be of use to him, and that is, though a Quaker, and not expected to fight, he would be held accountable for his words, and find his broad-brimmed hat no protection for intemperate language. Your dangerous man is your titled radical representative of an Irish constituency. There never was a people so cajoled, fooled, de-

ceived, and betrayed, as the Irish. It is time they turned their attention to the material, and not the political condition of their country; and every thing I see, induces me to augur well of their future."

"Oh, it does, does it?" said Peabody. "Well, I'd rather see it than hear tell of it by a long chalk. I wish they'd hire me to write their history since Cromwell's time; for I'd make my fortune by it, if I had the contract. I'd do it in three lines. Their lords lived abroad and screwed their agents; the agents screwed the tenants; the tenants screwed the poor, and all combined to screw the Government. The gentry lived in houses they didn't repair, on farms they didn't cultivate, and estates they couldn't transfer. The trader didn't import, for he wasn't paid for what he sold. The labourer didn't work, for he didn't earn his grub at it. The lord blamed the disturbed state of the country for not living in it; the agent blamed him for high rents and absenteeism; the farmer blamed both for extortioners, and the peasantry cursed the whole billing of them; while lawyers, like flies, swarmed where there was corruption, and increased the taint they fed on. When the patient is in a bad way, there is always a quack who has a nostrum; and political quacks rose up by the score, who had each an infallible remedy. One tried repeal of the union; another, tenant-right; and a third, rebellion. Parliament tried its hand at it, and spent millions in jobs. But I agree with you, the Incumbered Estates Act, steam, and (what you have forgotten to mention) temperance, have effected, and will work wonders; and it's their own fault now, if the Irish don't go ahead. Cardinal Wiseman missed a figure when he was here, I tell you. He might have saved this country, if he'd have taken the right course, and know'd as much of representatives, Ly, as you and I do. He may be a Cardinal, but hang me if he's a *wise man*. I wish I had his chance and his power, I'd a said, 'Pat, my boy, if anybody goes for to talk politics to you, up fist, and knock him down, and I'll absolve you on the principle of self-defence. Patriots, as they call themselves, are no friends of yours, or old Ireland either. They have honey on their lips, but pyson in their tongues. What

is it to you whether Tory, or Whig, or Radical is uppermost, any more than whether democrats or republicans are ins or outs in the States? The object of law is to protect life and property; and so long as it does that, and don't interfere with your liberty and religion, that's all the call you have to it. Mind your own business, and live in charity with your neighbours. Be sober, industrious, and peaceable. Respect yourselves and others will respect you; *but eschew politics as you would the Devil*. It is better to be a free agent, than a tool at any time. Obey the law, but never look to Government for patronage. They will feed you on promises till you are unfit for any thing, and then give you something not worth having. They are like torpedoes, they paralyse everybody they touch. Avoid secret societies, work diligently, be honest, and grateful to your employers, and God will prosper you in all your undertakings. But if you choose to serve the Devil, do so; he is a good paymaster, and rewards his servants. *The wages of Sin is Death*, and if you earn it, I hope you will get it.' Now, Ly, if that ain't poetry, it's truth; and if it ain't Irish, it's plain English. It's the rael ticket, and no mistake. What the plague is the sense of harping for ever on old grievances—it's the tune the Old Cow died of. They are like spilt milk, and we all know it's no use to cry over that. If the Cardinal would go in up to the handle for that, he'd do more good than all the patriots, hung or unhung, ever did or will do for Ireland from July to eternity."

"Well done, Peabody," said the Senator. "I never heard you utter so much sense before; it's a pity you would not always talk that way."

"Well, I don't think so," said Peabody; "there is a time for all things in natur'. When sense is trumps, why I can lead off with an ace, if I like, for I am not the fool you take me to be; but when fun is the word, well then I'm ready to cut in and take a hand. Laughing wasn't given us for nothin', or we shouldn't have been made so everlastin' ticklish as we are. Courtin' would be stupid work if it wasn't for romping. But here is the postman. Now, do you look solemn-choly, Ly, and important, and say you have got a despatch from the Presi-

dent of the United States. It sounds well afore the waiters ; and I'll see if there is ere a letter from my sister Deliverance, for she always writes me a long one, under pretence of giving me news from hum, and ends with a postscript containing a commission for me to send her something worth a hundred dollars."

In the package of letters, I found one from my friend Cary, announcing the completion of his business, and requesting my immediate return to Cork. I was therefore obliged to take

leave of my companions, and set out at once on my journey. They expressed great regret at not being able to accompany me, in consequence of expecting a party of friends from New York, to arrive the next day ; but they assured me that they would not fail to renew their acquaintance with me on some future occasion at Southampton.

The bell rang, the guard blew a shrill blast from his whistle, the train started, and in a few minutes Killarney faded in the distance.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN OWEN, D.D.

BY THE REV. RICHARD S. BROOKE, M.A.

FROM the accession of Charles I. to the death of his son, in 1685, a period embracing sixty years, the landscape of English life presents a surface singularly brilliant and diversified. The stage of the nation was filled with great characters, who trod the boards with almost passionate energy, each acting out his part under the constraining influence of his political, his military, his intellectual, or his religious tendencies. The history of the whole land, the court, the church, the camp, was like a picture ; the canvas ample and thronged with figures ; all standing forth from the depth of their shadowings in distinct and prominent individuality.

It was an era of earnestness and of restlessness ; the pulse of the nation beat with a fever stroke, and the heat and opposition of the times appeared to act on society like the high temperature of a conservatory, which gives increase of growth and hue to plant and flower. Perhaps at no period before or since did so many illustrious minds, and of such opposing principles, congregate together ; like stars they rose, they shone, they set. Some were pale and indistinct ; others of the first magnitude ; many were eccentric in their orbits ; but most of them, moving steadily, were kept in their allotted path by the regulating influence of their own centrifugal energy, and their attraction and fidelity to some one great principle, round which as a centre they revolved. The influential causes of this national fervour and inquietude

are to be found among the general phenomena which distinguished the era ; the birth of new and strange doctrines ; the counter currents of contending parties ; the growth of Republicanism on English soil. "Jam nova progenies"—(we fear the remainder of the line is inapplicable)—the uprising of extraordinary men ; the growing passion for liberty ; the spread of education ; the enormous learning of the sister universities ; the outflow from the press ; the strife for polemical as well as political supremacy ; and a hundred other facts recorded on history's broad page, each of them prolific in its influence on the national mind. Among these may be particularly mentioned the mounting absolutism of Charles I., ever terminating in defeat. The Petition of Right passed in 1627 ; the cruelty of the Star Chamber and other courts, exhibited in such acts as the pillorying and maiming of Leighton, Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick ; the squabbles between the court and the parliament ; the king's habitual insincerity ; the queen's quiet but rigid Popery ; the beheading of such men as Laud and Strafford, standard-bearers in Church and State ; the Irish massacre in 1641 ; Montrose's Highland wars in 1644 ; the great Rebellion, which shook England from Southampton to the Borders ; the king's death by the axe, which Burnet calls "one of the most amazing scenes in history ;" the downcasting of England's episcopate, and the shiftings and changings of religious sects

strong, perhaps a stony one, and the mine had need to be driven far down; the soil was deep and stiff, and the ploughshare sheared sharply into it, and made long furrows. The edifice was of granite, and clamped with iron rivets, and it needed the thunders to rock it, and the lightnings to shatter it, that through the rifts of a broken-up and subdued nature, heaven's sunlight might stream in, bringing with it warmth, and radiance, and health. To judge by his experimental writings, no man ever understood the windings and shiftings of the human heart more entirely than Owen. No man had fathomed the deep waters of its deceitfulness—had plumbed its darkness—had pursued its crafty reasonings one by one into their caves, until, like wild foxes, they turned to bay—had sifted its motives, winnowing the chaff from the wheat, and purging the gold from the dross—had detected its eludings, exposed its counterfeits, and disrobed even to shivering nakedness each limb, and member, and muscle of the great idol SELF, which lives and tyrannizes till God sets up his counter rule in the soul; and even then, though with a power impaired, strives on against *his* sceptre, until Death throws down the baton, and commands that the strife between the spirit and the flesh should cease for evermore.

It was during this probationary period that Owen learned so well the science of the heart of humanity, which, when under the influence of sin and self, is so wrought on and so deceived; his study was in the chambers of his own mind; he had no companions but his thoughts, and his sorrow, and an overcharging conscience, ever writing bitter things against him; he had an absence of all light save the flashings of conviction, which continually fell like lightning within his soul from the cloud which hung around him; his condition was morbid and miserable, but eventually profitable; and strongly educative. Let no one suppose that this is an exaggerated statement. These conflicts were as actual in fact as they were terrible in results; they shook the man and his mind to the centre; health forsook him, and appetite fled; he turned away from lover and from friend; his pursuits were abandoned, and "for three months," his biographers re-

late, "he hardly ever exchanged a word with a human being."

Probably it was at the termination of this paroxysm that Owen took Holy Orders, and entered the Church of England. He was ordained by Dr. John Bancroft, Bishop of Oxford, and shortly afterwards left the University, being unable to reconcile his conscience to the discipline and rules which the Chancellor was then imposing on Oxford and on the Church.

William Laud, Primate of England, had received the office of Chancellor of Oxford in 1630. It is difficult to understand this man. He had some good qualities, and had the stain of blood been off his hand, and had he not intermingled so daringly in politics, he might have descended to posterity as merely an energetic bigot. In his own way he was not a greater fanatic than Harrison or Fleetwood, and was just as little averse to shedding blood to compass his ends or satisfy the thing he called his conscience, as Ireton or Oliver himself.

Burnet, whose political views were opposed to his, says: "he was learned, humble, and regular; but hot and indiscreet." Yet he adds that nothing but putting him to death so unjustly could have raised his character, which seems paradoxical praise.

Hume, who, from his love for the Stuarts, might be expected to gloze his faults, lashes him sarcastically, and gives the whole story of the consecration of St. Catherine's church, the bowings, and startings back, and genuflexions of the Archbishop. He also implies that his learning was merely "polemical."

Rushworth, from whom Hume quotes, was a Cromwellian in politics, a lawyer by profession, and a sort of unpaid *Times* Commissioner by taste and habit. Rambling to every place where sights were to be seen, or news picked up; now going down to the House; now hovering round the Star Chamber; now roving off to Naseby or Newbury; again visible at Whitehall, or recognised in the foremost crowd at the consecration of a church: a locomotive, ubiquitous, fidgety animal, and very severe on Laud.

Neal, the historian of the Puritans, does not exhibit any particular acrimony against the Archbishop, but gives the testimony of others more than his own. Among these, that of Frynne

reign, yet rising above his own absurdities and outlasting the ridicule of others; and Hammond, loyal and learned; and the "ingenious Wilkins;" and Laud, with the contracted face, the trim moustache, and small eyes, glittering like those of a rat.

These all, and most of them wore the mitre, pass through the porch and up the long aisle of our church during the period we speak of, and then, when Death opened his low, iron door in the side wall of the building, they descend through it silently to the church-yard, and are seen no more.

But others there were of the same sacred profession who graced the age they lived in, although they worshipped God in a plainer building, and under a more simple formula: these were the Puritan body, among whom JOHN OWEN, of whom we treat, was illustrious.

Lord Macaulay says of this body that "they were not men of letters;" that they had a "contempt for human learning;" "a scorn of science;" that they were "unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets; were uncouth, awkward, had a nasal twang." Now, in order to refute this charge, it is only necessary to state that among this class of men are to be found, at this very time, names occupying the highest position in learning and in literature, such as the profound Selden, and John Milton, and Sir Edward Leigh, of Stafford; and Andrew Marvel, poet and wit of the first water; and Mathew Poole, "Auctor Synopsis," &c.; and polished Bates, the friend of Tillotson; and Thomas May, historian, wit, and dramatist; and Vincent Alsop, the lively satirist, called the "South of the Dissenters;" and world-honoured allegorists, like John Bunyan; and acute metaphysicians, like Richard Baxter; and indefatigable bookworms, like Prynne, a man of ubiquitous learning; and painful and accurate Hellenists, like Dr. Gouge, whose Commentary on the Hebrews is a Greek concordance of the original text; and profound thinkers, like Stephen Charnock, whose pages exhibit a sustained chain of luminous oratory; and men like Reynolds, of arranged erudition; or like William Bridge, an incomparable exegetist of the Scriptures; or Thomas Gataker, Hebraist and divine, the editor of Marcus Antoninus, and "re-

markable for his polite literature," says Mr. Eachard; or Dr. Thomas Manton, with his robust commentaries; or Howe, with his sweet spirit; or popular Flavel, a teacher for all time; or Calamy, preacher and biographer. These men were all learned, most of them literary, many of them tasteful and elegant; no foes were they to science, no despisers of philosophy or contemners of poetry; but they were accounted sour and morose, because they could not smile on the infamy of the court; and they were called hostile to all mirth and pleasant society, because they would not attend the theatre, where gross and indecent plays were acted; and these men, these Puritans, were accounted awkward, sour, and unfashionable, though they had among them such gentlemen as Fairfax, and the Lord Essex—the gentle Essex—and the Earl of Manchester, and Lords Berkeley and Wharton, and Sir Thomas Abney, and the Lords Brooke and Willoughby, and Sir John Hartopp, and John Hampden, whose description is, that he was of a "person most commanding and elegant; of manners refined;" "slender and of the middling height; his head was covered with a profusion of dark brown hair, which fell gracefully upon his shoulders;" and if we travel back into former reigns, we shall find some of the first gentlemen and the foremost scholars among the Puritans. Such was Cartwright, an author of "purest style;" as a divine, erudite; as a preacher, unsurpassed; the companion of Leicester, and Walsingham, and the elegant Knollys, and the friend of Bacon and Burghley. Such was Sir Henry Mildmay, who founded Emmanuel College at Cambridge; and Chadderton, its first master. We may find, also, Henry Smith, "the silver-tongued," the most eloquent and finished preacher in Europe; and Travers, Hooker's coadjutor, but his superior in the pulpit of the Temple Church; John Foxe, the martyrologist; the beloved Bishop Hooper, saint and martyr; the noble Miles Coverdale; Ainsworth, the great Rabbinical scholar, who wrote the best and freshest commentary ever published on the Pentateuch; and Peter Wentworth, the high-minded senator, who bearded the lioness Elizabeth, and prevailed against her arbitrary enactments; and Arthur Hildersham, the Queen's cou-

too closely into the young minister's conduct or conscience to inquire if he were ever guilty of reading in his lordship's parish church or chapel the "Declaration for the Book of Sports," which King Charles and Laud had made indispensable on the clergy, resuscitating it from an old edict of silly King James, which he put forth to vex his Christian subjects; and which the Archbishop exhibited himself as a practical comment on, each Sunday, by "playing divers games at tennis on his own lawn at Lambeth," no doubt to the great edification of the church, and exaltation of his proper person, as well as his episcopate, in the eyes of the nation.

Probably Owen's sustained reserve of character helped him well in the concealing of the unsettled position of his mind on Church matters. We can fancy him in Lord Lovelace's house, characterized by the family and among the domestics as the young chaplain, very modest, quiet, and shy; much given to books and lonely rambles in the woods; for his religious melancholy had never left him, though its darkness and terrors had subsided; and as yet he knew not that peace which in afterlife, and amidst all his trials, he enjoyed so abundantly. Yet was Owen well suited, from natural gifts, to mingle with and adorn society. His very enemies testify to his attractiveness of person and of manner, to the dignity of his presence, the sweet gravity of his countenance, and his rich and persuasive voice. In person he was tall and slight; his movements were graceful, his face pale, and at this time marked with the traces of a profound melancholy; his bearing was particularly dignified, and he had a quiet collectedness of manner which in afterlife made him as popular as one of his opinions could be, with such men as Clarendon and the kings Charles and James, with both of whom he had several interviews. His countenance bespoke a composed intellect; the brow well built, and based protrudingly over the eyes, which were small, but bright, and full of thought, and far apart, which is usually their position with those that speak well; the nose rather long; the mouth not small, but compressed and decided; the head harmoniously set on the shoulders. He dressed well, a habit he continued through

life, and which awakens Antony a Wood's wrath, who accuses him of being a fop, and that he wore Spanish leather boots, and his hat cocked to one side during his Oxford Vice-Chancellorship; but Granger's comment on this is that, "allowing for Wood's style, it but amounts to Owen's being a well dressed and gentlemanly person." Owen's handwriting was vile. It was the quintessence of cacography, and any one who looks at the crooked, half-tipsy, illegible letters which his pen misformed, can imagine something of the horrors entertained in the printing lofts by the whole army of the typesetters and compositors when the advent of a bulky manuscript from the Doctor was announced.

In 1642, the civil war breaking out, Lord Lovelace attached himself to the king's forces, and Owen, with as much sincerity, espoused the cause of the Parliament. By this step he lost the favour of his maternal uncle, whose purse had supported him at Oxford, and who now, "being so enraged" at his nephew's disloyalty, struck him out of his will, and left his Welsh estates away from him. It is a singular coincidence, that another John Owen, living in the same century, and renowned for his satire, was similarly disinherited by his uncle, a Roman Catholic, because of the following epigram:—

"An *Petrus* fuerit *Rome*, sub *judice* *lis* est,
Simonem *Rome*, *nemo* *fuisse* *negat*!"

This extreme measure of his kinsman severely tested Owen's sincerity in the cause he had adopted—it was the struggle and success of his conscience against his self-interest, for his means were now only such as depended upon the sweat of his brain. His principles were all on the side of rational liberty; and Laud's arbitrariness having much separated the ties which linked him to the Establishment, it behoved him to make his election at once and abide by it. In fact, he could not have swerved. Two great streams of national opinion were rushing different ways, and on the one or the other it was all but compulsory that he should embark. There was at that time no halting between two opinions; no debatable land in the political geography of the times; no *Laodicea* marked on the map as a city of refuge for those who were neither hot or cold—for king, for com-

with concord of sweet sounds." Antony Wood, who, according to his own account, had a rare singing voice, and "exercised his natural and insatiable genie for music," having in the same "an extraordinary and ravishing delight," tells us that "oftentimes Charles II. had twenty-four viols playing before him at dinner." When Owen afterwards became Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, he remembered Wilson, and made him Professor of Music to the University. It is probable Owen cultivated this divine and lovely art through life. We know how Luther and Zuinglius excelled in music, and such a taste was not incompatible with the habits of the severer Puritans; for Wood narrates an odd anecdote of Oliver Cromwell, "who loved a good voice and instrumental music well;" that on Mr. James Quin, an Irishman, who sang a fine bass, being introduced to him, Oliver "heard him with great delight, and *liquored him with sack*," and said, "Mr. Quin, you have done very well; what shall I do for you?" to which the other answered, "that his Highness would please to reinstate him in his place at Oxford, from which he had been expelled by some commission," which prayer was immediately granted. John Milton also played on the organ and viol. During his early college life, Owen had been a vigorous athlete, and fond of manly sports. No man was more ready to pull a wherry on the Isis, or wrestle a fall, or heave a stone on Christ-church meadows, or joining a jolly crew of wild lads to go up of a moonlight eve into the belfry of Magdalene, and set the rich bells a clanging till the spire rocked, wakening the night, and startling the old monastic quiet of Oxford streets with the joyous outbreak and tintinnabulatory exuberance of a Double Bob Major.

All his spare time seemed to be given to these sports, and they greatly occupied his outward life; but ambition reigned within, and Calamy distinctly asserts that Owen's "whole aim and end at Oxford was to rise to some station of pre-eminence in the church." This was his failing, otherwise we have not one record of vice against him from foe or friend. He appears to have been eminently moral, being, indeed, but a lad at this time,

and taking his bachelor degree at sixteen, along with one of the Killigrews, and assuming the black and crimson hood three years afterwards; about the time that John Milton took the same degree as Master of Arts.

At this period a cloud settled on Owen's mind, which produced much darkness and mental distress. He became unhappy, and was greatly exercised with thoughts and feelings which were new and strange to him; perhaps the good lessons he had received beneath his father's roof-tree were now beginning to bud and promise fruit. Perhaps he was weary with the way he spent his leisure hours—the bell-ringing and boat-rowing, the leaping and cudgelling matches, and, no doubt, disgusted with the associates these habits introduced him to. It may be, also, that he had been subjected to some trial or shock in his affections, which his reserved nature has left no record of, though it is implied in some of his later experimental writings. At all events, a change was now passing over him, and the profound and thoughtful character of his mind was assuming shape and substance as he emerged into manhood. His conscience, always sensitive to intensity, and taking cognizance of every straw that floated, and every bubble that rose, seemed now to be unwearied in its self-analysis, and ceaselessly busy in bringing in accusations of wrong against itself, and the keen convictions of sin which wrung his soul, were so bitter for awhile as to annihilate his happiness and seriously to injure his health. But this was all the discipline of his divine *Διδασκαλος*. He was laying the first stones of his servant's future existence in fire and in pain—the clay of which the vessel was composed had to endure the fierce heat of the furnace before it came forth strong and meet for the Master's use. The mind was undergoing the first stage of a process. It was an education for future usefulness commenced with present disquietude. It was an education for the joys of heaven, commenced with the sorrow of humanity; it was an education, the beginning of which resembled the apostle Paul's, first despair and death, and then life, and hope, and joy; it was an education such as Owen himself describes a hundred times in his after writings. The nature was a

intolerable toleration," "Diana of the Ephesians," "Soul Poison," and a "refuge" in men's consciences for "the Devil to fly to." Baxter himself, a noble pillar among them, laments, yet allows these facts; he says, "the keys or ministerial power they thought not worth a rush unless they were enforced by the sword of the magistrate." By turns they strove to rail or reason down liberty of conscience, and expressed their admiration of persecution with somewhat of Popish gusto. At this time Edwards published his "Gangrena," and "his casting down of the last and strongest hold of Satan, or a treatise against toleration;" and Samuel Rutherford also, of St. Andrews, a name which we have been wont to connect with eminent holiness, put forth a quarto of 400 pages against the abomination of a pretended liberty of conscience. The fact was, that the Presbyterians were now at the top of the tree among the apples, and were giddy with church power; the whole body seemed tainted with the principles of absolutism; the Westminster Assembly rejected all overtures to be reconciled to the Independents, and would not tolerate their churches; they argued for the "*jus divinum*" of Presbytery just as hotly as a modern Belgravian divine would stickle for the apostolical succession; and they went so far, as a body, as to publish a treatise demanding "a compulsive, coercive, punitive, corrective power to the political magistrate in matters of religion!" If the spirit of Laud could have reappeared, surely he would have smiled to see his own star-chamber ordinances nearly outdone; and had Bonner's grisly ghost revisited the glimpses of the moon, he might have mistaken these fathers of the Kirk for Romish priests, and ordered his Smithfield faggots to be relumed.

It would be extremely wrong to connect all this cruelty and folly with Presbyterianism as it exists *per se*. There was at that time as much moral worth and Scriptural holiness in that church as in any other body in the whole land. The Church establishment had been, and was again, alas! soon to be just as intolerant when it attained the ascendancy. "It is the bright day brings forth the adder." We are in the habit of attributing to sect and party the sources of evil, whereas it is the corrupt tree of our

common nature which bears the poison-berry when exposed to the heat and glare of power. The Presbyterian body had behaved nobly and Christianly in their vigorous and united protest against putting the king to death; while John Owen, the deprecator of *their* religious intolerance, preaches a sermon on that bloodiest illustration of political intolerance, which he afterwards publishes with an eulogistic "essay on toleration" appended to it!—so weak and deceitful is the human heart in the best of men.

Still Owen did not sympathize with the extreme views of the church he had joined; his mind overleaped their ecclesiastical littlenesses; and "he was far beyond the best men of his day in the Catholicity of his principles;" but a lover of order, and possessing great dignity of mind, he enjoyed the steadfastness and rule of their discipline, and thus feared to leave their pale, and expose himself to the fierce tossing of the democratic waves which he thought he could hear breaking outside the piers of the quiet harbour in which their church lay moored; yet at this very time an ark was building to which he was yet to retire, and where he was to prove himself a master mariner and pilot of renown. This was the Independent body. Five Dissenting members from the Westminster Assembly formed the nucleus of this church: these men were Nye, Bridge, Simpson, Burroughs, and Thomas Goodwin, and their secession took place in 1643. They stood fast for toleration, and in the following year came forth Milton's "*Arcopagitica*," or "a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing," which powerfully helped their cause and party; while the Presbyterians, "stung by a thousand pamphleteers," says Mr. Marsden, "*would have revived the star-chamber, and laid an embargo on the press.*"

In the midst of this polemical tempest Owen took a wife whose name was Mary Rooke, and we know little of her besides. Owen, in his will, says she "was a person of a very excellent character," an eulogium he might have bestowed on a housemaid leaving his service. Dr. Gilbert, who seems to have written epitaphs for the whole family, describes her as "*Rei domesticæ perite studiosa*;" and between them both the poor lady attains no

is curious, as coming from one whom the Archbishop's Star Chamber had fined extravagantly, and publicly pilloried; whose nose had been slit; whose ears had been slashed off close to his head, and afterwards the seared stumps savagely grubbed out on a public scaffold with a hangman's knife; whose cheeks had been branded with a hot iron, and who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life. And all this ruthless butchery for merely publishing a book entitled "*Histrio Mastyx*," or a "*Lash for the Players*," in which the author was *supposed* to glance at the queen. We have looked into this volume; it is a demy octavo of 1,000 pages, "Printed by Michael Sparks, and sold at the Blue Bible, Green Arbour, Old Bayly, 1635." It has a page teeming with "errata" at the beginning, and one to match it at the end. It is a book full of inflated pedantry, bad taste, extreme violence, and a great show of learning in quotation, and would have sunk and perished by the specific gravity of its own stupidity, had it been let alone. If we remember the utter licentiousness of the stage then, but more especially after King Charles' restoration, we shall be disposed to think that the "*Histrio Mastyx*" was much needed and usefully laid on; and that if John Dryden and William Wycherley, Esqrs., some thirty years afterwards, had stood for half an hour in the pillory, but without the blood or maiming, and sustained a shower of stale eggs and turnip-tops, as the authors of certain base, wicked, and contaminating plays, it would have been a work of honour for every stout paterfamilias, and every pure and decorous matron in fair England, to have discharged a base but innocuous missile against the face and person of the polluting pair.

Prynne's account of Laud's speech at his trial is as follows:—

"The archbishop made as full, as gallant, and as pithy a defence as was possible for the wit of man to invent; and that with so much art, sophistry, vivacity, oratory, audacity, and confidence, without the least blush or acknowledgment of guilt in any thing, as argued him rather obstinate than innocent, impudent than penitent, and a far better orator and sophist than a Protestant and a Christian."

Lord Macaulay calls Laud "a superstitious driveller," and "as honest as

his vile temper would suffer him to be." He quotes largely from his "Diary," which Burnet calls "a mean production," but omits to notice what that document betrays, that Laud was a habitual fawner on Buckingham; and addressed to him the same revolting flattery that his prototype Bancroft offered to James I., and with about as much reason.

Mr. Marsden, in his "*History of the Puritans*,"—one of the most delightful books of modern times—with the spirit of a Christian and a gentleman, enlists the reader's pity for the old man dragged before a stern tribunal, and the white hairs dabbled in blood, and the real piety which pervaded his dying words; for he was willing to depart, and cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." But this better mind is strangely mixed up with what his own history, at the 417th page, narrates: how he told his judges that he suffered "for not leaving the Temple of God to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calves," alluding to the Presbyterian schism; and how he had addressed the witnesses with epithets too coarse for ears polite; language not very suitable for a minister of the Gospel about to appear in the presence of his God.

Such was a portion of the man's character who now exercised official sway at Oxford. In his Preface to the Statutes he had extolled the days of Queen Mary as superior to those of Edward VI. He also required the celebration of what many deemed superstitious rites, on pain of expulsion from the University; and all liberty of conscience was to him but an idle dream.

With such a man, so bold, so active, so tenacious of his power, and a favourite of the king, it was bootless to contend; and Owen left Oxford in 1637, at twenty-one years of age. Whatever dislike he might have imbibed against the church from Laud, he still continued in her communion, and celebrated her offices for some time, during which he was chaplain to Sir Robert Dormer, at Ascot, a stout royalist, who died with Lord Falkland, at the fight of Newbury,

"Where many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground."

Afterwards Owen engaged as chaplain with Lord Lovelace, who was also a Cavalier. It would be prying

a sermon should be. The Humgudgeons, and Barebones, and Turn-about-to-the-right Thackaways, and Maher-ahalahashbazz, and mixed scum of wild Ranter, Anabaptist, fifth monarchy men, and perhaps a few drooping and melancholy Royalists who had wandered in through a sad restlessness and curiosity to learn how a deed so dark could be justified: surely no discourse but one which dealt in inapprehensible generalities, incapable of being appropriated by any sect or party, would have been suitable or acceptable on so peculiar an occasion to so piebald an auditory.

It may afford a grisly satisfaction to the revilers of this sermon to hear that in 1683 the University of Oxford commanded it to be burnt by the hands of their marshal or hangman, as "pernicious and damnable." Owen was then no more; and Mr. Orme feels indignant at this kicking of the dead mastiff; and remarks "that had their power equalled their intentions, they would doubtless have substituted the author in the place of his sermon."

In a second discourse, before the honourable House, Owen engaged the notice and favour of Oliver Cromwell, and a journey to Ireland was the result.

When he arrived in Dublin he took up his lodging in Trinity College as chaplain to Lieutenant-General Cromwell; he probably lived in the best and handsomest portion of the edifice. The large square where the chapel and theatre are now standing, was not then built; it was added by an architect named Chambers, about 1750. Owen remained in Dublin for six months, from July to January, 1650. At that time Ussher was Primate of Ireland, and Jones Governor of Dublin, which was threatened by the gallant Ormond. The Archbishop was Lancelot Bulkley, a Welshman of noble family. He was an old man, and soon afterwards "died of the troubles" at the ancient Palace of Tallaght, whose ruins still are to be seen, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

After some time Owen leaving the College retired to the Castle, and, though delicate in health, yet constantly preached "to as numerous a multitude of thirsting people after the Gospel of Christ as he ever conversed with." Probably he occupied the College Chapel pulpit, or preached

at St. Werburgh's, or St. Bride's, ancient churches in the neighbourhood of the Castle, or at an older church still, his namesake, St. Audoen's or Owen's, which stands in an alley off High-street, and contains a chapel and the tombs of the Eustaces—Lords Portlester. On Owen's return home he seems to have remembered Ireland with deep interest; and in a sermon before the Parliament in February, 1650, he exhorts them to send help, and do their utmost for the preaching of the Gospel in that country:

"They want it, and are sensible of their wants; their tears and cries after the manifestations of Christ are ever in my ears; if they were in the dark and loved to have it so, it might close a door on our compassion; but they cry out of their darkness, and are ready to follow every one to have a candle."

This appeal was followed by the House passing an ordinance to send ministers to Ireland. Stephen Charnock, the most graceful and eloquent of all the Puritan writers, a man full of sustained thought and peculiar learning, whose sermons interest by their profound divinity, and whose style abounds in antitheses which are often as beautiful as Burke's, and in climaxes as brilliant as they are comprehensive; this gifted minister preached in Dublin to "persons of the greatest distinction. Synchronic with him was Dr. Harrison, who ministered at Christ Church, and of whom Lord Thomond used to say, "he would rather hear Dr. Harrison say grace over an egg, than hear the Bishops preach and pray." Afterwards Samuel Mather preached at St. Nicholas', who, when he was offered a commission by Henry Cromwell, which would displace the Episcopal clergy in Dublin and Munster, refused it, saying he "had come to Ireland to preach the Gospel, not to prevent others from doing it."

Thus Owen's mission to Ireland bore fruit.

It would be prying into a matter deeper than the soundings of historical curiosity, to inquire whether Owen ever, in Christian fidelity, and as Cromwell's chaplain, remonstrated with him on his "fœdifragous" and atrocious conduct at Drogheda and Wexford. Evangelical historians may endeavour to lighten this weight of guilt on Oliver's soul, by throwing a counterpoise of domestic excellency

mons. The neutral man was distrusted by either party, jostled by both, and finally lodged in the kennel. Yet there were temperate characters on each side who might have struck out a happy medium; and if these "certi fines" could have been fixed, and some moderate Isle of the Blest been discovered, surely there Falkland might have exchanged armour with Fairfax; Thomas Fuller might have drank a cup of sack with Thomas May; Tillotson and Bates cemented more strongly their hallowed friendship; and the thrice noble Hampden embraced one as high-minded, as brave, and as honest as himself in the Marquis of Ormond.

Owen united himself to the Parliamentary cause from a twofold reason. He was drawn into it politically by his hope of finding that liberty which was the master passion of his heart; and he was driven into it religiously by the conjoint tyranny and fatuity of Laud, at which his spiritual-mindedness was shocked, and from which the dignity of his intellect revolted. He had all to lose and nothing to acquire by the change; and so, in 1643, we find him in an obscure lodging-house in Charter House-yard in London.

Here his depression of mind, which, like a cloud, had girt him for five years, was suddenly dispersed on his hearing a sermon preached in Dr. Calamy's chapel by some country minister, whose name he never could ascertain. The text was from Matt. viii. 26—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" These words went like an arrow into his soul, and he poured up a silent prayer that God would bless the coming sermon to his good. His petition was answered: the discourse that followed, though plain and unadorned, fell like dew from heaven on his heart, long parched with dry reasonings and sterile questionings. From that hour his peace began to brighten, his health was gradually restored, and the blessing was given to him of the "mens sana in corpore sano."

He now looked back and was enabled to see how his long discipline had tamed his natural ambition and plucked up his vanity by the roots, and toned and regulated his mind to heavenly sweetness and quiet. The simple means by which God had given him light, lowered in his estimation the power of human learning which

he ever had held in undue estimation; for, in the phraseology of his own party, the walls had fallen down, not at the music of the silver trumpet, but at the hoarse bray of the ram's horn.

One can fancy the enjoyment Owen must have had many years afterwards in reading his friend Goodwin's "Child of Light walking in Darkness," and comparing his own case with what is so vividly described in that singular book.

He had now no preferment or post, but, probably, preached much in Presbyterian pulpits.

At twenty-six years of age he published his "Display of Armenianism." This procured him the living of Fordham in Essex. It was a Parliamentary presentation. The bishops had been now deprived of their power, and all ecclesiastical authority vested in a section of the House, one of whose acts was to appoint a committee for purging the Church of scandalous ministers. Acting on their charter, they had sequestered Fordham on the petition of the parishioners against their minister, the Rev. Richard Pully Walker, the historian of "the suffering clergy," avers that Pully was a "man of great learning, religion, and sobriety." If this were so, indeed, Owen must have felt deeply at thus becoming a supplanting Jacob to a deserving brother. Probably Pully's "scandalousness" was his denying the "Quinquarticular Confession;" for Armenianism to these men was on the same black level as Popery, and next door but one to blasphemy. Mr. Orme tells this story calmly; and, while he honestly quotes Pully's eulogism from Walker, he quietly adds—"The committee were of a different opinion."

Some good was probably effected through the working of this body; but it opened a door of temptation to every kind of oppression and tyranny.

By accepting Fordham, Owen connected himself with the Presbyterians, yet his heart was not fully with them, for the principle of religious toleration was a deep root in his very being, and this he failed to find among the people he had now cast in his lot with; they repudiated the doctrine of Erastus, a German, who had published a denial of self-government to Christian churches, and desired to place them under the power of the civil government; they called toleration "a cursed

assuming these collegiate and ecclesiastical honors and names. Some of the old Reformers, such as Zuinglius and Carlostadt, eschewed all titles; and Luther, even though a doctor, exclaims, "Nunquam periclitatur ecclesia nisi apud reverendissimos." No doubt in this he cuts at the Romish hierarchy; but if we transfer this observation to the Church of England, it loses its point and is at variance with truth and fact, for no dissenting college or church has ever yet produced men of holier lives or truer Christian faith than James Ussher, Robert Leighton, William Bedell, Joseph Hall, Nicholas Ridley, Hugh Latimer, and, in our own day and country, Power le Poer Trench—all archbishops or bishops, wearing a title very similar, if not the same, as reverendissimus.

Owen's first college oration was simple, modest, and sensible, and must have been well received. His *modus regendi* was firm but kind; his conduct sincere and truthful; he restored much of what had been desecrated or trodden down; he was tolerant to the Episcopalians, and suffered a Sunday congregation of 300 to meet opposite his door, at a Mr. Willis's, without molestation; he was liberal to the Presbyterian clergy, giving them livings of which he had the patronage; to the students he conducted himself forbearingly and like a father; to poor scholars he acted generously with his purse and wisely with his counsel; and, always labouring as a minister, he preached by turns at St. Mary's, whose "seats he filled," or at the neighbouring church of Stadham; and Mr. Orme thinks that his work on Communion affords a fair sample of what his sermons might have been at that time.

Oxford was then full of stars—some shining brightly above the horizon; others only uprising. Here was Pocke, the great Arabic scholar; and Dr. Thomas Hyde, who wrote "*De veteri religione Persarum*," and Sam Clarke, who assisted Walton in his "*Polyglott*;" and, possibly, Walton himself, though a Cambridge man; and the great, and good, and noble Irishman, Robert Boyle. Charnock was fellow of New College; Howe, another Puritan, was fellow of Magdalen; Prideaux was there, an erudite punster, who said of Conant, the rector of Exeter, and Owen's succe-

sor in his Oxford dignities, "Nil conanti difficile."

Many future bishops were now at Oxford. Spratt, who afterwards wore the mitre of Rochester; and Hopkins of Raphoe; Ken and Marsh, and Lloyd, an eminent classic and Greek human-concordance, of whom Burnet testifies, when he says—"I learned the best part of all I have from Lloyd and Tillotson."

Pupils were there, too, who were to become lights in the world: men whose names are their history and their praise:—John Locke, William Penn, Daniel Whitby, Christopher Wren, Philip Henry, Joseph Alleine, and Launcelot Addison, Joseph's grandfather; here, too, was Dr. South, the witty parson to be, who loved Owen at college, and laughed at him at Court; and Antony a Wood, learned statistician and minute egoist, historian, and gossip, who tells us how he was wont to refresh his mind by sundry jaunts to town in the "*Flying Oxford coach, which went from All Souls College to London in—thirteen hours!*"

In 1654, Owen was elected M.P. for Oxford; but when the House met in September, the Committee of Privileges questioning his right to sit as a clergyman, he resigned. This matter brought on him a storm of abuse from Cawdry and Wood of too violent a nature to be worth recording; but surely, in the judgment of common sense, there is no more incongruity in an Oxford Dean and D.D. sitting, with his scarlet robes, in the lower House, than for a cluster of Bishops to occupy the red benches of the House of Lords, dressed up in lawn sleeves and silk aprons!

Until the restoration in 1660, Owen's life was one of peace, chequered with few incidents, yet rendered profitable to his age as well as to posterity by his many publications. Among the lightest of these is a short Latin address in hexameter and pentameter eulogy, "*Ad Protectorem*." This was comprised in a volume of verses in all languages, entitled, "*Musarum Oxoniensium Ελαιοφορία*." Among these the Doctor's is not a little unctuous, quoad the flattery, though dry as regards the poetry, and a little halting in the prosody. He designates Cromwell twice as "*Augustus*!" Of himself he says—

"*Ex humili subitus vate Poeta cano.*"

higher status than that of Iago's wedded drudge, content

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

By this lady Owen had eleven children, one of whom only survived; and after an unhappy marriage with a Mr. Kynaston, died young in Owen's house.

About this time he preached before the Parliament, and dedicated his sermon to that "august assembly" in a preface full of sublime adulation. Similar effusions were offered to the same body in the very noble, yet glittering, and at times tumescent English of John Milton. At this time the sequestered incumbent of Fordham died, probably in poverty, and the patron, dispossessing Owen, appointed a new vicar, as the law empowered him to do.

Lord Warwick, son to "fanatic Brooke," killed at Lichfield in 1643, now stepped in with an offer of the living of Coggleshall, in the same county, where Owen had a congregation of 2,000 people, whom he modelled and ruled on Independent principles, his mind gradually diverging from his former Church formula, and his congregation assimilating themselves to his views, which, perhaps, caused Antony Wood to designate the place as "Factious Coggleshall."

Here he had the happiness to make the acquaintance of General Fairfax, who was besieging Colchester in the neighbourhood, and when that town fell, Owen preached two sermons before the army, from Habakkuk iii. 3, &c., which have ever given sorrow to his friends, and offence and anger to his enemies. Many sentences are couched in bad taste, and some of the applications of Scripture would indeed not be unworthy of a Macbriar or a Mucklewrath.

Mr. Marsden accuses Owen, on the authority of Whitlocke, of expressing his public admiration of the conduct of the army, in sermons delivered a short time before the king's murder.

Whitlocke's words are these:—

"1648, Dec. 31.—Mr. Owen preached two excellent sermons, and upon discourse concerning present affairs of the army he seemed much to favour them, and spoke in dislike of those members who voluntarily absented themselves from the House having no particular force upon their persons."

Mr. Marsden adds that Whitlocke was one of Owen's hearers on this occasion; but this is an error, as that gentleman had retired to the country three days before to avoid having any concern in the king's trial. Orme does not mention this fact. Neal expressly states that "*none* of the Independent ministers expressed their approbation of the doings of the army except John Goodwin and Hugh Peters." I do not find it in Burnet, and Whitlocke's shifting and uncertain politics are but a poor guarantee for his accuracy as a historian.

However, Owen's sermon after the barbarous tragedy at Whitehall is a matter of unquestionable fact. It was delivered the day after the execution. The text was peculiar, and it was taken from Jer. xv. 19, 20.

This discourse met with much admiration from the country party and equal abuse from the Court. Dr. Calamy says "it deserves to be recorded as a perpetual monument of Owen's integrity, wisdom, and modesty." Anthony Wood attacks it with as much virulence as untruthfulness, and the reading of the sermon would disprove many of his assertions. Neal passes it by. But Mr. Marsden is not a little displeased at Owen's extreme and guarded reserve in the discourse, which he calls timid and time-serving, and a "dark blot on the character of a man otherwise both good and great."

It is quite true that the sermon does not utter definite sentiments, but abounds in cautious generalities; nay, there are to be found in it "*ambiguous voces*" as doubtful as the responses of the Delphic Oracle, which would read either way, so as to suit Royalist or Roundhead; the very text has an obscurity of persons about it. Yet, for all this, we cannot blame Owen for his reserve, when we remember of what extraordinary, diversified, and inflammable materials his congregation was in all likelihood composed: here you might see a group of stern and implacable regicides, or a knot of wild republicans like Hugh Peters, rejoicing in yesterday's deed; in a different part of the church perhaps were pious and learned Presbyterians who abhorred it, or moderate men of rank, like Fairfax, and Essex, and Manchester; again, no doubt, were present many of the Ironsides of the army, most of them self-ordained preachers, and all of them self-dubbed judges of what

delightful *vade mecum* for the Christian. Mirrors are they to reflect his deepest soul up from its darkness, while they bring down Heaven's face in its brightness and glory to sustain and console. Here are great searchings of heart, keen inquiries, stern pictures, upturnings of the undermost side, anatomies of motives, winnowings of cause, and trackings of consequence. If Shakespeare painted human nature well under the influence of his own great genius, Owen, on a different easel, painted the renewed nature under the teaching of the Holy Spirit as powerfully and as truly.

While Owen was at Oxford, Hammond, a man of high attainments, both literary and moral, and a keen Carolist and Churchman, published a defence of Grotius against some animadversions of Owen's. This produced a very successful rejoinder from the Doctor's ready pen, which seldom slept when controversy was abroad. Grotius' "Scholia" were then published. He had written unguardedly, beyond a doubt, on the Socinian question; and it were to be desired that his orthodoxy was as unquestionable as his learning, and that the uncertainty of his religious views had not produced and warranted such lines as these:—

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Selden and Ussher both died about this time: the latter especially was on intimate terms with Owen; yet we are not aware whether there exists even a fragment of the bright conversational intercourse which must have ensued when these men met; and we cannot but wish that every age distinguished by high literature should be furnished with an Eckerman or a James Boswell, to preserve in the *hortus siccus* of their recording note-books, the leafy lineaments, if not the full frondage of such dialogues as they have given to the world. Selden was buried in the Temple church, and his funeral sermon was preached by Ussher, who followed him to the grave about the year after, which was 1655-56, two bright lights of learning and piety setting thus almost together from the English firmament, but gathered in a good old age.

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and fresh in life's prime, and highly industrious as a writer. He now published his "Communion with God," which is a model of systematized spirituality. Perhaps Owen was over methodical in his theology-arrangement, and faggoted his views with an ultra-precision and devotion to rule, straining to make things meet and harmonize even more than the largeness of Scripture will warrant. His expressions in this treatise are not a little quaint and peculiar, provoking criticism, so that Mr. Granger calls it "a jargon." It certainly is to be lamented that Owen, who was thoroughly educated, and large minded in most matters, and the Archon of his party, did not impart a better tone of writing to his followers, and purify his own style, which is unmusical, cloudy, and reiterative to a painful degree. Many of the great Puritan divines are deficient and coarse in style. Witness Flavel, Sibbes, Watson, Bolton, and William Bridge, the last, as a spiritual unfold of Scripture *facile princeps*. Yet some burned the oil, and used the file—as Henry Smith, and Bates, and Charnock, to which we may surely add Baxter, in his muscular and earnest eloquence.

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In his vigilance against the incoming of error, and his strong and craving appetite for controversy, it was to be expected that Owen should occasionally make mistakes. Like a generous mastiff, he guarded the outskirts of the church from thieves and prowlers, and in the excess of his fidelity and zeal it is not to be wondered at, if now and then he barked at honest men. Of this nature was his duello with Walton, who had just published his Polyglott Bible in nine languages, a magnificent work, and the first book ever brought out in England by subscription. Oliver, who with all his faults, had good and noble stuff in him, warmly patronized the work, assisted in defraying the expense, and permitted 5,000 reams

into the opposite scale ; and essayists of rare originality of thought and style may bend in a delusion of hero worship before his shrine ; but all men of clear morality must lament his cruelty in his Irish wars. If we credit Captain Wood's account of the sack of Drogheda, given in detail in his brother's Oxford History, we should class the horrors of the scene, of which he was an eyewitness, with those enacted by the soldiers of Tilly at Magdeburgh, and not far beneath the atrocities at Cawnpore. Lord Ormond's testimony is valuable from its calmness, and the character of him who gives it : he says, "on this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself in any thing I ever heard of in breach of faith, and bloody inhumanity."

Oliver had grand and noble qualities, mingling with incongruities and self-delusions. He was a fanatic, and lived and moved in an atmosphere of heated imaginations, through which at times his robust mind came out in clear and wise determinations. It is well known that he had manufactured certain principles which could not be squared by any standard of truth. One was that "moral laws were only binding on ordinary occasions, and might be suspended on extraordinary," a maxim which would open the door to every kind of villany. His strong mind, too, strangely admitted superstition. His faith in the right actings of his own will was morbidly unlimited. The writer who has painted his character the best is Sir Walter Scott ; and the scene before Vandyke's picture of "the King" in the Tale of Woodstock, is one of the most matchless and masterly delineations to be found in the whole range of history or fiction.

In this year Owen went to Scotland with Cromwell by an order of the House. He had Joseph Caryl, a learned and pious divine, for his chaplain. He was the author of a powerful exegesis on Job, in two volumes, folio, and containing 600 sheets, on which Mr. Granger, who is not always as wise as he is witty, remarks that the perusal of it is a good exercise of the virtue of patience, which the treatise is intended to inculcate.

Owen is supposed to have assisted Cromwell in his letters with the Edinburgh ministers. These documents are given at length in Neal and Whitelocke, and are mentioned by Hume

"as the best of Cromwell's wretched compositions !"

In the next year Owen was translated from the camp to the college, being made Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, in the room of Dr. Reynolds. The year following he became Vice-Chancellor of the University under Cromwell, who was the self-elected Chancellor. Thomas Goodwin, whose austere manner is caricatured by Addison in the *Spectator*, was made President of Magdalene at the same time.

In Owen's diploma of D.D. which he subsequently received, he is described as "In Palæstra Theologica exercitissimus, in concionando assiduus, et potens, in disputando strenuus," &c. Goodwin had a similar diploma crammed with like Latinity, more complimentary than classical. Owen had learning enough for the post ; a high character for liberality and truth ; he was just thirty-six years of age ; an accomplished preacher ; and a dignified and high-bred gentleman. It is needless to quote the encomiums of friends ; we should prefer the testimony of those who loved him not.

Granger, for example, asserts that "he had more learning and politeness than any of the Independents ;" and "in piety and probity he was exceeded by none ;" "he governed Oxford with prudence and moderation ; his conversation was most engaging ;" and that "he had a high talent for preaching."

Wood commences an article on Owen with a great vivacity of abuse, dipping his pen in gall ; and, after calling him "a perjurer," &c., softens down towards the end ; he is then free to admit that the Doctor was well skilled in tongues and Rabbinical learning ; that "his personage was proper and comely ; he had a very graceful behaviour in the pulpit ; an eloquent elocution ; a winning and insinuating deportment ; and could, by the insinuation of his oratory, in conjunction with other outward advantages, move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased."

We do not find any of Owen's friends paying him more handsome compliments occasionally than Antony Wood, and the hostility of the writer is a guarantee for the sincerity of the praise.

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delightful *vade mecum* for the Christian. Mirrors are they to reflect his deepest soul up from its darkness, while they bring down Heaven's face in its brightness and glory to sustain and console. Here are great searchings of heart, keen inquisitions, stern pictures, upturnings of the undermost side, anatomies of motives, winnowings of cause, and trackings of consequence. If Shakespeare painted human nature well under the influence of his own great genius, Owen, on a different easel, painted the renewed nature under the teaching of the Holy Spirit as powerfully and as truly.

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Indeed it requires a powerful effort of the imagination to realize John Owen in the ecstasies of inspiration, while involuntarily another picture rises in our memory, perhaps more descriptive of the fact, in Horace's line—

"*Scæpe caput scaberet vivos et roderet ungues.*"

Busby, the Westminster schoolmaster, had a twig in this fasciculus; likewise Dr. South, the wind of whose republican loyalty chopped round to a directly opposite point—along with that of Walton, Waller, and Dryden—at the Restoration.

In 1653, Owen published his "*Diatriba de Divinâ Justitiâ*," a work of profound thought and of strict conformity with the Word of God; a book much wanted in the day in which we write, when the satisfaction for sin to God's law, through an atonement of blood, is ignored by a large party in the church; and God's great attributes of holiness and justice are attempted to be cast into, and consumed in, the alembic of his love, in order to produce a quintessence of illimitable and indiscriminating beneficence available for all. Such a dogma weakens our sense of sin, vitiates our respect for the truth of Scripture, and unduly elevates the wisdom as well as the worth of man; it is a black sprout from the remote root of Socinianism, but specious and agreeable to sense. The "*Diatriba*" is scholastic and searching.

Owen had written much Calvinistic controversy against John Goodwin and against Baxter; the former was an extremely able disputant; of the latter good man, Burnet says that he had "an unhappy, subtle, and metaphysical mind;" his visage was meagre, his form emaciated; in the Savoy conference he was opposed by Gunning, a hot, High Church ceremonialist, and a sophistical dialectician, and he and Baxter "fenced it out" for days, "to the great diversion of the town," and also to the real ignoring of the business in hand; for the conference effected nothing; which logomachy produced a keen remark afterwards from Lord Clarendon to Baxter, "that he would have succeeded at the Savoy had he been as fat as Dr. Manton."

Against these men Owen spun out, like the spider, his very intellectual vitals, in the network mazes of the quinquarticular controversy. Baxter

was generally the aggressor. In his autobiography he records of Archbishop Ussher that when he once showed his Grace a thesis in answer to Owen, "he acknowledged my judgment, *but desired us to write against each other no more.*"

It is well known how much the great Archbishop moderated in his own doctrinal views as he grew in years. Owen and his party could not endure Armenianism, not even that of Goodwin, which was "evangelical," and much above Laud's, which was semi-Pelagian; his epitaph by Gilbert, which is a pompous production, and unworthy of the great man over whose dust it was inscribed, states how he, like Hercules, "*tria venenosa jugula strinxit*," and that these three poisonous hydra-throats were Popery, Socinianism, and Armenianism!

He now began to write experimentally, and in 1656 he published his "*Mortification of Sin in Believers*." Probably the substance of this treatise had been in his mind a long while; and its startling searching pictures may have lain in his heart for years. It is the first of Owen's great experimental works as regards the time of its production; and its issuing from his pen when fortune had cast his lot so high, is a warrant that prosperity had not unduly elated him; for never was there a more thorough analysis of the feebleness, and poverty, and deceitfulness of the human heart instituted and carried on, than in this and Owen's other purely experimental treatises, such as that "*On Temptation*," written at Oxford; "*On Indwelling Sin*," and "*On the 130th Psalm*," which appeared in 1668; "*On Spiritual Mindedness*," which was composed during sickness, and appeared in 1681; and in his last work, "*On the Dominion of Sin and Grace*," which was put to press when Owen was dying. On these great works is based the fairest portion of the edifice of Owen's fame. His other books are full of truth, learning, and thought—nuggets of weighty ore, but attached to a rugged quartz of style, or lying loose amidst the debris of a scattered or obscure phraseology, so that—especially in his comment on the Hebrews—you have to toil through the dust for a mile of pages before your patience is repaid by finding a single gem. But these experimental treatises are a fit and

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Tidings shortly reached him that Richard Cromwell had resigned his Chancellorship at Oxford, May, 1660, and that on the 29th of the same month the king had ridden into London, amidst shouting thousands. Still Owen continued in his hermitage, and in 1661 news arrived that Dr. Reynolds had accepted the see of Norwich; that Baxter had refused the crozier of Hereford; that Manton had been offered and declined the Deanery of Rochester, but accepted the living of Covent Garden, on episcopal institution; and that Calamy, after much hesitation had rejected the temptation of becoming Bishop of Lichfield. Then, in the same year, came the tidings of the Savoy Conference, and its fruitless issue; the capital punishment of Hugh Peters, Colonel Harrison, and other regicides; the exhuming and hanging of the corpse of Cromwell; and they who, in his life, dared not to come within reach of his roar, now pulling the dead lion basely by the beard; and oh, shame on England's honour, the taking up from Westminster Abbey, where his dust conferred dignity upon the kingliest clay amidst which it reposed, the body of Robert Blake—him of the fearless heart—

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of paper to be imported free of duty for the printer; and Walton in return had dedicated the work "*ad serenissimum protectorem*," which last word he altered to "*principem*" when men changed their coats and consciences at the Restoration, receiving as a reward for his learning and *loyalty*, the episcopate of Chester.

Owen, who was technically orthodox and punctiliously sound in the Scriptures, was hurt at Walton's ignoring the Hebrew points, and disputing their divine origin. He was offended also at the admission that corruption could ever have been practised with the sacred text. His notions were pure but old-fashioned, and he would probably have fainted had he beheld, by anticipation, a sheet of the "*Varie Lectiones*," for Mill and Griesbach were as yet below the horizon. With these feelings he published his "*Considerations on the Polyglott*," and was immediately answered by Walton. If Owen's remarks were uncalled for and reprehensible in the way of criticism, his opponent's were equally so in the way of courtesy. His response was most contemptuous, but triumphant, and, having right on his side, he silenced the Doctor. In 1658 a meeting was held at the Savoy by the Independents, for the purpose of drawing up a "confession of their faith," which, when published, differed but little from the Westminster Catechism. The work is elaborate, minute, and verbose; and is, we believe, but seldom referred to by the Independents—probably because they profess to lay little stress on any human standard, and are not anxious about distinctive formulæ, but open their pulpits to all whom they believe to be sound doctrinalists and God-fearing men. The preface to this document is from Owen's pen, and breathes the very truest spirit of religious toleration, and kind love to the brethren of every denomination.

Cromwell died on the 3rd of September, 1658. Owen was not with him during his last sickness, nor, according to his own positive testimony, "had he seen him for a long time before." Oliver had sensibly cooled to Owen, whom he regarded as too honest and steadfast in his philo-republicanism to suit the monarchical views which were then indubitably tempting his strong heart. Owen sided with Desborough and Fleet-

wood, men vitally opposed to Cromwell's dream of regal power. Bishop Burnet's oft-repeated story concerning Owen being in the Presence Chamber with Goodwin, and Caryl, and Sterry, and "the strange stuff" which fell from their lips, enough to "disgust a man," though based on an authority so truthful as Tillotson's, is almost disproved by Mr. Orme. Even before Oliver's death, a cloud had risen from the Protector against Owen, and a seeming decrease of former favour, inasmuch that on Richard Cromwell succeeding his father in the Oxford Chancellorship, A.D. 1657, Owen was deprived of his Vice-Chancellorship, and Dr. Conant elected in his stead. After Oliver's death, and when the car of the republic was driven by the feeble Phæton, who had neither skill to guide the horses, nor courage to lash them, then chaos prevailed, and darkness was upon the face of the waters. The Presbyterians, through their ministers, were busy and excited. Owen stood fast to his principles, and abode still among the tents of the Republicans; nor is it fair to blame him for adhering conscientiously to his opinions. The Presbyterians accused him of trying to overthrow the Protectorate of Richard. The Royalists, flushed with hope, were biding their time. The confusion was that of King Agramontes' camp—personalities abounding, and party spirit colouring every thing. The Presbyterians were in correspondence with Monck, who had previously written to Owen and his party in friendly terms. His letter is given at length by Neal, and is full of cant, and, as it subsequently turned out, of hypocrisy also; for Monck shortly afterwards threw himself altogether among the Presbyterians, who now had repossessed themselves of all the church livings in England, and were once more "fully in the saddle," and the reins in their hand, while Owen and his party were in a state of decadency, for they had nothing to hope for from the Presbyterians, and every thing to fear from the Royalists. And in March 1660, a month or two before the entry of Charles into London, Owen was dismissed from the deanery of Christ Church by an Act of the Commons, and Reynolds, a learned and pious Presbyterian, appointed in his stead. It is on record that he took his ejection angrily, and said:

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the honest grand sailor, "who first taught Britons to fight in fire," and whose flying flag at the masthead of England's fleet scattered dismay around it on the ocean, and insured victory; him "they cast into a hole in St. Margaret's churchyard, with other bodies of less note." This was the work of the king and his bishops. Then had Owen tidings of the wars of the Covenant in Scotland, when men were tortured, not accepting deliverance, for conscience' sake; and Lauderdale revived, in his Privy Council at Edinburgh, the cruelties of Laud, in his Star Chamber at London. Then had Owen word of the passing of the Bartholomew Act, in 1662, carried in the House only by a majority of six! whereby 2,000 ministers were ejected from the church for refusing to abide by the Act of Uniformity, which was the deadliest blow the Church of Christ in these realms ever received. "St. Bartholomew's Day," says Mr. Locke, "was fatal to the Church of England." Among the ejected were the well-known names of Flavel, Charnock, Bates, Martin, Goodwin, Baxter, Calamy, Pool, Caryl, Gouge, Jenkins, Howe, Greenhill, *cum multis aliis*, whose works are full of soundness, matter, and salt, and who being dead yet speak. Owen having no preferment suffered no ejection. During all this interim his active mind, like a fountain, had been throwing off its stores in streams of pure or polemic divinity; and his "Fiat Lux," written against the incoming Popery of the realm, so pleased Clarendon, that he sent Whitelocke to offer the author promotion, if he would conform, which, to Owen's honour, he declined to do. Clarendon's fall occurred in 1667, but not before the Conventicle Act had been renewed in all its rigour, and the "Five Mile Act," in 1665, which was in the year succeeding, extinguished hope's last ember; so that Owen dared not minister at Stadham, which was too near Oxford to escape observation, but came up to London, where the "great Doctor" who had so often preached before the two honourable Houses, who had filled St. Mary's venerable church from porch to chancel with learned and scholastic auditors, and whose egress from the vestry-room and ascent of the pulpits had been watched with interest and vivid expectation by admiring

thousands, now "skulked," as if he were a felon, among his Christian friends, preaching, where he could, in obscure booths, back parlours, and places called "Tabernacles."

In 1662 he refused a call to America, from a large New England congregation. The Independents there had become tainted with the persecuting spirit: witness their execution of Quakers, and their fire-and-sword proceedings against the aborigines: the sack of Drogheda was scarcely less atrocious than the exterminating of the whole tribe of Pequod Indians by these Pilgrim Fathers. All this Owen thoroughly disliked, and openly deprecated, and hence his refusal to accept this Transatlantic call. He had also the tie of landed property to associate him with English life; and his free access to all the great libraries of Oxford and London must have been an unspeakable charm, like a chain of a thousand links, to bind him to home.

When Charles published his "Indulgence," which he did "suo arbitrio," Owen preached in Mr. Caryl's chapel, and had many people of rank to hear him. He was also one of the morning Cripple-gate lecturers; but on the Parliament meeting they revived the Conventicle Act. Owen had too much zeal not to be occasionally obnoxious to this penal law: but he was screened by powerful friends, such as Robert Boyle, and the Lords Willoughby, Berkely, and Wharton, and the Bishops Barlow and Wilkins, in the same way as Wickliffe was preserved from Romish persecution and cruelty by King Edward and John of Gaunt; and the storm which drove him to Stadham, and kept him there, was the remote cause of some of the most heavenly of his writings being composed.

His wife having died in 1676, he married again, the year after, a widow lady of property and good family in Oxfordshire—her name was Doyly. Wood ridicules him for this second hymeneal. He was half a century old in years, and much broken by study and ill health, so that Gilbert, who wrote epitaphs on both him and his wife, and in equally vile taste, says of her and of him—

"Morbis senioque ipsa elanguenti
Indulgentissimam etiam se nutricem pre-
stitit."

This lady survived her husband

many years, and, dying in 1704, had her funeral sermon preached by Dr. Watts.

Shortly after his marriage, Owen had the influence, through the friendship of Bishop Barlow, to procure the liberation of Bunyan, who had been imprisoned for twelve years for no crime whatsoever, save that of "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from attending church!"—a single fact speaks trumpet-tongued for the power of Bunyan's preaching; he often had 1,200 people in his church in winter before seven in the morning! Owen was frequently there, a delighted hearer; and once, when Charles II. expressed his astonishment that a man of Owen's learning could "go and hear a tinker," the Doctor answered, "Had I the tinker's abilities, please your Majesty, I would gladly relinquish my learning."

Owen was now rapidly growing old, and suffering from occasional illnesses; yet, whenever his failing body would permit his mind to act, he was found at his desk inditing pamphlets or treatises, which appear to have had sale and secured admiration. He was much in the country, at Woburn, Lord Wharton's seat in Buckinghamshire, and lived successively at Kensington and at Ealing, at which latter place he died. He was aware that his end drew near, and his thoughts and converse assumed a heavenlier complexion as the great change came on. In a letter he wrote to Charles Fleetwood he says—"I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but when the great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable." These lines he wrote by the hand of his wife, being too weak to hold the pen himself. It was his last letter, and full of faith, love, and lowliness. When near departing he was told that his work on "The Glory of Christ" was put to press—"I am glad to hear it," said the dying Christian; and, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, as if in transport, he exclaimed—"But oh! the long wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than ever I have done, or could do, in this world." His death occurred on the 24th of August, 1683, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and he was buried in Bunhill-fields Cemetery, near where Thomas Goodwin and Bunyan sleep.

His library, which seems to have

been his other life, was sold in 1684 by Millington, a book auctioneer and "bibliopole." The volumes numbered nearly 3,000. There were many manuscripts also. The catalogue of these books, bound up with other sale lists, is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford; it is entitled "Bibliotheca Oweniana."

Many of the Puritans had collected fine and valuable libraries: Dr. Evans' contained 10,000 volumes; Bates' sold for six hundred pounds; Dr. Jacomb's for thirteen hundred. Among Owen's books are to be found the Polyglotts of Antwerp and Paris, "Pole's Synopsis," and the "Critica Sacra" of Edward Leigh, "Master of Arts for both Universities," a contemporary of Owen's and a most erudite Puritan; there were the Christian Fathers, and the Jewish Rabbis, the Romish Casuists, the Socinian Divines, the Greek and Latin classics, and a sprinkling over all this learned dust of a few dew-drops of English poetry—such as Cowley and the gentle Spenser.

We do not affect or attempt to enter into any analysis of Owen's character or writings—both are singularly profound, and would require days of thoughtful study and pages of print to do them justice.

Of the great Puritan's subjective life we only know what he himself has revealed to us in snatches and gleams throughout his works. Of his innermost personal life we are quite in the dark; and the whole land of his peculiar feelings, longings, passions, natural tendencies, and tastes is a *terra incognita* to us. He kept up a kind of stately reserve in his pen the very opposite of the somewhat over-familiar and particular disclosures which abound in the pages of his coevals—Wood, Pepys, Rushworth, Burnet, and even Whitelocke. Owen was essentially a gentleman of the old school: shy, yet self-possessed; dignified, yet not repulsive; he gave out much for others, while he held back much of himself; open on all public or professional subjects, yet shut up as regarded his internal being; the brain ever busy and gushing out refreshingly amidst the channels of life; the bosom still unveiled, like a fountain concealed amidst the leaves of a whole forest of tranquil thoughts; his spirit was nicely adjusted—it had been taught by heaven as well as by earthly circumstance. In the day of

his exaltation Owen had stood a counsellor among princes; in the hours of his persecution he had sat a comforter amidst paupers; he had been on the mountain and in the valley—had been lifted up and borne down; had been moderate in the sunshine and patient and loving under the shadow; and thus, knowing both how to be abased and how to abound, his feelings were self-regulated, and his mind had the fine and mellow temper of a tried Damascus blade, dipped from day to day and hour to hour in a brighter fountain than ever broke at Bilbilia.

If we knew any thing of his fireside life, we might describe him better; but he was all his days a public character, and lived out of doors. Some records there are of his tenderness as a father, and how his heart bled at times with grief for the mortality among his little ones, and the "frequens funus" which passed out of his own door-porch; and one deep lover of his writings has said, that a man to write so searchingly, so truthfully, and so severely of the workings of the heart, must have passed through some tremendous conflict in connexion with his affections. But of this we know nothing.

We have not heaped unmeasured praise on Owen—passing over his faults, and inflating his virtues. We have nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice; but have been honestly desirous to hold him forth just as he was in the blended integrity of his good and his evil. Whatever failings John Owen may have shown and sorrowed over, who can deny that he was a brave, and a good, and a wise, and a great, and an eminently holy man—an oak of pure English growth and leafage, which stood rooted and firm amidst the revolutions of a singularly shifting and distracted era—when the surrounding atmosphere was charged with electric fire, and no man knew upon whom the bolt might fall? As the great architect's epitaph was written beneath the glorious dome his own genius had contrived—"Si monumentum requiris, circumspecte"—so Owen's deserved eulogy will be best gathered and felt from the perusal of his works, which contain the life of his mind, and on whose covers the student may inscribe, "Si monumentum requiris, inspicere."

IN MEMORIAM.

WEEP for the dead—weep sore
 For him that's gone for ever :
 Our aching eyes shall never
 Look on him—never more.

His halls shall know him not ;
 Vacant stands the chair
 By the lone hearth there,
 And oh ! in every heart there is a vacant spot.

Wail by that cold earth-bed
 Through the dark night of sorrow
 That seems to bring no morrow
 Of light to the dull-sleeping dead.

And must we sorrow thus for evermore !—
 Is all, then, darkness in that close-sealed tomb ?—
 Is there no ray living within its gloom,
 Like lamps that burned in sepulchres of yore !—

Stoop down and look within and see the light !
 There holy FAITH hath lit her precious lamp,
 And HOPE doth feed it 'midst the charnel-damp,
 And Christ's sweet CHARITY doth keep it ever bright.

Lift up, lift up to Heaven your weeping eyes—
 Blessed are they that mourn the holy dead—
 Hath not Christ said " they shall be comforted !"
 See, how the light dawns in the reddening skies !
 See, how from earth the cold mists heavenward rise ;
 Hark, how the glad bird singeth as he flies,
 Because he seeketh Heaven and leaves his lowly nest :
 And when the deeps of light
 Hide him from human sight
 His voice ecstatic tells that he is blest !

The spiritual SUN, with beams of love,
 Draws the soul upwards from the body's coil
 As the sun draws the vapours from the soil—
 Man's spirit so returns to God above.
 So, rising from its lowly nest of clay,
 Where it hath sat in darkness the long night,
 Riseth the death-freed, joyful in the light
 Whose brightness hideth it in Heaven away.

There is a song at Heaven's high gates to-day
 Of myriad angels, as one soul draws near—
 Let faith in Him who touched blind eyes with clay,
 And oped deaf ears, make you to see and hear
 With spirit-senses the white-vested throng
 Crowd round the new arrived with harp and song,
 While " welcome, welcome, welcome," is their chant ;
 Then, spreading their bright wings, rise jubilant,
 Guiding the stranger-soul through the pearl gates,
 The jasper walls, the gold, God-lighted streets,
 Up—up—where earth-clogged spirit never more,
 Since his—the Great Apocalyptic seer's—might soar.

J. F. W.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES LEVER.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW TIME PASSED AT ORVIETO.

FAIREST reader, has it ever been your fortune, or has it entered into your experiences, even to hear of any one who found a quiet, monotonous life in some lonely, unvisited spot, a perfect paradise?—to recognise fresh charms each day in the scenery—to attach to every inanimate object that amount of interest that made them part and parcel of ourselves, and to feel—great triumph of all—how barren and unprofitable all our life hitherto had been, and how we had now, for the first time, known what it was to be happy. If, I say, you have tasted the fruit of this knowledge, you have no need to be told by me why the beautiful Giulia Ridolfi lingered at Orvieto.

It was, there is no denying, a very princely residence—a true villa palace, as the Italians only understand how to build, and the grounds were on a scale of extent that suited the mansion. Ornamental terraces and gardens on every side, with tasteful alleys of trellised vines to give noon-day shade, and farther off again a dense pine forest, traversed by long alleys of grass, which even in the heat of summer were cool and shaded. These narrow roads, barely wide enough for two horsemen abreast, crossed and recrossed in the dark forest, and were a perfect type of sameness since they ever led between walls of the same dusky foliage, with scanty glimpses of a blue sky through the arched branches over head.

If Giulia rode there for hours long with Gerald; if they strayed—often silently—not even a foot-fall heard on the smooth turf, you, perhaps, know why; and if you do not, how am I, unskilled in such descriptions, to make you wiser? Well, it was even as you suspect: the petted child of fortune—the lovely niece of the great Cardinal—the beautiful Giulia, whose hand was the greatest prize of Rome, had

conceived such an interest in Gerald, his fortunes, and his fate, that she could not leave Orvieto.

In vain came pressing invitations from Albano and Terni, where she had promised to pass part of her autumn. In vain the lively descriptions of friends full of all the delights of Castel-a-Mare or Sorrento, the story of festivities and pleasures seemed poor and even vulgar with the life she led. Talk of illusions as you will, that of being in love is the only one that moulds the nature or elevates the heart! Out of its promptings come the heroism of the least venturesome and the poetry of the least romantic! Insensibly stealing into the affections of another, we have to descend into our own hearts for the secrets that win success; and how resolutely we combat all that is mean or unworthy in our nature, simply that we may offer a more pure sacrifice on the altar that we kneel to!

And there and thus she lived, the flattered beauty—the young girl, to whom an atmosphere of homage and admiration seemed indispensable—whose presence was courted in the society of the great world, and whose very caprices had grown to become fashions. There she lived a sort of strange, half-real existence, each day so like another that time had no measure how it passed.

The library of the villa supplied them with ample material to study the history of the Stuarts; and in these pursuits they passed the mornings, carefully noting down the strange eventualities which determined their fate, and canvassing together in talk the traits which so often had involved them in misfortune. Gerald, now restored to full health, was a perfect type of the illustrious race he sprung from; and not only was the resemblance in face and figure, but all the mannerisms

of Charles Edward were reproduced in the son. The same easy, gentle, yielding disposition, dashed by impulses of the wildest daring, and darkened occasionally by moods of obstinacy; miserable under the thought of having offended, and almost more wretched when the notion of being forgiven imparted a sense of his own inferiority, he was one of those men whose minds are so many sided that they seem to have no fixed character. Even now, though awakened to the thought of the great destiny that might one day befall him—assured as he felt of his birth and lineage—there were intervals in which no sense of ambition stirred him, and he had willingly accepted the humblest lot in life should it only promise peace and tranquillity.

Strangely enough it was by these vacillations and changes of temperament that Giulia had attached herself so decisively to his fortune. The very want which she supplied to his nature made the tie between them. The theory in her own heart was, that when called on for effort—whenever the occasion should demand the great personal qualities of courage and daring—Gerald would be pre-eminently distinguished, and show himself to the world a true Stuart.

While thus they lived this life of happiness, the Pere Massoni was actively engaged in maturing plans for the future. For a considerable time back he had been watching the condition of Ireland with an intense feeling of anxiety. So far from the resistance to England having assumed the character of a struggle in favour of Catholicism, it had grown more and more to resemble the great convulsion in France which promised to engulf all religions and all creeds. Though in a measure prepared for this in the beginning of the conflict, Massoni steadfastly trusted that the influence of the priests would as certainly bring the people back to the standards of the church, and that eventually the contest would be purely between Rome and the Reformation. His last news from Ireland grievously damped the ardour of such hopes. The Presbyterians of the North—men called enemies of the "church"—were now the most trusted leaders of the movement; and how was he to expect that such men as these would accept a Stuart for their King?

For days, and even weeks did the crafty Pere ponder over this difficult problem, and try to solve it in ways the most opposite. Why might not these Northerners, who must always be a mere minority, be employed at the outset of the struggle, and then, as the rebellion declared itself, be abandoned and thrown over? Why not makethem the forlorn hope of the campaign, and so get rid of them entirely? Why should not the Chevalier boldly try his personal influence amongst them—promise future rewards and favours—ay, even more still? Why might he not adroitly have it hinted that he was, at heart, less a Romanist than was generally believed—that French opinions had taken a deep root in his nature, and the early teachings of Mirabeau borne their true fruit? There was much in Gerald's training and habit of mind which would favour this supposition, could he but be induced to play the game as he was directed. There was amongst the Stuart papers in Cardinal York's keeping a curious memorandum of a project once entertained by the Pretender with respect to Charles Edward. It was a scheme to marry him to a natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, and thus conciliate the favour and even the support of that minister—the strongest friend and ally of the Hanoverian cause. The Jesuit father had seen and read this remarkable paper, and deemed it a conception of the finest and most adroit diplomacy. It had even stimulated his own ardour to rival it in acuteness; to impose Gerald upon the Presbyterian party, as one covertly cherishing views similar to their own; to make them, a minority as they were, imagine that the future destinies of the country were in their keeping; to urge them on, in fact, to the van of the battle, that so they might stand between two fires, was his great conception, the only difficulty to which was how to prepare the young Chevalier for the part he was to play, and reconcile him to its duplicity!

To this end he addressed himself zealously and vigorously, feeding Gerald's mind with ideas of the grandeur of his house, the princely inheritance that they had possessed, and their high rank in Europe. All that could contribute to stimulate the youth's ardour, and gratify his pride of birth, was studiously provided. Day by day

he advanced stealthily upon the road, gradually enhancing Gerald's own standard to himself, and giving him, by a sort of fictitious occupation, an amount of importance in his own eyes. Massoni maintained a wide correspondence throughout Europe; there was not a petty court where he had not some trusted agent. To impart to this correspondence a peculiar tone and colouring was easy enough. At a signal from him the hint was sure to be adopted; and now as letters poured in from Spain, and Portugal, and Naples, and Vienna, they all bore upon the one theme, and seemed filled with but one thought—that of the young Stuart and his fortunes. All these were duly forwarded by Massoni to Gerald by special couriers, who arrived with a haste and speed that seemed to imply the last importance. With an ingenuity all his own, the Pere invested this correspondence with all the characteristics of a vast political machinery, and by calling upon Gerald's personal intervention, he elevated the young man to imagine himself the centre of a great enterprise.

Well aided and seconded as he was by Giulia Ridolfi, to whom also this labour was a delightful occupation, the day was often too short for the amount of business before them; and instead of the long rides in the pine forest, or strolling rambles through the garden, a brisk gallop before dinner, taken with all the zest of a holiday, was often the only recreation they permitted themselves. There was a fascination in this existence that made all their previous life, happy as it had been, seem tame and worthless in comparison. If real power have an irresistible charm for those who have once enjoyed its prerogatives, even the semblance and panoply of it have a marvellous fascination.

That "égotisme a-deux," as a witty French writer has called love, was also heightened in its attraction by the notion of an influence and sway wielded in concert. As one of the invariable results of the great passion is to elevate people to themselves, so did this seeming importance they thus acquired minister to their love for each other. In the air-built castles of their mind one was a royal palace, surrounded with all the pomp and splendour of majesty; who shall say

that here was not a theme for a "thousand-and-one nights" of imagination.

Must we make the ungraceful confession that Gerald was not very much in love! though he felt that the life he was leading was a very delightful one. Giulia possessed great—the very greatest—attractions. She was very beautiful; her figure the perfection of grace and symmetry; her carriage, voice, and air, all that the most fastidious could wish for. She was eminently gifted in many ways, and with an apprehension of astonishing quickness; and yet, somehow, though he liked and admired her, was always happy in her society, and charmed by her companionship, she never made the subject of his solitary musings as he strolled by himself; she was not the theme of the sonnets that fell half unconsciously from his lips as he rambled alone in the pine wood. Was the want then in *her* to inspire a deeper passion, or had the holiest spot in *his* heart been already occupied, or was it that some ideal conception had made all reality unequal and inferior? Who is to know this? We smile at the simplicity of those poor savages, who having carved out their own deity, fashioned, and shaped, and clothed, then fall down before their own handiwork in an abject devotion and worship. We cannot reconcile to ourselves the mental process by which this self-deception is practised, and yet it is happening in another form, and every day too, under our own eyes. The most violent passions are very often the result of a certain suggestiveness in an object much admired; the qualities which awaken in ourselves nobler sentiments, higher ambitions, and more delightful dreams of a future, soon attach us to the passion, and unconsciously we create an image of which the living type is but a skeleton. Perhaps it was the towering ambition of Giulia's mind that impaired, to a great degree, the womanly tenderness of her nature, and not impossibly too he felt, as men of uncertain purpose often feel, a certain pique at the more determined and resolute character of a woman's mind. Again and again did he wish for some little trait of mere affection, something that should betoken, if not an indifference, a passing forgetfulness of the great world and all its splendours.

But no; all her thoughts soared upwards to the high station she had set her heart on. Of what they should be one day was the great dream of her life—for they were already betrothed by the Cardinal's consent—and of the splendid path that lay before them.

The better to carry out his own views Massoni had always kept up a special correspondence with Giulia, in which he expressed his hopes of success far more warmly than he had ever done to Gerald. Her temperament was also more sanguine and impassioned, she met difficulties in a more daring spirit, and could more easily persuade herself to whatever she ardently desired. The Pere had only pointed out to her some of the obstacles to success, and even these he had accompanied by such explanations of how they might be met and combated that they seemed less formidable, and the great question between them was rather when than how the grand enterprise was to be begun.

"Though I am told," wrote he, "that the discontent with the House of Hanover grows daily more conspicuous in England, and many of its once stanch adherents regret the policy which bound them to these usurpers, yet it is essentially to Ireland we must look for, at least, the opening of our enterprise; there it is not a mere murmur of dissatisfaction—it is the deep thunder-roll of rebellion. Two delegates from that country are now with me—men of note and station—who having learned for the first time that a Prince of the Stuart family yet survives, are most eager to pay their homage to his Royal Highness. Of course, this, if done at all, must be with such secrecy as shall prevent it reaching Florence and the ears of Sir Horace Mann, and, at the same time, not altogether so unceremoniously as to deprive the interview of its character of audience. It is to the 'pregiatissima Contessa Giulia,' that I leave the charge of this negotiation, and the responsibility of saying 'yes' or 'no' to this request.

"Of the delegates, one is a baronet, by name Sir Capel Crosbie, a man of old family and good fortune. The other is a Mr. Simon Purcell who formerly served in the English army, and was wounded in some action with the French in Canada. They have not, either of them, much affection for England—a very pardonable disloyalty when you hear their story—the imminent question, however, now is—can you see them; which means—can they have this audience.

"You will all the better understand any caution I employ on this occasion, when I tell you that, on the only instance of a similar kind having occurred, I had great reason to deplore my activity in promoting it. It was at the presentation of the Bishop of Clare to his Royal Highness, when the Prince took the opportunity of declaring the strong conviction he entertained of the security of the Hanoverian succession; and, worse again, how ineffectual all priestly intrigues must ever prove, where the contest lay between armies. I have no need to say what injury such indiscretion produces, nor how essential it is that it may not be repeated. If you assent to my request, I beg to leave to your own judgment the fitting time, and, what is still more important, the precise character of the reception—that is, as to how far its significance as an audience should be blended with the more graceful familiarity of a friendly meeting. The distinguished Contessa has on such themes no need of counsel from the humblest of her servants, and most devoted follower, PAUL MASSONI."

What reply she returned to his note may easily be gathered from the following few words which passed between Gerald and herself a few mornings afterwards.

They were seated in the library at their daily task, surrounded by letters and maps, and books, when Giulia said, hastily, "Oh, here is a note from the Pere Massoni to be replied to. He writes to ask when it may be the pleasure of his Royal Highness to receive the visit of two distinguished gentlemen from Ireland, who ardently entreat the honour of kissing his Royal Highness's hand, and of carrying back with them such assurances as he might vouchsafe to utter of his feeling for those who have never ceased to deem themselves his subjects."

"Che seccatura!" burst he out, as he arose impatiently from the table and paced the room; "if there be a mockery which I cannot endure, it is one of these audiences. I can sit here and fool myself all day long by poring over records of a has been, or even tracing out the limits of what my ancestors possessed; but to play Prince at a mock levée—no, no, Giulia, you must not ask me this."

There were days when this humour was strong on him, and she said no more.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO VISITORS.

A FEW days after, and just as evening was falling, a travelling carriage halted at the park gate of the Cardinal's villa. Some slight injury to the harness occasioned a brief delay, and the travellers descended and proceeded leisurely at a walk towards the house. One was a very large heavily-built man, far advanced in life, with immense bushy eyebrows of a brindled grey, giving to his face a darksome and almost forbidding expression, though the mouth was well rounded and of a character that bespoke gentleness. He was much bent in the shoulders, and moved with considerable difficulty; but there was yet in his whole figure and air a certain dignity that announced the man of condition. Such, indeed, was Sir Capel Crosbie, the once beau and ornament of a French court in the days of the regency. The other was a spare, thin, but yet wiry-looking man, of about sixty-five or six, deeply pitted with small-pox, and disfigured by a strong squint, which, as the motions of his face were quick, imparted a character of restless activity and impatience to his appearance, that his nature, indeed, could not contradict. He was known as—that is, his passport called him—Mr. Simon Purcell; but he had many passports, and was frequently a grandee of Spain, a French abbe, a cabinet courier of Russia, and a travelling monk, these travesties being all easy to one who spoke fluently every dialect of every continental language, and seemed to enjoy the necessity of a deception. You could mark at once in his gestures and his tone as he came forward, the stamp of one who talked much and well. There was ready self-possession, that jaunty cheerfulness, dashed with a certain earnest force that bespoke the man who had achieved conversational success, and felt his influence in it.

The accident to the harness had seemingly interrupted an earnest conversation, for no sooner on the ground than Purcell resumed: "Take my word for it, baronet; it is always a bad game that does not admit of being played in two ways—the towns to which only one road leads are never worth visiting."

The other shook his head; but it was difficult to say whether in doubt of the meaning or dissent to the doctrine.

"Yes," resumed the other, "the great question is what will you do with your Prince if you fail to make him a King? He will always be a 'puissance,' it remains to be seen in whose hands, and for what objects."

The baronet sighed, and looked a picture of hopeless dulness.

"Come, I will tell you a story, not for the sake of the incident, but for the illustration; though even as a story it has its point. You knew Gustave de Marsay, I think?"

"Le beau Gustave; to be sure I did. Ah, it was upwards of forty years ago!" sighed he, sorrowfully.

"It could not be less. He has been living in a little Styrian village about that long, seeing and being seen by none! His adventure was this: He was violently enamoured of a very pretty woman whom he met by chance in the street, and discovered afterwards to be the wife of a "dye," in the Rue de Marais. Whether she was disposed to favour his addresses or acted in concert with her husband to punish him, is not very easy to say; the result would incline to the latter supposition. At all events, she gave him a rendezvous, at which he was surprised by the dye himself—a fellow strong as a Hercules and of an ungovernable temper. He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false thrust, however, broke the weapon at the hilt, and the dye springing forward caught poor Gustave round the body and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dye-stuff. How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home he never was able to tell. It is more than probable the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke next day he discovered that he was totally changed—his skin from head to foot being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed and washed, boiled himself in hot baths, or essayed a hundred cleansing remedies, nothing availed in the least—in fact, many thought that he came

out only bluer than before. The most learned of the faculty were consulted, the most distinguished chemists—all in vain. At last, a dyer was sent for, who in an instant recognised the peculiar tint, and said, 'Ah, there is but one man in Paris has the secret of this colour, and he lives in the Rue de Marais.'

"Here was a terrible blow to all hope, and in the discouragement it inflicted three long months were passed, De Marsay growing thin and wretched from fretting, and by his despondency occasioning his friends the deepest solicitude. At length, one of his relatives resolved on a bold step. He went direct to the Rue de Marais and demanded to speak with the dyer. It is not very easy to say how he opened a negotiation of such delicacy; that he did so with consummate tact and skill there can be no doubt, for he so worked on the dyer's compassion by the picture of a poor, young fellow utterly ruined in his career, unable to face the world—to meet his regiment—even to appear before the enemy, being blue!—that the dyer at last confessed his pity, but at the same time cried out, 'What can I do? there is no getting it off again!'

"'No getting it off again! do you really tell me that?' exclaimed the wretched negotiator.

"'Impossible! that's the patent,' said the other, with an ill-dissembled pride. 'I have spent seven years in the invention. I only hit upon it last October. Its grand merit is that it resists all attempts to efface it.'

"'And do you tell me,' cries the friend, in terror, 'that this poor fellow must go down to his grave in that odious—well, I mean no offence—in that unholy tint?'

"'There is but one thing in my power, sir.'

"'Well, what is it, in the name of Mercy! Out with it, and name your price.'

"'I can make him a very charming green!—un beau vert, Monsieur.'

When the baronet had ceased to laugh at the anecdote, Purcell resumed: "And now for the application. It is always a good thing in life to be able to become 'un beau vert,' even though the colour should not quite suit you. I say this, because for the present project I can augur no success! The world has lived wonderfully fast,

Sir Capel, since you and I were boys. That same Revolution in France that has cut off so many heads, has left those that still remain on men's shoulders very much wiser than they used to be. Now nobody in Europe wants this family again; they have done their part; and they are as much by-gones as chain armour or a battle-axe."

"The rightful and the legitimate are never by-gone—never obsolete," said the other, resolutely.

"A'nt they, faith! The guillotine and the lantern are the answers to that. I do not mean to say it must be always this way—there may, though I see no signs of it, come a reaction yet; but for the present men have taken a practical turn, and they accept nothing, esteem nothing, employ nothing that is not practical. Mirabeau's last effort was to give this colour to the Bourbons, and he failed. Do not tell me, then, that where Gabriel Riquetti broke down, a Jesuit father will succeed!"

The other shook his head in dissent, but without speaking.

"Remember, baronet, these convictions of mine are all opposed to my interest. I should be delighted to see your fairy palace made habitable, and valued for the municipal taxes. Nothing could better please me than to behold your Excellency master of the horse, except to see myself Chancellor of the Exchequer. But here we are, and a fine princely looking pile it is!"

They both stopped suddenly, and gazed with wondering admiration at the noble façade of the palace right in front of them. A wide terrace of white marble, ornamented with groups or single figures in statuary, stretched the entire length of the building, beneath which a vast orangery extended, the trees loaded with fruit or blossom, gave but slight glimpses of the rock-work grottoes and quaint fountains within.

"This is not the Cardinal's property," said Purcell. "Nay, I know well what I am saying; this belongs, with the entire estate, down to San Remo, yonder, to the young Countess Ridolfi. Nay, more, she is at this very moment in bargain with Cesare Piombino for the sale of it; her price is five hundred thousand Roman scudi, which she means to invest in this bold scheme."

"She, at least, has faith, is a Stuart," exclaimed the baronet, eagerly.

"What would you have? The girl's in love with your Prince. She has paid seventy thousand piastres of Albizzi's debts, that have hung around his neck these ten or twelve years back, all to win him over to the cause, just because his brother-in-law is Spanish Envoy here. She destined some eight thousand more as a present to our Lady of Ravenna, who, it would seem, has a sort of taste for bold enterprises; but Massoni stopped her zeal, and suggested that instead of candles she should lay it out in muskets."

"You scoff unseasonably, sir," said the baronet, indignant at the tone he spoke in.

"Nor is that all," continued Purcell, totally heedless of the rebuke; "her very jewels, the famous Ridolfi gems, the rubies that once were among the show objects of Rome, are all packed up and ready to be sent to Venice, where a company of Jews have contracted to buy them. Is not this girl's devotion enough to put all your patriotism to the blush?"

A slight stir now moved the leaves of the orange trees near where they were standing, as the evening was perfectly still and calm. Purcell, how-

ever, did not notice this, but went on—

"And she is right. If there were a means of success, that means would be money. But it is growing late, and this I take it is the chief entrance. Let us present ourselves, if so be that we are to be honoured with an audience."

Though the baronet had not failed to remark the sarcastic tone of this speech, he made no reply, but slowly ascended the steps towards the terrace.

Already the night was closing in, and as the strangers reached the door, they never perceived that a figure had issued from the orangery beneath, and mounted the steps after them. This was the Chevalier, who usually passed the last few moments of each day wandering amongst the orange trees. He had thus, without intending it, heard more than was meant for his ears.

The travellers had but to appear to receive the most courteous reception from a household already prepared to do them honour. They were conducted to apartments specially in readiness for them; and being told that the Countess hoped to have their company at nine o'clock, when she supped, were left to repose after their journey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A WAYWORN ADVENTURER.

It was by this chance alone Gerald knew of the sacrifices Giulia had made, and was making for his cause. In all their intercourse, marked by so many traits of mutual confidence, nothing of this had transpired. By the like accident too did he learn how some men, at least, spoke and thought of his fortunes; and what a world of speculation did these two facts suggest. They were as types of the two opposing forces that ever swayed him in life. Here, was the noble devotion that gave all; there, the cold distrust that believed nothing. Delightful as it had been for him to dwell on the steadfast attachment of Giulia Ridolfi, and think over the generous trustfulness of that noble nature, he could not turn his thoughts from what had fallen from Purcell; the ill-omened words rankled in his heart, and left no room for other reflections.

All that he had read of late, all the letters that were laid before him, were filled with the reiterated tales of Highland devotion and attachment. The most touching little episodes of his father's life were those in which this generous sentiment figured, and Gerald had by reading and re-reading them got to believe that this loyalty was but sleeping, and ready to be aroused to life and activity at the first flutter of a Stuart tartan on the hills, or the first wild strains of a pibroch in the gorse-clad valleys.

And yet Purcell said—he had heard him say—the world has no further need of this family; the pageant they moved in has passed by for ever. The mere chance mention, too, of Mirabeau's name—that terrible intelligence which had subjugated Gerald's mind from very boyhood—imparted additional force to this judgment. "Per-

haps it is even as he says," muttered Gerald; "perhaps the old fire has died out on the altars, and men want us not any more."

Whenever in history he had chanced upon the mention of men, who once great by family and pretension, had fallen into low esteem and humble fortune, he always wondered why they had not broken with the old world and its traditions at once, and sought in some new and far-off quarter of the globe a life untrammelled by the past. Some would call this faint-heartedness; some would say that it is a craven part to turn from danger; but it is not the danger I turn from; it is not the peril that appals me; it is the sting of that sarcasm that says, who is this that comes, on the pretext of a name, to trouble the world's peace, unfix men's minds, and unhinge their loyalty? What does he bring us in exchange for this earthquake of opinion? Is he wiser, better, braver, more skilled in arts of war or peace than those he would overthrow?

As he waged conflict with these thoughts, came the summons to announce that the Countess was waiting supper for him.

"I cannot come to-night. I am ill—fatigued. Say that I am in want of rest, and have lain down upon my bed." Such was the answer he gave, uttered in the broken, interrupted tone of one ill at ease with himself.

The Cardinal's physician was speedily at his door, to offer his services, but Gerald declined them abruptly, and begged to be left alone. At length a heavy step was heard on the corridor, and the Cardinal himself demanded admission.

In the hurried excuses that Gerald poured forth, the wily churchman quickly saw that the real cause of his absence was untouched on.

"Come, Prince," said he, good-humouredly, "tell me frankly, you are not satisfied with Giulia and myself for having permitted this man to come here; but I own that I yielded only to Massoni's earnest desire."

"And why should Massoni have so insisted?" asked Gerald.

"For this good reason, that they are both devoted adherents of your house; men ready to hazard all for your cause."

Gerald smiled superciliously, and the Cardinal seeing it, said—

"Nay, Prince, distrust was no feature of your race, and, from what the Pere Massoni says, these gentlemen do not deserve it." He paused to let Gerald reply, but, as he did not speak, the Cardinal went on: "The younger of the two, who speaks out his mind more freely, is a very zealous partizan of your cause. He has worn a miniature of your father next his heart since the memorable day at Preston, when he acted as aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness; and when he had shown it to us he kissed it with a devotion that none could dare to doubt."

"This is he that is called Purcell?" asked Gerald.

"The same. He held the rank of colonel in the Scottish army, and was rewarded with a patent of nobility, too, of which, however, he has not availed himself."

Again there flashed across Gerald's mind the words he had overheard from the orangery, and the same cold smile again settled on his features, which the Cardinal noticed and said—

"If it were for nothing else than the close relation which once bound him to his Royal Highness, methinks you might have wished to see and speak with him."

"And so I mean to do, sir; but not to-night."

"Chevalier," said the Cardinal, resolutely, "it is a time when followers must be conciliated, not repulsed; flattered instead of offended. Reflect, then, I entreat you, ere you afford even a causeless impression of distance or estrangement. On Monday last, an old Highland chief, the lord of Barra, I think, they called him, was refused admittance here, on the plea that it was a day reserved for affairs of importance. On Wednesday, the Count D'Arigny was told that you only received envoys, and not mere Charges d'Affaires; and even yesterday, I am informed, the Duc de Terracina was sent away because he was a few minutes behind the time specified for his audience. Now, these are trifles, but they leave memories which are often disastrous."

"If I had to render an account of my actions, sir," said Gerald, haughtily, "a humiliation which has not yet reached me—I might be able to give sufficient explanation for all you have just mentioned."

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES LEVER.

[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW TIME PASSED AT ORVIETO.

FAIREST reader, has it ever been your fortune, or has it entered into your experiences, even to hear of any one who found a quiet, monotonous life in some lonely, unvisited spot, a perfect paradise?—to recognise fresh charms each day in the scenery—to attach to every inanimate object that amount of interest that made them part and parcel of ourselves, and to feel—great triumph of all—how barren and unprofitable all our life hitherto had been, and how we had now, for the first time, known what it was to be happy. If, I say, you have tasted the fruit of this knowledge, you have no need to be told by me why the beautiful Giulia Ridolfi lingered at Orvieto.

It was, there is no denying, a very princely residence—a true villa palace, as the Italians only understand how to build, and the grounds were on a scale of extent that suited the mansion. Ornamental terraces and gardens on every side, with tasteful alleys of trellised vines to give noon-day shade, and farther off again a dense pine forest, traversed by long alleys of grass, which even in the heat of summer were cool and shaded. These narrow roads, barely wide enough for two horsemen abreast, crossed and recrossed in the dark forest, and were a perfect type of sameness since they ever led between walls of the same dusky foliage, with scanty glimpses of a blue sky through the arched branches over head.

If Giulia rode there for hours long with Gerald; if they strayed—often silently—not even a foot-fall heard on the smooth turf, you, perhaps, know why; and if you do not, how am I, unskilled in such descriptions, to make you wiser? Well, it was even as you suspect: the petted child of fortune—the lovely niece of the great Cardinal—the beautiful Giulia, whose hand was the greatest prize of Rome, had

conceived such an interest in Gerald, his fortunes, and his fate, that she could not leave Orvieto.

In vain came pressing invitations from Albano and Terni, where she had promised to pass part of her autumn. In vain the lively descriptions of friends full of all the delights of Castel-a-Mare or Sorrento, the story of festivities and pleasures seemed poor and even vulgar with the life she led. Talk of illusions as you will, that of being in love is the only one that moulds the nature or elevates the heart! Out of its promptings come the heroism of the least venturesome and the poetry of the least romantic! Insensibly stealing into the affections of another, we have to descend into our own hearts for the secrets that win success; and how resolutely we combat all that is mean or unworthy in our nature, simply that we may offer a more pure sacrifice on the altar that we kneel to!

And there and thus she lived, the flattered beauty—the young girl, to whom an atmosphere of homage and admiration seemed indispensable—whose presence was courted in the society of the great world, and whose very caprices had grown to become fashions. There she lived a sort of strange, half-real existence, each day so like another that time had no measure how it passed.

The library of the villa supplied them with ample material to study the history of the Stuarts; and in these pursuits they passed the mornings, carefully noting down the strange eventualities which determined their fate, and canvassing together in talk the traits which so often had involved them in misfortune. Gerald, now restored to full health, was a perfect type of the illustrious race he sprung from; and not only was the resemblance in face and figure, but all the mannerisms

It was near midnight when the door again opened, and Mr. Purcell was introduced. Making a low and deep obeisance, but without any other demonstration of deference for Gerald's rank, he stood patiently awaiting to be addressed.

"We have met before, sir," said Gerald, flushing deeply.

"So I perceive, sir," was the quiet reply, given with all the ease of one not easily abashed, "and the last time was at a pleasant supper table, of which we are the only survivors."

"Indeed!" sighed Gerald, sadly, and with some astonishment.

"Yes, sir; the 'Mountain' devoured the Girondists, and the reaction devoured the 'Mountain.' If the present people have not sent the 'reactionnaires' to the guillotine, it is because they prefer to make soldiers of them."

"And how did you escape the perils of the time," asked Gerald, eagerly.

"Like Mons. de Talleyrand, sir, I always treated the party in disgrace as if their misfortune were but a passing shadow, and that the day of their triumph was assured. For even this much of consideration, men in adversity are grateful!"

"How heartily you must despise humanity!" burst out Gerald, more struck by the cold cynicism of the other's look than even by his words.

"Not so," replied he, in a half careless tone; "Jean Jacques expected too much; Diderot thought too little of men. The truth lies midway, and they are neither as good or as bad as we deem them."

"And now, what is your pursuit; what career do you follow?" asked Gerald, abruptly.

"I have none, sir; the attraction that binds the ruined gambler to sit at the table and watch the game at which others are staking heavily, ties me to any enterprise wherein men are willing to risk much. I have seen so much of high play in life, I cannot stand by petty ventures. They told me at Venice of the plot that was maturing here, and I agreed with old Sir Capel Crosbie to come over and hear about it."

"You little suspected, perhaps, who was the hero of the adventure," said Gerald, half doubtingly.

"Nay, sir; I saw your picture, and recognised you at once."

"I never knew there had been a portrait of me!" cried Gerald, in astonishment.

"It was taken, I fancy, during your illness; but the resemblance is still complete, and recalls to those who knew the Prince, your father, every trait and lineament of his face."

"You, yourself, knew him?" said Gerald, feelingly.

A deep, cold bow was the only acknowledgment of this question.

"They told me you were one of his trusted and truest friends?"

"We wore each other's miniature for many a year; our happiness was to talk of what might have chanced to be our destiny had he won back the throne that was his right, and I succeeded to what my father's gold should have purchased. I see I am alluding to what you never heard of. You see before you one who might have been a King of Poland."

Gerald stared in half credulous astonishment, and the other went on—

"You have heard of the Mississippi scheme, and of Law, its founder?"

"Yes."

"My grandfather was Law's friend and confidant. By their united talents and zeal the great plot was first conceived and matured. Law was at first but an indifferent French scholar, and even a worse courtier. My grandfather was an adept in both, and knew besides the Duke of Orleans well. They were as much companions as the distance of their stations could make them; and by my grandfather's influence, the Duke was induced to listen to the scheme. On what mere accident the great events of life depend! It was a party of "quinze" decided the fate of Europe. The Duke lost a hundred and seventy thousand livres to my grandfather, and could not pay him. While he was making excuses for the delay, my grandfather thought of Law, and said:—"Let me present to your Royal Highness to-morrow morning a clever friend of mine, and it will never be your fortune again to own that you have not money to any extent at your disposal." Law appeared at the Duke's levée the next morning. It is not necessary to tell the rest, only that amongst the deepest gamblers in that memorable scheme, and the largest winners, my grandfather held the first place. Such was the splendour of his retinue one

he advanced stealthily upon the road, gradually enhancing Gerald's own standard to himself, and giving him, by a sort of fictitious occupation, an amount of importance in his own eyes. Massoni maintained a wide correspondence throughout Europe; there was not a petty court where he had not some trusted agent. To impart to this correspondence a peculiar tone and colouring was easy enough. At a signal from him the hint was sure to be adopted; and now as letters poured in from Spain, and Portugal, and Naples, and Vienna, they all bore upon the one theme, and seemed filled with but one thought—that of the young Stuart and his fortunes. All these were duly forwarded by Massoni to Gerald by special couriers, who arrived with a haste and speed that seemed to imply the last importance. With an ingenuity all his own, the Pere invested this correspondence with all the characteristics of a vast political machinery, and by calling upon Gerald's personal intervention, he elevated the young man to imagine himself the centre of a great enterprise.

Well aided and seconded as he was by Giulia Ridolfi, to whom also this labour was a delightful occupation, the day was often too short for the amount of business before them; and instead of the long rides in the pine forest, or strolling rambles through the garden, a brisk gallop before dinner, taken with all the zest of a holiday, was often the only recreation they permitted themselves. There was a fascination in this existence that made all their previous life, happy as it had been, seem tame and worthless in comparison. If real power have an irresistible charm for those who have once enjoyed its prerogatives, even the semblance and panoply of it have a marvellous fascination.

That "égotisme a-deux," as a witty French writer has called love, was also heightened in its attraction by the notion of an influence and sway wielded in concert. As one of the invariable results of the great passion is to elevate people to themselves, so did this seeming importance they thus acquired minister to their love for each other. In the air-built castles of their mind one was a royal palace, surrounded with all the pomp and splendour of majesty; who shall say

that here was not a theme for a "thousand-and-one nights" of imagination.

Must we make the ungraceful confession that Gerald was not very much in love! though he felt that the life he was leading was a very delightful one. Giulia possessed great—the very greatest—attractions. She was very beautiful; her figure the perfection of grace and symmetry; her carriage, voice, and air, all that the most fastidious could wish for. She was eminently gifted in many ways, and with an apprehension of astonishing quickness; and yet, somehow, though he liked and admired her, was always happy in her society, and charmed by her companionship, she never made the subject of his solitary musings as he strolled by himself; she was not the theme of the sonnets that fell half unconsciously from his lips as he rambled alone in the pine wood. Was the want then in *her* to inspire a deeper passion, or had the holiest spot in *his* heart been already occupied, or was it that some ideal conception had made all reality unequal and inferior? Who is to know this? We smile at the simplicity of those poor savages, who having carved out their own deity, fashioned, and shaped, and clothed, then fall down before their own handiwork in an abject devotion and worship. We cannot reconcile to ourselves the mental process by which this self-deception is practised, and yet it is happening in another form, and every day too, under our own eyes. The most violent passions are very often the result of a certain suggestiveness in an object much admired; the qualities which awaken in ourselves nobler sentiments, higher ambitions, and more delightful dreams of a future, soon attach us to the passion, and unconsciously we create an image of which the living type is but a skeleton. Perhaps it was the towering ambition of Giulia's mind that impaired, to a great degree, the womanly tenderness of her nature, and not impossibly too he felt, as men of uncertain purpose often feel, a certain pique at the more determined and resolute character of a woman's mind. Again and again did he wish for some little trait of mere affection, something that should betoken, if not an indifference, a passing forgetfulness of the great world and all its splendours.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

LANDOR in his "*Last Fruit off an Old Tree*" has instituted a comparison between fancy and imagination. "Fancy," he says, "is imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; imagination not seldom sedate. It is the business of the latter to create and animate such beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on blotting paper. Vigorous thought, elevated sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul, and to place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the fairies and their congeners, and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. *

Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer, and Eschylus, and Dante strove."

Not unfrequently fancy endeavours to grasp what imagination alone can comprehend, and then we witness that most easy of all Avernian descents, the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us take an example. Milton grandly says, "Satan like a comet burned." Imagination will at once take in the full force of this splendid comparison. The terror and the awe which the comet inspired in the poet's time will be transferred to the fallen archangel. The withering heat, the baleful atmosphere, the sudden appearance of a malignant stranger in the realm of order and peace, all these sensations will at once come crowding into the mind, while imagination holds the open door. But what will fancy do; in what way will she treat this Eschylean metaphor? She will find out a congruity which none but she would ever have discovered. The comet has a tail, and so has Satan; and lo! in a moment, the sublime has rushed headlong into the abyss of the ridiculous. Fancy will not let the glories of the rising sun alone, and we hear her saying

by the mouth of the author of *Hudibras*:—

"And now, like lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

Too often fancy is the fool that "rushes in where angels fear to tread;" yet she has her work to do, and if we were asked to define what is her proper province, as well as what is not, we would, too, like our octogenarian author quoted above, draw a parallel between fancy and imagination. We would say, that fancy is to imagination what the microscope is to the telescope; the one enables us to see a world in a blade of grass, a drop of dew, a flower; the other summons to our gaze vast orbs of glory, and flying through space, thrids a labyrinth of worlds, peopled by angels, or like our own, with men a little lower than the angels. Fancy peeps into the world of elves and fays; imagination soars through the archangelic universe, and gazes on thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, until she reaches the court without the Holy of Holies, and even then, awed but for a moment, passes through the veil, and stands untrembling before the visible Shekinah.

Fancy listens to the chiming of harebells and bluebells, and finds that every flower has its own peculiar note of joy. Imagination can hear the "music of the spheres;" the sun "sounding forth its ancient song;" all the morning stars singing with triumphant gladness, and learns that every planet takes its part in the grand celestial chorus. Fancy tells us that this world is an aggregation of infinite systems; imagination shows that it is itself but a unit of one mighty system.

We care not long to remember the achievements of fancy, but the victories of imagination are triumph for all mankind, and every one reverences a "*Prolog am Himmel*," a "*Paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm*," an eight book of the *Iliad*. The exercise of fancy must necessarily tend to make man a Pantheist, while, by frequently using his imagination he

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO VISITORS.

A FEW days after, and just as evening was falling, a travelling carriage halted at the park gate of the Cardinal's villa. Some slight injury to the harness occasioned a brief delay, and the travellers descended and proceeded leisurely at a walk towards the house. One was a very large heavily-built man, far advanced in life, with immense bushy eyebrows of a brindled grey, giving to his face a darksome and almost forbidding expression, though the mouth was well rounded and of a character that bespoke gentleness. He was much bent in the shoulders, and moved with considerable difficulty; but there was yet in his whole figure and air a certain dignity that announced the man of condition. Such, indeed, was Sir Capel Crosbie, the once beau and ornament of a French court in the days of the regency. The other was a spare, thin, but yet wiry-looking man, of about sixty-five or six, deeply pitted with small-pox, and disfigured by a strong squint, which, as the motions of his face were quick, imparted a character of restless activity and impatience to his appearance, that his nature, indeed, could not contradict. He was known as—that is, his passport called him—Mr. Simon Purcell; but he had many passports, and was frequently a grandee of Spain, a French abbe, a cabinet courier of Russia, and a travelling monk, these travesties being all easy to one who spoke fluently every dialect of every continental language, and seemed to enjoy the necessity of a deception. You could mark at once in his gestures and his tone as he came forward, the stamp of one who talked much and well. There was ready self-possession, that jaunty cheerfulness, dashed with a certain earnest force that bespoke the man who had achieved conversational success, and felt his influence in it.

The accident to the harness had seemingly interrupted an earnest conversation, for no sooner on the ground than Purcell resumed: "Take my word for it, baronet; it is always a bad game that does not admit of being played in two ways—the towns to which only one road leads are never worth visiting."

The other shook his head; but it was difficult to say whether in doubt of the meaning or dissent to the doctrine.

"Yes," resumed the other, "the great question is what will you do with your Prince if you fail to make him a King? He will always be a 'puissance,' it remains to be seen in whose hands, and for what objects."

The baronet sighed, and looked a picture of hopeless dulness.

"Come, I will tell you a story, not for the sake of the incident, but for the illustration; though even as a story it has its point. You knew Gustave de Marsay, I think?"

"Le beau Gustave; to be sure I did. Ah, it was upwards of forty years ago!" sighed he, sorrowfully.

"It could not be less. He has been living in a little Styrian village about that long, seeing and being seen by none! His adventure was this: He was violently enamoured of a very pretty woman whom he met by chance in the street, and discovered afterwards to be the wife of a "dye," in the Rue de Marais. Whether she was disposed to favour his addresses or acted in concert with her husband to punish him, is not very easy to say; the result would incline to the latter supposition. At all events, she gave him a rendezvous, at which he was surprised by the dye himself—a fellow strong as a Hercules and of an ungovernable temper. He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false thrust, however, broke the weapon at the hilt, and the dye springing forward caught poor Gustave round the body and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dye-stuff. How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home he never was able to tell. It is more than probable the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke next day he discovered that he was totally changed—his skin from head to foot being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed and washed, boiled himself in hot baths, or essayed a hundred cleansing remedies, nothing availed in the least—in fact, many thought that he came

one exception) unlearned and untaught.

An eminent preacher of a country whose divines are not distinguished for reverence, and to whom he forms a bright contrast—William Elery Channing—has published an eloquent sermon on this subject of the soul seeking to obtain from the outer world some clue as to its own future fate; yet he could show little intelligence gained by analogy. The law of nature is birth out of corruption, death into corruption, and from thence birth again; yet not always to the same life as before. There might be degeneration as well as progression. The tree grows up from a soil rich with the decayed leaves and trunks of a primeval forest. That tree sheds its leaves, and having lived its time it, too, decays, and, perhaps, affords sustenance for other trees to come; or else, a plant springs up and yields food to man, himself soon to die, and all that remains of him to become dust, mingle with the ground, and give soil for the growth of other plants, which shall feed other men. Or, to take another analogy: the child increases to the full stature of the man, and brings forth flower of thought and fruit of action; but soon the glory of summer passes into the mellowed ripeness of autumn, which, in due course, is succeeded by the chill frosts and death of winter,—“a second childhood,”—melancholy words, descriptive of ever-circling change, continually repeating itself. Is there to be no advance? Shall the man who strives so earnestly after knowledge never attain to the seraph's wisdom? Sad truth, if this be so; yet a still sadder creed did the olden philosophy teach.

Death was degeneration; the man dying passed into the brute, noble or base (as far as brutes can be noble or base), according as his life had been good or evil. Better, infinitely better than this, is the modern doctrine of development. Let the ape become the man, rather than the man the ape. Hard indeed is such a fall. Man wallowing in the pigsty! Better let Cæsar's dust bung up a beer-barrel. Let our origin be base as you will, ye discoverers of the “vestiges of creation,” but let not our end be vile. Yet how know we, most diligent “interpreters and servants of nature” though we be, but what we sprung from nothing,

and shall return to nothing; but what having risen out of darkness we shall set into gloom?

Through the darkness, and through the gloom, a light has shone—a light dispersing all the clouds that veiled Heaven's glories from our gaze—the light of the star of the Epiphany.

Now, we no longer sadly ask with wearied watchmen, “What of the night?” Now, we even have glimpses of a former brightness.

“Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our Life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.”

Most inhuman would he be who should grudge his brother knowledge. Yet it is a fair subject of inquiry whether the present increase of teachers and teaching has not been attended with some falling off in the quality of that which is taught. We seem to have lost in depth what we have gained in breadth. The student's cell once a veritable reality, is now a mere *façon de parler*, by which we intimate the mechanic's institute. The days of the giants are gone by. Erasmus, Bacon, Newton, and Pascal, have left no successors. The toilsome reader of cumbersome folios gives way to the dilettante frequenter of popular lectures. Now, without for one moment wishing any return to the old monopoly, may we not seek to avert the calamity impendent over the next generation, of becoming a nation of superficial smatterers. If we do so, we must, in the first place, endeavour to exterminate the species of glib talkers, who are the popular heroes of the tea-table. To accomplish this will be no easy matter, for the man of “general knowledge” (i.e. of particular ignorance), is so much more useful in company than the really wise man. The one is ready with a tale, and *à propos*, a happy illustration; while the other is still weighing the merits of a question, setting one side over against the other, most conscientiously balancing counter-evidence. Thus, the knowing man earns the reputation of immense reading, as well as ready wit; while the honest student is esteemed learned, no doubt, but a book-worm, quite un-

"She, at least, has faith, is a Stuart," exclaimed the baronet, eagerly.

"What would you have? The girl's in love with your Prince. She has paid seventy thousand piastres of Albizzi's debts, that have hung around his neck these ten or twelve years back, all to win him over to the cause, just because his brother-in-law is Spanish Envoy here. She destined some eight thousand more as a present to our Lady of Ravenna, who, it would seem, has a sort of taste for bold enterprises; but Maassoni stopped her zeal, and suggested that instead of candles she should lay it out in muskets."

"You scoff unseasonably, sir," said the baronet, indignant at the tone he spoke in.

"Nor is that all," continued Purcell, totally heedless of the rebuke; "her very jewels, the famous Ridolfi gems, the rubies that once were among the show objects of Rome, are all packed up and ready to be sent to Venice, where a company of Jews have contracted to buy them. Is not this girl's devotion enough to put all your patriotism to the blush?"

A slight stir now moved the leaves of the orange trees near where they were standing, as the evening was perfectly still and calm. Purcell, how-

ever, did not notice this, but went on—

"And she is right. If there were a means of success, that means would be money. But it is growing late, and this I take it is the chief entrance. Let us present ourselves, if so be that we are to be honoured with an audience."

Though the baronet had not failed to remark the sarcastic tone of this speech, he made no reply, but slowly ascended the steps towards the terrace.

Already the night was closing in, and as the strangers reached the door, they never perceived that a figure had issued from the orangery beneath, and mounted the steps after them. This was the Chevalier, who usually passed the last few moments of each day wandering amongst the orange trees. He had thus, without intending it, heard more than was meant for his ears.

The travellers had but to appear to receive the most courteous reception from a household already prepared to do them honour. They were conducted to apartments specially in readiness for them; and being told that the Countess hoped to have their company at nine o'clock, when she supped, were left to repose after their journey.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A WAYWORN ADVENTURER.

It was by this chance alone Gerald knew of the sacrifices Giulia had made, and was making for his cause. In all their intercourse, marked by so many traits of mutual confidence, nothing of this had transpired. By the like accident too did he learn how some men, at least, spoke and thought of his fortunes; and what a world of speculation did these two facts suggest. They were as types of the two opposing forces that ever swayed him in life. Here, was the noble devotion that gave all; there, the cold distrust that believed nothing. Delightful as it had been for him to dwell on the steadfast attachment of Giulia Ridolfi, and think over the generous trustfulness of that noble nature, he could not turn his thoughts from what had fallen from Purcell; the ill-omened words rankled in his heart, and left no room for other reflections.

All that he had read of late, all the letters that were laid before him, were filled with the reiterated tales of Highland devotion and attachment. The most touching little episodes of his father's life were those in which this generous sentiment figured, and Gerald had by reading and re-reading them got to believe that this loyalty was but sleeping, and ready to be aroused to life and activity at the first flutter of a Stuart tartan on the hills, or the first wild strains of a pibroch in the gorse-clad valleys.

And yet Purcell said—he had heard him say—the world has no further need of this family; the pageant they moved in has passed by for ever. The mere chance mention, too, of Mirabeau's name—that terrible intelligence which had subjugated Gerald's mind from very boyhood—imparted additional force to this judgment. "Per-

Schools of Alexandria." It is hard to practise such austere virtue as this, yet it is our duty to do so; and you know what our Laureate has so finely said:—

"He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining tableland,
To which our God himself is moon and sun."

STRANGE it is, that while generally ready enough to take for granted the intellectual inferiority of those who differ from us, we should always suppose dissent from our *religious* opinions to arise from *moral* delinquency.

It is somewhat sad to think how little human learning and human discovery are cumulative. Not only is there no royal road to knowledge, but the fact that the road has been trodden by other pilgrims is little help to us in our journey. The tears which school-boys of a past generation have shed over grammars, Latin and Greek, before they could appreciate the beauties of Horace or Sophocles, will in no way lessen the troubles of yonder poor urchin who is just now introduced, with much fear and trembling on his part, to the muse of the first declension, feminine. He too, as they have done, must toil long and wearily before he can fit himself for the company of the illustrious Roman gentleman and the great Greek dramatist.

This you say, is very trite, and must certainly come under the definition of "Things old." Be it so. Yet, this truth is by no means so obvious when applied to the race of more advanced students; but it is equally applicable to them. True, their predecessors have somewhat trodden down the roughnesses of the road, and so far made the journey more easy: but there is no vicarious travelling; one and all of us must gird up our loins and trudge along as best we can, swiftly or slowly, up the hill of difficulty. We, who are the successors of Plato and Bacon, are better off than their forerunners. Butler takes up the clue which Origin had dropped, and at this very

time Mansel follows the same track. Yet the help which these men afford us is only help. It assists us on our way, but does not preclude the necessity of our taking the journey for ourselves.

There is another saddening circumstance connected with this *Wanderjahre* of ours. The recurrence of the same errors. Not more regularly do the milestones meet us on a great highway, than do certain heresies arise to form stumbling-blocks in our path. The history of philosophical or religious opinion is made up of such repetitions. In one age of the world a false doctrine springs up—is overcome in another—in a third is quite forgotten—arises once more in a fourth, to be again confuted, and again to pass from memory. There is comfort, however, even in this humiliating proof of our slowness to learn. When we are alarmed or scandalized by the vagaries or the blasphemies of some arch-heretic, let us turn the page of history, and we shall find that that which is is that which hath been, that truth is mighty and hath prevailed; and so we may boldly say, truth is mighty, and *will* prevail.

What then is the moral with which to point our truism—that knowledge is not cumulative, that they who gather the manna in the morning can gather for one day alone? Is it not, that there is something higher than knowledge. Is it not, that education is in no way merely the means to an end, but is its own end? Montaigne said that he loved better to forge his mind than to furnish it. Strength of mind is what men require, especially we of this fact-loving century. Bracing, not cramming, is the proper education; or to revert to our old simile the good that we obtain on our journey towards the goal of knowledge, is not measured by the ground which we have travelled over, but by the vigour with which we have walked.

STRANGE notions, indeed, some people have of toleration. "How can I tolerate that which is wrong?" is no unusual question. Surely it requires no very great sketch of Christian charity to tolerate that which is right.

E. S.

"I did but speak of the policy of these things," said the Cardinal, with an air of humility.

"It is for *me* to regard them in another light," said Gerald, hastily. He paused, and, after a few minutes, resumed in a voice whose accents were full and well weighed: "When men have agreed together to support the cause of one they call a Pretender, they ever seem to me to make a sort of compromise with themselves, and insist that he who is to be a royalty to all others, invested with every right and due of majesty, must be to them a plaything and a toy; and then they gather around him with fears, and threats, and hopes, and flatteries—now menacing—now bribing—forgetting the while that if fortune should ever destine such a man to have a throne, they will have so corrupted and debased his nature, while waiting for it, that not one fitting quality, not one rightful trait would remain to him. If history has not taught me wrongly, even usurpers have shown more kingly conduct than restored monarchs."

"What would you, Prince?" said the Cardinal, sorrowfully. "We must accept the world as we find it."

"Say, rather: as we make it."

The Cardinal rose to take his leave, but evidently wishing that Gerald might say something to detain him. He was very reluctant to leave the young man to ponder over in solitude such a reflection as he had avowed.

"Good night, sir—good night. Your Eminence will explain my absence, and say that I will receive these gentlemen to-morrow. What are the papers you hold in your hand—are they for *me*?"

"They are some mere routine matters, which your Royal Highness may look over at leisure—appointments to certain benefices, on which it has been the custom to take the pleasure of the Prince your father; but they are not pressing; another time will do equally well."

There was an adroitness in this that showed how closely his Eminence had studied the Stuart nature, and marked that no flattery was ever so successful with that house as that which implied their readiness to sacrifice time, pleasure, inclination—even health itself—to the cares and duties of station. To this blandishment they were never

averse or inaccessible, and Gerald inherited the trait in all its strength.

"Let me see them, sir," said Gerald, seating himself at the table, while he gave a deep sigh—fitting testimony of his sense of sacrifice.

"This is the nomination of John Decloraine Hackett to the see of Elphin; an excellent priest, and a sound politician. He has ever contrived to impress the world so powerfully with his religious devotion, that there are not twelve men in Europe know him to be the craftiest statesman of his time."

"It is, then, a good appointment," said Gerald, taking the pen. "But what is this? The Cardinal York has already signed this."

In Caraffa's eagerness to play out his game, he had forgotten this fact, and that the Irish bishops had always been submitted to the approval of his Royal Highness.

"I say, sir," reiterated Gerald, "here is the signature of my uncle. What means this, or who really is it that makes these appointments?"

The Cardinal began a sort of mumbled apology about a divided authority and an ecclesiastical function; but Gerald stopped him abruptly—

"If we are to play this farce out, let our parts be assigned us; and let none assume that which is not his own! Take my word for it, Cardinal, that if the day comes when the English will carry me to the scaffold, at Smithfield or Tyburn, or wherever it be, you will not find any one so ready to be my substitute. There, sir, take your papers, and henceforth let there be no more mockeries of office. I will, myself, speak of this to my uncle."

The Cardinal bowed submissively and moved towards the door.

"You will receive these gentlemen to-morrow?" said he, interrogatively.

"To-morrow!" said Gerald, as he turned away.

The Cardinal bowed deeply, and retired. Scarcely, however, had his footsteps died out of hearing, than Gerald rung for his valet, and said:

"When these visitors retire for the night, follow the Signor Purcell to his room, and desire him to come here to me; do it secretly, and that none may remark you."

The valet bowed, and Gerald was once more alone.

over some sheets of abstruse calculation which will afterwards clear the solar system at a bound, and point to the remotest star in the heavens as obeying the same law of gravity as ourselves. To quicken his fancy, the biographer of Newton may behold

"The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought
alone.

But the life of such a man must be an inner life: to write his life and adventures would be a piece of gossiping impertinence like that of writing to the Duke of Wellington for his autograph, or cutting a twig from Napoleon's willow to fill a collection of relics.

If the above classification of men into great thinkers and actors be correct, the life of Milton in connexion with the history of his own time would appear like an attempt to embrace two opposite views of life in one—to tell us the life and opinions of Milton, the poet and philosopher, and the life and adventures of Milton, the schoolmaster and secretary, under one cover. Wordsworth has truly described the genius of Milton:—

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

He is the great solitary of his age to be studied apart—a star to be seen by its own light through the dark tube of a telescope which cuts off all disturbing side rays. Such should be the study of Milton, if a poet's biography was all that Professor Masson aimed to produce. But the end in view appears to be not so much biography as history. We have often enough had biography treated as the materials for history. Now we are to have history treated as materials for biography. The lives of men were heaped together as *memoires pour servir a l'histoire*. Now these memoirs are in their turn heaped together to illustrate and set off the life of one. Mr. Masson is erecting a pyramid to the memory of Milton, and as in Egypt by the forced labour of millions one king was laid in his last sleep with a mountain heaped over him by the hands of his subjects, so Milton's life has drawn out innumerable lives of worthies less and less honourable, till we are almost bewildered with the opulence of our materials. And as on these pyramids, so the story goes, not

only the number of the workmen, but even of the onions they consumed is inscribed; so with praiseworthy accuracy Mr. Masson has marshalled every fact that could illustrate the life of Milton. Historians make incursions into private life to illustrate public, but here the process is completely reversed—the biographer of Milton illustrates a private life by many public particulars—it is not a case of the one for the many, but the many for the one. History is treated as a pendant to biography. And as in the old Ptolemean astronomy, sun, moon, and stars revolve round the earth, so John Milton is placed in the centre of the political and historical orrery, and the greater and lesser lights of the firmament make a great circle round him as their centre. We have no objection to this new mode of viewing the subject. Some of Mr. Masson's critics have found fault with him for thus reversing the rights of history and biography, putting the satellite for the sun, and the sun for the satellite; but they forget that the one order is as arbitrary as the other—the earth revolves round the sun, it is true, but in a sense the sun revolves round the earth—for all motion is relative—the one hypothesis was as good as the other to account for some of the facts of the earth and sun's movements; it was the movements of the other heavenly bodies which drove us to adopt the simpler hypothesis of the two, and to set us revolving round the sun, and not the reverse. So with history and biography. The lives of many men will revolve round the life of one, as well as the other way. It is because the motion becomes more complicated and we are obliged to invent cycles and epicycles, that this revolution of history round biography is less direct and simple than the other. Taking our stand on the life of John Milton, every star in the heavens of history between 1608 and 1674 will rise and set once at least; but their right ascension and declination will be awkwardly calculated. We have assumed one point to be fixed, which is not so; and therefore the stars will shift their places most unaccountably. We shall have to invent cycle upon cycle, till the whole sphere is laced with crossed lines and the solemn procession of the stars in their courses seem like the crossings of fire-flies in the air, "mul-

day at Versailles that the rumour ran it was some sovereign of Southern Europe had suddenly arrived at Paris, and the troops turned out to render royal honours to him. When the Duke heard the story he laughed heartily and said—'Eh bien, c'est un Gage du succès'—a motto upon our family name, which was Gage, my uncle being afterwards a viscount by that title.

"Within a very short time after that incident—which, some say, had so captivated my grandfather's ambition that he became feverish and restless for greatness—he offered three millions sterling for the crown of Poland. You may remember Pope's allusion to it—

"The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage."

"The contract was broken off by my grandfather's refusal to marry a certain Countess Boratynski, a natural daughter of the king. He then made a bidding for the Throne of Sardinia; but, while the negotiation was yet pending, the great edifice of Law began to tremble; and within three short weeks, my grandfather, from the owner of six millions sterling, was reduced to actual beggary.

"He attained a more lasting prosperity later on, and died a grandee of Spain of the first class, having highly distinguished himself in council and the field.

"It is not in any vaingloriousness, sir, I have related this story. Of all the greatness that once adorned my house, these threadbare clothes are sorry relics. We were talking of life's reverses, however, and, probably, my case is not without its moral."

Gerald sat silently gazing with a sort of admiration at one who could, with such seeming calm, discuss the most calamitous accident of fortune.

"How thoroughly you must know the world," exclaimed he at last.

"Ay, sir; in the popular acceptation of the phrase I *do* know it. Plenty of good and plenty of bad is therein it, and so mingled and blended

that there is nothing rarer in life than to find any nature either all lovable or all detestable. There are dark stains in the fairest marble, so are there in natures the world deems utterly depraved touches of human sentiment whose tenderness no poet ever dreamed of. And if I were to give you a lesson, it would be—never be over-sanguine; but never despair of humanity!"

"As you drew nigh the villa this evening," said Gerald slowly, and with all the deliberation of one approaching a theme of interest, "I chanced to be in the orangery beneath the terrace. You were speaking to your companion in confidence, and I heard you say what augured but badly for the success of my cause. Your words made so deep an impression on me that I have asked to see and speak with you: tell me, therefore, in all frankness, what you know, and, in equal candour, what you think about this enterprise."

"What claim have I upon your forbearance if I say what may be ungracious? How shall I hope to be forgiven if I tell you what is not pleasant to hear?"

"The word of one who is well weary of delusions shall be your guarantee."

"I accept the pledge."

He walked three or four times up and down the room, to all seeming in deep deliberation with himself, and then, facing full round in front of Gerald, said—

"You were educated at the convent of the Jesuits—are you a member of the order?"

"No."

"Have they made no advances to you to become such?"

"None."

"It is as I suspected," muttered he to himself, then added aloud, "They mean to employ *you* as the French king did your father. You are to be the menace in times of trouble, and the sacrifice in the day of terms and accommodations. Be neither."

With this he waved his hand in farewell, and hastily left the room.

wall known in his days, 'that within memory half the nurses in England were used to sing it by way of lullaby,' and the chimes of many country-churches had 'played it six or eight times in four-and-twenty hours from time immemorial.' And so, apart from all that he has given us through his son, there yet rests in the air of Britain, capable of being set loose wherever church-bells send their chimes over English earth, or voices are raised in sacred concert round an English or Scottish fireside, some portion of the soul of that admirable man, and his love of sweet sounds."

It is pleasant to recall the infancy of great men, and picture to ourselves the time when their minds drew in their earliest thoughts. The picture of Milton's home rests on the memory like a pleasant vision:—

"It is a warm and happy home. Peace, comfort, and industry reign with. in it. During the day the scrivener is busy with his apprentices and clients; but in the evening the family are gathered together—the father on one side, the mother on the other, the eldest girl and her brother John seated near, and little Kit lying on the hearth. A grave Puritanic piety was then the order in the households of most of the respectable citizens of London; and in John Milton's house there was more than usual of the accompanying affection for Puritanic habits and modes of thought. Religious reading and devout exercises would be part of the regular life of the family. And thus a disposition towards the serious, a regard for religion as the chief concern in life, and a dutiful love of the parents who so taught him, would be cultivated in Milton from his earliest years. Happy child to have such parents; happy parents to have such a child!"

At twelve years of age young Milton was sent to St. Paul's school, then, as now, one of those great public schools which are the glory and strength of free England. The school had been in existence a little more than a century, being founded by Dean Colet in 1512. The declared purpose of the foundation was "the free education, in all sound Christian and grammatical learning, of poor men's children, without distinction of nation, to the exact number of 153 at a time—this number being selected with reference to the miracle of the fishes which Simon Peter drew to land (John xxi, 11.)" Besides building the school, and handsomely endowing it with land,

the value of which has since risen enormously, an English catechism, the work of Dean Colet, and a Latin grammar, the foundation of all the Latin grammars in use to this day, are among the founder's legacies to this old St. Paul's school. It is an amusing instance of Henry the Eighth's passion for uniformity, that he enjoined that Lilly's Latin grammar, as published in 1513 especially for the scholars of St. Paul's, should be universally used, and that it should be "penal for any publicly to teach any other." Whether Mr. Froude can discover a state necessity for this declaration of the king's supremacy over grammar as well as over consciences, we cannot say; to us it only recalls Carlyle's anecdote of "Sigismund, *super grammaticam*"—A king, who is not king over parts of speech, is but a king on sufferance; his is only a limited monarchy, in which any Dr. Syntax can dare to dissent from the Defender of the Faith in Latin Accidence.

Into this orthodox seminary of Colet's Catechism and Lilly's Grammar, John Milton was admitted in 1620, at the age of twelve. At the time that Milton became a pigeon of St. Paul's, in allusion to the pigeons that soared about the cathedral, the school was in a very flourishing condition. In outward appearance it differed considerably from the low Grecian front that occupies the same site on the east side of St. Paul's Churchyard, overshadowed by the great cathedral dome that rises above it, and throws it into insignificance. The court-yard could not have been so smoky, or the pillars so dingy, as those of the modern school. The changes, so far, have all been for the worse; for a grammar-school in the heart of a city, with a population of 200,000, could not have been the same "black hole" that it is in the heart of a population of 2,000,000. It is high time to set those poor Paul's pigeons free, and to plant the foundation and school some miles out of town, beyond the din and smoke of the great city.

Milton's own account of his habits as a schoolboy deserves to be quoted:

"My father destined me while yet a little boy for the study of humane letters, which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I

daily rises higher and nearer to perfect Theism. A Göthe, an Addison, could scarcely fail to be Christians, and even Homer himself, we almost suppose, must have had a glimpse of eternal unity. Truly the Greek was a wondrous nation. Every power that humanity can boast seems to have had its perfect development amongst them. The same people who by fancy heard Dryads whispering amid the sighing trees, and Naiads warbling in the running streams, saw by imagination Prometheus chained to a rock, and through long ages of torture, bearing the pain and sin of the world, supported by the hope of "seeing of the travail of his soul, and being satisfied." Truly it was a grand people; and we look small and mean beside them, although they did not travel one degree of longitude in the hour, nor turn out miles of broadcloth in a day.

It is no use to deny it, we are *not* fond of "good" people. If we ask our consciences the reason of this, they will scarcely accuse us of envying those who are better than ourselves, but whom we cannot imitate. On the contrary, it will be found that the virtue of those who are *par excellence* styled "good people," arises from a deficiency in their mental organization, and not from any superabundance of conscientiousness or virtuous habits. They never fall into sin, because they are never tempted; they are never tempted because they are beneath, not above, temptation. It requires a certain amount of mental vigour to be tempted; there must be an active wish for a wrong object ere that object can become dangerous. The slothful person is not imperilled just because he is slothful and indolent, steadfast, immovable, and impassible, without passions, without desires; without imagination to paint unlawful pleasures, he is never tempted to taste of the forbidden fruit, and he stands a monument of stupid virtue.

That is the reason why we dislike "good people,"—for the same reason that we cannot herd with the inferior animals of the creation, we cannot fraternize with them. We are a little lower than the angels, and they are only a very little higher than the brutes.

For this reason, too, it is that goodness which one would think should be the *summum bonum*, is our *dernier resort*; and when we can say nothing else that is favourable of a person we admit that he is at least "good."

"It is our weaknesses alone that render us lovable," says Göthe, and therefore our pleasure is to walk and talk with those who have enjoyed and suffered like ourselves; we make bosom friends of these, even though they have sinned and fallen. The beating of a warm, though erring heart is dearer to us than the cold and clammy life of the reptile that has ever so long lived imbedded in stone.

But if we should meet with some pure souls who, like us, have been "tried, troubled, tempted," yet who, unlike us, have resisted and conquered temptation, we do homage to these as to heroes half divine, as something far more than "good." So true it is, that before we think the wreath of victory worthily bestowed the field must have been fought as well as won, and the fiercer the struggle the more glorious in our eyes is the crown. Thus, too, we may say, with all reverence, that the human life of Him who was Man as well as God, would have been incomplete without that chapter of the forty days fasting and the temptation in the wilderness.

At the present time we are in danger of attaching too much value to the argument derived from analogy. The assistance which we receive from this mode of reasoning is little more than negative. We may point to the fairly written volume of nature and so confute the atheist; we may appeal to the moral law graven on our hearts and consciences, and so confound the libertine; yet, while it would have been possible for man to have attained, without the aid of revelation, to the knowledge of a Creator, and of a Moral Governor, there is one subject of vital importance which must have ever have been hidden from eyes unilluminated by the light that shone through patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. The immortality which was proclaimed by the Gospel, and which was the most glorious feature of the glad tidings that came heralded by the heavenly hosts, is to be found nowhere but in the few pages written eighteen centuries ago by men (with

These few very definite propositions, each answering to some tendency of society or of opinion at the time in England, he had tied and knotted round him as his sufficient doctrinal outfit. Wherever he went, he carried them with him and before him, acting upon them with a brisk and incessant perseverance, without regard to circumstances, or even to established notions of what was fair, high-minded, and generous. Thus, seeing that the propositions were of a kind upon which some conclusion or other was or might be made socially imperative, he could force to his own conclusions all laxer, though larger natures, that were tending lazily the same way, and, throwing a continually increasing crowd of such and of others behind him as his followers, leave only in front of him those who opposed to his conclusions as resolute contraries. His indefatigable official activity contributed to the result. Beyond all this, however, and adding secret force to it all, there was something else about Laud. Though the system which he wanted to enforce was one of strict secular form, the man's own being rested on a trembling basis of the fantastic and unearthly. Herein lay one notable, and, perhaps, compensating difference between his narrow intellect and the broad but secular genius of Williams. In that strange diary of Laud, which is one of the curiosities of our literature, we see him in an aspect in which he probably never wished that the public should know him. His hard and active public life is represented there but casually, and we see the man in the secrecy of his own thoughts, as he talked to himself when alone. We hear of certain sins, or, at least, 'unfortunatenesses,' of his early and past life, which clung about his memory, were kept there by anniversaries of sadness or penance, and sometimes intruded grinning faces through the gloom of the chamber when all the house was asleep. We see that, after all, whether from such causes or from some form of constitutional melancholy, the old man, who walked so briskly and cheerily about the court, and was so sharp and unhesitating in all his notions of what was to be done, did in secret carry in him some sense of the burden of life's mystery, and feel the air and the earth to some depth around him to be full of sounds and agencies unfeatured and unimaginable. At any moment they may break through! The twitter of two robin redbreasts in his room, as he is writing a sermon, sets his heart beating; a curtain rustles—what hand touched it? Above all, he has a belief in revelation through dreams and coincidences; and, as the very definite-

ness of his scheme of external worship may have been a refuge to him from that total mystery, the skirts of which, and only the skirts, were ever touching him, so in his dreams and small omens, he seems to have had, in his daily advocacy of that scheme, some petty sense of near metaphysical aid. Out of his many dreams we are fond of this one:—'January 5 (1626-7), Epiphany Eve and Friday, in the night I dreamed,' he says, 'that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me, and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then showed to me a certain old man, long since deceased; whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground, merry enough, but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke.' Were one to adopt what seems to have been Laud's own theory, might not one suppose that this wrinkled old man of his dream, squat on the supernatural ground so near its confines with the natural, was Laud's spiritual genius, and so that what of the supernatural there was in his policy, consisted mainly of monitions from Grove of Reading? The question would still remain, at what depth back among the dead Grove was permitted to roam?

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fit for the company of brilliant people, like you or me, dear reader.

Dugald Stewart has said something so much to the purpose of this subject, that you must give me leave to quote him :—

"The species of memory which excites the greatest degree of admiration in ordinary society, is a *memory for detached and isolated facts*; and it is certain that those men who are possessed of it, are very seldom distinguished by the higher powers of the mind. Such a species of memory is unfavourable to philosophical arrangement, because it in part supplies the place of arrangement. . . . A man destitute of genius may treasure up in his memory a number of particulars in chemistry, or natural history, which he refers to no principle, and from which he deduces no conclusion; and from his facility in acquiring this stock of information, may flatter himself with the belief that he possesses a natural taste for these branches of knowledge. But they who are really destined to extend the boundaries of science, when they first enter upon new pursuits, feel their attention distracted, and their memory overloaded with facts among which they can trace no relation, and are sometimes apt to despair entirely of their future progress. In due time, however, their superiority appears, and arises in part from that very dissatisfaction which they experienced at first, and which does not cease to stimulate their inquiries, till they are enabled to trace, amid a chaos of apparently unconnected materials, that simplicity and beauty which always characterize the operations of nature."

It is, of course, far more simple to exercise the memory than the analytic power. Far more easy to hoard up a host of facts than to attain to the philosophic, truly sceptic mind. Yet facts are but the *rudis indigestaque mola* of chaos; and it is no magician's wand that will educe from thence order and beauty, cosmos. It is not those men who, as Bishop Butler said, "have a strong curiosity to know what is said, but little or no curiosity to know what is true," that will extract the precious metal from the mass of ore. It is only the hard-working, honest student who knows the refiner's art.

Stewart, in another part of the chapter from which we have quoted, considers the use and abuse of com-

monplace books. The commonplace book of an attendant at popular lectures would certainly be a curiosity as curious as a Mexican idol, and about as useful. Shall we turn over the pages of one :—

"The sun does not move round the earth, as was formerly supposed, but the earth round the sun, at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour. Lead and iodine mixed together throw down a beautiful chrome-coloured precipitate called iodide of lead—Symbol, Pb. I. Chlorine is very extensively used in dyeing, bleaches colours white. Pompeii and Herculaneum overwhelmed by an eruption from Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79. Sirius is the nearest of the fixed stars, though twenty billions of miles off. The first parliament was held in the reign of Henry III. The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of deflection. Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* for five pounds."

"*Disjecta membra*" truly! Well may we ask with the prophet, "Can these dry bones live?" "It requires courage, indeed," said Helvetius, "to remain ignorant of those useless subjects which are generally valued;" "nevertheless," adds Stewart, "it is a courage necessary to men who either love the truth, or who aspire to establish a permanent reputation."

Wisdom will not be content with gentle dalliance when you have nothing else to occupy your time. She will not be your plaything. She must be

"No casual mistress, but a wife;"

and as such will demand honour, respect, yea, even reverence. Let every dilettante in literature or science read the life of Henry Fynes Clinton. The biography itself is not exciting, but as the history of a student's life it is most highly instructive. Possessed of no great genius or originality, Clinton was simply an *honest* and *faithful* student, who felt that if his vocation were to study, then it was his duty to study well and thoroughly. By adhering to this resolution, he left behind him, as the fruit of his industry, works of immense value, and for which every student of classic literature will never fail to give him thanks.

"It is better to know one thing than to know about one hundred things," says the author of "*The*

fellows, directing them to elect Edward King, a young B.A. of eighteen. Milton was thus passed over more than once. Things have changed for the better since Milton's day. Cambridge owes more to her open fellowships than to any thing else. But in Milton's time fellowships went by favour, and so Cambridge lost her great scholar-poet.

When Milton left Cambridge in July 1632, he was twenty-three years of age and eight months. A fair youth with light brown hair falling on his ruff on both sides of his face; with a delicate complexion, and slight, well-shaped figure, it is hardly wonderful that he should have been called "the lady" in his college. There is something feminine which is far from effeminate in the beauty of youth when slightly "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Milton in early life had nothing of the Puritan or Roundhead either in thought or appearance. Solemnity, tempered with a gracefulness almost feminine, were the two contrasted qualities of mind. Milton, according to Mr. Masson, wanted that mobility of feeling, apart from principle, which is commonly thought to mark the poetical temperament: in this Wordsworth, of all moderns, most resembles him; yet who can doubt the poetical genius of these two? Milton is as singular in the defects as the strength of his genius. Compare him with Shakespeare, and there is a whole world of human nature that he is shot out from, for want of humour to enjoy it. Milton's home was the empyrean. He could not sweep from heaven to earth and then back from earth to heaven as Shakespeare; the one was heaven high only, the other was both heaven high and world wide as well. This contrast has been noticed by Mr. Masson; but none of Milton's critics have, in our judgment, touched the point of difference between his genius and that of Shakespeare so acutely as the late Mr. Robertson. It may be said to set the controversy at rest; and, so to save repetition, we give it in the lecturer's own words:—

"Foremost among those in whom a higher self informs all objects, stands Milton. We are compelled to place him with those in whom egotism is not wholly absorbed in nature. Shakespeare is a 'voice.' Read Shakespeare through, and,

except from some of his sonnets, you could not guess who or what manner of man he was. But you could not read Milton long without discovering the man through the poet. His domestic miseries are reflected in his *Samson Agonistes*. In his *Comus*, that majestic psalm to chastity, are blended the antique heroism of his Pagan studies, and the Christian sanctities of his rare manhood. His very angels reason upon Puritan questions: and it was the taunt of Pope that, in the Eternal lips themselves, redemption is a contrivance or scheme according to the systematic theology of a school divine. And yet the egoism with which all his poetry is impregnated, is the egoism of a glorious nature. If we were asked who, in the eighteen Christian centuries, stands before us as the highest approximation to what we conceive as Christian manhood, in which are rarely blended the opposites of purity and passion, gracefulness and strength, sanctity and manifold fitness for all the worldly duties of the man and the citizen, we should scarcely hesitate to answer, John Milton. The poet is overshadowed by the individual man: but the influence of the man is all for good."—*Robertson's Lectures and Addresses*, p. 171.

Nothing can be said of Milton's Cambridge life which his biographer has not said. His college life—tutors and proctors—the changes in the heads of houses—every thing is enumerated with minute accuracy, from the installation of a Chancellor to the death of old Hobson the carrier. We have detected but one omission which Mr. Masson may repair or not in his criticism of the "*Paradise Lost*," according as he thinks the suggestion worthy of notice. He tells us with great truth of Milton's "*os magna sanitarum*," the stars—the gods—time—space—Jove—immortality—these vast and shapeless abstractions which men in general treat as belonging to the high Platonic sphere of intellect, and mention but rarely, and then apologetically, and with a kind of shame; these are the intellectual commonplaces of young Milton—the phrases which his voice most fondly rolls—the theme to which his young soul most habitually tends. But it should not be forgotten that this high Platonic sphere of intellect was just beginning then to be cultivated in Cambridge, and that the *genius loci* perhaps had more to say than his biographer admits, in directing the

MASSON'S MILTON.

THERE are two styles of biography, under one of which the lives of all great men may be classed. The biographer may write the "life and opinions" of his hero, or his "life and adventures," according as he was a thinker or an actor on the busy stage of life; but the two styles are not to be confounded together, or the biographer borrow from the one an interest which only belongs to the other. Thus we read the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," or of Roderick Random, or of Captain Cook, and the more we get of moving accidents by flood and field the better we are pleased. The lives of these worthies were in the outer world of adventure, and the more the biographer keeps to that outer world, the better he will acquit his task. In the life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe, for instance, or Sinbad the Sailor, meditations and soliloquies on man and his mission, the soul and her aspirations seem out of place. And Defoe was too skilful an artist to introduce much of these musings of the solitary man. What an opportunity for our intuitional school of romancers to turn human nature like a gastropod inside out, and to feel and handle the pure spirit as we handle men of flesh and bone like ourselves. The solitary Selkirk on his rock would have been a recluse with his hand on his pulse and telling the beatings of his heart responsive to the sad sea waves. But Defoe was not an intuitionalist; and having dropped his hero on a rock far away from the haunts of men and out of reach of all adventures in the ordinary sense of the word, he set about inventing adventures for him. The Prometheus Vincit of this modern drama, instead of railing at fate with Æschylean despair, or with Æschylean tenderness blessing the Nereids who rose at his cry to bathe him with their tresses, sets about hutting himself, kills goats and clothes himself with

the skins, and sets up house at last under the many disadvantages of bachelor life on a barren island. We have here one style of biography, good of its kind—the best in our private opinion of the two—but not to the exclusion of the other.

Take the "Sorrows of Werther" as an instance of the latter kind, in which the Germans as far excel us as we do in the former. What happened to Werther is but a foil to set off what Werther thought of these haps. The man of passion—unlike the man of action—lives in a continued state of dreaming, in which the noises of the outer world do not awake him out of sleep, but only give a new shape to the dream; he fits the new impression into the dream by some fantastic law of association unknown to men awake, and when the senses, like Rhoda when she heard Peter continue knocking at the gate, affirm the reality of an outside world, the dreamer replies, "sister, thou art mad," or "it is his angel." If a biographer sits down to write this "inner life," as the Germans expressively call it, the less he distracts his narrative with adventure the better. This "continued knocking" of facts at the door only disturbs those in the coma state of abstraction. There are cases, uncommon we admit, in which the inner life is almost the whole man, and the biographer's task is nearly complete if he follows the clue of thoughts through the labyrinth of mind, without once turning into the bye-ways of narrative or the open spaces of everyday life. The biographer of Newton, for instance, may shut himself up in the great quadrangle of Trinity—

"With Trinity's loquacious clock,
Who never let the quarters, night or day,
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours
Twice over, with a male and female voice."

Within four walls of a study, which to our modern ideas would seem a crib—not a chamber—the mind is shut in

The Life of John Milton, narrated in connexion with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time. By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I. 1608-1639. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

other for some time at Cambridge ; it was that "impertinent yoke of prelaty," as he calls it, "under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish," that bittered his soul and drove him out of the church, with the doctrinal Puritans. It was the Arminianism of the Laudian school which drove them into opposition ; but the grievance in Milton's case was that meddling censorship of the press, and "tyrannical duncery," against which he made a determined stand, first with the Presbyterian party against the Prelatical, and afterwards with the Independents against his former allies the Presbyterians. It is, in fact, a great mistake to class Milton as a Puritan. Stage plays, classical learning, music and masques, were an abomination to them, but not to him. He could enjoy the company of learned men, though Papists ; and so far from approving of the straightlaced ways and precision of the Puritans, he was in opposition as much during the days of Presbyterian ascendancy as of Prelatical. The Westminster divines were as little to his taste as the divines of Lambeth ; he found that it was but a change of masters ; the "tyrannical duncery" was the same ; "presbyter was priest, writ long." Milton, in fact, was a Latitudinarian ; and here it is again remarkable that his theology, like his philosophy, took a complexion from his Cambridge education. Cambridge was never so zealous in the service of church and king as her sister Oxford. From the first the Reformation principles of liberty of thought had struck deeper root in Cambridge than in Oxford. The leading Reformers were nearly all Cambridge men ; and the traditions of a college cling to it like the ivy round the old walls and buttresses, and outlive the men who planted them there. So it was that when Laudism arose in Oxford, with its high notions of the divine right of kings and prelates, it never struck in the ungenial soil of Cambridge. Jeremy Taylor, incomparably the greatest divine and ornament of the school of Laud, was tempted away from Cambridge by preferment at Oxford ; for Laud had a discerning eye, and knew better than any man of his age how to patronise men of genius, and at the same time push forward his

peculiar views. Thus, between doctrinal Prelacy on one hand, and doctrinal Puritanism on the other, Cambridge stood still. She had no heart for the "quintarticular controversy" on the one hand, or the novelties of Laud on the other.

Somehow or other her representative minds had caught the genius of her greatest alumnus, Bacon, and thought that in the dust-storm of theological controversy pure Christianity would lose its way, and miss its two great ends—the glory of God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward men. Hence there arose a Latitudinarian party in Cambridge, of which Dr. Whichcote, of Emmanuel College, has been reputed one of the heads, if not the chief founders ; and it is further remarkable that all, or nearly all, the leading Platonists of whom we have made mention above, were also more or less inclined to Latitudinarian opinions in church matters. Even Jeremy Taylor seems not to have forgotten the lessons of his youth, and in "the liberty of prophesying" there is much more of the Cambridge Latitudinarian than the Oxford Laudian. If Milton was a Platonist from his Cambridge education, he was also a Latitudinarian through the same associations. In both cases the *genius loci* influenced, if it did not create, the genius of the man ; and if he stood out against prelaty, as none of his other Cambridge associates seem to have done, it was because his temper had something of "thorough" in it ; he was as stout an Anti-Presbyterian when the Presbyterian party scouted his proposals for legalising divorce. It was his fate all through life to be in opposition ; his nature was too imperious to brook a rival ; he had none of these working qualities which make up a good party leader and writer for faction.

The character of Laud is so well known that we must offer an apology for introducing another portrait of that little, low, red-faced man that D'Ewes describes as bustling by the side of the king, and pressing his peculiar views against the better judgment of abler men than himself.

Lord Macaulay's picture of Laud, though the least flattering of all, is the one by which he is best recognised.

tiform and mix" with endless confusion. So we predict it will be with this study of history in connexion with the life of Milton. It will task our Ptolemy to place in their orbits the many famous men who lived in the days of Milton. They do not naturally revolve round Milton, and this fictitious centre will throw the whole study into confusion. But we need not press our objection further—the historical matter which makes up fully one-half of the volume all falls into its place, not as a part of, but side by side with the biographical; the two form separate studies which, though they do not combine well together, will help to throw light on each other, and so we pass from one to the other, and by the aid of the two come to form our conclusion of the man and the age—how far the man helped to guide the age, and how far the age shaped and governed the man.

Mr. Masson in his prefatory notice, says:—

"He has not deemed it unfit in the instance of such a life to allow the forms of biography to overflow into those of history; in other words, it is intended to exhibit Milton's life in its connexions with all the more notable phenomena of the period of British history in which it was cast—its state politics, its ecclesiastical variations, its literature and speculative thought. As if to oblige biography in this instance to pass into history, Milton's life divides itself with almost mechanical exactness into three periods corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement: the first extending from 1608 to 1640, which was the period of his education and of his minor poems; the second extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the civil wars to the Restoration and forming the middle period of his polemical activity as a prose writer; and the third, extending from 1660 to 1674, which was the period of his later muse, and of the publication of '*Paradise Lost*.' It is the plan of the present work to devote a volume to each of these periods."

In the execution of the above comprehensive plan Mr. Masson has published the first of the three volumes, which carries us through the first period of Milton's life, extending from 1608 to 1640. We cannot do better than follow our author in his pleasant rides and reveries along the king's highway of history, and down the by-ways of biography through

which he carries the reader for the first thirty-two years of his hero's life.

John Milton was born in his father's house in Bread-street, in the city of London, on Friday, the 9th of December, 1608, at half-past six in the morning. The year of his birth was the sixth year of the reign of the Scottish king, James I., in England.

His father was a scrivener, and kept an office or shop at the sign of the "Spread Eagle" in Bread-street. There is little of topographical interest now remaining about the place of Milton's birth. The fire of London swept away those lath and plaster houses, with quaint gable-ends toward the street, and overhanging upper stories; warehouses, busy by day and tenantless by night, fill the place where the honest scrivener drew up deeds for his customers below stairs, while his wife kept house above, thus combining under one roof the place of business and the family home. A scrivener's occupation and station in society were very different from that which in modern use it has degenerated to. In the days of Milton a scrivener held a position more nearly resembling that of a modern solicitor or notary-public. What a general practitioner is to a physician or surgeon, that a scrivener might be to the member of the inns of court; he was outside the bounds of the profession, strictly considered, but above that mere handicraft occupation of a modern scrivener. But Milton's father was something more than a legal Dryadust. He was well read in the literature of his age, and had a talent for music above that of ordinary amateurs. In a collection of madrigals, which was published in 1601, and long afterwards retained its celebrity, he is found associated as a contributor with twenty-one of the first English composers then living. Not to speak of other pieces, such as the *Orianas*, with which the courtiers and poets of Elizabeth's reign flattered the aged virgin with fantastic and far-fetched conceits from *Arcadia*, there is extant a collection of psalms and hymns, compiled by Thomas Ravenscroft, in 1621, two of the airs of which, well known as "*Norwich*" and "*York*," were harmonized by Milton:—

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scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight; which, indeed, was the first cause of injury to my eyes, to whose natural weakness there were also added frequent headaches. All which not retarding my impetuosity in learning, he caused me to be daily instructed both at the grammar-school and under other masters at home; and then, when I had acquired various tongues and also some not insignificant taste for the sweetness of philosophy, he sent me to Cambridge, one of our two national universities."

Besides Greek and Latin, French, Italian, and some Hebrew, we have reason to suppose that Milton, in his boyhood, was a diligent reader of English books. The list of English authors was then probably not greater than that of Russian authors in our day. And, as it would imply no great stretch of reading for a youth in some Russian gymnasium to have read through the whole of the Russian classics, so we may give young Milton credit for having read something of the few English writers that had risen to the rank of classics. Passing over Chaucer, Wyatt, and Surrey, the reign of Elizabeth had brought to light a few names that will live while the language lasts. Bacon, Hooker, Shakespeare, and Spenser are the four great Elizabethans; and after them, at a long interval, follow a list of dramatists, divines, and proser, who held a respectable place in the literature of their day, and some of whom are not forgotten yet. We cannot suppose Milton to have reached his sixteenth year in ignorance of the best, at least, of the English writers. One of these in particular no biographer of Milton can pass over.

Of the few specimens of French poetry of the sixteenth century, there is a long religious poem entitled "*The Divine Week and Works*," by Du Bartas, a Calvinist, and a follower of Henry IV. during the religious wars of France. The popularity of the poem was immense. Thirty editions of the original were sold within six years; and it was translated into Latin as well as the principal languages of modern Europe. The first part was done into English a few months after Du Bartas' death by Sylvester, a merchant adventurer, whose Calvinistic leanings, as well as his knowledge of French, inclined him to read and admire this poem of Du Bartas. The rest of the poem was translated

between 1598 and 1605; and fresh editions were called for again and again during the translator's life, and even so late as 1660. "I remember," says Dryden, "when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's Du Bartas, and was rapt into ecstasy when I read these lines:"—

'Now, when the winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the Baltic ocean—
To glaze the lakes, and bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods.'

"I am much deceived now," Dryden adds, "if this be not abominable fustian."

The poem was divided into seven days, or cantos, as follows:—

First day, the chaos.

Second day, the elements.

Third day, the sea and earth.

Fourth day, the sun, moon and stars.

Fifth day, the fishes and fowls.

Sixth day, the beasts and man.

Seventh day, the Sabbath.

It is curious to consider the fate that has overtaken this, the great poem of the age, on the sublimest subject that the pen of man could touch. So completely is poor Du Bartas' *Week and Works* forgotten, that except for the interest connected with it, as a forerunner of the "*Paradise Lost*," and for the spur which it may have given to Milton's school-boy thoughts, it would hardly be remembered even by name. It would have astonished Milton's school-master, Gill, to hear that the little boy who paraphrased the 114th Psalm, as a humble copyist of Du Bartas' would not only eclipse his model, but would help to keep him in remembrance by shedding on him a borrowed ray of his own immortality. It is like the poet Aratus, a line from whom St. Paul quoted in his speech on Mars' Hill. His astronomical poems were so celebrated that Ovid declares his fame will live as long as sun and moon endure—"Cum sole et luna semper Aratus erit." How little did the Athenian audience imagine that the poet's immortality would really be owing to the quotation made by the despised Cilician, Paul, the fellow countryman of the great astronomical poet. Much in the same way it would have seemed preposterous to Milton's class-fellows at St. Paul's school to suppose that the copy would so far out-do the original that Du Bartas' poem would only be remembered be-

cause it helped to suggest the "Paradise Lost."

Contemporaries are bad judges of fame; they and we must leave posterity to do as it thinks fit with our great wits, and famous novelists, and would-be immortal bards. We have already, in one short life, outlived one or two high-sounding reputations. Robert Montgomery, author of *Satan, Luther*, and many other much-praised poems—where is he? Gathered into the dust-heap of forgotten *Du Bartas*. Alison the interminable, and Walter Savage Landor the tyrannicide—how will they be remembered when Albert I. shall be an old man and the twentieth century near at hand? Unless there is growing up in secret some great poet or thinker who is nourishing his mind on the smaller productions of the men of the age, as the rein-deer nourishes itself on the thin grass it nibbles between the snow and the rock, we do not see how these popular writers can be remembered. Perhaps some future Professor Masson (may the muse of biography always transmigrate into so genial and true a writer), yet unborn for two centuries hence, will, perhaps, rake up the ashes of our now popular writers to see how the sacred fire was kindled in the breast of some great poet of the age whose name is still unknown. The careless reader may complain of this style of biography as too minute; but nothing should be uninteresting which tends to throw light on one of the great names of English history. Our interest in Milton sheds a reflected interest in all his contemporaries, and especially in these who helped to mould his mind. The lives of the minor poets of England are marshalled in their right order when attending in the train of a master poet, as the Hours are only seen in allegory encircling the car of Phœbus.

Milton was admitted a pensioner of Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 12th February, 1624, O.S. Whatever difficulty there is in tracing him through his London life, there is none whatever at Cambridge. During seven years he was an inmate of Christ's College, and so gently has time dealt with Cambridge during these two centuries that have since elapsed, that there is no difficulty in identifying the old place as it appeared to Milton, jogging into Cambridge on one of

Hobson's horses, with the same old place as it meets the freshman's curious eyes for the first time from the steps of the railway omnibus. The universities are not given to change. Cambridge is a rather larger town now than then, but not considerably so. One or two new buildings have arisen, and a college (Downing) been since founded, which lies *perdu* among the trees and park wall which surround it, as if ashamed of its *parvenu* air; but the great monuments of Cambridge are the same as those which Milton looked on. The quadrangle of Trinity; Caius, with her three gates of Humility, Wisdom, and Honour, "which things are an allegory;" King's, with its majestic chapel, the pride of Cambridge and the envy of cathedral towns; John's, with its dingy brick courts reaching, one within the other, down to the river, where the Rialto-like bridge connects them with a new and splendid pile on the other side of the Cam, carrying out the resemblance to Venice in more than one respect—

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

The Cambridge of Milton's day had its "town" and "gown," its "barges" and its "bull-dogs." Men "kept," instead of inhabited, lodgings then as now; "sporting," we presume, "the oak," though we have not detected the expression; and called bed-makers "gyps," as the learned Andrew Downes derived cat from *catus*, "I burn;" and said and did many fast things for which we, their posterity, praise their sayings and doings. Velocipedes were not in fashion in Milton's day, else we might have read of a certain Milton of Christ's upset out of a trap by bullies, and finding his way back to college bruised and blackened. In Milton's age the "Great-go" and "Little-go" were not yet heard of; and so "to put on a coach and go in for the smalls" would have sounded a strange jargon in these peaceful plodding times of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*, when questionists really disputed in the schools for their degree, and, in presence of the Moderator, kept two Resolutions and two Opponencies in such syllogistic Latin as they could muster for the occasion. In another respect college life has considerably changed since Milton's time. Chapel at five and breakfast at six, and "gating" by day as well

as by night would seem intolerable bores to our more free-and-easy student life. There is a tradition which Johnson, with his anti-Puritan dislike to Milton, records with great relish—that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction. If so he must have been under eighteen at the time, as the statutes of that day restricted it to those under that age. In Trinity College there was a regular flogging-block, as in the long-chamber at Eton, where condign punishment was dealt out every Thursday evening in the presence of the undergraduates, so that it is barely possible that Milton, while *a statu pupillari*, may have tasted the rod in his early days at Cambridge.

The age has changed since Milton's time in another respect. What would our dainty undergraduates now think of being huddled into the same room, perhaps the same bed with a "chum"—the word itself has long since gone out of use in Cambridge. When we hear of Milton's rooms at college, says Professor Masson, the imagination is apt to go wrong on one point.

"It was very rare in those days for any member of a college, even a fellow, to have a chamber wholly to himself. Two or three generally occupied the same chamber; and, in full colleges, there were all kinds of devices of truckle-beds and the like to multiply accommodation. In the original statutes of Christ's College, there is a chapter specially providing for the manner in which the chambers of the college should be allocated; 'in which chambers,' says the founder, 'our wish is that the fellows sleep two and two, but the scholars four and four, and that no one have alone a single chamber for his proper use, unless perchance it be some doctor, to whom, on account of the dignity of his degree, we grant the possession of a separate chamber.' In the course of a century, doubtless, custom had become somewhat more dainty. Still, in all the colleges, the practice was for the students to occupy rooms at least two together; and in all college biographies of the time, we hear of the chum or chamber-fellow of the hero as either assisting or retarding his studies. Milton's chamber-fellow, or one of his chamber-fellows, would naturally be Pory. But, in the course of seven years, there must have been changes."

While on the subject of Milton's rooms, we may mention Wordsworth's confession, that it was in the very

room occupied by the temperate bard that he, for the first and last time in his life, felt the fumes of wine. The water-drinking Wordsworth fuddled in Milton's room is a curious freak of fancy. But so it was. The lines may be quoted for their beautiful picture of the youth of Milton:—

"Yes, our blind poet who, in his later day
Stood almost single, uttering odious truth.
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind.
Soul awful—if the earth had ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar dress,
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better; with his rosy cheeks,
Angelical keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.

Among the band of my compass was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very
room

Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate
bard!

Be it confessed that for the first time seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations to thy memory, drank till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour or since."

Seven years were spent by Milton in Cambridge, during which his character was silently strengthening and ripening for his great work in life. That he was a man of mark in his college there can be no doubt. The fellows and tutors must have been blind beyond all example, not to have seen in Milton's exercises the stirrings of something that the world would not willingly forget. Milton's own statement may be taken as the correct one of the impression he made on the men of his college:—"Here, for seven years, I studied the learning and arts wont to be taught; far from all vice, and approved by all good men, even till having taken what is called a Master's degree, and that with praise. I, of my own accord, went home, leaving even a sense of my loss among most of the fellows of my college, by whom in no ordinary degree I had been regarded."

It is strange that Christ's College should have allowed Milton to go down without a fellowship. But in Milton's day fellowships went by favour more than by merit. Two years after he had taken his B.A. degree, when a fellowship became vacant to which he expected he would have been elected, there came a royal mandate addressed to the master and

From the fever of war and politics she passed into a fever of literature. Action ceased, and thought awoke. And when thought had passed into the delirious utterances of Byron, and the principles of the French Revolution had sown the infidelity of reasoning broadcast over the land; wearied with the intellectual agony, she sunk into the soft couch of material comfort, and reached a deeper depth. Money became her all. She lay self-coiled around herself, a sleeping serpent gorged. Political life became corrupt. Social life rested on the principles of Sir Giles Overreach. Wealth, and wit, and rank constituted nobility and fame, and not nobility of character. Domestic life was no longer stainless; the power of England no longer rested on the foundation of the hearth-stone, or on the sanctity of home, and the destroyer was standing at our doors. It was then that the Eastern war arose, and we were brought face to face with the awful realities of life, and death, and judgment. It was taught us by a fearful lesson that the law of existence is not happiness or comfort, but sacrifice.

But she recognised the pain as the necessary consequence of her evil—nay she felt it as not penal, but remedial; and it made her not defiant, but repentant. Forced by the war which raged around Sebastopol to look beyond herself, she struggled nobly to "spring out of her own shadow." But her punishment was not yet full. In another clime she had deeply sinned; and there a sadder and a deadlier war arose, for it shed the blood of the innocent with the guilty. We say not that this was an arbitrary judgment suddenly enforced; but it was the inevitable consequence of the violation of God's sacred laws of government, a judgment in that light and in no other. Deep wrong had been suffered, and deep wrong was done. But in the misery and agony, lo! a seed of good. From the furthest point where Scotland meets the northern surge, to the angle where England divides the Gulf Stream, a cry of righteous indignation rose. The hearts of Englishmen were strung to the music of a high emotion, and the deadly sleep of selfish life was broken up, we trust, for ever. So it came to pass that our wrath was turned upon ourselves. Strange ques-

tions would suggest themselves to men. True, our women have been brutally treated there: the ark of English chastity has been broken by foul hands. But have we no crimes not wholly unlike these to answer for; have we no gross and shameless evil in the centre of our land?

True, men thought again, our men and women, our children have been driven forth naked and homeless, destitute of all, to die where the long grass of the jungle waved above their lonely hours of hunger and dismay. We have revenged their woe! But have we no homeless poor; have we brought comfort to the dark and pestilential garret; have we—faring sumptuously, clothed in purple and fine linen, rolling in our carriages—forgotten that all around us hunger stalks its victims as the rich man stalks the deer? Have we lived in guilty ignorance that the naked and the sick crowd our streets in thousands, and have no pity? And our conscience gave the answer, and we had no excuse.

True, men thought again, the brotherhood of humanity has been disregarded. Our countrymen have been shot down like dogs. The kindest relations had subsisted between officer and native soldier. They had warred and suffered and rejoiced together, and their ties have been foully severed by the sword.

The rights of property have been despised. We have revenged these wrongs; but have we no stern lines of demarcation; have we been true to the brotherhood of humanity? Do we, the rich and noble, and learned, speak to the poor and humble-born and ignorant as if they were descendants of one father? Is there no unchristian code of caste amongst us? Do we drive men to Chartism and Socialism by our words and deeds? Have we a living sympathy for all men?

Thus it was that England began her national self-analysis, and we have seen the result. A noble one: for what more noble than a nation which, seeing its corruption, sits itself silently, earnestly, unboastingly, to redeem its errors? What more noble than to see a people seeking, with true light in its eyes, for its mission on the earth?

But as they considered English life, it struck all those who thought that it was not only by men the good work

genius of Milton to that empyrean of pure ideas which became his habitual, and is thus mistaken for his native mood. The Cambridge Platonists were a school that was taking root there about the time that Milton took his degree. Dr. Whichcote of Emmanuel, the founder of the sect, was only a year or two junior to Milton. The succession was carried on by Cudworth, More, Smith of Christ's, Worthington, and others, all Milton's cotemporaries, and lasted down to the age of Burnet, who considers them as the founders of the Latitudinarian divines of his day, and on whom he therefore passes a high eulogium in his history of his own time. He says: "Dr. Whichcote set young students much on reading the ancient philosophers—chiefly Plato, Tully, and Plotin; and on considering the Christian religion as a doctrine sent from God both to elevate and sweeten human nature, to which he was a great example, as well as wise and kind instructor."

The school of Cambridge Platonists, or more properly Neo-Platonists, seem to have held the fantastic theory of "Moses Atticising;" that an under current of Hebrew tradition flows through Greek philosophy as the Rhone flows through the lake of Geneva uncombined by the surrounding waters. Plato and the Cabbala were therefore the two authorities after Scripture, and to be consulted as its most trustworthy interpreters. In Joseph Mede, a Christ's man and one of Milton's tutors, we find the tendency to Cabbalism most marked; and in More and Cudworth the tendency to pure Platonism. Between these two extremes the Cambridge Platonists ranged. It is not impossible that much of Milton's Platonism sprang from the same source, and that if we were to reckon him among the philosophers of England, he would belong to that school of mystic spiritualism known as the Cambridge Platonists. Mr. Masson notices very justly Milton's "fixed ideas," his tendency to the high and magnificent and contemplative, but he fails to trace it to a common source with other Cambridge Platonists. What he thinks is peculiar to Milton we should say is common to him with all that school. Bishop Patrick's funeral sermon on Smith of Queen's,

author of the "School Discourses," and one of the most noteworthy of the school, contains passages for instance that Mr. Masson would call Miltonic. The magniloquence of the following would pass for Milton:—

"His country was Heaven, his town or city the Jerusalem which is above, his fellow-citizens were the saints, his nobility was the retaining of the Divine impression and stamps upon his soul and being like to God, the archetype and first pattern of all goodness. And, indeed, the preserving of the Heavenly symbols that are in our souls, and especially the purging and scouring them from the corruption of nature he often spoke of; and his endeavour was that the Divine image might be fairly reflected in him, and that it might shine brightly in the face of others."

It is pleasing, then, to reflect, that if there are relics of Milton at Cambridge, there are also relics of Cambridge in Milton—that he carried away some of her spirit with him, and that there are other traditions of Milton lingering around the quiet quadrangles of Christ's, besides the mulberry tree he sat under, or the settle-bed he slept on. Milton's Platonism was Cambridge Platonism; his tone of intellectual ideality, if innate, was at least fostered by the rising school of idealism among whom he mixed; and the master of English poetry carried with him into the world the marks of discipleship in a school of Cambridge philosophy. Cambridge owes this acknowledgment from the biographer of Milton, and we look to Mr. Masson paying this just tribute to Cambridge Platonism in treating of the source of inspiration of the "Paradise Lost."

When Milton went to Cambridge it was with the intention of entering the church. Before he had taken his master's degree, however, this intention had been quite, or all but entirely abandoned. The reason of this change of mind his biographer traces to two sources. The one, that love of learned ease, for which Milton takes blame to himself in a letter to a friend; the other, that he was "church-outed by the prelates." Prelacy, in fact, was the millstone around the neck of Milton's conscience. It was not so much the articles of the Church of England, or her prayer-book, for he had subscribed the one and used the

For in proportion as men are noble and true of heart, and Englishmen are so now, nobler and truer than they have been—in proportion as they feel deeply (and the highest are those who feel the deepest), do they understand womanhood and what it has to do. Men of dilettante sentiment—men who dabble in feeling as the London world, at a watering place, does in geology and zoology—it is these men who talk much of the mission of woman, and whom true women seriously and sadly despise. But men whose hearts are true to the inner and mysterious song of the universe, whose spirits however joyous are yet in accord with “the still sad music of humanity,” who have lived because they have felt, and feel because they have lived—they are those whose central life owns in silence womanhood and its action as the most important reality they know. And so also women who have got free from that foolish system, which pits the sexes against each other, and who are too true to indulge in false expressions about the inferiority of men, think that no more majestic reality exists than manhood and manhood’s action. Each sex, then, in proportion as they are true, has a natural tendency to exalt the other, and each is the best judge of the other and the others’ sphere of action. Now, the real deduction from this is the perfect equality of both, is that each is the complement of the other.

We have said that the mission of woman was a new idea, and arose mainly from the advance of England into a nobler life. Now, no idea ever settles into its correct form till it has tried and rejected its extremes, and this conception is still in this condition. It fell into two dangerous and false extremes. First, women feeling that they had a distinct position in the world, and a distinct work to do, began, in the case of many, to separate themselves from men, to imagine that the distinctive character of their action emancipated them from their so-called slavery; and they determined to pursue their course, unhelped, unrecognising, and unrecognised by “the males.” Secondly, when others found that they could do their own work well, they began to think they could do *all* work also, and they stood up for “the rights of women” to the pursuits of men. They did not see why they

should not be politicians, lawyers, clergymen, and even why there should be any invidious distinction between them and the other sex; and so in America, the cradle of extreme tendencies, this false idea found its most absurd expression in Bloomerism, which flourished for a time to shock and amuse the world.

Both these false extremes were born from the ignorance of the two grand truths, which are the laws of the relation of the sexes. The first mistake arose from the ignorance of the law of interdependence; the second, from the ignorance of the law of the difference in kind, and not in degree, existing between the sexes. The former of these laws depends upon the latter; but that is so evident that we shall make no excuse for treating first of the mutual dependence of woman on man, and man on woman.

We have supposed that men are the best judges of womanhood, and women of manhood; and though much may be said on the other side, yet to us the answer is sufficient, that any theory which tends in practice to render the sexes independent of each other is wrong, and will, infallibly, end in the degradation of both. A compound body, as humanity, is only in health, when its parts mutually respect and mutually feel the necessity of each other.

Thus mutually dependent, the two sexes are inevitably and inwardly urged by nature to unite themselves, and God ratified in Eden this natural tendency by the institution of marriage. Marriage is thus the symbol of a perfect humanity—a completed humanity. Thus in the sanctity of the marriage tie between two persons, lies hid the mystery of our double humanity, and wherever it is broken, there humanity is violated. Wherever it is kept pure in a nation, the men and women of that nation will be strong in action, and noble in thought; and history tells us, in many a voice, that an empire never fell, till corruption had entered its homes.

The noblest poem the world has listened to is witness to this; for what was the grand idea underlying the ten years’ war that ranged round wind-swept Ilium? Was it not that the Grecian and Trojan hearts felt, that on the sanctity of the union be-

We need not remind the reader of those touches by the most skilful hand of the age. "The mean forehead, the pinched features, the peering eyes of the prelate suit admirably with his disposition. They mark him out as a lower kind of Saint Dominic, differing from the fierce and gloomy enthusiast who founded the Inquisition as we might imagine the familiar imps of a spiteful witch to differ from an archangel of darkness." A picture may be life-like and yet not true. Often, as a matter of fact, a caricature conveys a corrector impression than the portrait which has been the study of months; still it is not the less a caricature. In Croker's edition of Johnson, for instance, the one caricature—for it is nothing else—of Gossip Boszy is more life-like than the four or five copies of busts and paintings of Johnson, the masterpieces of Reynolds and Nollkens. Still, as every hero is not a hero to his valet, so there are some aspects in which even base and commonplace men become heroic. Boswell is the hero of biographers, and deserves something better than a caricature. And so Laud is the hero of Anglicans—their martyred archbishop—and, therefore, deserves something more than a caricature, even by such an artist as Macaulay. We, therefore, commend the following portrait of Laud as both tenderer and truer. There was something behind that narrow brow of Laud which Lord Macaulay cannot have seen. He caught, at a glance, the weak points of his character—the secret place of thunder—the spiritual side of his character he does not seem to have glanced at.

Professor Masson seems to have a deeper insight into this, and, therefore, has understood more of Laud than any other biographer we have met outside the charmed circle of Anglican orthodoxy:—

"Many of Laud's clerical contemporaries, not to speak of such known men as Fuller and Hacket, must have been greatly his superiors in talent—more discerning men, as well as more interesting writers. That very ecclesiastical cause which Laud so conspicuously defended, has had, since his time, and has at this day in England, far abler heads among its adherents. How was it, then, that Laud became what he did

become, and that slowly, by degrees, and against opposition; how was it that his precise personality and no other worked its way upwards, through the clerical and academic element of the time, to the very top of all, and there fitted itself into the very socket where the joints of things met? *Parvo regitur mundus intellectu.* A small intellect, once in the position of government, may suffice for the official forms of it; and, with Laud's laboriousness and tenacity of purpose, his power of maintaining his place of minister, under such a master as Charles, needs be no mystery. So long as the proprietor of an estate is satisfied, the tenants must endure the bailiff, whatever the amount of his wisdom. Then, again, in the last stages of Laud's ascent, he rose through Buckingham and Charles, to both of whom surely his nature, without being great, may have recommended itself by adequate affinities. Still, that Laud impressed these men when he did come in contact with them, and that, from his original position as a poor student in an Oxford college, he rose step by step to the point where he could come in contact with them, are facts not explicable by the mere supposition of a series of external accidents. Perhaps it is that a nature does not always or necessarily rise by *greatness*, or intrinsic superiority to the element about it, but may rise by *peculiarity*, or proper capillary relation to the element about it. When Lord Macaulay speaks of Laud as intellectually an 'imbecille,' and calls him 'a ridiculous old bigot,' he seems to omit that peculiarity which gave Laud's nature, whatever its measure by a modern standard, so much force and pungency among his contemporaries. To have hold of the surrounding sensations of men, even by pain and irritation, is a kind of power; and Laud had that kind of power from the first. He affected strongly, if irritatingly, each successive part of the body politic in which he was lodged. As a fellow of a college, he was more felt than liked: as master of a college, he was still felt but not liked; when he came first about court, he was felt still, but still not liked. And why was he felt? Why, in each successive position to which he attained, did he affect surrounding sensation so as to domineer? For one thing, he was a man whose views, if few, were extraordinarily definite. His nature, if not great, was very tight. Early in life he had taken up certain propositions as to the proper theology of the Anglican Church, and had combined them with certain others as to the divine right of prelacy, and the necessity and possibility of uniformity in creed and worship.

Christendom towards the Holy Land? It was that each knight felt that in serving his God he was exalting his lady also. What was it that bound together, as it were with one spirit, that Protestant tendency of Italy, which was embodied in the society called the Oratory of the Divine Love? It was the heart of Vittoria Colonna; and not only did she keep alive this fire, but from her lips and inspiration the genius of Michael Angelo drew the delicacy which has mingled with the majesty of his conceptions.

And if men are so dependent upon women, can we say that the converse of the picture is not true. Needless it were for us to enter into historical detail. A thousand proofs and instances surround us: the daily etiquette of common life, the woman leaning on the manly arm, is a sort of sacrament to witness to this truth. Well would it be for society, if it would but accept as the law of its existence, that the man is what the woman makes him, and the woman what the man. In our social life few are those men and women, who feel or know the awful responsibility which lies upon them from their mutual relation of dependence. In that hurrying and whirling commingling of gaseous emanations, which is called society in our great capitals, where souls are carried round and round unceasingly, as the ghosts of unhappy and guilty lovers are in the Inferno, men meet women and women men, and the conversation glides and glides, like a canoe skimming the deep waters of Ontario. Far down below lies the heart of womanhood, and the soul of manhood, and no word like a plummet sounds the depths of either. Day after day, night after night, this "social life" goes on, till the woman and the man disappear, and two waxen figures grow beneath the rapid fingers of convention. Each has worked the other's ruin. Each has contributed their best to destroy the pure essence of each other's nature.

But this light neglect, this guilty ignorance of their responsibility by which each debases the other, has yet a more solemn aspect. When young men converse with women in society, the subjects spoken of and the mode of speaking of them is such that nothing of the inward nature of the woman is touched or excited; nay,

some words and expressions are used in what is called flirtation in such a manner, that their meaning is lost and they become false; for when a woman hears continually the sacred language of love from the lips of one who she knows means it not in its fulness, she may be at first shocked, but in the end, in very many cases, she becomes so accustomed to it, that the true feeling is slain within her, or finds a vent for itself in a morbid sense of being for ever misunderstood, or is replaced by a foolish sentimentalism, to which she gives the name of love. Folly, frivolity, cold reserve, contempt of men, a hunger for excitement—all these, in various women, result from the mode in which they are addressed, met, and treated by men. And men, never considering that it is they, who have done the evil, by ignoring womanhood, complain that they do not meet any thing to satisfy them in the women of society.

Woman's mission!—we are weary of the multitudinous cant which has been written on the term. A woman's mission is to be true to her own womanhood, and surely no nobler portion of this mission is there than the exalting of men. And this they will never do in society till they are real, till they shrink from the false fear of being laughed at, till they wear the garments of truth, till they conquer that unreal reserve, which keeps them from exertion, till they condemn impurity in men as loudly as they censure it in woman.

If they would but awake, here is a glorious mission for them—the redemption of men from much of sin. Would they but be true to their nature, to the inward promptings of their spirit, they know not what they might do. Let them go out into society determined to try all they can to sympathize with and help men; to appreciate men, and to draw forth the seeds of goodness and manhood in every one they meet. Let them, with the beautiful charity which should belong to womanhood, believe that there is nobility in every man they meet, and try to touch that into life. Let every woman strive to exalt herself to the ideal of her womanhood; let her train herself to be a companion of man, and a helpmeet for man; let her struggle to make man noble, and in the struggle she will develop herself;

he was not a man to 'slip' in anywhere. He could judge for himself, at least; and rather than buy the sacred office with what to him, if not to others, seemed servitude and forswearing, he would lead the life of a simple layman! And so the Church of England lost John Milton. Had it been otherwise—had that pure courageous youth, who, two hundred and thirty years ago, stood dubious by the threshold, but crossed the black marble line and advanced into the sacred vestibule and the aisles beyond—what might the result not have been! Milton, as an ecclesiastic, would have been Milton still; such an archbishop, mitred or unmitred, as England has never had. The tread of such a foot across the sacred floor, what it might have trampled into extinction; the magnanimity of such a soul, breathed into the counsels of the Church through that approaching revolution when Church as well as State was to be riven asunder for repair, how it might have affected these counsels while yet the future model was in doubt, and only the site and the materials solicited the architect! But it was not so to be. Ten years hence, indeed, Milton will throw his soul into the question of Church Reform; will, of all Englishmen, make that question his own; but then it will be as a layman and not as a churchman! For the present he but moves to the church-door, glances from that station into the interior as far as he can, sees through the glass the back of a little man gesticulating briskly at the farther end, does not like the look of him or of his occupation, and so turns sadly but decidedly away."

The remaining chapters carry us through two stages more of the poet's life. His residence of five or six years in Horton, Buckinghamshire, where his father had retired from business, and where Milton composed those minor poems—*L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, *Arcades*, and *Comus*—in which Milton has given us the finest instances of pastoral or idyllic poetry we have in the language. He has said—"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter on laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem." Nor was this a high sentiment to which there was no corresponding reality in life. His life was a poem of high and chaste aspirations. Most men touch the ideal world in only one point—the Caliban nature is raised by being mated to a bright Ariel. Music, with some, melts the soul; the ingenious

arts, with others, "soften manners and do not suffer us to be brutes;" prayer, again, is, with a happy few, the purifying and elevating element which cleanses the soul when soiled with sordid thoughts and the dust of life's highway. Milton was an idealist in all these three ways. With many faults, his life, on the whole, was more of a poem than that of any other man of his age. Between occasional walks or rides to London for books, and solitary musings beside quiet brooks and meadows, backed by hedgerows with stately trees, and the towers of Windsor in the distance, his muse nursed her young strength and plumed her wing for a noble flight "through outer and through middle darkness borne." Nevertheless, the gap is immense between his early and his later poetry. As easily can we think of Keats writing the "*Paradise Lost*" as young Milton, the author of *Lycidas* or *Comus*, rising to the awful sublimity of the Epic. Perhaps this should teach us to think more compassionately of young poets cut off before their prime. Who can tell what literature has lost by the early deaths of our three Italian exiles, Byron, Shelley, and Keats? It is doubtful how far Milton's epic lends its immortality to his pastoral poems. Lovers of his minor poems will indignantly deny the suspicion; yet, after all, it may be true. There are millions of asteroids floating about our system which are as brilliant and beautiful as Venus, if astronomers had the time or patience to note them; but they are neglected because too numerous to mention. Were they attached as satellites to some superior planet they would be as closely watched and studied as the moons of Jupiter, whose eclipse the astronomer so carefully observes. So it is with many of our minor poets. Some, it is true, have lived on to show us that they put forth all their powers in youth. Southey, for instance, could never rise higher than he rose in early manhood. He became a great composer in verse, and the best prose writer of his age; but all that he could do he had done before thirty—so he deserves his place as one of our minor poets. Not so with Byron, Shelley, or Keats; if we speak of them as minor poets, it is only because they died in their minority—they had not

same primitive elements, but rendered distinct in kind, and not in degree, from one another by different heats in the process of fusion, and by unequal mixtures of their originals. Again, no one will deny that though the elements of the physical constitution of man and woman are identical, yet that they are differently arranged and developed. But in this world the body and the spirit are so blended in humanity, that the latter must conform its modes of action to the medium it employs; and for this reason, if for no other, woman in mind and spirit is essentially different from man.

Thirdly, we have such an intuitive perception of this difference, that we act always on it in life.

In history women have been looked on as inferior, superior, and equal, by men; but never as identical in nature with themselves. In life he who denies this essential difference has the fact of "love" to account for. When the lover touches his lady's hand does not the unconscious thrill which fires his eye and quickens his blood proclaim that she is different from him in nature; and if the denier of this principle were ever to love truly, then his every thought would be a practical refutation of his theory. And when the man of thought listens to a woman speaking of truths which she can scarcely be said to have attained, so intuitive and unconscious is her acceptance of them, but which have cost him years of painful demonstration—when he listens thus and wonders, does not his intellect tell him, that her nature is essentially distinct from his?

And he who denies this law has also this to account for: the wondrous friendship which, without passion, may be between man and woman—a friendship utterly distinct from that which exists between persons of the same sex.

The impulse, the desire, to lose ourselves in another sex is known to all experience, and therefore there is a difference in kind between the man and woman; and this will be clearer if we consider the origin of impulse. There are two springs of impulse, emulation and love. The principle of emulation, which is the honest desire to surpass another, is not felt by man relatively to woman. We feel that to emulate a woman we must be made into a woman—be altogether changed in nature. With regard to love as the source of

impulse, the love which we feel to a man may excite us, may elevate our life; but there is ever, almost, we may say, necessarily mingled with it, some feelings, either of emulation or of inferiority; in fact we do not lose the consciousness of ourselves. But the man who truly loves a woman is elevated by her, not through emulation, but by love; he is excited to newer and fresher life, not only by the nobleness of the thing itself, but also by the thought that she will share in it with him; and in the impulse given by this love to her, there is this altogether peculiar feeling, that every fresh sacrifice, every fresh effort to please her, and to bless her, seems to elevate her still higher, to make him lowlier, and more unworthy to reach the pure height on which, to him, she stands. Now, we should like to meet the man who would feel thus to one whose nature was identical with his, or only modified into difference by circumstance.

It would appear needless to have entered so much into a self-evident proposition, were it not that women have claimed their rights to the privileges of men. They have asked for political rights, have declared that they should have the power of voting; have even said that they could form a parliament. They have tried to become lawyers, and have sought for entrance into the church. Some have even wished to organize a band of Amazons. Now, the simple answer to all these is, that any thing which tends to destroy the essential distinction of kind between the sexes will inevitably tend to ruin—is false to God and nature, and will end, if men assume the woman, in making them fools; and if women assume the man, in making them fiends; or else, in a complete ossification of their nature.

Further, women, ignoring this law, have declared that it is education which makes the difference between them and man; and that to render them equal to the other sex in thought and science, and artistic power, in influence on the world, they have only to educate themselves sufficiently. Now, the answer to this is, that they *are equal*, if they would only believe it. Different in kind, but ever equal in the value of humanity. No education will ever make them men; but a greater breadth of culture will

pleasure of reviving our recollection of a life of Chatterton, which made its first appearance in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*. Good criticism is as rare as good wine in this age of "composers of wine and importers of music." The genuine flavour in both is not to be mistaken, and therefore as in duty bound to the public in general, and the readers

of this Magazine in particular, to call attention to this new volume by an old contributor, in the hope that it will outlive the ephemeral existence of a circulating library, and take rank on our study shelves with the Hallams, Carlyles, Guizots, and Macaulays, who have helped to consign Hume's caricature of the age of Milton to merited obscurity.

WOMANHOOD AND ITS MISSION.

PART I.

To one who ponders much on the universe of humanity, it presents a metaphysical whole, under the influence of one law. What that law is distinctly remains unknown, for it is hidden in the mind of Him whose Name is Secret; but we reason upwards to its existence by analogy, and so strong are the probabilities that they attain to moral certainty. There is a strict resemblance of relations between the growth of an individual and a family, and between a nation and a race. The childhood of a nation is analogous to, and can be explained by, the childhood of an individual. The progress of the race may be gauged by the progress of a person. Each man is a mirror of the universe, and the same laws which govern his existence govern the family, the nation, and the race. Each man reflects in himself the whole of humanity. But for our object it will be sufficient to compare in one point the individual and the nation. At two stages in a man's life he becomes introspective in youth and advanced manhood. The first is when by some crisis in life or thought there dawns on him the knowledge that he is a distinct person, with a distinct work to do. Then those questions which must be answered arise like shapes which startle the mariner upon a silent sea—what am I? why am I here, what is the meaning of this wondrous incidence of this life of mine? Such is the self introspection of youth. It is a proof of healthy progress and healthy life.

Precisely the same thing occurs in the youth of a nation. A time arrives when it ceases to be unconscious, and

begins to recognise itself; then it questions of its existence, its means, and its career; and as in man the whole happiness of being depends on the answer he gives to the enigma of life, so also in the nation. Now, wherever we find these questionings arising in the youth of a people, they are a sign of healthy life.

But there is a second period of self-analysis in the advanced life of men and nations; and there it is an infallible sign not of health, but of corruption and decay. Nevertheless so far is it a sign of health that it proves that the people or the man have awakened to a sense of their evil condition; and they are not utterly lost as long as they are conscious of their degradation. As long as even they can make excuses for themselves, they have still a standard of goodness left. The depth of infamy is never reached till men or nations are corrupt and know it not. For that state there is no redemption. There is the serpent's curse, "on their belly shall they go, and dust shall they eat all the days of their life."

But to return to the second period of national and individual self-analysis, we will speak of our own nation. England has been struck with a sense of her abasement. She is like a base man who has trodden all the paths of excitement, drained all pleasure, and emptied to the dregs the wine of life, and who, left alone, has learnt at last, by some terrible stroke, what realities and unrealities there are. She has been awaked at last, like the Indian stupified with drink among the rapids, while the roaring of the everlasting cataract is within her ears.

their peculiar nature in whatever way they please. Let a woman be but true in the inmost recesses of her heart, to her own womanhood, and then she may adopt any mode of life, enlist herself in any pursuit, shooke narrow prejudices and one-sided views, be artist, poet, writer, *sœur de charité*, any thing—no matter—she will fulfil her mission, and her life will tell upon the world. So, just as a tree is the product of the living force of nature first, and then is developed both by its inward peculiar tendency to be a birch, an oak, or a larch, and by the circumstances with which it is surrounded, so the life of a woman is the quotient of these three things—the living force of her womanhood, her own peculiar character, and the circumstances which are outwardly impressed upon her; and if she retains the first, she will develop herself rightly in the second, and bring comfort and blessing from the third. Take for example Juliet and Cordelia. Both were different in character, and lived under various influences. The one reflected in her life the glowing skies and the sudden storms of her southern land; the other bore within herself that slow, abiding, infinite power, which, rooted in the northern heart, finds no words for its deep emotions. They were each the children of their climate, and were further developed and moulded by the circumstances which surrounded them. Both, again, were the products of their own inward temperament: Cordelia, like the moss-rose wrapped in its own scented silence, expanded into fuller life, and gave forth power, and sweetness, and consolation as she was beaten by the rain of sorrow; Juliet, like that flower which blooms in a single night, and dies at dawn, was touched in one evening into life, and loveliness, and passion, and then dashed to death by the fierce realities of the morning. Each was the necessary product of her nature. Juliet could never have been Cordelia, nor Cordelia Juliet. But at one point they met, by one bond of common feeling they were both united; Juliet and Cordelia were true to womanhood. In diverse ways, and under varying forces, they both fulfilled their subordinate missions by being true to their great mission—

by obedience to their womanly nature; for by this Cordelia saved her father, for did she not restore to him his faith in humanity? Did she not bless and soften the wounded and hardened heart of Lear? This it is which saves the tragedy of tragedies from all its gloom—that by Cordelia's womanly power, the heart of Lear broke, not with the agony of the sense of wrong, but with a mighty rush of love—"the late remorse of love" was his. And Juliet; how did her life tell upon Verona? Dead, she yet spoke, and over the corpse of the true woman, the rival houses, remembering her love, and witnesses to her sorrow and her faithfulness, linked their long-severed hands in a grasp cemented by her womanhood. Thus, though neither knew aught of missions ordered and labelled as belonging to their sex, yet they did a noble work, because they fulfilled their mission nobly and truthfully.

But our readers will cry out, What? Is this all? This is nothing new. Of course, a woman is sent here to be true to her womanhood. This, however, is precisely what women do not recognise; for it is much too simple a truth to be attained at once by them. There is not *écclat* enough about it. Rarely do women reach this knowledge till many years, and many searchings of heart, and many failures have taught them that their work and their position is not one of ostentation. Again, they have in general no living conception of their own nature. Half ideas they do seize—broken lights of it, showing true, through dim clouds of sentiment, gleam upon us from their writings; but seldom do we meet with a woman who knows how she should work, in what her real influence consists.

"There is a blessedness, however, in this," many may say; "for is there any thing more beautiful than the unconsciousness of women? Would you strip them of that?"—No; but ignorance is not unconsciousness, and a woman who knows nothing—that is, feels intuitively nothing—of the ideal of womanhood (for intuitive feeling is the knowledge of the woman) is rarely an unconscious, but rather an affected woman. Now, such women, we do not say not feeling, but not believing this truth, that all they have to do is to

of self-sacrifice was to be done, but also by women. Then started into life, we believe for the first time in our nation's history, the problem which they called Woman's Mission. The metaphysical history of this is curious.

When the constitution of a living organism becomes diseased, it is the comparatively passive organs which suffer most; so when the life of that organism on a large scale, which we call a nation, is vitiated, when the blood of its humanity stagnates in the weeds of sloth and selfishness, it is not manhood but womanhood which suffers most. More passive and more receptive, women, when a nation has fallen low, both suffer and receive more evil. In reality they are not more degraded than the men; but relatively they are. Relatively to men; for when men conceive and cherish false and low ideas of their own humanity, they will proclaim and teach a false and low standard of womanhood; and women then become what they are held to be; for no truth is more true than this: that a recipient nature gradually becomes what it is declared to be. The position of women in a nation is that which men have made it. We say the position of women, for when a nation becomes corrupt, the men are more wicked than the women; but the women are lower in the scale of humanity.

But when men began to realize that the law of true life was sacrifice, then they looked for God's embodiment of it in humanity, and lo! womanhood. When men began to feel that utilitarianism and materialism were not all their life, they searched for a proof of this in humanity, and lo! womanhood. When men began to think that perhaps love and submission, and tenderness and gentleness, were as strong for good as power, and force, and intellect, they sought if this were realized anywhere in humanity, and lo! womanhood. And when men sought to redeem the lost, and to comfort and sympathize with the neglected, and found that they failed in the needful delicacy, they cried—Is there none to help? and lo! the graceful wondering form of woman stepped forward to assist, radiant with a fresh delight, and born into a new life by men at last feeling the necessity of her existence.

Thus, from the self-analysis of England, womanhood was born anew—born into a consciousness of her individual existence—born into the belief of her own power.

Thus it was, too, that the idea of the mission of woman concentrated itself on a sure basis, and became a national thought. About this mission some thought one way, and some another; some denied it altogether, not feeling that manhood had a mission, and in the ignorance born of incapacity declared that womanhood had none. Some opposed it because antagonistic, one-sided, and jealous. Their judgment could not hear any thing much insisted on without siding against it. Some admitted it, but said it lay only in household duty; others quoted *Penelope*, and various old English *spinsters*, laying great stress on the word, as patterns for the women of the nineteenth century. Some went further, and said their mission was to tend the sick, and bless the poor, and visit the village with broth, and shoes, and blankets. And some men, either soured by disappointment or base by nature, when asked what they thought of woman's mission, echoed, with a very foolish, or very bitter laugh, the answer of Iago—

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

But ask the poet—ask the thinker what they know of woman and her mission, and they will not describe it in words, they will not attempt to enclose it in a rigid fence of detailed particulars, but they will shadow in song, or let men half seize a fleeting vision of the beautiful thought, which floats within them. They do not mark out for her a line of action apart from the manhood of humanity, but they dream of her life as something different yet indissolubly linked to theirs; as something pervaded by the one spiritual essence of humanity. And just as the more healthy a poet's heart is, the more necessity does love within it feel for imagination, and imagination for love, and the more deeply do they reverence each other, and feel their own dependence for truth of action on one another; so the more healthy the humanity of a nation is, the more do men and women depend on one another, the more do they feel the need of, and reverence each other.

tention, in the second part of this article, to see how the large *surplus* of woman may be employed, and what work their nature, as laid down, best fits them for; and lastly, to speak of the present mode of educating woman, and how they may be trained under a system more in accordance with their wants.

To state all this clearly, it is necessary first, as we have said, to fully investigate their powers.

What, then, is pure womanhood?

It is difficult to write clearly on the subject, a subject so much dreamt of, and so little thought out; and the difficulties which meet us at the outset arise from both the sexes. Womanhood has been idealized by men, and so unrealized by women, that, on both sides, a fair judgment is almost impossible. Some men scarcely allow her any faults; others, who have passed this stage, have stooped short in the reaction from it, and blame as much as they praised before.

For example, the young man sees before him, far away, seated on a sunny distant height, his ideal woman. Men, who have lived apart from real life, embody all the hidden tenderness of their nature in her who visits them in the evening dream. But when the youth meets and lives with real women, when the student comes in contact with the substance of his vision, then the reaction commences, and the actual falling far short of the goddess he has worshipped, his world of phantom beauty is shattered rudely. Happy is he who, trusting in humanity, springs away from this, and finds in the actual the real womanhood, whose human infirmities he has to support, whose weaknesses draw out his own nature, whose failings are but the shadows thrown by great qualities, and whose faults prove woman to be of the same dear, erring humanity, which he himself possesses. But many there are who, disappointed in their early ideal, remain for ever lonely, and grow sour in heart, and smile a bitter smile, when womanhood is named and praised. Now, this contrast between the ideal and the experience of these men will make them hard to convince of the loveliness of the feminine nature.

Again, on the side of women there are arising from their very nature,

difficulties, which will prevent many of them from agreeing to the truth of a real picture of their womanhood.

For example, it is one of the deepest peculiarities of their nature that they love the concrete, while man desires the abstract. Therefore, by their very nature they long to embody their ideal in persons. Now, either from the keen knowledge of the weaknesses of their sex, which their subtle perception of character produces, or from a jealousy of one another which is a perversion of their noble quality of individuality in attachment, they are not disposed to see pure womanhood in women; and they never can find it in men. Thus they form no clear idea of womanhood.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they do not possess much power of generalization. Subtly percipient of things, in forming a conception of their own sex, they dwell on the minute details of feminine character, and do not consider it as a whole.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they desire to embody their influences in the seen and the present. Now, this by the nature of womanhood can rarely be, and, therefore, women resent any representation of their nature, which tends to establish the contrary, and prevent them from realizing their wishes. Nevertheless it is true. For the powers by which a woman works are spiritual. Who has ever seen love or tenderness, meekness or submission? Who has ever even translated into words of human speech what we mean by these? When have their effects become *rapidly* visible in an acknowledged and open form? Power, strength, and force of mind, or body, these are manifest to all the world. A great speech, a scientific discovery, a giant aqueduct, a land traced with railroads, a nation subdued, a revolution in thought—these are the work of man, and they are visible in themselves or their effects, because they act on the material and the intellectual worlds. But she who works on the secret spirit must be content to suspect and hope that the results she feels are hers, but never dream that she will view them with the eye of sense. Things seen—these are not the sphere of woman's labour.

tween men and women depended the life-blood of the world? Nothing is more remarkable in the *Iliad* than Homer's feeling that the Trojan cause must fail, because it had violated even one individual instance of this law; that there was an inward weakness in the city, because one was there, who had destroyed the holiness of the domestic relation. Nothing is clearer in the poem than this, that the whole and only strength of Troy lay in the continuance of the life of him whose valour rested on the inspiration of Andromache, whose manliness drew its strength from home; in him who removed the helm, whose tossing crest no Grecian sword could touch, that he might meet the kiss of the son, whom, smiling through her tears, the Mother and the Wife upheld. And when he fell, in whom the sacredness and truth of the union of the sexes was idealized, Troy fell, and not till then.

Now a union such as this could not be: marriage would be a mocking falsehood were not there a mutual dependence between the sexes.

But apart from the union of individuals, womanhood and manhood depend on one another. What kept the Cimbri true to the savage force and unblemished liberty of their character? What made them die in the great battle with Marius, man by man, upon the field, till night closed in upon the carnage, and the distant summits of the Alps refused to look upon the combat? It was that behind them among the waggons, their women stood, each inspired into a Valeda by the noise of battle. It was that motherhood, wifehood, sisterhood were there praying to their God for those whom they had loved in their forest homes; and with the inspiration of that thought, the warriors died free as they had lived. Their manhood rested on womanhood.

What kept the Greek ever with his face to the foe? What cheered his last death throes on the field of Marathon, or at the Pass of the Three Hundred? It was the thought that his mother would meet his corpse borne upon the shield, and weep no tear save one of joy, that her son had died with untarnished honour. Their manhood rested on womanhood.

What kept the short Roman sword

for ever bright in the face of the foe, with the lightning of war? What united in the battle-field the proud Patrician to the fierce Plebeian? What was the cry that welded into a phalanx of tempered steel all the opposing elements of a Roman army, and echoed in their hearts till it strung them to an iron endurance against the mighty Carthaginian? *Pro aris et focus*—for altars and for hearths. It was that each Roman entered the crash of contest with the thought of the Vestal Virgins keeping guard in the Ancient Temple over the Palladium and the Eternal Fire; and each man swore to defend that chastity, on which the safety of Rome depended. It was the thought of their women watching by their hearths for their return, that nerved the muscles of the sons of the iron kingdom; and each man swore to keep those homes unstained and free, on which the majestic fabric of the seven-hilled Republic was founded and upbuilt. Their manhood rested on their womanhood.

And in pursuits less fierce, but no less noble, the power and grasp of manhood has been subtilized and deepened, etherealized and strengthened by the spiritual power of womanhood. When Tintoretto's daughter died, his hand never more touched pencil. Would Raffaello's pictures have been so divine, had not the Fornarina lived? Who would have heard the "world worn" Dante's song, had there been no Beatrice? It was womanhood in Clelia which rooted the love of country in the Roman; in Cornelia, which established the truth of motherhood. It was womanhood that saved the city from the incensed son and husband as it knelt at the feet of Coriolanus. Not without meaning, too, were the ancient myths which represented the Furies and the Fates, the Muses and the Graces, the Gorgon terrors and the Harpies as women; for on them must ever hinge the agony and the destiny, the intellect and the gladness, the terror and the infamy of men.

And turning to modern times, what has most tended to civilize those ages, when the new elements of European life, after long fermenting, began to settle into quietude? What was it that supported the influence of religion in that strange movement of all

husband. All the long years of ill-usage, which the wife of a cruel man endures, are borne and lightened by the dream, that he, perchance, will think that she was true and tender when she has died for him.

And because her nature is thus filled with love, therefore the highest woman is dependent. A man may be (the religious feeling put out of the question) *αὐτάρκης*, self-sufficing. He may, independent of the other sex, devote himself to fame, or the pursuits of the pure intellect, and be conscious of no necessity for womanhood. Neander lived and died immersed in books; but no true woman can live without some human object to spend herself on. Hence, she becomes dependent on the objects of her love, be they men or women. Again, unconscious of the strength arising from her spiritual powers, and conscious of her comparative weakness in physical and intellectual faculties, a fact which is only proved the more by the strenuous denial of it by some women, she must repose her nature on the outwardly stronger, and find in man the complement of her being. From these two necessities, the necessity of something to love, and the necessity of fulfilling herself, she becomes dependent. We do not say that men are not dependent on women, nay, without women we could not live. Neander would have died soon, had not his sister been. But men are not so dependent on women, as women on men. A man may find a wife in ambition or in science.

It is true, in both cases, that the ultimate person on whom all depend is God; but, it is also true that while women learn the necessity of dependence on Him by the necessary resting of their nature on men—men learn it chiefly from the loneliness, which comes upon them when their boasted self-dependence is broken up by the terrible strokes of that love, which *will* teach us that we are not our own. But with woman it is the natural dependence of their nature on the manly powers, which finally leads them beyond that to their deep rest on the Divine. The natural conducts them to the spiritual, and, it is, for this reason, that women possess more of the essence of religion, or entire subservience to the highest

will than men, because they arrive at it more naturally through their nature.

And because she is thus possessed of loving dependence, therefore is the truest woman most truly free. For what liberty is like hers, who reposing in unquestioning faith on him she loves, delights to do his will, because she is at one with him by affection. What freedom is like hers to whom the words duty and coercion have no meaning, because love is all.

Again, because her nature is necessarily possessed of this power of self-sacrificing love in so much deeper a manner than that of man, therefore is she gifted with a subtler insight, and a more discriminating sympathy. For the capacity of insight is in exact proportion to the capacity of loving, and the power of insight is measured by the strength of love in any character, and by the amount of affection brought to bear upon the object of investigation. To him who loves the universe, the "open secret" is clear. To him, who loves a book, the inner comprehension of it is granted. To him or her, who loves a person, an intimate knowledge of that soul is given. And the highest woman, who pours the truest love humanity can know on those for whom she spends herself, has a delicate insight, which penetrates like light into the hidden springs of being and of action, and lays bare the innermost recesses of the spirit. She sees into men and women, as the poet sees into the world, because she loves. She is dowered with:—

"The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love;"

and for this reason also she possesses a discriminating sympathy. There are two kinds of sympathy. There is a sympathy, which feels for humanity as a mass, and produces philanthropy, and is the parent of high-sounding schemes and socialistic systems. Oftentimes this is worse than useless, for not expending itself on individuals, and too slothful and dainty to carry out in action its feelings, it forgets its objects, and only suns its silken complacency in the warmth of its self-approval. This evil belongs to men and women alike; but when this large sympathy for the mass is true,

let her make herself a true sister, a true wife, a true mother, a true daughter, a true woman, and we will surrender every atom of interest we have in the subject, if they do not put up a mighty barrier against one of the greatest evils of our social condition.

We will now see how this unalterable law of the mutual dependence of the sexes bears on many theories, which women have put forward concerning their mission. They have declared that as their work is distinctive, therefore they will pursue it without the help of, and separated from men; that men have no right to pry into their business—no right to assist them or to interfere. Men, too, on the other hand, have laid it down that woman's mission is simply confined to spinning and keeping house, and bringing up children; and that it gives them no right to touch on even the slightest portion of man's work—that they want no help, nor will seek for any from women in their pursuits. *Chacun a son métier*, they cry. We will do our work, and they their's separately. Now, all ideas of woman's mission which are founded on this theory are false and will come to nought, for they violate the primary law of the sexes—mutual dependence. If women attempt to carry out their missions in separation from men, or if men attempt to force on them a position which divides them from the man, they have entered into a contest, not against opinion, but against God himself, who in the beginning made the woman for the man, and the man for the woman.

Woman's worth united to man's make up the whole of the influence of humanity; and as the power of the sun would be useless, if, in its ray, the light were separated from the heat, so the power of humanity would be for ever destroyed if the mission of the woman were divided from that of the man. It is true that the work of a woman is distinct from that of a man, just as the actions of light and heat are different; but still that does not prevent each in accordance with their several natures working as one. The union of light and heat performs one work, but each does its own distinct part; so man acts in his sphere, and woman in her's, but always in union. It is important to keep this

distinctiveness of work in mind, for it is as dangerous for women to assume that their mission is the same as man's, as it is for them to separate it from the influence of man.

And this brings us to the consideration of the other law of the sexes, which many of the extreme theories of woman's mission have violated—the law of the difference in kind.

It seems scarcely necessary to adduce any proofs of this principle; but as it has frequently been called in question by women—sometimes even by men—and as many of the theories of the rights of women have been built on the denial of it, it may not be out of place to discuss it briefly.

The first proof arises from the existence of the marriage tie. The true object of marriage is to establish a perfect union—to make of two one spirit. Now, what is necessary for a real unity? We answer variety in the parts united. Uniformity is the accurate resemblance and sameness in nature of any number of existing things, and its essential difference as distinct from unity is that there is no coherence between the parts. The pebbles of the sea-shore, polished all to one size and roundness by the force of the waves, are uniform, but there is no union there; whereas true unity is when a number of parts different in themselves, and different in their office, are bound together by the influence of one spirit to attain one object. Thus unity is not a thing seen, but felt—does not as uniformity appeal to the senses, but is a conception of the spirit.

Now, unless there were this difference in kind—not in degree—between the woman and the man, that unity whose symbol is marriage never could be, and marriage itself would be a mockery. But the man diverse in kind from the woman, and yet joined to her by the one humanity they share in, finds in union with her, whether in life, or work, or thought, the perfect whole of existence.

Again, the difference in kind is produced, not by different parts or qualities being theirs, but by a different arrangement of these powers. The law given to each sex is diverse; and thus, though the elements are identical, they are so ordered that the nature of the man is for ever different from that of the woman. Analogously in nature, different rocks are formed from the

not so strong as ours ; hence it is that she collects delight from a smile, and happy thoughts from a word ; hence it is that she entails sorrow on her heart from causes, which were not meant to create it ; hence it is that the slightest looks encourage hope when she loves, and that she will grasp at a passing expression, and gather it like a flower ; hence it is that when her love has been cast away, and she feels the object unworthy, she will yet cherish the memory of what has been, and find a sad delight in ignoring the present, and living in the past.

Hence it is that women are earlier in life more thoughtful than men, for their delicate inward being receives things which, with another tendency of womanhood, they lay up with a conservative instinct in their hearts—things, and looks, and words, which the sharp, objective vivacity of boyhood passes over. And this extends itself through all existence. And women have a wondrous intertwined symphony of inner and most delicate thought which forms a second life, whose mystic music men have never heard—have not even, we believe, conceived.

It will afterwards be seen how this peculiarity fits them for discharging a peculiar office in literature.

It is true that this thoughtfulness does not produce great works, and is not manifest to the world. But for this there are obvious reasons. The things of the inner heart are ever unutterable in language. Speech fades before the power of feeling.

“For words are weak, and most to seek,
When wanted fifty-fold.”

And not only unutterable, but also unspeakable. There broods above them a hallowed air to break whose waves with speech were sacrilege. To vulgarize her inmost self, no idea can be to women more full of shuddering than that. It is hers by right of possession, and no kaiser or king may touch with despotic hand that mystic woof and warp of thought which shares her loneliness with God. Men see it only in the undefined and fleeting changes of the face—in all the cloud-like shiftings of expression—in the individuality of manner, but never as it is.

True is this also of men. In our inmost nature we are all alone—

“Each in his hidden sphere of joy and woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart.”

But it is naturally and more especially true of women.

And, again, arising from this delicacy of inward organization, joined to its outward and fitting vehicle, women are more receptive of natural beauty than men. In a peculiar way, however. The man admires the landscape as a whole, with all its parts bound together by one law into a glorious unity ; his eye dwells with pleasure on the sunset sky, and on the everlasting downfall of the cataract ; but he pierces beyond the pleasure of sensation and marks the various waving of the cloud march in its obedience to law, and the majestic submission of the water atoms to the force of gravitation ; he sees the harmony of the evening vapours with the land and sea they hover over ; he combines the sound of the cataract with the silence of the pines, and its white and leaping radiance with the rainbow which arches there, and with the darkness of the swift eddies which, in the hollowed pool beneath, contrast with the foam above. For man's idea of beauty is not complete, till he has added to the pleasure of the eye and ear the sense of harmony and law—and in him the latter often predominates over the former. But women rarely generalize thus, and never possess in the same fulness this power of reference to law, which is the parent in the artist of his greatest gift—harmonious composition. Her pleasure is more the result of fine sensational impressions, and she is entranced by the minutenesses of nature, and by the portions of a landscape. The violet which nestles in the moss beneath the oak is dearer to her than the thought of the law of its growth. The fern which shakes its pencilled shadow in the still pool of the mountain stream is the object of tenderer love to her than the law of its reflection. The delicacy of colour in the light and breezy cirrus which lengthens forth its golden fibres to follow the sun it loves is sweeter to her than the knowledge of its harmony of tone with every tint in sea and land beneath it. “I feel, I feel,” she cries, “do not destroy my keen and silvery

make them all the nobler women. No education will ever fit them for the peculiar pursuits of men; but it will make them truer helpmates for them, and give them a deeper joy in their own womanhood, by enabling them to follow out more usefully their own natural pursuits.

Nowhere has this wild cry of women for equality, and the effort to realize it through education, been treated more gracefully, or more truly, than in Tennyson's "Princess." Nowhere has the poetic heart gone more deeply into truth, by intuition, than in that poem. Ida started on this very idea, that education was the source of the difference, and that the inferiority of the woman was to be conquered by culture. She felt the distinction between the sexes; but she did not know that this was the very seal of their equality. And so she separated herself from men, and thus was false to one law, and then pursued a system based on ignorance of another. And as time wore on the woman faded away, and she became hard and unpitiful. Attempting by separation

"To lift the woman's fallen divinity,
Upon an equal pedestal with man,"

she herself lost womanhood. Struggling to render herself "whole in herself, and owed to none," she parted with the beauty of love, and the joy of mutual dependence. Endeavouring in seclusion from men to redeem women from their "slavery," she forgot that her noblest mission was to redeem man. Thus she petrified till the sorrow, and sickness, and dependence of man on woman, and the tender beauty of her hidden nature called forth by these, showed her that only in union with him she could exalt herself. And then, when once she yielded herself to union, and became as dependent on him as he on her, she learned that not by education was she to render herself equal and abolish the difference, but that in that very difference consisted her equality.

Thus, this poem establishes, in its graceful serio-comic, the two great laws on which we have been writing, the interdependence of the sexes, and the difference in kind between the man and the woman. We have thus seen in the statement of these two

laws what the mission of woman is not; we have defended it from its false extremes. We will now consider what it is, and attempt to establish a principle.

The real existence of any thing consists in its being true to itself within its own sphere of action. Thus a rose exists only so far as it is developed in accordance with its nature, and never attempts to be a lily, or any thing but a rose. Thus a planet is, only so long as it moves in its appointed course, and does not attempt to exalt itself into a star. The moment it breaks loose, so to speak, from itself, that moment it is virtually a negative, or a dangerous thing in the universe.

So the highest mission of a woman is to be true to her womanhood. She only exists so long as she moves in her own sphere, and does not strive to be a man. Once let her pass beyond herself, and she either sinks to a non-existence, or she becomes a deadly woe. With marvellous truth to nature does Shakespeare represent Lady Macbeth becoming a fiend, when she had unsexed herself, and attempted the qualities of the man. Therefore, as the general rule of her existence, as the general law of her mission, woman must be true to womanhood. That is her great duty in this world. Other subordinate and multifarious missions are hers, but she can only perform these so long as she performs the greater. The moment she fails in the one, she will infallibly fail in the others, and while she succeeds in the one, she will infallibly succeed, even without the consciousness of success, in all the others.

Let that, then, be our principle. Truth to her nature is the primary mission of woman. But how shall a woman find out what she has *particularly* to do in the world? We answer: by a study of her peculiar character. Each human soul is a distinct thing in this universe. Each soul is alone, possessing its own rules of existence, its own temperament, its own bias of character. But there are two great divisions of souls under two standards—the souls of men born to be true to the standard of manhood, and the souls of women born to be true to the standard of womanhood. Let each be that, and they may follow out

and you will fulfil your mission; to both, never repine, never seek to step beyond yourselves, never violate your natural character or temperament voluntarily, never bind yourselves to any particular mode of action—be free, faithful, unfearing, wise. Be content, and know that where you are, there is the best place, and there your noblest mission.

Lastly, these powers of pure womanhood, which we have been describing, are spiritual powers. We have used the word spiritual as embracing under it all in us that is not physical or intellectual, all that belongs to the heart and spirit. We do not say that women have not intellectual or physical powers, nor that men have not spiritual; but this we do say, that in man the two former predominate, in woman the latter. Every action and thought of womanhood is penetrated by, and draws its life from, and has its foundation on, her spiritual powers. We can call to mind no purely intellectual, or physical work done by a woman. Her heart and spirit give the motives of her life. She arrives at truth, she is an artist, thinker, worker, by her spiritual powers. She must be educated, redeemed, exalted by appeals to these. She is all she is by them, she lives, and dies, and loves, and suffers through these, by these she is trained for heaven.

Now, from a false perversion, or rather from an ignorant persuasion of this truth, the common proverb, which we hear from men has arisen:—"A woman's strength is her weakness." The real origin of the saying is this:

most men think that only strong which openly appears strong, or is manifested in forcible results. But they cannot also help seeing that woman prevails where they have failed, that she does a mighty work in the world, and possesses enormous influence, and then they leap to the conclusion that she wins because she is weak, and that they give way to her because it is manly to give way to that which has no power of resistance; as if it were manly to surrender to weakness at all times. No; men give way, women have strength and influence because they work by powers which to the coarse and ignorant appear weak, but which in reality are the strongest.

If we look, then, largely on humanity as a whole, made up of womanhood and manhood, we arrive at this final result. Womanhood is the spirit of humanity; and manhood, the body and mind. She bears the same relation to humanity as the contemplative and feeling powers in an individual do to the reasoning and active. Without either, humanity would be no more; separated, humanity is useless, the world is at a dead lock; together, hand in hand, and heart in heart, our fallen but divine humanity advances nobly, freely, usefully to do its work, eliminating slowly and unconsciously out of unknown quantities the great equation which shall be, when the race, emerging from many an *Æonian* storm, shall at last progress into that golden year which all high hearts, and all fair song, and all true philosophy, has prophesied for man.

be true women, are driven into forming particular missions for themselves by the divine necessity within them of expending their hearts on some *great* object; whereas, if they knew what the power of their womanhood is, they would understand that the commonest and most trivial life is made great by the spirit of love which is within them.

But as long as this remains a mystery to them, they will seek for patent and fame-bestowing work; they will idealize a mission without taking into consideration the peculiarities of their individual temperaments, and then be miserable if they find it an impossibility. For example, Miss Nightingale goes to the Crimea, nobly and truly impelled thereto by her womanhood and her natural bias of character working harmoniously together. Straightway a number of women cry out, "that is our mission;" and, trying, fail, because they have not the necessary power or inclination; and failing, think in despair that they have fallen short of their mission. Such is the history of many a woman, who makes universal *any particular* phase of feminine action. Only, then, in a general principle can repose be found, in an universal mission, which will embrace beneath it, as a genus its species, all the characters and circumstances of women and their life. That principle is this: the grand mission of women is to be true to womanhood. Let all books which advocate particular missions be thrown aside; let all attempts to place the chariot of woman's work in a fixed groove be discarded. They are useless, for they strive to fit the universal into the particular. It is the duty of each wave to break upon the shore, so it is the duty of each woman to be true to the laws of her nature. But what should we think of him who ordained that each billow should roll on the beach in the same particular form, and with the same force; and yet that would be as wise as confining the action of womanhood to one mission. Rather let each woman try and realize to herself what that womanhood is, which she shares with the Indian squaw, and the Pariah of our streets, and then set her life to music by being true to that; and whatever her position in life may be, however confined her sphere of action, however lowly

or however high her rank, however small or great her opportunities, however weak or strong her character, however peculiar or common her temperament, she will be true to her highest mission, and will in her existence bless and soothe the world.

Again, this general principle will prevent her from doing violence to her natural and individual bias, by adopting a mode of life or a mission contrary to herself. The secret of all life is this. Find out what you are most fitted to do, and do it; if a man, with truth to manhood; if a woman, with truth to womanhood. Thus, each woman's mission is: first, to be always in harmony with the ideal of her nature; and then, secondly, to do whatever her circumstances and character urge her to perform.

So we get rid of all particular declarations, of all maps of woman's mission, and make them free from fear, and emancipated from restraint. Then, whether she follows Miss Nightingale to the tents, or lives with Rosa Bonheur in a mountain hut; whether she delivers a captive nation like Deborah, or seeks out and tends the homeless poor; whether she travels over the world, and adds to geographical knowledge, as Ida Pfeiffer, or stays at home to nurse an aged father; whether she lives in society and exalts men, or passes her existence in obscurity, she will have fulfilled her mission as God would wish her, if in all and every station she is true to the divine womanhood, which was born in Paradise.

Now, this great principle being laid down, it will be necessary to investigate practically the subordinate missions of woman, her position and her work in art and science, in religious efforts and in politics; in her character as comforter, and exalter, and redeemer; in her influence on the lost of her own sex and on the poor; on men, and on the progress of their race. But first, as the limits and the direction of these depend on her womanhood and its peculiarities, it will not be alien from, it is even needful to our subject to try and discover the greatness and the weakness of womanhood. And when we have unfolded the characteristics of pure womanhood, its faults, which are the perversion of these, will also become clear. Further, it is our in-

lain, and that only at Calcutta. Hence, says he, it must often happen that many persons have left England at an early age, and resided in India, perhaps for twenty or thirty years, without once having heard divine service till their return.

Can we wonder at the result? The English in India, in too many cases, neither feared God nor regarded man. "Master," a simple Hindu once asked, "when an Englishman dies, does he think he shall go to his God?"

The West has conquered the East once and again, and as often been itself in turn conquered by the dissoluteness and luxury of the East. As it befell Alexander and Antony, so it would have befallen us. The "effeminatus vir," flying from Actium in the arms of Cleopatra, drew from the poet a lament for the decline of old Roman virtue. The time had now come when the East was to enervate us, as it had enervated all other conquerors. Profligacy had cost the Portuguese their dominions. Sixty years ago it seemed that we were approaching the term predicted by a Portuguese priest, who said that we should lose India, so soon as the cup of our wickedness was as full as that of his countrymen. The Roman of his day appealed, and in vain, to the *prisca fides* of the days of the Early Republic to reform the vices of the Early Empire. Happily, in our land the appeal was made not to the *prisca fides* of a past age, but to the *viva fides* of a godly few then living. In Cambridge the revival by Wesley and Whitfield's preaching had been kept alive as a sacred fire in the breast of one man, the coals of which were to kindle spiritual life far over the East. Charles Simeon, from his chambers at King's College, sent out, through the influence of Mr. Grant, no less than five men, to whom, more than any other, Christianity owes its revival and spread among our countrymen in India. David Brown, Claudius Buchanan, Henry Martyn, Daniel Corrie, and Thomas Thomason, were the Fathers in God to whom the Church in India owes its establishment of bishops and chaplains. Of Henry Martyn we need say nothing. His name has long since been canonized in the Calendar of Saints of the English Church. But of Claudius Buchanan it deserves to be said, that if the religious establishment of the Company has increased, since he first sailed for India, from a staff of six chaplains to sixty-one in Bengal, twenty-nine in Madras, and twenty-three in Bombay, under three bishops, to Claudius Buchanan, more than to any other man of the time, may that improvement be attributable. Enthusiastic he may have seemed, even a mischievous visionary to men of the old school. His ideas of an Establishment were vast, even for the Georgian era of Church and State. "An Archbishop" he wrote, "is wanted for India; a sacred and exalted character, surrounded by his bishops of ample revenues and extensive sway." He proposed a religious invasion of India, by five hundred respectable clergy of the English Church. "This would more perplex," he wrote, "Napoleon's views of conquest, than an army of fifty thousand British soldiers. The army of fifty thousand would melt away in seven years, but the influence of an upright clergyman among the natives of the district would be permanent. He would be to them in time their mouth and mind, and speak for them in peace and war." Though many of Buchanan's proposals have thus the roseate hue of sunrise about them, it was a sunrise that was to brighten over India, more and more unto the perfect day. The imaginary picture of a patriarch of the Indies, a bench of bishops, and a body of clergy, parochially scattered over the length and breadth of India, has given place to the more modest allowance of three bishops, and about a hundred or more chaplains, besides an increasing staff of clergy supported out of contributions raised by residents in India. Still, it was Buchanan's proposal for an establishment for India which led to the large concessions we speak of. "Aim high," is Bishop Hall's advice; "if you aim at the moon you will not hit it, but your arrow will reach, at the least, the top of the tree." In this spirit Buchanan aimed high; and though he soared far above what the Company could or would concede, he got much by asking more.

After much debate, the "pious clauses," as they were irreverently called, were carried in the bill for the renewal of the Company's Charter in 1813. Lord Castlereagh, in proposing the resolution, hoped he was not coming out with a great ecclesiastical establishment, for it would only amount to one

And the powers of womanhood, as they are spiritual, so their influences are slowly developed. Rooted in the present, they bear fruit only in the future. No woman planting her tree in the world can expect to see it blossoming in her lifetime. She sows, but another reaps; and sad would be her existence, had not God bestowed on her a wondrous power of faith. She blesses and assists without knowing what she does. She stands like the world's lighthouse, seeing nought herself but the cold rocks she rests on; but far away on the tossing waters of life's tempestuous sea, the stormy light she carries falls in long lines of radiating comfort to warn, and cheer, and save those whom she has never known. For never in the seen or present can women hope to realize their lives. Still, this is the very thing they wish for; and there is no greater trial belonging to her sex than this, that the nature of her powers is in direct antagonism to the desires of her nature. And further, there are no greater obstacle than these desires to her forming a true conception of her womanhood.

We shall often have occasion to bring this great peculiarity, this love of the concrete, prominently before our readers. Abandoning it now, we will enter upon our present task, and sound with a bold but reverent plummet the ocean, which sleeps above the heart of woman.

Who is the true woman? It is she who, essentially human, finds all the joy of her life in humanity. Separated from her fellows, she dies; unrequired by others, the subtle vitality of her existence perishes. If she cannot live as wife or mother, as sister or daughter—if she has been robbed of these relationships by death, she becomes these to all who need. Take from her the law of her creation, force her to cease as "helpmeet" to man, or as "mother of all living," and her life becomes a living death. Unable to live herself in others, she cannot bear the weight of her own feelings, nor the burden of her being. She cannot "in herself possess her own desire," and thus her life is the witness to the truth and the redeeming power of self-sacrifice. She exists not to be happy, but to bless; not to gain, but to give. She only finds her rest,

when she has lost her being in the objects of her love, and found a new self in them. In her, indeed—

"Love takes up the Harp of Life,
And smites on all its chords with might;"

and in music, the chord of self, not trembling with an effort, but softly, as in a vision, passes out of sight. Pain and sorrow, even death are crowned with light, like the glory round the head of a saint, when they are borne, that she may give life, and rest, and redemption. The meanest lot becomes divine, when she can hallow it with the sacrifice of herself. The commonest offices are touched with a strange delight, when they are done for others. The base things of nature, seen as things which she can restore and help, are clad no longer in loathsomeness, but shine as clothed with "a seraph robe of fire." All things are interesting—all things are ennobled, when she can thus project her spiritual power upon them, and view them in the light of that God-given knowledge that her mission is to help and save by the sacrifice of herself.

And she is highest when she does this voluntarily, and yet without self-consciousness. She is truest woman, when she lives without a self-approval of her love, when she surrenders herself, and yet is not conscious of being noble; when she dies for others, not because it is her duty, but because she so delights to die; when she is beautiful with this spiritual beauty, and yet walks her way without a wish to muse upon her loveliness.

But though her love is thus unconscious of her goodness, yet it is voluntary. Her will—her whole nature goes with it. It is a free self-determination of her whole powers, in which she finds the only solution of the enigma of her existence.

And because she thus loves, therefore is she enduring. Enduring, because, loving on in spite of trial, and contempt, and difficulty, the power of loving is strengthened;—enduring, because, her joys do not rest in the absence of pain or sorrow, but in the inward and deeper realization of that affection by which she lives. All the agony of the mother is as nought before the thought of the life to come, in which she will lose herself anew, and of the joy, which she will give her

tures in which a form of building is indispensable, which in another would be unbearable. The shape of doors, windows, apartments, all depend upon the air that is to be admitted and excluded. Nay, it is for the very sake of procuring a habitable atmosphere within certain limits, that architecture exists at all. The atmospheric laws are distinct from the laws of architecture ; but there is not an architectural question into which atmospheric considerations do not enter as conditions of the question. That which the air is to architecture, religion is to politics. It is the vital air of every question. Directly it determines nothing—indirectly it conditions every problem that can arise. The kingdoms of this world must become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ. How if His Spirit is not to mingle with political and social truths.”—*Robertson's Sermons*, vol. ii. ser. 1.

This is the question before us—what interest has the State in the conversion of the people of India ? Directly—none : indirectly—every thing. Lord Macaulay's contemptuous metaphor of Christianity and cobbling is as inapt as unfair. The moral well-being of its subject is the bounden duty and interest of every well-governed State. Can it then look on with indifference at the only power that can raise its subjects from a degraded to a respectable standard of duty and virtue ? Lord Macaulay has given us, in his own inimitable style, the true levels of Christian and heathen virtue. Of the Bengalee he says—“Deceit is his natural weapon, as the horn is to the buffalo, the paw to the tiger, and beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges.”

On the other hand he tells us that English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and preserve our Indian empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us is as nothing when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage, however precious, inspires one-hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the yea, yea, and nay, nay of a British envoy.

We should have thought that the yea, yea, nay, nay would have suggested to the essayist how it is that an Englishman's word outweighs a Hindu's oath. If we are better than they, and therefore greater than they, it is because the “sermon on the mount” has framed both the laws and morals of old England. The words of the great Teacher have made us what we are ; and, therefore, if we are to raise the people of India to the same moral level as ourselves, we must tell them of the same God and Father, in Christ, that has elevated and ennobled us. Thus while Christ and other masters divide the world's spiritual allegiance the State can never look on with indifference at the working of a principle which brings men into the bond of one common covenant with God, and afterwards of one common brotherhood with each other.

The State is concerned with the moral regeneration of India. However it is to be brought about, the State has the deepest interest in it. At present such is the corruption of heathenism, that good laws will not work in so debased a society. Laws, at present, in India are like new minted money sent out when the whole currency is debased ; the good coins are soon clipped and sweated down to the current value. Some, even, will not work at all, and are better suspended, till an improved morale renders their execution possible. Thus laws against perjury cannot work in a community such as that of Bengal, as described by Lord Macaulay. Ever since 1833 the oaths by the Koran and Shaster have been abolished, and a temptation to perjury taken away. In a country where false witnesses may be bought up by the score it is clear that laws against perjury are a little superfluous, till the ninth commandment has been more extensively taught. M. De Valbezen tells a very characteristic anecdote on this point. Some years ago a rich farmer of the valley of the Ganges was accused of murder : twenty-five witnesses deposed, in open court, that they saw the accused give the mortal blow : thirty others attested an *alibi*, asserting, on oath, that they saw him in a village thirty miles distant, the same instant that the murder was committed. We have only here an

and finds its complement in real work, it produces men who live like Wilberforce, or Francis Xavier; and to such men, whose object is the redemption of masses, we give the name of benefactors of the race. Rarely do women possess this kind of sympathy, for they cannot generalize sufficiently, and even should it be theirs, the practical power to act on it is often wanting, and their position shuts them out from opportunity. Their true province, when such occasion does not exist, is to arouse action by appeal to the heart; and this was the method pursued by Mrs. Stowe in her noble effort for the mass of African slaves, whose existence clouds the stars of the American standard, and adds a terrible significance to the stripes.

But the general sphere of woman's sympathy is different, and the sympathy itself is different. There is a sympathy, which, not lavishing itself on the mass, discriminates individuals, and is able to apply peculiar comfort to peculiar circumstances and peculiar characters. This is especially in the power of womanhood. It is more hidden in its action than the former, but infinitely more practical; and the highest woman possesses deep and wondrously effectual sympathy, because she has gained an insight through love into human character, and is able to mould herself in other forms suitable to the various cases, which she meets.

For another reason also is she thus gifted. The power of practical sympathy, which is comfort, depends on suffering; a knowledge of what is needed, in order to console, is only gained through sorrow and trial. Now, it is another characteristic of womanhood, which arises from her deeper spiritual, and, therefore, more delicate nature, that she suffers more than men. Things, words, looks, which seem trifles to us, touch her to the core. Trials, bereavements, and sadness, which are deadened in us by our life of action and intellect, descend into and dwell in her heart. "Sorrow's memory" to her is "sorrow still." Her capacities of feeling are more subtle than ours, and therefore her

suffering is more subtle too; and because she has thus more keenly borne the cross, therefore can she heal with a more delicate and softer touch, than we; therefore is her sympathy more discriminating; therefore is it more useful, because less expended in visions of universal improvement; and, lastly, more personal, because the tendency of her nature is to individualize, rather than generalize. But further still, the power of applying sympathy practically depends not altogether on suffering, but on the right conquest of suffering. A human soul may break beneath its sorrow; it may forget it in action, or crush it out by the resolution of strong will. In these cases, which are more peculiar, especially the two last to men, the power of giving sympathy in an useful way is lost. But suffering, when conquered by a calm and Christian endurance, when felt keenly, and yet felt as the blow of love, is changed into the power of consolation. And so the true woman, to whom this is natural, has overcome her sorrow without forgetting it, in the manner most conducive to the practical power of consoling others, and that in a way to which men more rarely can attain. Surely this view opens to womanhood a wondrous mission.

We have said that women are more keenly susceptible of suffering than men. The principle on which this is founded is, that the spiritual* is more delicate than the physical and intellectual. Now, in a woman, the spiritual is predominate, and therefore she is more receptive of, and sensitive to, impressions of every class. In accordance with this her physical organization is more delicate than man's, as it is to be the channel of finer intimations, and the medium of tenderer shades of sensation. Now, from this inward and corresponding outward fineness of organization arises—so far as relates to *ideas transmitted through the senses*—much of the thought, and joy, and sorrow of a true woman's life. Hence her feelings are more subtle and more easily excited than ours; hence her feelings are keener and deeper, though

* By "spiritual" we mean all that pertains, not only to the spirit, but also to the heart.

during the siege, handed the rice to the Europeans and lived on the rice-water, could only have occurred because the two races were on more intimate terms then than now. The breach which has arisen, through the happy spread of Christian manners and morals among Europeans in India, can only be closed by the gradual spread of European ideas among Hindus, and by Europeans remembering that the true Christian is the truest pattern of a gentleman, and that to be gentle to all men, apt to teach, patient in meekness, instructing those that oppose themselves, is conduct becoming not only every missionary, but also every Englishman who wishes to serve his country's good in India.

That hateful word of American slavery—"Nigger"—should be sent back to the slave states from whence it was imported to Calcutta, and freely used of all Hindus during the panic of the recent mutiny. It will never do to tolerate the ideas that spring out of that most abusive epithet. It would cost us our empire to rule India for six months with the principles of a southern planter. Not all the armies of England could recover India if lost through a general rising of the native race against their pale-faced oppressors. The best, nay, the only justification of the traditionary policy of exclusion of all Europeans, save the Company's covenanted servants, was that put forward by Warren Hastings, in his evidence before the House in 1813. He expressed it as his opinion that if Europeans were admitted generally to go into the country, to mix with the inhabitants, or form establishments among them, the consequence would inevitably be the ruin of the country. They would insult, plunder, and oppress the natives, and the laws enacted from home would permit them to commit acts of licentiousness with impunity.

Better no intercourse at all than intercourse on terms like these; and during last century, when English morals were those of Fielding's novels, and missionary spirit had not yet sweetened the stagnant waters of home religion, it was well that Europeans and Hindus came not near each other in masses. It will be a terrible evil, if, as the result of increased intercourse with the East, we imbibe their principles, instead of instilling our own. If we continue to treat them only as a subject race they will learn from us the secret of our success, and then turn that knowledge against us. "The seditious sentiments uttered by Young Bengal, in set essays on liberty, has raised," says Indophilus, "only a smile." We can afford to smile at present at the performances of our young pupils. Their declamations in English are but the scratches of the tiger cub that we make sport with in an idle hour. But take care: for their strength will grow faster than ours; and when they rise they will use the knowledge we gave them with the treachery and stealth of the tiger.

The path of safety is the path of honour and Christian feeling. Treat the Hindus as Livingstone treated the little band of Africans, who trusted the white man because the white man trusted them. They kept their word by him, because he kept his word by them. Twice they were in his power, when he touched the Portuguese settlements on the east and west coast; and again and again he was in their power, when stricken down by fever, when alone in the wilderness, they had but to lift their hand, and leave the bones of the first and only Englishman to whiten the pathless desert.

The Hindu has, at least, the same sense of gratitude as the savage African, and can well distinguish between the confidence of real strength and the arrogance of pretended superiority.

Our character, in a word, is our future charter in India. Upon the mettle and temper of our officials the establishment of British power on new and more enduring foundations now depends. The house that we build our posterity must inhabit for better or worse.

In our dealings with men who are at the same level of civilization as ourselves, and who acknowledge common principles of right, we have a common standard to appeal to; we can judge the men by the principles they profess. Thus there has sprung up in Christendom an unwritten code, which jurists have attempted to reduce into shape, as the laws of nations and the laws of war. It baffles such attempts at precision; but though not written it exists nevertheless, and is appealed to before the sword is drawn, to justify it when drawn. But outside Christendom we are outside this pale of a common law of

delight by reasons and by law. The loveliness of all and each enters my heart, and fills it to the brim—I have no room for thought; and when the beauty I have seen returns on me at night—

‘And strikes upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,’

it is mine not to reason on, but to mingle with my inner life, to add delicacy to my associations and my past, to exalt my spirit more and more to the high region where all beauty shall be perfect, and all purity be stainless.” Thus, in womanhood’s gaze at nature the emotional predominates over the intellectual, and the sense of the delicacy of the parts overcomes her appreciation of the whole. And from these grounds, and from a consequence naturally following, we shall hereafter deduce the position and mission of women in artistic life.

The same principles apply to the reception by women of all beauty, whether in art or music, or in the higher beauty, which appeals to their intellect and spirit in poetry or religion, in noble words or noble action. Such are some of the effects of delicacy of inward organization in connexion with ideas received through the senses.

And resulting from all these there is another characteristic which belongs to womanhood: deep unsatisfaction. We do not say dissatisfaction, but unsatisfaction. A woman is not satisfied with approximation to her ideal, but desires ever to be the very thing she wishes to be. Now, her spiritual nature, which delicatizes the minute, aspires to be equal in the smallest point to her ideal, and the consequence is that she becomes not only confused in the multitude of thoughts, but also the more she advances the higher does her ideal become. Hence results deep unsatisfaction, a deep sense of her own weakness, which, had she not as deep a trust, would end in despair.

These two, high ideals and deep unsatisfaction, follow her through life; and, whether she be artist or writer, musician or religionist—that is, whether she strive to realize the intuitive beauty, or the intuitive love of goodness within her, she will either lose the power of expression from the overwhelming emotions which overcome

her, or she will want that sense of self-confidence, which, above all, must belong to him or her who greatly creates in art or literature, or greatly invents in science. Hence it is that woman does not create or invent at first hand. She does create, truly create at second hand; but this we shall more fully enter into afterwards.

And now, what is that quality of pure womanhood which binds all these into a whole? What is the bond of her perfectness? It is purity. Without that her life is a ship which has lost its rudder. There it lies, sleeping on a calm sea, with its shrouds pencilled against the golden sky, and its sails opening their snowy folds in loveliness, with its tapering masts and fair built hull reflected in mass and wavering lines down into the summer sea—beautiful and fair vision, dreaming on the ocean of existence. But the winds of trial begin to blow, and the temptations of life arise in waves, and the sharp hail of sorrow, and the scathing lightnings beat and dazzle on her fairness; and when the tempest has past, where is that phantom of delight? She lies on the cold rocks, shattered, and despised, and lost, for the rudder of purity was not there.

But where purity is, where a woman has kept that palladium safe from hostile hand, and defiling touch, or thought, there every quality and power is sanctified and ennobled, exalted and refined; and if trial or temptation, sorrow or dismay, should wake in wrath or woe upon her, the woman who is pure within keeps her life unstained and perfect, like Alpine snow which is beaten by the rain and hail into the more crystal clearness of the glacier ice, and swept by the tempest into the more dazzling spotlessness which glitters on the aiguille.

Such is something of the glory of pure womanhood. To be true to that which we have but imperfectly described, how noble a mission! No vaster field of work is given to man, no greater resulting possibilities of action lie before manhood in this world. It remains for us to say to man, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure manhood, and you will fulfil your mission; to woman, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure womanhood,

to have recourse to hyperbole, or to the language of exaggeration, or I should say that the British power has hitherto been regarded in India with something of the same feeling of awe and reverence which is felt towards the enshrined idol of the temple which is veiled from the profane gaze of the multitude. Some persons may consider this an evil, because it is not founded in reason and truth; I am disposed to consider it as a good, because it imparts *influence* to our government and national character, and influence is power exerted in a milder form. Destroy this influence, and we must then depend upon the exertion of actual force; we must govern with an iron sceptre, instead of leading and directing an immense population by the movements of a hand."—*Memorials of Indian Government, by H. St. George Tucker*, p. 485.

Now, as superstition is the religion of ignorance, we cannot expect the Hindu to cling to this opinion of our supernatural power. It must give way to one thing or another. They must come to think either that our greatness is the measure of their weakness—

"Yes, despots, too long did your tyranny hold us
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known,
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
Was forged by the fears of its captives alone"—

an impression which Young Bengal is fast adopting; or they may discern that we are a wise and understanding people, because God is in the midst of us. The latter is the only safe alternative for us. So long as the Hindu feels that our supremacy is one of moral force, he will yield us a willing allegiance—he will obey us because he cannot do without us. This was proved during the recent mutiny. At first, the peasantry hailed it as the day of deliverance from all taxes and dues. The Company's Raj was over, and the Collector would never be seen again. But when they began to feel that the change of masters was only for the worse, from the Collector's whip to the scorpions of forced levies and taxes in kind, they welcomed the English back; and it must be our own fault if we ever give them cause to sigh for their native rulers again. "A British officer," says Mr. Raike, "must combine the opposite qualities of ardour and gentleness; or in the Oriental vernacular, he must be at once *murrum* soft, and *gurrum* hot." The foundations of our Empire rest on the four cardinal virtues. We are the only just rulers they ever knew who were also merciful; the only brave conquerors who were also temperate. The Beloochee warriors said of Sir Charles Napier, that the tramp of his warhorse was heard two miles off; but they found this terrible conqueror was a ruler of inflexible justice; he reined in his own desire with the same iron hand that he held in the passions of others. Tod in Rajahstan, MacPherson among the Khonds, Outram among the Bheels, Napier in Scinde, and the two Lawrences in the Punjab, have taught the people of India where the real secret of our strength lies. It is that hidden faith in God and right, which burned unseen and unconsumed in a Havelock's breast for fifty years, and when the time of trial came, proved to the native mind that Havelock's sword was better than that of the Nana; the man was immortal till his work was done—he saved Lucknow and died.

We have no test by which to obtain men like Havelock, and Nicholson, and Neil, and Lawrence—Christian heroes—who have taught us that the ages of faith have not died out, or the teaching of the 11th of Hebrews been forgotten by the old country yet. Heroes there are yet of the antique type of piety, and rulers who are not ashamed to acknowledge the source of all their wisdom and success. But if we cannot *command* men of these principles, we can *commend* them and their examples to the cadets and officers whom we send out. Those were noble words which Lord Stanley used in his address to the cadets of Addiscombe in December last:—

"Remember (though to some of you it will have a startling sound,) that for a European in India, there is, strictly speaking, no private life. He is one of the ruling race, the few among the many—one of a population, some ten thousand strong, among more than one hundred millions. There are, little as he may know or care for it, quick eyes to watch his conduct, and envious tongues ready enough to disparage his nation and his race. This is not merely a personal matter. A single officer who forgets that he is an officer and a gentleman, does more harm to the moral influence of his country, than ten men of blameless lives can do good:

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PRIZE ESSAY ON CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. J. B. HEARD, B.A.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—OUR DUTY TO OUR COUNTRYMEN IN INDIA.

NATIONAL character is that fine quality which will least bear transplanting. The British oak may take root in another soil, and if transplanted when young, will draw as kindly juices as from its native earth ; but men soon deteriorate when separated from these influences for good amid which they grew up. It is not always true that men do not change their character with the sky they live under. On the contrary, we soon catch impressions from men and manners around us. "To do in Rome as the Romans do," has passed into a proverb, to express that insensible conformity to the characters around us, which only the strongest and the most watchful can resist.

So it naturally befell our countrymen in India—

With Asiatic vices stored their mind,
And left their virtues, and our own behind.

It was too truly said of last century that an Englishman's religion never doubled the Cape with him ; he parted with it and the pilot off the Needles. We do not wish, here, to write up grievous and bitter charges against our countrymen in India, of the past generation. Are they not written in a book (Hough's History of Christianity in India) to which friends and foes have appealed ? Suffice it, that towards the end of last century, we had risen to the height of political greatness, while our national character was fast corrupting in an Indian atmosphere. Of the English in India, some were open infidels, many careless and scoffers, even the best lukewarm. They had few churches. Up to 1793 the number of chaplains was only six ; it was increased in 1793 to eighteen. Of these, the full complement in Bengal was nine ; but in 1798, according to Tennant, their actual number seldom exceeded five or six. Two of these were in Calcutta ; and the rest of the Presidency, therefore, was committed to three or four individuals, so that the presence of a clergyman was seldom seen or even expected at the ceremonies of marriages, baptisms, or funerals, which were all performed by the civil magistrate. Buchanan states that the two armies lately in the field in Hyderabad and in the Deccan, had but one chaplain ; and that many of the British settlements and factories of the first importance had no other knowledge or distinction of the Christian Sabbath than the display of the British flag. Tennant had seldom heard of any sermon being delivered, except by His Majesty's chap-

tures in which a form of building is indispensable, which in another would be unbearable. The shape of doors, windows, apartments, all depend upon the air that is to be admitted and excluded. Nay, it is for the very sake of procuring a habitable atmosphere within certain limits, that architecture exists at all. The atmospheric laws are distinct from the laws of architecture; but there is not an architectural question into which atmospheric considerations do not enter as conditions of the question. That which the air is to architecture, religion is to politics. It is the vital air of every question. Directly it determines nothing—indirectly it conditions every problem that can arise. The kingdoms of this world must become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ. How if His Spirit is not to mingle with political and social truths."—*Robertson's Sermons*, vol. ii. ser. 1.

This is the question before us—what interest has the State in the conversion of the people of India? Directly—none: indirectly—every thing. Lord Macaulay's contemptuous metaphor of Christianity and cobbling is as inapt as unfair. The moral well-being of its subject is the bounden duty and interest of every well-governed State. Can it then look on with indifference at the only power that can raise its subjects from a degraded to a respectable standard of duty and virtue? Lord Macaulay has given us, in his own inimitable style, the true levels of Christian and heathen virtue. Of the Bengalee he says—"Deceit is his natural weapon, as the horn is to the buffalo, the paw to the tiger, and beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges."

On the other hand he tells us that English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and preserve our Indian empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us is as nothing when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage, however precious, inspires one-hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the yea, yea, and nay, nay of a British envoy.

We should have thought that the yea, yea, nay, nay would have suggested to the essayist how it is that an Englishman's word outweighs a Hindu's oath. If we are better than they, and therefore greater than they, it is because the "sermon on the mount" has framed both the laws and morals of old England. The words of the great Teacher have made us what we are; and, therefore, if we are to raise the people of India to the same moral level as ourselves, we must tell them of the same God and Father, in Christ, that has elevated and ennobled us. Thus while Christ and other masters divide the world's spiritual allegiance the State can never look on with indifference at the working of a principle which brings men into the bond of one common covenant with God, and afterwards of one common brotherhood with each other.

The State is concerned with the moral regeneration of India. However it is to be brought about, the State has the deepest interest in it. At present such is the corruption of heathenism, that good laws will not work in so debased a society. Laws, at present, in India are like new minted money sent out when the whole currency is debased; the good coins are soon clipped and sweated down to the current value. Some, even, will not work at all, and are better suspended, till an improved morale renders their execution possible. Thus laws against perjury cannot work in a community such as that of Bengal, as described by Lord Macaulay. Ever since 1833 the oaths by the Koran and Shaster have been abolished, and a temptation to perjury taken away. In a country where false witnesses may be bought up by the score it is clear that laws against perjury are a little superfluous, till the ninth commandment has been more extensively taught. M. De Valbezen tells a very characteristic anecdote on this point. Some years ago a rich farmer of the valley of the Ganges was accused of murder: twenty-five witnesses deposed, in open court, that they saw the accused give the mortal blow: thirty others attested an *alibi*, asserting, on oath, that they saw him in a village thirty miles distant, the same instant that the murder was committed. We have only here an

bishop and three archdeacons. "The ceremony of Confirmation," the noble speaker modestly hinted, required the intervention of a bishop; so, half apologetically for the intrusion, an establishment on a frugal scale was quartered on the revenues of India, which, although it has always fallen short of the real wants of the service, has already done incalculable good in India.*

With the increase of chaplains there came also an improvement in morals among Anglo-Indians. In 1810 there were only 250 European ladies in India, though, even then, the marriage market, as Tennant tells us, was overstocked, and numbers of disconsolate adventuresses were compelled to return home alone. The market, in fact, was forestalled by the native commodity. A wife was an expensive luxury, not to be imported from the mother country by one under the rank of a collector or judge. Zenanas were kept, and a Eurasian population founded in our three Presidencies, which, if allowed to increase, with time and increasing corruption, would have been to India what the half-breeds have been to Mexico: the scourge of the Spanish and native races alike.

But English women and English morals were imported together, after the renewal of the charter in 1813. The camp and zenana life of the old Company's officer, in India, has given way to the civilized compound. Arrack punch and a dusky mistress have disappeared before the wife and the book club, as the crew of *Comus* before the chaste presence of the lady and her brother; and the morals of the Koran, at last, been supplanted by those of the New Testament.

But morality is not statutable, religion cannot be enacted, her price is above rubies. The State, in endowing bishoprics and chaplaincies has done perhaps what it ought to do. But the endowment scheme is only the smallest part of its religious duties towards our countrymen in the East. Could all that Buchanan asked for have been granted, and a regiment of chaplains, 500 strong, been shipped to India, little good would have resulted so long as the scandal of Hindu vices, practised by Christian professors, remained unrebuked. "It is on the virtue," said Warren Hastings, "not the abilities of their servants, that the Company must rely for the permanence of their dominions." But the State in India has never sought out good men—as it should—and promoted them as such. Perhaps we are uttering an idle complaint, and demanding what, from the nature of the case is impossible. For goodness cannot be brought to the test of a competitive examination like Hindustani or drawing. A Sir John Lawrence may act on the rule, never to promote a magistrate who would be unacceptable to the people on account of character. But where is the State that can reckon on a succession of Sir John Lawrences? We can no more command good men to fill our appointments in India than we can secure godly ministers in the Church; we may wish for, but we cannot always procure them.* But at least the State may insist on a high moral standard. The regulations of the Indian service are vicious in many respects. By the system of cantonment and frequent changes of quarters debt is incurred. Once in the money-lender's hands, a young Indian officer has involved himself in difficulties he never can clear himself from. In a land where the money price of the prime necessities of life is cheaper than in the cheapest country in Europe, the European has learned to surround himself with a train of luxuries, half European, half Asiatic, which bring up the entire cost of

* "The complaint that Christianity is wounded in the house of her friends began with the first Protestant missionaries, Ziegenbald and Putsch, in the year, 1706. During the six years, from 1827 to 1833, the European society in Delhi never assembled for worship, except on the rare occasion of a chaplain passing through the place. How different it would have been if every man's conscience had been brought to the standard of the law and of the testimony at least once a week; and how much good a chaplain might have done, even among the native population especially, if he had possessed such a knowledge of Hindustani, and of the history of Christianity and Mahometanism as would have enabled him to hold his own in conversation with the intelligent and, in their own way, highly educated native gentlemen with whom he would have had frequent intercourse."—*Indophilus Letters*, page 80.

friend as well as the friend of the English, that a treaty was signed and kept. Schwartz, in the same way, was trusted both by the English and native authorities in South India. His influence with Hindu rajahs arose out of his known independence. Had he been in Government pay he would have been suspected, like any other English official. The natives of India are shrewd enough to discern who are and who are not political agents resident among them. Wherever missionaries have been located for some little time they have soon understood their position. In Oude and the Deccan, where missionaries are few and far between, the Government may find it necessary to disclaim all connexion with them; but in Tinnivelly, or at the Presidencies, this would be quite superfluous. The natives there know well enough the missionary's position, and can mimic the tone of official indifference without any lessons from the neutrality school. So far from taking alarm at him, as some high official on a secret political mission, the Padre Sahib is often treated with but scant respect. Brahmins turn their heel on him, jeer at his mispronunciations, and treat him with the same contemptuous pity that "good society" at home bestow on some itinerant ranters. A Lord Padie Sahib may receive a little more respect. Bishop Heber was thus waited on by a deputation of Brahmins, from the Tinnivelly pagoda, to entreat him to use his influence with the Coompanie Bahadoor to restore their lands, but of the bishop's relation to the State they knew as little as of the mystery of a bishop's mitre and its symbolic meaning.

Thus the alarm of old Indians at the appearance of State interference with the religion of the natives is quite imaginary. We commit the common error of judging the heathen by ourselves, and thinking they look at it in the same light that we do. The relation of Christianity to the State in India is well understood by the natives. After fifty years' experience of State neutrality we have given securities enough to quiet the alarms of the most suspicious; and if we continue to be duped by the pretended alarms of designing rebels, who use the cry, Din, Din, the Faith, as a pretext to cover their real designs, we shall only gain the reproach of cowardice in the sight of men, as well as irreligion in the sight of God.

Like the impromptu Chancellor of Tobago, whose judgments were invariably right, because given according to common sense, but his reasons invariably wrong, because he knew nothing of law, we have settled down in India into a right conclusion as to the relation of the State to missions, though the principles assumed have often been wrong, and the reasoning false. Our theories are the laughing-stock of French and German philosophers; our practical conclusions the envy of all their statesmen. Out of two opposite theories, equally weak and inapplicable to India, has resulted in practice a line of policy which is a model of good sense and Christian spirit. In the non-regulation provinces, where the traditional policy hardly ever took effect, the relations of the State to missionaries have been most satisfactory. Mr. Colvin in Agra, and the Lawrences in the Punjab, however they reasoned out the problem, have got the right conclusion. If in mental arithmetic a smart boy, by some rule of thumb of his own, can bring his calculations right, it is pedantry to go into his reasons and dog him step by step through the rules of Cocker. In the same way we may dismiss men's theories if their practice is right. When the religious public of England remonstrate against the neutrality policy of the Indian Government, they probably entertain *in petto* a theory of the duty of the State to uphold truth, and put down error not very unlike that of the Jewish Theocracy. On the other hand, when on the other side men denounce proselytism, and call on the State to protect Hinduism against the madness of its Christian assailants, they probably think of religion as some ethereal thing as remote from daily life and public duties as Kant's Analytic, or the New Calculus. Both theories are erroneous, or inapplicable; but out of these extreme theories very sensible conclusions spring up, just as English Tories and French Legitimists became at length loyal subjects to the king *de facto*, however they might dispute his right *de jure* to the throne. On the principle that we should make a bridge for a flying enemy, it is never wise to taunt men with inconsistency for clinging to certain theoretical principles which in practice they disavow. However,

Nowhere are Malthusian prejudices so strong as among military authorities. Arguments, like cannon shot upon sand-bags, are deadened by the routine reply: "your theories are very amiable, but they never could work." Still the scandal must be pointed out. It is a sad fact, that Christians should be as notorious for their vices as their virtues in India; and that in one thing—the law of marriage—we should fall as far below Hindu practice as in every other respect we rise above it. All we ask of the State in India is to repeal all regulations whatever as to the marriage of soldiers, and leave the men to act under the checks of prudence, inclination, and so forth, that act in civil life. Of Christian and virtuous females we have only too few in India, and if, as has been suggested, military colonies were formed in healthy and up-hill stations, we might easily raise up a militia of veterans and pensioners in India that would set us at rest from fear of any sudden sweep of mutiny. "Honesty is the best policy," is a very fine truism that can never be translated into action; if it could, we should advise the State to try, if only for policy, to act on high principle. But as the fins of the flying-fish are of little or no assistance in flying, so to rise above expediency from motives of expediency is not to be thought of: we desist, after pointing to the State the path of Christian duty, and trust that it may have the Christian principle to carry it out.

As the State in India means the English in India we cannot but deplore the insolence of office and pride of race which mark our behaviour towards the natives of India. We are a proud, unsociable people, as all foreigners remark; it is our fault, or, as a Frenchman would say, worse still, it is a mistake. It is a bull-dog temper that we call honest independence; but is in reality selfishness. If politeness is benevolence in trifles, then we are selfish in trifles. And what is life in most cases but a string of trifling duties and casual intercourse. Now, this pride of race, if it betrays itself among our equals and rivals in Europe, breaks out with full malignity in India, unless checked by high and Christian principle. Among a people polite to sycophancy, we are thrown with our blunt, bluff ways. In a land of ceremony we go right to our ends like a cannon shot through a deal door; and if we leave the mark of our rough treatment behind us, can we wonder that the Hindus shrink from us as terrible Rakshis sent to torment them. The *Times* lately used words on this subject that deserve to be quoted:—

"Even cheap and trifling courtesies would not be thrown away. Asia is a land of trifles. A word, a move, a courtesy, an insult, an hour's conversation, a letter, nay a look, decides here the fate of empires. A little courtesy, and the commonest attention on the part of the authorities will achieve wonders. It is not the quantity but the quality of the officers that has been the cause of our losing the Bengal army. The regiment was left in the hands of mere boys, who, if they failed in other things, did not fail in imitating the arrogance of the civilians, and treating their sepoy with the same contempt and hatred as the Jemadars and Subadars, and sometimes Maharajahs and Nawabs also are treated by their brother Hagurrs of the civil service. We live in the land of trifles, and the reforms which we want are also very trifling."—*Times*, July 8, 1858.

The result of that improvement of morals among Europeans in India noticed above, has not tended to strengthen the intercourse between natives and Europeans, but the reverse. The officer is now a refined English gentleman, who keeps within his own circle, and has not to seek for society in Hindu families. Great is the improvement, no doubt, from the times when English officers paid visits of ceremony at idol festivals, and sat to witness Natch dances given by some wealthy Babu. But though much of this intercourse for evil has ceased, the same intercourse for good has not begun to take its place. We are in the transition state between Europeans Hinduising and Hindus Europeanising; the one is over, the other not yet begun. The old Indian had lived so long among Hindus that he had learned to like their manners, and there was often the feeling of good fellowship, at least, between the two races. Weak as such a bond of union was, it was almost better than none at all. The officer knew his sepoy, and the sepoy his officer. He was seldom on furlough, seldom away in Europe, or on some political or civil employment, as was too often the case in modern practice. Such a fine instance of attachment to their officers as that of the sepoys at Arcot, who,

Up country it was otherwise; in poor districts, and among the low caste, the missionary schools carried all before them—competition was out of the question. A State school would have kept a beggarly account of empty benches on the salary and allowances on which a missionary school would fill to overflowing.

Long-headed men, at last, began to discern this. It is now admitted that a State can never produce as cheap as the manufacturer; that it is true economy to go into the market and not produce in Government stores. Education is no exception. It is cheaper to the State to subsidize private philanthropy than to do the work itself. The mistake of the National system in Ireland was this: grants-in-aid would have been cheaper, if practicable; but on this controversy we do not intend here to enter. Another precedent in point is the Act passed last session to establish private reformatories, to which the State will allow £13 per head for juvenile offenders put out to nurse by the State for the good of society. The discovery has been made in the same way in India, that if religious teachers could take the work off the State's hands, and dis-embarrass it at the same time of all connexion with one sect more than another, a better and cheaper education would be given to the masses of India than Government ever could give. As it is, the State now spends upwards of £120,000 per annum to educate about 30,000 scholars. "The latest returns," says Mr. Mead, "give a total of 14,319 scholars receiving instruction in the State schools of Bengal, at a cost, after deducting school fees, and the sums received for the sale of books, of more than £50,000, or £4 10s. each." Now, this sum of £50,000 which is expended annually in Bengal upon 14,319 scholars of the upper classes chiefly, would, if spent upon vernacular schools for the poor, instruct, at least, 200,000. The numbers in missionary schools in 1855 were 64,480 boys, and 14,298 girls, making a total of 78,778. And as the total income of all the religious societies in India is not £200,000; and we cannot suppose that more than one-third is apportioned to the educational department, it follows, that missionaries educate in their schools at an average cost of £1 per head, while Government cannot educate at a less cost than £4 10s. per head.

Now, the revenue of India is burdened already with the grant of £120,000 per annum for educational purposes, and cannot increase the grant in the present state of its finances. Its policy then, no less than its duty, points to the grant-in-aid system. Mr. Thomason the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces, discerned this some years ago, and recommended that where missionary schools were working well the Government should withdraw from direct competition. Lord Dalhousie recognised the expediency of this step, and in 1854 the principle of grants-in-aid was conceded in a despatch from the Board of Control.

"This grant-in-aid system," says Indophilus, "is the true solution of the much-vexed question of religious education. So far as this system has proceeded the missionaries have no reason to complain, as may be exemplified by the following statement of grants-in-aid made in the Agra presidency up to the end of April, 1856. There are in all twelve schools receiving 19,500 rupees of annual grant, and 5,300 of special grant."

In the case of the Santals, the Directors, we regret to say, drew back and showed a disposition to revert to the old policy of ignoring missions. On the suppression of the Santal rebellion the race were handed over by the Indian Government to the Church Missionary Society—a body that had shown in the case of New Zealand what missionaries can effect in elevating and civilizing a barbarous people. The Court of Directors rescinded this grant-in-aid made by Lord Dalhousie, and ordered the Santals to be placed under a Government system of secular instruction. But before the new order could be put in execution the Indian mutiny has risen like a sudden inundation and swept away Directors, secular schoolmasters, and all the traditions of an old policy adverse to missions. When India is re-settled we look to a more extensive development of the grant-in-aid system. There is no reason why the State, allying itself with missionaries of all denominations, should not rise to the vast undertaking of enlarging the mind and purifying the morals of the whole people of India. Such a grand scheme of primary education arose in

nations. Here we judge of men's practice by their principles ; there we judge their principles by their practice. Christians among each other can judge of certain conduct by certain principles ; they are all men of the book, and to that book they can refer as a common standard. But the heathen must judge us by a different standard. Instead of the book he must appeal to the lives of those who profess to be ruled by it. "Ye are our Epistle," says the Apostle to the church in Corinth, "known and read of all men." The missionary thus carries the evidence of the truth of Christianity in a legible volume of holy deeds and daily self-denial. It is his superior practice that commends his superior principle ; and thus the lives of Englishmen in India will plead either for or against Christianity in the sight of the heathen. This is the want at our mission stations : men whose lives are in the right. The Bible Society may multiply printed copies—missionary societies may send out an army of preachers ; but if the heathen say of our countrymen, as was said of the Portuguese—"Christian religion, Devil religion ; Christian much lie, much swear, much drink," our preaching will be of little avail. "Can a fountain at the same time send forth sweet water and bitter. My brethren, these things ought not so to be." Can our country at the same time send out God's missionaries, and the missionaries of Mammon or Belial. We sometimes reckon our ships, colonies, and commerce as missionary aids put into the hands of Britain by the God of Missions. We speak of every officer and schoolmaster in India as a missionary ; and the mission of Britain, as the Evangelist of the ends of the earth, is a commonplace of the press and platform, secular as well as religious. We do not deny that such secondary agencies may prepare the way ; but are there no drawbacks from the fact of such an alliance ? The Christian religion has two aspects in the sight of the heathen : like Titan, it is a son of heaven and of earth, and now it uses its strength for Godlike ends, and then again for selfish and wicked ends. How far a little selfishness will go to counteract a great deal of benevolence. When Mungo Park, on his voyage up the Niger, fired on all negroes of whose proceedings he was suspicious, the impression of this strange apparition of an armed white man was not forgotten after an interval of fifty years. Dr. Barth everywhere found traces of the excitement caused by this solitary boat and selfish stranger ; and it will require repeated intercourse to disarm the suspicions that have been once aroused.

Thus character is capital. In India it is the foundation of all our greatness. The natives who could not trust each other have trusted us. An Englishman's word is relied on more than the oaths of a whole native village. To a people without a sense of a personal God, such as the Bible only can produce, our character is as a God to them. Painful as it no doubt is to the devout mind, the heathen are as ready to adore any impersonation of power and wisdom as when the men of Lycaonia cried out that the Gods were come down to them in the likeness of men. "Maharajah," said Mr. Raikes to a native prince, "the Almighty has given you great power, and I trust—" "My Almighty," interrupted the old king, "is the Company." Burke's application of the testimony that divine honours were paid to Warren Hastings in Benares is well known. Another instance occurs to us in the Punjab, where a brotherhood of Fakirs in Huzara have abandoned all other forms of religion, and taken to worship Nykkul Seyn. General Nicholson, called the Lion of the Punjab, from his vast stature and awful port, has been chosen as their "Gooroo." No less an authority than the late Henry St. George Tucker traces the source of our extraordinary prestige in India to this idolatry of our character:—

"The wisdom and energy of our councils ; the intelligence, vigour, and enterprise of the British character ; the justice and good faith usually observed towards our soldiery and subjects, as well as in our public transactions generally, constitute a solid foundation of strength ; but the effect of these in India is heightened by the imagination. The natives of that country perceive extraordinary results, proceeding from some remote source which is entirely removed from observation. They contemplated these effects of an unknown agency with something of the same sentiment with which they regard the operations of nature, as manifested in the thunder and the lightning, without comprehending the cause. I would not wish

border tribes—a sum which was not the cost of a single cavalry regiment—and thus protecting our frontier with that “cheap defence of nations,” a row of schools instead of forts. We could not do better than follow this example in India. Mr. Colvin, whose premature death has deprived India of a great benefactor, before the mutiny had induced five thousand villages to increase their taxation one per cent. for educational purposes. If his successor carries that plan into effect, five thousand villages will at once, in the North-western Provinces, have self-supporting schools, in which they may receive such knowledge as will promote their comfort, improve their condition, undermine their idolatry, and give them the first notions of their duty to God. If the experiment succeeds, what is to hinder a vast extension of the plan? Why should not millions throughout India, by means of self-supporting schools, obtain such knowledge as may enable them to understand the Gospel and to profit by the books which Christian zeal may put into their hands?

2. The circulation of the Scriptures is another great agency used by the Church for the evangelization of the world. In this modern missions are peculiarly favoured. The press is an instrument in the hands of the modern missionary which compensates for the withdrawal of the miraculous gifts which belonged to the early Church. No sooner were the Danish missionaries settled in India, than they set up a printing press; and one of the first grants made by the Christian Knowledge Society was a grant of £20 towards the first mission press in India. A Primer was printed, with this grant, for the use of the Portuguese schools, the title of which was prophetic of brighter days to come, “The first fruits of the Word of God bestowed by their benefactors in England.”

Since then, the work of Bible translation and Bible distribution has spread commensurably with the spread of missions in India. It has been translated wholly into ten, and in part into fifteen, of the languages or dialects of India; and if the activity of preachers could only have kept pace with the activity of the press, India would before this have been converted. Were there an effective demand for the book, it might easily be put within the reach of every man, woman, and child in India.

In this branch of Christian activity the State has shown very little interest as yet. On the contrary, where it has crossed its path in the department of education, it has given it very decided opposition. There was a short break in the policy of indifference when Lord Wellesley founded the College of Fort William, with the liberal and enlightened intention as much of introducing the literature and religion of the West to the attention of the natives of the East, as of training the civil servants of the Company in their duties. The intention of the noble founder was unmistakably marked in the appointment of the Rev. W. Brown as Provost, and the Rev. Claudius Buchanan as Vice-Provost, men, both remarkable for their decided piety, and the stand they took against all patronage of idolatry. Fort William College was established little more than two years, when Lord Wellesley received from the Directors an order to abolish it, on the plea of retrenchment, in reality on account of its religious connexion. The translation of the Scriptures had been pushed forward by the zealous Provost and Vice-Provost, at a rate which alarmed old Indians, who began to stipulate that if the Bible was printed with the College types for the use of Christians, the Koran and Shasters should also be printed for the use of Mahometans and Hindus. The first versions of the Gospels ever made in Persian and Hindostanee issued from the press of the College of Fort William; the Persian under the superintendence of Mr. Colebrooke, and the Hindostanee of Mr. Hunter. Mr. Garrett, of the Civil Service, translated the Gospel into Malay; and though the expense of these translations was principally borne by the Provost and Vice-Provost, it was something that the Government should have lent it any support. It was generally felt that if this innovation in the traditional policy were allowed, things could not stand still as they were. The Government would soon be committed to a more Christian policy. “On Monday next,” writes Dr. Buchanan to a friend in England, “the Governor-General delivers his annual speech before the College. Many are waiting with solicitude the result. If he admits the word ‘civilization’ into his speech, this

To you, then, in more senses than one, the honour of England is committed; you are the representatives not only of our military strength, but also of our national character."

The maxim of the old neutrality policy, used to discourage missionary effort on the part of officers and civilians, may be turned the other way. "It is perilous," they say, "for men in authority to do as individuals that which they officially condemn." It is perilous, we say, for the European who is in India as the representative of all that is right and good, to do as an individual that which his official character in India condemns. It is not God's missionaries, but the Devil's, that imperil our Indian Empire. It will never do that there should spring up in India a kind of double morality—the conventional strictness of official life, and the real laxity of private. The Chinese merchant, for instance, has found out that honesty is the best policy. He has given over, therefore, of late years, delivering light weight or adulterated teas at our Hongs at the five ports. But the same man who is a fair trader in his foreign dealings is a scandalous cheat at home; and even subscribes head money to exterminate those foreign devils, in barter with whom he seems the soul of honour. A double morality of this kind must never get currency among Englishmen in India. Their public and their private life must be the same; and as we believe that the private life must be reformed first, and that all right impressions work from the heart to the life outwards from within, and not inwards from without, we refrain from further enforcing this obligation on the State of upholding the moral law of England as the moral law of India. Such conduct must spring up naturally, or not at all. One of the few noble sentiments of an impure and licentious age, is that of the Satirist,

"Maxima debetur puero reverentia."

Our conduct in India may be summed up in the one precept—

"Maxima debetur ethnico reverentia."

A profligate Englishman in a country like India acts with some of the impiety of Ham. He uncovers the nakedness of his father's religion in the sight of the heathen. May we be spared that accursed combination of two evils which cost Portugal her Empire—a State proselyting Pagans, yet sanctioning worse than Pagan vices.

CHAPTER V.

OUR DUTY TO THE NATIVES OF INDIA.

WE have now to consider the duties of the State towards its heathen subjects.

It is easy to sweep the whole subject away with the curt reflection that Church and State have nothing to say to each other. The Edinburgh Reviewers of former days decided that it was very absurd and antiquated to hint at the alliance. Sydney Smith covered it with ridicule by comparing it to the institution of butchers' shops in all the villages of India. "We will have a butcher's shop in every village, and your Hindus shall pay for it." In the same playful vein Lord Macaulay runs Christianity and cobbling together:—"Any man would rather have his shoes mended by a heretical cobbler than by a person who had signed all the Thirty-nine Articles, but had never handled an awl. Men act thus, not because they are indifferent to religion, but because they do not see what religion has to do with the mending of shoes. Yet religion has as much to do with the mending of shoes, as with the budget and army estimates."

A less sparkling, but more profound thinker than either of these Edinburgh Reviewers, has put the matter of the relation of the State to religion, as follows:—

"To say that religion has nothing to do with politics, is to assert that which is simply false. It were as wise to say that the atmosphere has nothing to do with the principles of architecture. Directly nothing, indirectly much. Some kinds of stone are so friable, that though they will last for centuries in a dry climate, they will crumble away in a few years in a damp one. There are some tempera-

books throw light on the Bible, so the Bible in its turn throws light on all other books. A healthy appetite seeks for both, and it is cruel in either parent or State to withhold from any child either of the two elements of all healthy reading. If the State (as it probably will) have objections to introducing even the historical study of the Scriptures in its schools and colleges, let it not, at least, interfere with those who are willing to supplement what it has left undone. Let it allow Bible classes in all Government schools, and leave the natives free to judge for themselves how far the facts of the Bible correspond with all other facts taught in the regular course of instruction.

3. The third agency employed by the Church is the missionary preaching publicly, and from house to house. The duty of the State on this head may be summed up in one word, "permission." There are cases, it is true, where sometimes the missionary must submit to some restraint, or preach, as Paul in Rome, chained to a soldier. In the lines of the native army, for instance, public controversy, which is the life of open-air preaching, would be very inexpedient. Sir John Lawrence lays down this limitation very fairly, and no candid missionary will complain of this as a hardship.

The notion fifty years ago was, that the Hindu mind was so explosive on religious topics that to preach in a crowd in India was as rash an act as to fire off a pistol in a powder magazine. We know the Hindus better now—their zeal is but damp gunpowder at best; and as to the danger of an explosion, those who have tried longest report very differently. Thus, Mr. Smith, of Benares, a missionary of twenty-five years' experience in India, writes—

"I am tired of telling of crowds of people listening to the Word, of discussions, and so forth. What I want is conversions—sound conversions. I fully believe this will take place; but when I do not know. In the meantime I endeavour to hold on at the plough, going my eight or nine times a-week to the city, receiving native visitors, holding my Bible class and Hindustani congregation, and leave the rest with God."

If this be the native indifference the State has little cause of alarm from the preaching of missionaries. It is true, if Christian missionaries were to descend from their high calling and preach as the Apostle directed them *not* to preach, the Government would be justified in putting a stop to a strife of words which was only to the subverting of the hearers. The testimony of the town-clerk of Ephesus should be that of the magistrate upon the missionary in India. "These men are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers of your goddess." Christian missionaries have thus been calumniated for stirring up sedition, when, in truth, Mahometans were the guilty party. Thus, the riot in Benares, in 1809, was caused by two rival processions—Hindu and Mahometan—meeting in the street: and the other day an attempt was made in Tinnivelly to prevent a funeral of Christians from passing in front of a Hindu temple, when lives were lost in the tumult that arose. It is quite possible to confound, in these cases, the guilty with the innocent, and to put a stop to all *preaching*, because the heathen resort to processions. To put down one open-air demonstration which is *not* tumultuous, because another open-air is tumultuous, is an unfair artifice of an unfriendly judge.

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."

Sir John Lawrence, in his correspondence with Colonel Edwardes, recommends the Government to prohibit religious processions altogether, and this simply as a measure of police, and in the interest of all religions alike. But a procession is one thing—open-air preaching another. It is a hardship, for instance, in Malta and the Ionian Islands to require English officers to salute the idols of the Greek and Roman Churches. Sir John Lawrence is right, that if religions descend to theatrical displays let them keep their shows indoors, and not turn the thoroughfares of business to uses more becoming the booths on a fair-green. But is it not an instance of religious inequality in the opposite extreme to put a stop to all public invitations, because in some religions their mysteries are mummeries, and their only preachers players? Let the State play the *histrion masix* to its heart's content, and we wish it only God-speed; but do not condemn the innocent with the guilty. When Protestant missionaries march their converts through the streets for ostenta-

instance of what occurs every day in India; but the point of the story remains to be told. On both sides there was perjury and lying. The farmer had neither committed the murder nor was away at the village when the murder was perpetrated; but, as was afterwards incontestibly proved, was in his hut, a few paces off from the scene of the murder.

The difficulty of the State in India is this: that while the rulers are at one level of duty the ruled are at another. Desirable as it may be that the moral law of England should become the moral law of India, the Governor-General in Council can no more decree this than he can say to the deep, be dry, or dam up the streams of the Ganges. Nothing but spiritual agencies can do spiritual work, and man's moral nature is only reached through his spirit.

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how mean a thing is man!

An alliance, then, of some kind there must be between the State and the Church in India. It only remains to be seen of what kind that alliance shall be. Shall it be an external alliance of pay and police—the Church doing the police work of the State in return for mitres and stalls, fat benefices, and a dignified clergy? Or shall it be the alliance of a tacit consent to carry on their work side by side, and with mutual good-will and forbearance? A missionary church sustained by the liberality of Christians at home, and raised by solemn compact above the frowns or, even still more dangerous, smiles of official favour. We have dear-bought experience of the futility of the former kind of alliance to work the conversion of the people of India; where the alliance is external only, the Church has become secular not the State spiritual. So it was with the Dutch and Portuguese clergy, they were State officials, not spiritual agents; the few who had a missionary heart found themselves more hindered than helped by their connexion with the State. Clearly then let the alliance be of the latter kind; we have only to go on as we have begun during the last half century in India. As *Laissez faire* is the best commissariat for the million-mouthed city, and sumptuary laws and protection dues to home producers only impede the great object the State has at heart—to feed the people—so it is with the bread from heaven. No State commissariat could supervise the distribution of that which the State could not provide. He who fed five thousand with two loaves “distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.” The great Head of the Church must take the bread and bless it, and so hand it to his commissary, the missionary. Upon this independence of missions of all State supervision depends their purity and success. There must be no collusion with the magistrate,—no compliance with orders to act as a secret police. Tribute, of course, to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour; the missionary will set an example in this of cheerful obedience, for the best Christian is also the best subject. We ask no sacredness for his person, no dispensation from ordinary duties, much less a right of asylum in his premises for convert children escaping from their parents, wives from their husbands, debtors from their creditors. In this the neutrality of the State must be decided and well understood by the natives; they must know that in appealing to the magistrate against a missionary they are appealing as against one of themselves,—that on the bench the magistrate will be as upright as Gallio, and as indifferently minister justice, without preference to Jew or Greek, Hindu or Christian.

Thus the alliance between the Church and the State in India will be one not of compact but of tacit consent. Coleridge compares the Church to the “sustaining, correcting, befriending opposite of the world—the compensating counterforce to the inherent and inevitable defects of the State as a State.” The alliance thus between the society that takes things as they are, and the society which treats them as they *ought* to be can never be explicit. By this independence of the State, missionaries can act as mediators between the governing race and the governed. In the Cape colony thus Mr. Calderwood was employed by Sir Harry Smith, the Governor, to open up relations with the Kafir chiefs, and it was mainly owing to this good understanding on both sides, and the confidence of the Kaffirs in the white man, who was their

themselves and their message. We may leave an injudicious missionary, if such there be, to be dealt with by his own committee in the Presidencies. The composition of those committees is well known ; the men who sit there are neither firebrands nor fanatics ; they have some stake in the country ; at least they know their own interest, and will not tax themselves with one hand to throw away their money with the other. Missionaries of any experience know that Mahometans must be more tenderly dealt with than Hindus ; and as missions are no new thing in India, the advice not to utter a word, with the deliberate intention of wounding the religious feelings of any person, if given as advice, is superfluous ; if held out as a threat it is idle. We deny the State's right to prohibit preaching, as a precaution against any breach of the peace ; and if the State were to adopt the position which it seems the Roman Governor adopted, with regard to early Christianity, that we have a licence to believe in it, not to propagate it, by all lawful endeavours, we must only take the consequences, whatever they be. Either then that clause must be reworded, or missionaries continue to preach on sufferance, with the terrors of arrest hanging over them, which the first unfriendly magistrate, or false informer, can enforce.

The conclusions we have arrived at may be summed up under the five following heads:—

1. That we are bound to provide religious instruction for our countrymen in India, to the extent that they are incapacitated to provide it for themselves.
2. That we are bound to uphold the moral law of England as the moral law of India, and to train the natives up to this standard by little and little.
3. That we are bound to assist missionary schools by grants-in-aid, and to permit a class for religious instruction to be held in our Government schools and colleges.
4. That we are bound not to impede the free circulation of the Bible, or to take precautions against its falling into the hands of any of our heathen subjects in India.
5. That we are to protect the Missionary in preaching the Gospel, and not to enact police regulations for India stricter than the common law of England would sanction.

If principles like these are honourably adhered to ; if, instead of a pretended we adopt a real neutrality ; if, instead of protecting religions unable to protect themselves, we leave the Hindu free to retain or forsake his father's religion, all will be well. Statesmen have too often mistaken the clamours of priests and interested parties for the real voice of the people. Could we sound the heart of every man, woman, and child in India, we should have a wail as from a distant torture chamber, against the tyranny of caste, priestcraft, and custom. But were we to poll every inhabitant of India, perhaps, they would say, "Let us alone." The result of universal suffrage would, perhaps, be as delusive in India as in France. There, the people have given up their liberties into the keeping of the chief of the army ; but who would reason, therefore, that liberty is not sweet and self-government a desirable good. So it is with India at present. Its liberties are locked up, and the key in the keeping of a priesthood of high antiquity and pretended sanctity. We are not to consider them only as they are but as they ought to be—to deal gently with their present delusions, and prepare them to use their liberties aright when the time shall come to intrust them with them. The Christian party in India correspond to the Constitutional party in France. The traditional policy to those cynical admirers of Imperialism who applaud the elect of the people because he provides "bread and the games," and puts out of men's heads such troublesome matters as those which free government gives rise to. The traditional policy is selfish—it takes men as it finds them, and makes use of their slavishness for its own aggrandizement. Christian policy takes men as it finds them, to raise them, little by little, to a sounder state of mind. Were we to describe, by an example, how the State should act towards its hundred and fifty millions of heathen subjects in India, we should refer to the case of

men's actions *ought* to spring out of the principles they profess, as a matter of fact, they as often do not. We should take men, then, not at their word merely, but at their deed. If public men undo their practice, we need not call on them to unsay their theories. The ten recommendations, for instance, of Sir John Lawrence, in his recent correspondence with Colonel Edwardes, come in conflict, in some instances, with the traditional policy of protecting the *status quo* of heathenism. They do not quite come up in other instances to the high ideal of a Christian State. But what of that. Shall we oblige the theorists on both sides to renounce their opinions before they agree in practice with Sir John Lawrence? Or shall we be content if Sir John Lawrence's views are acted upon without questioning too closely the antecedents of those who carry them out? This is, undoubtedly, the most conciliatory, and therefore the most Christian part to take. "Christian things done in a Christian way," Sir John Lawrence wrote, "can never give offence." It is when Christian things are done in an unchristian way, or unchristian things done in the name of Christianity that offence is given. With those who agree in this statement we have no real ground of difference. Let public men rally round this maxim—"Christian things done in a Christian way." The Queen's proclamation contained nothing so convincing or conciliatory. It is the sentiment upon which we would stake the existence of our empire in India. Rightly understood, it will reassure the natives that we do not harbour the design imputed to us of proselytising after the manner of the Moguls, and it will reassure officers and civilians that they have nothing to fear for assisting missions in their private capacity. The Queen's Government in India could not be inaugurated under sounder principles than these.

There are three distinct channels through which the waters of life will pour over a country like India. There are schools for the young, preaching for the masses, and the Press for the educated and upper classes. Preaching, teaching, and printing make up the *trinoda necessitas* of the Indian missionary. By one of these three every man, woman, and child in India may sooner or later be reached and evangelized. But as the agencies differ, so the relation of the State to all these three departments of missionary work must differ also. In schools, for instance, the Church and the State must come into close relations, for both are seeking to educate the people, and therefore much depends upon the terms of their agreement whether as allies or rivals they meet on the common ground of the school-room. As to open preaching, or the circulation of the Scriptures, the State can have less to say to the Church, though even here a meddling interference one way or the other may do much mischief.

I. *Of Schools.*—Forty years ago education was not the debated ground between the Church and the State that it now is. Neither missionaries nor the Government had turned their attention to educate the masses. The State kept schools to teach a few Pundits and Mollahs Sanscrit, or the Koran. To educate a few clerks and copyists for the courts of justice was all that the Company aimed at. But urged on by private example and munificence, the State in 1833 took higher ground, and began to impart the English language and European science, instead of the old course of Sanscrit and Persian. At the same time missionary bodies took up the task of popular education, and in Calcutta Dr. Duff and the Government became competitors which would give the best education in English, the one on religious, the other on secular principles. The memorable words, "Education is the first want, education the second, education the third want" of India, used by Lord William Bentinck, was resounded on all sides. The battle between secular and Christian schools was bravely fought on both sides. The odds, of course, were greatly on the side of the State, which could outbid the missionary by prizes and place. On the other hand, the religious schoolmaster outbid the secular by his zeal and devotedness. The one had a mission, and worked as "ever in his great taskmaster's eye;" the other was an official under a board and did his duties at best in a perfunctory way. Thus the highly paid professor and the missionary schoolmaster were on more equal terms than either perhaps suspected, and thus neck and neck the secular and the Christian school ran a race for popularity in the Presidencies.

A FRENCH BUTTERFLY ON A MORALIST'S WHEEL.

THE "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" is known to many of our readers as one of the best exponents of French literature, and it may, without exaggeration, be said to occupy a conspicuous place among the periodicals of Europe. It does not very exactly correspond in detail with any of our numerous British contemporaries. The use of the first person singular for the more majestic editorial plural, the name of the writer appended to the article, and the exhaustive character of many contributions—evidently "specialties" of their respective writers—remind one of the defunct University essays. The generally sober and massive gravity of its prolonged discussions suggests a comparison with the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, while the excellent "*Bulletin Bibliographique*" and "*Chronique*" confer the additional attraction of a Parisian "Athenæum" or "Spectator." But the "*Revue*" combines with these substantials the airier elements of our magazines: and novels, tales, and poems occasionally peep out, like delicate blossoms, between the heavy leafage of political and philosophical disquisitions.

An attractive feature to Parisian readers in the issues of the "*Revue*" for the earlier portion of the present year, has been a tale, with the title of "*Elle et Lui*," by M. George Sand. Notwithstanding poor Charlotte Brontë's emphatic contrast between Balzac and this singular woman,—so much to the disparagement of the former, whose work, as she strikingly observes, "leaves a bad taste in one's mouth"—we have always had our own opinion of the principles and tendencies of the latter, and we were rather surprised to observe the connexion of this celebrated lady with our Parisian contemporary. Still more, however, were we astonished in perusing the matter which was offered to the wisest and the gravest readers in France. As an indication of the state of the society over whose putrid layers this phosphorescent death-light of corrupted genius flickers so grossly, a somewhat rigorous examination of "*Elle et Lui*" may possibly convey

some important inferences. We shall present—so far as it is possible—a rapid analysis of this curious story, and endeavour to eliminate the psychological and ethical *data*, which are but lightly covered with the mould of character and of incident.

The tale commences with a letter from M. Laurent de Fauvel (*Lui*) to Mdle. Jacques (*Elle*). An English "mylord" (who, however, turns out to be an American) has called upon this young artist to request him to take his portrait. Laurent (as we are to call him for the future) explains to the handsome and silent Anglo-Saxon how it is that the historical painter in Paris cannot safely invade the province of the portrait painter. If he succeeded the public would never allow that he had obtained an eminent degree in the higher walk of his art; so unwilling is the world to admit that a man possesses more than one eminent endowment. Laurent might have extended his observation. The philosophy of Coleridge, for instance, threw a suspicion upon his poetry, and his poetry overshadowed his philosophy. Because he had such subtle analytic powers it was argued by the prosaic that he could not have the rich, unconscious synthesis of poetry. Because he wrote such exquisite poetry unphilosophical men of taste surmised that his logic must be nought. With half his powers he would have enjoyed twice his reputation. Laurent refers his visitor to Mdle. Jacques as unrivalled in her department. The letter exhibits a gallant intimacy between the lady and gentleman. It concludes by an ebullition of the writer's evidently wild and wayward temper, and by a hint that he is going to plunge into a whirlpool of excesses. The reply is a very kindly "take care of yourself, my child," the *Elle* being some years older than the *Lui*. The "mylord" has been with her—no Englishman but an American—Dick Palmer by name; no grocer spirit, but a man of taste and liberality. She pleads with Laurent to paint him, the picture being designed as a present for his mother. Laurent, very jealous and savage at the interest which his

the comprehensive mind of John Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces, who only succumbed last year beneath the fatigues of the Indian mutiny. He conceived the idea of educating the masses by inducing the villages to submit to a tax of one per cent. In India there are twenty-one millions of children who ought to be, but are not, under any schoolmaster of whom the State has any knowledge. In Bengal, with its thirty-six millions, one-half the population—the females—receive no education whatever, and of the remaining half only seven per cent. receive even the rudiments of useful knowledge. To reach these masses by direct effort on the part of the State is not to be thought of. At present the State, like the plough of the village ryot, only scratches the surface—all but a patch here and there is fallow or jungle. Can nothing be done to reach this destitution by indirect effort? The State is not clearing the jungles in Oude by itself; it lets them out to contractors, who fell the trees in consideration of the right to all rents and profits for so many years. Can we not turn our jungle experience during the recent campaign in Oude to some use in the matter of education? Suppose the State invited in missionary contractors such as the Vernacular Education Society and other bodies already existing or to be formed for the purpose, who should be provided with books and school requisites by the Education Council in Calcutta, and assisted by grants-in-aid given after inspection of a *secular* instructor; the elements of morality and Bible history would naturally be taught in these schools; but all such instruction should be free, and no child compelled to attend whose parents objected to it. European schoolmasters would not in every case be wanted; native teachers would soon be trained and able to take charge at least of the village schools, and probably, at no very increased cost, an amount of primary instruction would in a few years permeate the length and breadth of India which would loosen the shackles of caste, and wean the people from idolatry, so that a nation at last might be born in a day. To quote one of the highest authorities on Indian affairs, Indophilus writes, "The only effectual remedy is to begin at the foundation by educating the young and infusing as much Christian principle as possible into native society. It is a great mistake to estimate the progress made towards the Evangelization of India only by the number of persons baptized. If Christian truth is presented to the native mind by every available avenue, what is known in modern phrase as public opinion will at last turn decidedly in its favour, and then a nation will be born in a day." "Every missionary," says Mr. Raikes, "sent to the banks of the Ganges is not only a herald of truth, but also of good government. So far as the Christian teacher rightly educates the heathen mind he not only fulfils the great command of his Divine Master, but also incidentally aids and supports British rule."

Ignorance is as much the cause of disaffection among the native races of India as any thing else. It is almost incredible what the Hindu will believe of us and our proceedings. A clever rogue in Gorrukpur is said to have made his fortune by preceding Lord Hastings' camp as purveyor of fat little children for the Governor-General's breakfast. It was announced at Lucknow that the Government had sent up cartloads of bone-dust to be mixed with the flour and sweetmeats sold in the bazaars, and the sepoys were hardly restrained from outbreak. At one time the Hill people at Simla could not be disabused of a notion that orders had been received there to entrap the Hill men and kill them, and boil them down for their fat. Many fled from the place under the influence of this delusion. In Patna men with drums predict a hurricane, enjoin the preparation of eight days' food, and the people to be in readiness to take to the plains. The non-fulfilment of the prediction will not serve to disabuse the people of the inspiration: the predictors claim the merit of averting the calamity. These instances will recall the recollection of the recent infatuation of the Kaffirs and its terrible effects from killing their cattle at the instance of some of their magicians, and plainly point out that our policy should be the same in both cases. Sir George Grey in South Africa has set the Indian Government an example. Wearied with Kaffir wars, which cost the country much treasure and blood, and no gain or glory, he recommended a grant of £40,000 for promoting education among the

stomach play in this delicate transaction :—

“And as Theresa refused to eat—for she really was not hungry—he pretended, at a sign from Catherine, who wanted to make him insist, that he was hungry himself, which was, indeed, true, for he had forgotten his dinner. Then Theresa was delighted to get him supper, and they eat together for the first time, which, in Theresa's solitary and simple life, was not an insignificant fact. To eat, *tête-à-tête*, is, above all things, a great source of intimacy. It is satisfying in common a need of the material being; and when one seeks for a higher meaning in it, it is a communion, as the word indicates.”

Laurent's first raptures are intense. Madame Dudevant says, with shocking profanity, that he felt as if “bathed again in the waters of his baptism—it was an adoration, an ecstasy, a worship.” The most astonishing thing to the English reader is the sublime coolness of the following proceeding. Laurent has come in, as usual, late at night, and smoked his everlasting cigar with his heels upon her ottoman. This is nothing. They go out into the solitary woods, and walk, by a magnificent moonlight, to an early hour in the morning—she a beautiful woman, he a libertine of the first water. Nor is even this all. The invitation comes from the ethereal and unsuspecting creature, the mother of a child—from one who has lived nearly thirty years in this wicked world. The proposition certainly “beats Banagher”—“I don't see why we should not pass all the night in the forest,” said Theresa to him.” All, however, is as unearthly and fairy-like as the tryst of Hermia and Lysander upon “the faint primrose-beds” in the Athenian wood. Having touched a Shakespearian recollection, we must do Madame Dudevant the justice to point out a curious and evidently unintentional coincidence between a sentiment which Laurent utters on this memorable night and one which our great poet has placed in Biron's mouth :—

“‘You know, then, the names of all the stars, my little philosopher?’

“‘Nearly. It is not difficult. You shall learn as much as I know in a quarter of an hour, whenever you like.’

“‘No, thank you. I decidedly prefer not to know them. I had rather give them names as I fancy.’

“‘You are right.’

“‘I had rather expatiate at will in those lines traced on high, and make combinations of groups according to my idea, than march along according to the caprice of others.’”—*Elle et Lui*.

“Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books,
Those earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what
they are.

Too much to know is to know naught but
fame;

And every godfather can give a name.”

—*Loce's Labours Lost*, act i. scene i.

But, to return. Laurent, *apropos* of the stars, introduces a blackguard and unseasonable reminiscence which stabs Theresa to the heart. The lovers are separated for a moment, and he has a strange and horrible vision of himself, projected from the *spectrum* of his diseased imagination, such as he will be some twenty years hence. This we think the most powerful passage of the book. And strange and painful as it is to think that this spectre should have been called up from the excrementitious hell (as a Swedenborgian might call it) of loathsome city life by a woman's voice, and drawn by a woman's hand, there is a ghastly morality in its grinning ugliness.

“He had had an hallucination. Lying on the grass in the ravine his head had wandered. He had heard echo singing all alone, and it was the burden of an obscene song. Then, as he raised himself upon his hands to consider this phenomenon, he had seen passing before him over the heath, a man who ran, pale, with dishevelled hair and torn clothes. ‘I saw it so well,’ said he, ‘that I had time to reason, and to say to myself that it was a benighted traveller pursued by robbers, and I even felt for my cane to go to his help; but my cane was lost in the grass, and the man still came towards me. When he came close I saw that he was drunk, and not pursued. He passed, casting on me a hideous, stupefied glance, and at the same time making an ugly grimace, full of hatred and contempt. Then I was frightened. I fell down, with my face to the earth—for that man was myself; yes, it was my spectre. Theresa, do not be frightened—do not think me mad. It was a vision; I understood it well when I found myself again alone in the darkness. I could not have distinguished a human face; I only saw this one in my imagination; but how distinct, how horrible, how fearful it

year, you may expect to hear the word 'religion' next year. For thus, by slow degrees, we must proceed."—*Memoirs of Dr. Buchanan, by Dean Pearson*, fifth ed., p. 194.

But the days of Lord Wellesley's patronage were numbered—it was but a watery ray seen an instant between the closing clouds of indifference. Sir George Barlow succeeded, and with him the ideas of the counter and shop resumed their sway in Government House. These fine phrases, civilization and religion, were heard no more at annual speeches in College Halls. The learned natives collected from all parts of the East to assist in translations of the Scriptures were sent home. Mr. Buchanan's proposals for a subscription for translating the Holy Scriptures into the languages of India, were handed over to the Serampore Missionaries; and the offices of Provost and Vice-Provost were abolished in 1807. Thus ended the first and last effort in connexion with the State to translate the Bible in India. The State passed at once into another extreme. For, on Dr. Buchanan venturing, in a farewell sermon, preached in Calcutta in 1807, to appeal to the Divine predictions regarding the final spread of the Gospel over the whole world, the Government refused to allow an advertisement of the sermon to appear in the Gazette, and even applied for the manuscript for the inspection of the Calcutta Star Chamber. On this Dr. Buchanan addressed a respectful memorial to Government, notifying the four particulars in which Government had acted oppressively to missionaries:—

1. By withdrawing the patronage of Government from the translation of the Scriptures into Oriental tongues.
2. By attempting to suppress or call in these translations when printed.
3. By suppressing the encomium passed by the Court of Directors on the Missionary Schwartz.
4. By restraining missionaries in Bengal from the free discharge of their duties, and establishing an imprimatur for theological works.

For fifty years the Government has adhered more or less closely to the policy of excluding the Scriptures from all Government schools and colleges to which the dismissal of Brown and Buchanan in 1807 established a precedent. Of late years some concessions have been made which deserve to be noticed with thankfulness. Formerly the Bible was a "closed" book altogether, now it is a "clasped" book that may be opened, under certain restrictions, in Government schools. When Elizabeth, of glorious memory, came to the throne our English Bible was a prisoner, and one of the first acts of her reign was to give Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John gaol deliverance. May the proclamation of Queen Victoria's sovereignty in India lead to the same deliverance there, and establish, as Sir John Lawrence recommends, a Bible class in all the Government colleges of India. When the attendance is voluntary it can never be felt as a hardship by the native pupils who choose to object. We shall at all events rid ourselves of that most absurd and mischievous attempt to separate between the Bible and history, the Bible and science, the Bible and morals, the Bible and literature. The author of the "Eclipse of Faith" has no less wittily than wisely told, "as in a dream," the results of a blank Bible: that if all Bible texts were spunged out, some of the sublimest thoughts of Shakspeare and Milton would be obliterated with them. The Indian Government have long made this foolish attempt. They have directed their pupils to skip the passages in which there is allusion to Christ, as if Christ and history could be separated, or a circle described without a centre. Lord Tweeddale pointed out some years ago the mistake of this proceeding in the Government schools of Madras, and the Bombay Government have, at last, the good sense to put the historical mention of Christ on a par with the mention of Mahomet or Menu. Theories of a purely secular education betray as narrow an understanding as those of an opposite extreme. Man can no more live cut off entirely from these spiritual truths which indicate all life and history, than he can live on them for his daily food. A diet of doctrines on the one hand, or of useful knowledge on the other, would be as unnourishing mental food as the gluten of wheat or the essence of beef to the body. Bulk and variety are no less elements of nutrition than a mixed reading is of education. As all other

been arranged that Laurent was to take his final adieu, he has a slight feverish fit. Palmer insists that she must accompany him *sola cum solo* to Spezzia; he, to wit, Palmer, having unexpected business of a most urgent character which would detain him at Florence for twenty-four hours. Accordingly, M. de Fauvel and Mdlle. Jacques have a *tête-à-tête* of three days. They sail by steamer to the marble quarries of Palmaria. We quote a passage in which the rejuvenescence of the long-dormant artistic spirit is charmingly described.

"This isle is planted like a natural defence at the entrance of the gulf, where the passage is very narrow between the island, and the little port formerly consecrated to Venus. Hence the name of Porto Venere. Nothing in the ugly little town justifies this poetic name: but its situation is most picturesque, on the bare rocks, beaten by the wild waves, for it is the first waves of the real sea that rush into that narrow strait. It would be hard to picture a fitter nest for pirates. The houses black and miserable, bitten by the salt air, rise ladder-wise, immeasurably high, on the uneven rock. Not a pane that is not broken in those little windows which seem like restless eyes to watch their prey on the horizon. Not a wall that is not spoiled of its cement falling in great patches, like torn sails; not a straight line in all these buildings, leaning one against another, and ready to fall all together. They run to the very top of the promontory, where they are suddenly stopped by a dilapidated fort; and the hand of a little church clock keeping watch in the face of immensity. Behind this picture, which forms a separate view upon the waters, rise enormous rocks of a livid tint, whose base irised by the reflections of the sea, seems to plunge into something impalpable and undecided as the colour of the void. It was from the marble quarry on the Isle of Palmaria, on the other side of the narrow strait, that Laurent and Theresa contemplated this picturesque whole. The setting sun cast upon the foreground a roseate hue which blent in one mass of similar appearance the rocks, the old walls, and the ruins, so that all, even the church itself, seemed carved in the same block, whilst the great rocks behind were bathed in a pale green light. Laurent was struck with the sight, and, forgetting all else, he embraced it with a painter's eye, where Theresa saw reflected as in a mirror, all the fires of that glowing heaven."—Pp. 790, 791.

The steamboat arrives, after this

guardian angel has narrowly saved him from reeling over a precipice. She sees him on board. She makes his berth comfortable. She slips the last money which she possesses into his pocket. She had given him her heart. She had heaped upon that offering, all that womanhood holds dearest—reserve, opinion, honour, suffering, her artistic career, her mother's support. One thing *delicately* still requires that she should withhold. What does the reader suppose that may be?—a tuft of wild lavender!

"Theresa had put these flowers into the bosom of her dress; it was like leaving him a pledge of love. She thought there was something indelicate, or at least equivocal in this idea, and her woman's instinct refused it; but as she was leaning over the side of the steamer she saw in one of the boats a child who offered the passengers great bunches of violets. She felt in her pocket for a last piece of money, which she found with joy, and threw to the little merchant, who flung her on board one of his finest nosegays. She caught it cleverly and scattered it in Laurent's cabin, who understood the delicacy of his friend, but never knew that these violets had been bought with Theresa's last farthing."

On the departure of the steamer, Theresa passes the night in a little seaport town, and does *not* go to meet her betrothed at Spezzia. Palmer is jealous and distracted, and walks

"In silence by the shore of the much resounding sea,"

meditating suicide. But on the strand he unexpectedly meets Captain Lawson of the American navy, who has just landed in a boat from the frigate which he commands. Palmer goes on board the "Union" with him, and a young officer accidentally tells him of a beautiful creature whom he had seen embroidering at a window in Porto Venere. He finds out Theresa in due course, and explains his conduct. He had for years been entangled with an unworthy woman, who was preparing to make a "row" at Florence, and from whose abuse he had been anxious that she should escape. It transpires, however, that our American friend had been awfully jealous. Poor Dick! the phrase undoes him. *Elle* won't have him at any price; won't accept money from him: will

tion, and to strike terror into the hearts of the heathen, let the State prohibit it; but let it not too officiously step in to stop the missionary, for fear he might use exciting language, and so a riot ensue. It is time enough to punish when the offence is committed. If men are to be bound over to keep the peace it is because they are known to be meditating an assault. In every other case treat every man as an orderly citizen till he has proved himself to be the contrary.

We are not protesting against an imaginary grievance. There is a clause inserted in the new penal code of India which was preparing when the late mutiny broke out, and may be enforced yet if public opinion is not brought to bear upon it. The clause declares that "whosoever, with the deliberate intention of wounding the religious feelings of any person, utters any word, or makes any sound, in the hearing of that person, or places any object in the sight of that person, shall be punished with imprisonment of either description, for a period which may extend to one year, or with fine, or with both."

Such a clause as this might be so worded as to lodge every missionary in gaol for one year, and break up every missionary station in India. It is so worded that it puts Christianity almost out of the pale of protected religions, for while other religions are religions of custom, and may exist side by side, it is of the essence of Christianity to demand the allegiance of all. It cannot persecute, but it must propagate itself. It has pleased God, Christians believe, through the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, and to sanction the profession of Christianity, while we prohibit its public preaching, is to sanction it only so far as the Roman Governor sanctioned it. This clause which claims, according to common report, Lord Macaulay as its author, might have been enacted by a Trajan or an Antonine. Excellent and philosophic men, they looked on Christianity as a kind of Judaism, and therefore a *religio licita* as long as it kept within bounds, and made no incursions on its neighbour's religion. But Christianity was too intolerant for this, and therefore an Antonine was driven to be intolerant towards it in return. As Voltaire said of it, that more intolerant than Judaism, which would not endure the image of Jupiter in the temple, Christianity would not endure the image of Jupiter even in the Capitol. If a State will not endure a religion which propagates itself by preaching, then we must take the consequences, and, like the early Church, face persecution. We cannot go back from this position, let the State recede or not as it thinks right. The Calcutta missionaries of all denominations have represented this, in a respectful remonstrance, to the Supreme Government; they appealed to the past history of missions in India to prove that while they have carried on the difficult task of turning men from error into the path of truth, they have done so with gentleness, with kindness, and with courtesy. And they boldly declare that in this matter they must obey God rather than men, and take their share in such risks as their brethren in China, Madagascar, Travancore, and other localities where the Government is *not* Christian, meet in their attempts to preach Christ publicly, as well as from house to house.

To suppose that open-air preaching of the Gospel is prohibited in India, while it is permitted in England, is to suppose the State guilty of the inconsistency of permitting it where it is least wanted and prohibiting it where most wanted. Besides open-air addresses are foreign to our climate and manners; they are natural and suitable in India. Moreover, the districts where missionaries most itinerate are those where the Englishman is most respected. When the Rev. Thomas Ragland, a devoted itinerant missionary, died in Tinnivelly, a few months ago, even the heathens were affected by his loss; they had learned to look on him as their friend. One such man of God, if the State knew its true interests, would do more to conciliate native prejudices than a whole army of collectors and Government teachers. The preaching missionary is, in truth, the mordaunt between the races of the east and those of the west. We shall find our western laws and manners against the grain of eastern prejudice, till we can lay over the one and under the other a layer of kindly feeling and frank dealing, such as the itinerant preacher brings with him.

Besides the clause was quite uncalled for. Missionaries, for their own sake, will not court oppression, or arouse the fanaticism of their hearers against

will attack the philosophy of the Absolute. Bacon warns us that the human intellect wants to be leaded rather than winged—that we are to ascend from the lowest to the most general principles by carefully graduated steps of intermediate generality. But the French mind is all wings and no lead, all universal principles and no details. To use a formula familiar to logicians, its propositions are always U and A, and never I; and it uses in a sense which they never intended the logical rule, that the singular is equivalent to the universal. Hence, the glittering soap-bubbles always floating on the sunny air of France, and always bursting; the balloons of philosophical theory, jostling each other as they rise to the empyrean, and then ignominiously collapsing for want of the gas of legitimate induction, or upsetting for lack of the ballast of facts. This tendency finds its expression in the perpetual recurrence of *formule*, drawn up in philosophical shape. The preacher illustrates the doctrine of the Trinity by the triple element of the logical sentence. The novelist pauses in a love scene to state some deduction from the logic of passion. The matron, stepping into a *jacre* with her lover, stops to remind the blackguard with whom she elopes of the law of the human mind which has led her to leave a white rather than a red rose upon her husband's dressing-table. The extraordinary proselytism of the French character is another fact which has been observed by thinkers so acute, and yet so different, as De Maistre and Cousin. Their ideas shoot, like electric sparks along the chain of civilized life. Their language, from the period of the Crusades—when it gave the still remaining name of Frank to every European in the East—is the medium of communication. Their philosophies—materialist, with Condillac and Voltaire; idealist, with Descartes and Malebranche; sentimental, with Rousseau; eclectic, with Cousin; positive, with Comte; ultramontane, with Montalembert, De Maistre, and Baintain—aspire to, and in some measure obtain, cosmopolitan circulation. Their state papers read like a chapter of Vico, or of Grotius modernized. Their armies are pushed on over the snows of Mount Cenis, to fill the world with the hell-fires of hate, and to re-

duce their own country to the verge of bankruptcy, in obedience to the major proposition of some political syllogism—as the armed propagandists of some windy historical abstraction.

This excess of philosophical affectation, this passion for proselytism, is wretchedly prominent in French novels, and we can detect it everywhere in the present story. Madame Dudevant seems to have composed it in this way. She had put down in her notebook some fragments of a system of moral and mental philosophy. Among these were portions of a theory of taste, of habits, and of passions, and some infinitesimal bits of a theory of religion, whose dogmatic parts evaporate into a benevolent impersonal abstraction, hypostatized under the holiest of names—and a futurity *minus* “the subterranean dust-bin of scoundrelism for the devil's regiments of the line,” of which Carlyle has spoken in his “Latter-Day Pamphlets.” These philosophical fragments, then, are the back-bone or frame-work of Madame Dudevant's book. Given these, it was easy for her, with her knowledge of artist and Parisian life, with her highly coloured style and passionate eloquence, to clothe the anatomy with flesh and blood, and enrich it with the life of circumstance and event. In “Elle et Lui” we can trace an underlying theory of art, of habits, of morals, of religion.

Her view of the psychological problem—the artist—is radically and even absurdly wrong.

Artists of every name are, according to her, necessarily miserable. “One ought,” she observes, “to pardon them their sudden entanglements and their feverish impressions;” opinion feels that it ought. Thus the world demands of artists the fire of inspiration; and it is necessary that the fire which begins for the pleasure of the public should end by consuming themselves. They are lamented; and when the good *bourgeois* learns their disasters and catastrophes, as he sits in the evening with his family, he says to his sweet companion—“You know that poor girl who sang so well? Well, she has died of a broken heart;—that famous poet, who wrote so divinely? he has committed suicide. It's a great pity, wife, all these people end ill; it is we who are happy.” The good *bourgeois* is right.

Dhulip Sing, the ex-Maharajah of the Punjab. Ten years ago he was placed as a boy under charge of Dr. Login, and provided at the same time with religious instruction in the faith of his fathers. His mind was thus thrown open, on the one hand, by Christian instruction and example; and, yet, not forced, on the other hand, to desert his hereditary faith. Left free to choose between these impressions—of conviction on one side, and blind custom on the other, conviction at last prevailed over custom; and to the surprise of Dr. Login, who had been desired by Lord Dalhousie not to attempt the conversion of the young prince, he sought for baptism, which, after some scrutiny into the sincerity of his motives, has been permitted. In this case, the State honourably discharged its duties by its heathen ward. It neither compelled him to be baptized, nor yet forbid him; but left him open to impressions on both sides, and left the result with God. Cannot we act with the mass of the people as in this instance? India is our ward, and we are bound to educate her for the future, as well as maintain her for the present. So long as she clings to a religion of custom, respect her prejudice; but should she open her mind to a religion of conviction, do not refuse her the right of judging for herself. Our metaphor we are aware will not hold good on this account, that a nation is not moved as one man by a single impulse; we must expect a period of division. Christ was too truthful not to forewarn that the first result of his doctrine should be not peace but the sword—that it would disunite families, and make a man's foes they of his own household. In the same way we must frankly prepare the State for religious divisions in India. Paganism will not be exorcised without rending its victim, and leaving it half dead; so that timid and selfish minds will say that it would have been better for us, and, perhaps, even for India, to keep things quiet, and not to allow the ancient superstitions to be disturbed. But in the end we shall reap our reward. We do not certainly say that we shall consolidate our Empire there, for though honesty is the best policy, it will never do to drive out expediency by expediency. But this, at least, is certain, we shall have done our duty—we shall have made the people of India our friends. The waves of conquest may roll in other channels than ours—the capricious gales of commerce waft other sails than ours, but we shall be raised above the faith of treaties or the balance of trade. India has had many conquerors, but not one regenerator. Be it ours to pass by the vulgar triumphs of the sword, and to aim at the triumph of the cross, for this is the Mission which now, in the end of the world, has been reserved for us.

"Fais ce que tu dois adienne que pourra."—Old Knightly Motto.

Milton was grave and virtuous, becoming himself a great poem before he wrote it. Wordsworth's heart was as pure as his own Duddon. Bossuet was a holy and exemplary prelate. Handel was eccentric, but neither vicious nor unhappy. Kant's sublime morality of the "categorical imperative" sprang from his unsullied life. The very accusation against Goethe has been, that his imperial will dominated over his passions with a selfish view to his artistic aggrandizement; that he indulged them, but only so far as they helped him in his analysis of human nature; only so far as his ice-cold eye could trace the tendrils of the mind and heart behind the blaze. Or if we turn to the stage, which Madame Dudevaut especially contemplates, we do not find the womanly heart of Jenny Lind breaking with grief, nor David Garrick committing suicide. Away, then, with this mischievous cant, alike dishonourable to God and dishonest to man, which has floated across the channel to France from our extinct Byronic school, just as the Deism of our Chubb and Tindals, long since smitten to death in England by Butler, Waterland, and Leiland, rose from the grave, flitted over to Germany, flung off its old winding-sheet, and disguised itself in brave new terminologies. To genius, indeed, it is true that God has given a keen perception of the discrepancy between the real and the ideal, whose results, not rarely, are an irritable discontent with what *is*—fits of exhaustion and lassitude when the creative heat passes away—the quick and hungry fancy, which sometimes feeds upon strange garbage. But so has he given to every soul its peculiar temptation. It is a repetition of the simple old Bible types. There is the apple for Eve, Bathsheba for David, the thirty pieces of silver for Judas. One man's moral probation is to wrestle with doubt, another's to wrestle with impurity. And the one attains to a grander faith and the other to a grander purity thereby. So also genius has its own perilous heritage of trial; only the profligate, drunken, or rascally genius has no right to inveigh against destiny. There will be myriads of poor, stupid souls among the redeemed; silly sheep upon earth—there drinking in the light, like flowers, for ever and ever:

but there will be kings, too, the kings of art and science, flinging down their several crowns before Him who gave them; and there will be poetic hands sweeping the harps into richer music. The poet becomes a driveller, and the novelist becomes a liar, when he tells us that the light which leads astray is light from heaven. He is worse than driveller or liar; he is the devil's special correspondent and penny-a-liner in God's earth. And the critic is ignorant of his craft who denies that the greatest works are produced in the profoundest calm of the soul: that vice is destruction of the principle of our nature, by which it tends to the beautiful and the true. We now know what to think of the following:—

"What, then, is reason," asked Theresa to herself, "and how can genius exist without it? Is it that genius is so great a power that it can slay reason, and yet survive? Or is reason nothing but an isolated faculty whose union with the other faculties is not always essential?" She fell into a sort of metaphysical reverie. It had always appeared to her that reason was the sum total of ideas and not of details; that all the faculties of an organized being by turns borrowed something from, and lent something to, reason; that reason was at once means and end; that no masterpiece could be emancipated from her law, and that no man could have real value after having resolutely trampled her under foot. She reviewed in her memory the life of great artists, and considered also those of contemporary artists. She saw everywhere the rule of the true associated with the visionary sentiment of the beautiful, yet everywhere exceptions, frightful anomalies, radiant and lightning-blasted figures, like that of Laurent. The aspiration to the sublime was even a disease of the time and of the social medium in which Theresa was placod. There was a feverish something which seized upon youth, and which made it despise the conditions of normal happiness with the duties of ordinary life. By the force of things Theresa found herself, without desire or foresight of her own, whirled into the fatal circle of this human hell. She became the companion, the intellectual half of one of those sublime madmen, one of those errant geniuses. She assisted at the perpetual agony of a Prometheus, at the often-renewed furies of an Orestes. She endured the awful back-swing of their unspeakable sorrow without comprehending the cause, without being able to find the remedy."

correspondent displays in this good-looking stranger, answers in a wild letter. He is going into the country with some "fast" young men of fashion and a not very select party of ladies. Therese (Mdlle. Jacques) at once understands his meaning. Meanwhile, Laurent does not go with his friends to Montmorency, but to the Bois de Boulogne, where Theresa has a delicious little mansion. The airing of the ear at keyholes and the opening of letters do not appear to come into the class of things forbidden to the chivalry of Paris; and this hopeful young gentleman spends some hours behind a hawthorn-hedge in the lady's little garden. We are told that it was a-blow with May. We may be wanting in delicacy; but for our part we wish that some rough Saxon boot had kicked the listener into the thorniest portion of that hedge, or that some Saxon hand had laid a stick, cut from its branches, about the Apollo-like head of the genius. However, there is, of course, some mystery about Theresa. Laurent having sedulously inquired of all his male acquaintances who visited at the house as to the precise nature of their relations with Mdlle. Jacques, is pretty well satisfied of her purity. So he calms himself under the hedge, knocks at the door, walks into the atelier, stretches his boots upon a sofa, smokes a cigar, and, after some rather unpleasant conversation, discovers that Palmer is an old acquaintance of Theresa. His character is strikingly enough delineated by himself, thus:

"Well, you are wrong, Theresa," replied Laurence, eagerly. "It is just the opposite of what you say. It is the man who suffers in the artist, and who destroys him. I don't know what to do with myself. You see *ennui* kills me. *Ennui* of what? you will say. *Ennui* of every thing. I cannot, like you, work calmly and attentively for six hours, then take a little walk in the garden, throwing bread to the sparrows; begin to work again for four hours, and then smile through the evening on two or three troublesome fellows, like myself, perhaps, till bedtime comes. My sleep is bad, my walks are disturbed, my work is feverish. Invention troubles me, and makes me tremble. Execution, always too slow for my desire, gives me terrible palpitations; and it is weeping and restraining my cries that I produce an idea

which delights me at the time, but which I am mortally ashamed of and disgusted with to-morrow. If I change it, it is worse—it leaves me; better to forget it and wait for another; but that other comes so confused and so enormous that my poor being cannot contain it. It oppresses me and tortures me till it has taken realisable proportions; then returns the other suffering—that of production—a real, physical suffering that I cannot define. And this is how I live when I let myself be ruled by that giant artist that is in me, and from whom the poor man who speaks to you tears, one by one, with the forceps of his will, lean, half-dead mice. Therefore, Theresa, it is better to live as I have conceived life—that I should commit every kind of excess, and kill this gnawing worm which my equals call, modestly, their inspiration, and which I call, simply, my infirmity."

A scene and tears are, of course, the result of this prolonged interview; and equally as a matter of course marriage is pronounced an impossibility by Theresa. Then we have Palmer's sittings, in the course of which Laurent vainly endeavours to pump the reserved American. But an intimacy gradually springs up between the two men, and in due course Palmer voluntarily discloses Theresa's secret to the artist. She is the illegitimate daughter of a banker—a man of honour and virtue!—her mother being the beautiful governess of that banker's children, and his wife residing under the roof. The banker had wished that Palmer should marry his daughter, but, for some reason, no proposal had been made. So the poor girl is espoused to a Portuguese count, who, after Theresa has become a mother, is discovered to have a slight difficulty in the shape of another wife and family in the West Indies. This gentleman returns from a tour to the Havannah with a proposition that she should continue to live with him. Upon an indignant refusal he withdraws from her all pecuniary assistance, and manages to carry off their child, who is soon announced to be dead. Then Theresa takes refuge in a suburb of Paris, and supports herself and her mother by her elegant pencil. Laurent proposes for her over and over again, but is always repulsed as a lover, until a happy occasion arises. Our authoress has probably been studying M. Michelet, so subtle a part does the

white as snow." But this studiously tells us that the man of any formed sensual habit is utterly insusceptible of any moral renovation. The silver cord of impulse, according to this, is loosed, and the golden bowl of hope broken, and the pitcher of peace broken at the fountain, and the wheel of the moral nature broken at the cistern, and the man, intellectual and spiritual, goes to his long home of eternal fire, or of everlasting mud! In vain does the sublimest devotion woo him in the most attractive form. In vain does the tenderest love watch over his sick pillow, and weep upon his sleeping face. The mood of the ruffian and the bully, of the blackguard and the fed horse, comes upon him, and cannot be resisted. Such is the picture of Laurent de Fauvel at twenty-five! We may be told that it is intended as a warning. Will it not rather be a message of despair? There is a certain old-fashioned book, not, we fear, very much read in France: in it can be found the only religion which has ever coupled austere morality with tender consideration. Other religions have spoken of and promised forgiveness; other systems have held out a high ethical standard; but where, except in Christianity, shall we find the combination of the two?

Another moral fallacy of the Parisian stamp runs through the conception of Laurent, that of *dualism* of character—of *indeterminism*, if we may coin the word. There were heretics of old who compared the elect wallowing in sin to gold lying for a while in dung—a dirty bed, but one which cannot tarnish nor depreciate the virgin metal. This would appear to be Madame Dudevant's deliberate opinion. Not once or twice, but repeatedly does she inform us that Laurent's "heart at bottom was admirably good," that "his soul was unsullied." She is full of the theory of the two *egos*—one ethereal, the other grovelling. We do, indeed, recognise the fact of two contending principles—partially in regenerate, more markedly in

unregenerate human nature. An Apostle has stated it with divine depth and penetration. But we also know that this struggle is ever ending in a death-groan of defeat or in a cry of victory, and we would not confuse with a grand struggle towards the new birth these idly-sublime pictures of an ideal which is sometimes blubbered for, but never grasped at. Once more we quote:—

"‘Yes,’ said he to Theresa, ‘I suffer the phenomenon which Thaumaturgists call possession. Two spirits have seized me. Is there really one good and one bad? I think not. That which terrifies you, sceptic, violent, awful, only does ill because he is not strong enough to do the good which he intended. He would be calm, philosophic, tolerant, serenely cheerful; the other does not will that he should be so. He would pass to his good angel condition; he would be ardent, enthusiastic, devoted; and as his adversary sneers at him, disowns him, wounds him, he becomes in his turn dark and cruel; so that the two angels which are within me give birth to a demon.’"

If Madame Dudevant would only consider the distinction between two words, which the accuracy of French prose has preserved from the wreck of scholasticism, she will see the root of this error. The two words are *velleity* and *volition*. Velleity is an imperfect and suspended motion of the will, or a vague impulse, which tends to a good without any deliberate intention of pursuing it, as when we wish for things impossible; volition is a full and perfect motion of the will, or an impulse by which it tends to a good, with a fixed intention of obtaining it. In this way we seek an end when we are clear about the means; for before the discovery of the means, the impulse towards the end is a velleity. The child's velleity cries after the moon in the water; the man's volition aims at virtue through self-denial. Poor Laurent had some lingering *velleities* of good; he had no virtuous *volitions*.*

* This is taken from a rare work of the accurate and acute Burgersdyk, *Colleg. Physic.* p. 336. Let us quote another sentence or two:—"The incontinent man, because he must condemn sin absolutely, has a *velleity* not to sin; but because, overcome by lust, he judges pleasure a greater good than not to sin, he elects pleasure and sin which is of *volition*—*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*—"video meliora proboque" belongs to velleity; "deteriora sequor" to volition.

was. Myself, twenty years older, with features hollowed by debauchery, or illness, with glaring eyes, with a brutalized mouth; and, in spite of all this obliteration of my being, there was in this phantom vigour remaining to insult and defy the being that I am now. O God! is this what I am to become in riper age? I had this evening bad recollections that I expressed in spite of myself, because I always carry in myself this old man, from which I thought I was delivered. The spectre of debauchery will not lose his prey. Even into the arms of Theresa he follows me, to mock me, and to cry, It is too late."

After this startling interlude the artist strides about with his "adored" for hours, making her trudge through heavy sand, and the next day expresses no compassion for the pale and suffering creature.

Now, Theresa has acted all along upon a theory. She has hoped that a calm and regulated life will give a healthy play to the diseased pulse of de Fauvel's moral nature. On the contrary, she finds that virtuous repose is to his depraved passions like the sickening swing of a becalmed ship. A temper more diabolical than brutal makes her its victim. To crown her sufferings, whispers injurious to her reputation begin to go round—*not unnaturally, we think, when an attractive lady goes about with a notorious libertine in this primitive fashion.* To the loss of reputation must be added that of her time and of her money. We find the lovers next travelling together in Italy. In Genoa she fulfils some professional engagements, and realizes a handsome sum by copying pictures. But the sublime genius, which, as we have seen, spurned the trammels of astronomical nomenclature, hated and sneered at this servile task. Laurent grows violent and savage. This "finished gentleman," "in the best society of Paris," "whose heart was good at bottom" (we are not inventing, but quoting), abuses the woman by whose labour he was living, thrusts in sketches of an atrocious character beside a picture of her in his album, brutally reproaches her with the position which debarred her from going with him into society, and jibes at her for her pallor and seriousness, for the sadness which *he* had brought on her, and for the tears which *he* had caused her to shed. Of no English gentleman could the wild-

est fancy have ever drawn such outlines!

And now Palmer arrives at Genoa, and at a glance discovers the position of affairs. Things get worse and worse. We find the unfortunate Theresa watching by a wretched drunkard, bloodied and hideous from a boxing-match with a sailor, and using language of delirious violence. At this point we have one just and powerful thought.

"But one thing was true, for the moment he was tired of a higher love, and aspired with all his being to the fatal intoxication of the past. It was the punishment of the evil path that he had chosen on his entrance into life; a cruel punishment, doubtless, and one of which it may be conceived that he complained of with energy; he who had premeditated nothing, but who had cast himself laughing into an abyss from which he thought he could come out when he chose; but love is ruled by a code which seems to rest, like all social codes, on that terrible formula which none is permitted to ignore—the Law. So much the worse for those who do ignore it. Let the child throw itself among the claws of the panther, thinking to caress him, the panther will make no account of its innocence; he will devour it, because it is not in his nature to spare. So with poisons, so with lightning, so with vice—blind agents of a fatal law, which man must learn, or suffer."

Laurent now proposes to Palmer to become the lover of Theresa—a proposal which is met with some coldness at first—and sets off to Florence. Most opportunely, Richard happens to hear of the death of the Count * * * just at this time, and informs Theresa that she is free. This announcement he accompanies with an offer of his heart and hand. Shortly after the proposal a mad note arrives from Laurent, stating that he had taken poison. Palmer and the lady fly to his address, and find him raving in an access of brain-fever. He is assiduously tended by the now-engaged pair. On recovering he seems to have forgotten all that has occurred, and to be rather bored with Palmer's perpetual company. The explanation leads to another scene. Afterwards, however, a moral as well as physical convalescence appears to have commenced. The three friends go about together everywhere, and enjoy in company the freshness of the country or the pleasant excitement of the opera. On the day when it had

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER."

BY CHARLES LEVER.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FOREST HIDE.

GERALD passed a restless, disturbed night. Purcell's words ever ringing in his ears foreboded nothing but failure and disaster, while there seemed something almost sarcastic in the comparison he drew between the Prince Charles Edward's rashness and his own waiting, delaying policy. "Is it fair or just," thought he, "to taunt me with this? I was not bred up to know my station and my claims. None told me I was of royal blood and had a throne for a heritage. These tidings break on me as I am worn down by misfortune and broken by illness, so that my shattered intellects scarcely credit them. Even now, on what, or on whom, do I rely? Has not disease undermined my strength and distrust my judgment, so that I believe in nothing, nor in anybody? Ah, Riquetti, *your* poisons never leave the blood till it has ceased to circulate."

There were days when the whole plan and scheme of his life seemed to him such a mockery and a deception that he felt a sort of scorn for himself in believing it. It was like childhood or dotage to his mind, this dream of a greatness so far off, so impossible, and he burned for some real actual existence with truthful incidents and interests. Gloomy doubts would also cross him, whether he might be nothing but a mere tool in the hands of certain crafty men like Massoni, who having used him for their purpose to-day would cast him off as worthless to-morrow. These thoughts became at times almost insupportable, and his only relief against them was in great bodily fatigue. It was his habit when thus to mount his horse and ride at speed into the forest. The deep pine-wood was traversed in various directions by long grassy alleys of miles in extent; and here, save at the very rarest intervals, no one was to be met with. It is not easy to con-

ceive any thing more solemn and gloomy than one of these forests, where the only sound is a low, sighing cadence as the wind stirs in the pine-tops. A solitary blackbird, perchance, may warble her mellow song in the stillness, or, as evening closes, the wailing cry of the owl be heard; but except for these the stillness is death-like.

Whole days had Gerald often passed in these leafy solitudes, till at length he grew to recognise, even in that apparent uniformity, certain spots and certain trees by which he could calculate his distance from home. Two or three little clearings there were also where trees had been felled and small piles of brushwood were formed; these were his most remote wanderings and marked the place whence he turned his steps homeward.

On the morning we now speak of he rode at such reckless speed that in less than two hours he had left these familiar places far behind and penetrated deeper into the dense wood. Towards noon he dismounted to relieve his somewhat wearied horse, and walked along for hours, a strange feeling of pleasure stirring his heart at the thought of his utter loneliness; for there is something in the mind of youth that attaches itself eagerly to any thing that seems to savour of the adventurous. And the mere presence of a new object or a new situation will often suffice for this. Gradually on he went, his mind calmed down and the fever of his brain abated; passages of the poets he best loved rose to his memory, and he repeated verses to himself as he strolled along, his mind unconsciously drinking in the soothing influences that come of solitude and reverie.

Meanwhile the day wore on, and although no sense of fatigue oppressed himself, he was warned by the blood red nostrils of his horse and his drawn-

remain and support herself by lace-work until her remittances arrive. However, Palmer pleads and weeps, and after a few weeks of psychologising, the pigs are driven out of the matrimonial market, and they are once more engaged. Off to Paris for the nuptials. Nay, not so fast. There is a queer encounter at the little box in the suburbs, of which we wot. Friend Laurent has not forgotten the way. So there he is to greet the bride elect, and to pour forth a flood of agony, despair, and repentance at her feet. Once more is Richard Palmer's jealousy aroused, like Laurent in the earlier stage of this complicated history: he "does" a little airing of ears and eyes at the key-hole, a little listening and spying under a certain hawthorn hedge. Once more she breaks off with Palmer. Once more she takes on with Laurent. As before, he is at first tender and impassioned, and appears to be a new man. Then, again, he grows brutal and profligate. She follows him to an infamous ball in a mask, and hears her name pronounced by some of the vilest lips in Paris. Then Palmer recovers her child and restores him to her. She breaks up her establishment finally, rushes away to Germany, and all closes with a mystical letter, ending with this obscure oracle:—"The women of the future, who shall contemplate your work from age to age, will be your sisters and lovers." And if the old stoic doctrine of the mundane periods and circuits from eternity to eternity be true, not the same numerical Theresa, but one in all things exactly like her, is perpetually being engaged to either one or other of two parties exactly alike to Laurent or Palmer. Our brain is in a maze with the complicated speculation, and we gladly take breath.

We are aware how bare this skeleton must appear, how little it will possibly seem to deserve the somewhat elaborate examination to which we have purposed to subject it. Why, it may be asked, break this French butterfly upon the stiff wheel of British morality? Why not let it flaunt its painted wings for its little season?

Our answer, without continuing the metaphor, is this: we propose to analyse the psychological and ethical principles round which this curious story is crystallized. To use such lan-

guage of an English tale of the same species might appear somewhat pedantic and unmeaning; though we are of opinion that a mass of pernicious errors in morals, and even in theology, might be averted simply by criticism exchanging its vague praises and indiscriminating censures for a reference to admitted laws of morals and psychology. But still a bad English book is, generally speaking, a mere series of corrupting or indelicate photographs, hit off from nature, with the coarseness and the truth of life—nothing more, and nothing less. The boy or the young man recalls them. They have their evil share in awakening stormy passions, or in crowding the mind with impure imaginations, which it may require long discipline, and painful efforts, and bitter self-humiliation, to banish from the territory into which they have entered. But such books will hardly penetrate beyond the outworks of the nature. They insinuate no system. They say out, as Dr. Johnson commended the gentlemen for saying to the partner of his guilt, who had exclaimed that they had done wrong, "Yes, we have done wrong." They convey no theory of morals, of psychology, of religious sentiments. They neither produce, nor attempt to produce, an intellectual admiration of rascality, or a moral sympathy with licentious selfishness. They proclaim that they are bad, and they never pretend to be anything else. Their language is that of honest Nell Gwynne to her coachman. Very different is it with our neighbours. The French are at once the most logical and the most proselytizing of nations. The scholastic spirit has never been extinct among them from Abelard to Cousin. It has exercised a strange spell of fascination over their women, from the Catholic recluse of Paraclete to the Positivist Clotilde de Vaux. Frenchmen and Frenchwomen cannot do without a *system*. Benjamin Constant (of whom Joseph de Maistre said so severely, that "he seemed to want virility, at least in his books"), when labouring at his work upon the source and forms of religion, used to boast that he had forty thousand facts which "moved at his will." But most Frenchmen, with an apparatus of facts equal to one of Pinnock's Catechisms, will knock off a theory of universal history—with a single chapter of Kant

there ; how we felt in that long ago ; what we thought of ; what we ambitioned ?

Wonderful messengers of conscience are these same old memories : the little garden we used to dig ; the narrow bed we slept in ; our old bench at school, deep graven on the heart, with all its thrilling incidents of boyish life ; the pathway through the flowery meadow down to the stream, where we used to bathe ; the little summer-house under the honeysuckles, where we heard or invented such marvellous stories. Rely upon it there is not one of these unassociated with some high hopes, some generous notion, some noble ambition ; something, in short, which we meant to be, but never realized ; some path we intended to follow, but strayed from, in that wild and tumultuous conflict we call life.

Guided by the little river, on which the setting sun was now shedding its last lustre, Gerald walked along beside his horse, and just as the night was falling reached the mill. To his great surprise did he learn that he was full fifty miles from Orvieto, for though he had passed an entire day, from earliest dawn, on the way, he had never contemplated the distance he had come. As it was not an unusual occurrence for special couriers with despatches to pass by this route towards the Tuscan frontier, his appearance caused little remark, and he was invited to sit down at the miller's table when the household assembled for supper.

"You are bound for St. Stephano, I'll warrant," said the miller, as he stood looking at Gerald, who bedded down his tired beast.

Gerald assented with a nod, and went on with his work.

"If I were you, then, I'd not take the low road by the Lago Scuro at this season."

"And why so ?"

"Just for this reason : they have got malaria fever up in the mountains, and the refugees who live up there, for safety against the carabinieri, are obliged to come down into the plains, and they troop the roads here in gangs of twenty and thirty, making the country insecure after nightfall."

"They are brigands, then ?" asked Gerald.

"Every man, ay, and every woman of them !" They respect neither priest nor prefect. What think you they did three weeks ago at Somarra ? A travelling company of players coming through the town obtained leave from the Delegato to give a representation. The theatre was crammed, as you may well believe, such a pleasure not being an every day one. Well, the orchestra had finished the symphony and up drew the curtain, when, instead of a village fete, with peasants dancing, the stage was crowded with savage-looking fellows, armed to the teeth, every one of whom held a blunderbuss levelled at the audience. Meanwhile the doors of the boxes were opened, and the people inside politely requested to hand out their money, watches, jewels, in fact all that they had of value about them, the pit being exactly treated in the same fashion, for none could escape, as all the doors were held by the bandits. They carried away forty-seven thousand francs' worth for the night's work. Indeed, the Delegato has never risen from his bed since it happened, and expects every day to be summoned to Rome, or sent off to prison at Viterbo.

"And why does the Pope's government not take some steps against these fellows ? Why are they suffered to ravage the whole country at their will ?"

"You must ask your master, the Cardinal, that question," said the miller, laughing. "It would be easy enough to hunt them down, now that they've got fever in the mountains, if any one cared to do it ; but the 'Pastore,' as they call their captain, pays handsomely for his patent to rob, and he never kills where it can be avoided."

"And who is this Pastore—what was he ?"

"He was a monk. Some say he was once a monsignore ; and he might have been, from his manners and language."

"You have seen him, then ?"

"Seen him ! Pere Bacco, that have I, and to my cost ! He comes himself to take up his 'due de Pasqua,' as he calls his Easter-ducs, which are not the lighter that he assesses them all before he sits down to supper."

"Do you mean to tell me that he would sit down to table with you !"

"Ay, and be the merriest at the

Nor is this only an incidental passage. In that portion of Laurent's confession to Theresa, which is evidently intended to give us the key to the man, she expresses this thought distinctly:—

"Farewell for ever! but know that you have done nothing against me that I have not forgiven, and you can never do any thing against me that I cannot forgive. God condemns certain men of genius to wander in the storm, and to bring forth in pain. I have studied you long enough in your lights and shades, in your greatness and your weakness, to know that you are the victim of a destiny, and that you are not to be weighed in the same balance as most other men. Your suffering and your doubt—what you call your punishment—is, perhaps, the condition of your glory. Learn, then, to submit. You have aspired, with all your strength to an ideal of happiness, and you have only found it in your dreams. Well, your dreams are your reality; your talent, your life; are you not an artist? Go, be at peace. God will forgive you that you could not love; he gave you that insatiable craving that your youth might not be engrossed by one woman. The women of the future, those who shall behold your works from age to age, these are your sisters and your lovers."

As if to give additional emphasis and prominence to this conception of artistic genius, it is thus put forward by Theresa in the closing sentences of *Elle et Lui*.

What a conception of God must the writer entertain who has dared to indite these most blasphemous words? Do we listen to a delineation of a grotesque and spiteful demon or of an all-wise and most merciful Creator, when we are told that His rarest gifts are but the accompaniments of withering agony—nay, of worse; for agony may be, and often is, purifying—of bestial profligacy, of degrading passion? Are the hymns of the Holy One, whose inspiration art is, to take the forms of Bacchanalian or Ithyphallic frenzy? Nothing less than the

moral character of the Governor of the universe is played with in these theatrical declamations.

But a moment's cool examination proves that there is no such dreary divorce as this between virtue and greatness, between goodness and genius. Blockheads have no monopoly of virtue, at all events. Madame Dudevant's theory has just about as much truth as Hobbes' account of pity. He observed a certain phenomenon frequently accompanying pity; he mistook, or wilfully took, this accidental concomitant for the thing itself. So is it with artistic genius. It is frequently accompanied with those fierce passions which are held in leash by reason, and lashed and goaded by quick imaginations; and those passions, stirred by that imagination, frequently, or rather sometimes, lead to misery; and when they do, the eminence of the individuals is like a mirror, at once magnifying their images, and increasing their numbers, like a great cave with many echoes, reduplicating and rolling their cries of anguish round the earth.* So that a few guilty and miserable men of genius have given a false character to the whole class; for, taking art in its largest sense, as concerned with production, whether that product be painting, music, poetry, or oratory, we will venture to assert that they are your small, second-rate geniuses who are consumed by these fires. True and high genius feeds "a calm, a beautiful, a silent flame." Byron and Burns are nearest to the empyrean of any scamps we can remember. They, with Savage, Kean, Edgar Allan Poe, Sheridan, and Theodore Hook, are on Madame Dudevant's side. Against her are a host of great names. Shakespeare's calm, grand forehead reminds one of the heavens—

"Whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor: though so calm and though so
great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate."†

* The same observation may be extended to the other gift of beauty. The misfortunes of ugliness pass without observation, and the poet cries—

"In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish, walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death."

Prove to the poet that most beautiful women eat, sleep, and drink well, and get fat; he will look at you with pity, mutter something about Mary Stuart, and exclaim with Voltaire, "*Mais remarquez subsiste.*"

† Matthew Arnold.

mented now that the Pastore is likely to be met with; for as it is all chance what humour he may have on him, none like to risk their lives in such company."

Though Gerald was aware that "Brigandage" was a Roman institution—a regularly covenanted service of the State, by which no inconsiderable revenue reached the hands of some very exalted individuals, he had never before heard that these outlaws were occasionally employed as actual agents of the Government to arrest and detain travellers against whom suspicion rested, to rifle foreign couriers of the despatches they carried to the ministers; now and then it was even alleged that they had broken into strong places to destroy documents by which guilt could be proved or innocence established—all of these services being of a nature little likely to reward men for the peril had they not acted under orders from above! There might possibly have been much exaggeration in the account the miller gave of these men's lives and functions, but there was that blending of incident and fact with his theorizings,

that certainly amazed Gerald and interested him deeply. It was, to be sure, no small aid to the force of the narrative that the yellow moonlight was now streaming full upon one side of the very scene where these characters acted, and that from the little window where he sat he could look out upon their mountain-home. "See," cried the miller pointing towards a high peak, "where you see the fire yonder there is an encampment of some of them! You can judge now how little these fellows fear being surprised." As Gerald continued to gaze a second and then a third flame shot up from the summits of other hills farther off, suggesting to the miller that these were certainly signals of some kind or other.

"There! rely on't, they've work on their hands up yonder to-night," said the miller; and having pointed out his room to Gerald, he arose to retire. "It will, maybe, cost many a penance, many a pater, to wipe off what will be done 'twixt this and daybreak;" and with this pious speech he left the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"IL PASTORE."

AFTER the first few moments of astonishment which followed Gerald's awaking, to see himself in a strange place, with strange and novel objects around him, his first thought was to return to Orvieto. He pictured to himself all the alarm his absence must have occasioned, and imagined how each in turn would have treated the event. The angry astonishment of the Cardinal, ready to adopt any solution of the mystery that implied intrigue and plot—the haughty indignation of the Contessa, that he had dared to take any step unauthorized by herself—the hundred rumours in the household—the questionings as to who had saddled and prepared his horse, what road he had taken, and so on.

There are natures—there are even families—in which a strong predominating trait exists to do or say whatever creates astonishment or attracts wonder. It is a distinct form of selfishness, and was remarkably con-

spicuous in the House of Stuart. They all liked much to be objects of marvel and surprise; to have men hang in wonderment over their words or their motives, and speculate with ingenuity to unravel their secret intentions.

To Gerald himself this taste was a perfect passion, and he loved to see couriers arriving and departing in hot haste, while groups of eager loungers questioned and guessed at what it all might mean. He liked to fancy the important place he thus occupied in men's thoughts, and would any day have been willing to encounter an actual danger could he only have assured himself of it being widely discussed. This dramatic tendency was strongly marked in the character of Charles Edward; still the actual events of his life were in themselves sufficiently adventurous to display it less prominently; but he ever delighted in those stage effects which strike by situation or a picturesque

Now, with regard to the first part of this "metaphysical reverie," it seems to arise from a grand mistake. The simplest and most spiritlike of objects, which all nations have made the emblem of soul and of Deity, and which the Christian Church—not without warrant from Scripture—has exalted into the sublime image of the relation between the Father and the Son, ("*Light from light*") may be untwisted and divided into its rays which are light, and its rays which are heat. But "the vital spark of heavenly flame" cannot in itself be divided, as it were physically, into its rays which are reason, and its rays which are passion. Madame Dudevant confuses the convenient framework of psychology with the objective soul itself. The soul is one simple spirit acting in various directions, and exhibiting itself in various modes. Pascal's "reed which thinks" cannot be splintered into tooth-picks, one of which is imagination, another conception, and another reason, and so on. The whole indivisible reed, in one point of view, is imagination, and so with the rest. Or, to vary the figure, the threads of this indivisible spirit are so intertwined that one cannot be touched without in some way affecting the others. Philosophy contemplates pure thought, and pure passion, and pure presentation, and pure will. But none can really operate without the other. The thinking faculty, for instance, cannot act without some effect upon the will. It was a feeling of this truth that made the ancients resolve virtue into knowledge, and vice into ignorance. Knowledge and goodness they saw acted and re-acted upon each other. As to the rant about "the fatal circle of the human hell," we may safely leave it to itself.

Madame Dudevant has delineated the tyranny of habit with a powerful hand. It is about the only real moral element of her story. But, after all, there is a morality of habit which is radically antichristian, and even immoral. It is so by ignoring, on the one hand, the old but momentous truth, that the formation of habit is, in the last analysis, in our own power, however it may assume the appearance of co-active necessity, because the acts by which it is formed are in our power; or, on the other hand, by denying that the soul is capable of some mysterious

impulse, however named, which enables it to snap the withs that have bound it.

"Whence comes that frightful chastisement inflicted upon those who have abused the forces of their youth, and which consists in rendering them incapable of tasting the sweetness of a logical and harmonious life? Is he, then, so very criminal—the youth who finds himself launched upon the world with boundless aspirations, and believes that he can bind all the phantoms that glide by him, and all the intoxications which solicit his inexperience? Is his sin any thing worse than ignorance? How could he learn in his cradle that the exercise of life ought to be an eternal struggle against himself? There are many who are truly to be pitied, and whom one knows not how to condemn. A giddiness has seized them from their first steps; corruption has flung herself upon them as their prey, to make brutes of those who have more sensuality than soul; to drive out of their senses those who, like Laurent, have held debates between the mind of reality and the high ideal of their dreams."

The answer to this is apparent. The youth, indeed, cannot be endowed prematurely with the experience of the man. He is told, and he sees, but he can hardly be said to know, how terrible is the avenging tyranny of habit. But he is not the less worthy of punishment. His trial at first is in isolated acts against isolated temptations. Conscience has warned him, has given notice of a law, and therefore of punishment. That the kind and degree of that punishment has not been distinctly announced does not make his guilt less heinous, or the penalty less deserved. The validity of the law, and the culpability of the transgressor, do not hinge upon the announcement of the penalty, but upon the authority of the lawgiver.

This is the immoral side of the current French novel theory of habit, and on this part of the platform it tends to unbounded licentiousness. It has also an antichristian side, which slopes down into the black gulf of despair. What is this new Gospel which accuses the old one of merciless rigour, of gloomy views of futurity? What evangel of peace is this which it brings to the sons of men? There was one of old that came ringing down the silence of the infinite spaces, and its burden was, "the crimson shall be as

"That he might look into the palm of your hand and see that it was not one much used to daily labour. If he but thought you a spy, per Bacco, I'd not be in your shoes for all the jewels in the Vatican!"

"Couldn't you manage to disguise me as one of your own people, and give me some sort of a letter for him."

"By the way, there is a letter for him these four days back," said the miller, suddenly; "and I have had no opportunity of sending it on."

"There, then, is the very thing we want," broke in Gerald.

"Here's the letter here," said the miller, taking the document from the leaves of a book. "It comes from the Ursuline Convent, on the other side of the Tiber. Strange enough that the Pastore should have correspondence with the holy ladies of St. Ursula. It was a monk, too, that fetched it here, and his courage failed him to go any further. Indeed, I believe that picture of the Capri pass decided him on turning back."

"The greater fool he. He ought to have known that the Pastore was not likely to requite a good office with cruelty," said Gerald.

"As to that, it would depend on what humour he was in at the moment." Then, after a pause, he added, "If you like to risk the chance of finding him in a good temper, you have only to borrow a coat and cap from one of my boys, and take that letter. You will tell him that it was I sent you on with it, and he'll ask no further question."

"And these hands of mine that you said would betray me," said Gerald, "what shall I do to disguise them?"

"Some fresh walnuts will soon colour them, and your face, too; and now let me direct you as to the road you'll take." And so the miller, drawing Gerald to the window, began to describe the route, pointing out various prominent objects as landmarks.

Having acquainted himself, so far as he could, with all the details of the way, Gerald proceeded to costume himself for the expedition, and so completely had the dye on his skin and the change of dress metamorphosed him, that for a second or two the miller did not recognise him.

With a touch of humour that he rarely gave way to, Gerald saluted him in rustic fashion, while in a strong

peasant accent he asked if his honour had no further commands for him.

The miller laughed good-humouredly, and shook his hand in adieu. "I more than suspect the black mare will be mine," muttered he, as he looked after Gerald till he disappeared in the distance.

For miles and miles of the way Gerald walked on without any attention to the scene around him; the spirit of adventure occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else, and he not only imagined every possible issue to the present adventure, but fancied what his sensations might have been were it his fortune to have been launched upon the great enterprize to which his hopes so long had tended. "Oh, if this were but Scotland or Ireland" thought he; "if my foot now only trod the soil that I could call my own; if I could but realize to myself once, even once, the glorious sense of being recognised as one of that race that once ruled there as sovereigns; if I could but taste the intoxication of that generous devotion that through all his calamities once cheered my father, I'd think the moment had repaid me for all the cares of life. And now it has all passed away like a dream. As Purcell said, 'They want us no longer!' We belong to the past, and have no significance in the present! Strange, sad, mysterious destiny!" There was a humiliation in that feeling that gave him intense pain; it was the sense of being cut off from all sympathy, estranged from the wishes, the hopes, the ambition of his fellow-men. Out of an isolation like that it was that Gabriel Riquetti had taught him to believe men achieve their greatest successes. You must first of all feel yourself alone, all alone in life, ere you can experience that liberty that ensures free action.

This was one of his axioms that he loved to repeat; and whether suggested by the scene where he had first met that wonderful man, or merely induced by the course of reflection, many of Mirabeau's early teachings and precepts rose to his memory as he went along.

For some time he had been unconsciously ascending a somewhat steep mountain path, so deeply imbedded between two lines of thick brushwood as to intercept all view at either side, when suddenly the way emerged

Another leading mistake to which we would allude in M. George Sand's moral conceptions—strikingly illustrated also in her recent novel of *Athalie*—is her mistaken notion of the beauty of passionate affection and of self-devotion as such. With her, affection, if it be but intense and vehement, is meritorious; and passion “can consecrate its object however unworthy, justify and ennoble itself.” On the contrary, a passion for a black-guard, knowingly begun and cherished, is simply degrading. Self-devotion is beautiful, indeed, but that of a mistress might sometimes merit a coarser name. There was once a delicately-nurtured girl who left her home and friends to be the companion of an old Mahometan beggar, of repulsive ugliness, through the streets of London. No inducements could win her back. There was passion and self-devotion there; but their object makes them filthy. Does not this apply to the love of Theresa for her monster?

We must just indicate the theological creeds of this respectable pair.

“‘I do not care about dying, you know; but I would not have you either live or die with me.’

“‘Ah, yes, you believe in the eternity of the *Ego*. You would not like to refine me in another life.’

“‘We shall never meet, Laurent, I am sure. Every soul tends to its proper centre of attraction. I am called to repose. You will be always in the storm.’

“‘That is to say you have not deserved hell!’

“‘Nor have you. You will have another heaven—that’s all!’”

Much more might be quoted in the same strain. But we pass by this deep and fearful subject. This only we will say: we do not, indeed, approve of the ultra-physical and degrading appeals to animal terrors which sometimes escape from zealous, but not thoughtful men inside and outside the reformed communions.

But “the sugary, disastrous jargon” of this blasphemous sentimentalism gives the lie to the eternal law which tells us that it shall be well with the righteous and ill with the sinner.

We have now examined *Elle et Lui* with an almost pedantic reference to broad and admitted principles. But we think it not unimportant to grasp these painted bottles, to pour out their contents for chemical analysis, and to expose the vile elements of feculent putrescence from which these French scents are compounded. Perhaps some casual reader may be taught to beware of poison when he next buys some *patchouli* from Paris.

Nor can we refrain from alluding to the indications of social laxity which are conveyed by the appearance of such a tale in a periodical conducted with an ability which can scarcely be surpassed—which is the organ of sound liberal opinion in France, and whose papers are often as lofty in sentiment as they are brilliant in style. Such a story would ruin any magazine in Great Britain. There is, too, a daring unconsciousness of self-exposure in the tale itself. Laurent is evidently thought a gentlemanly dog, and “quite the thing.” Nations, in the last analysis, are made up of individuals. Straws show the direction of the wind and the drift of the current. Can we be surprised at the gagged press and manacled public opinion which the *Revue* so bravely exposed in reference to the present war, when we remember the sentiment of Burke—“All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severe manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality.” Can we wonder at national perfidy when we find the selectest readers of a country so tolerant, at least, of heroes who are gentlemen without honour, and of heroines who are ladies without character?

son, while you guide our sister down to Cheastone, a little cluster of houses you'll see at the foot of the mountain; and if there be an answer I'll fetch it to-morrow, ere daybreak."

"Nay, Fra, I promised that I would deliver this with my own hands; and I mean to be no worse than my word."

"You'll have to be, at least, less than your word," said the Friar, "for the Pastore would not see you. These are his days of penance and mortification, and I am the only one dare approach him."

"I am pledged to deliver this into his own hand," said Gerald, again calmly.

"You may have said many a rash thing in your life, but never a rasher than that," said the Fra, sternly. "I tell you again, he'll not see you. At all events, you'll have to find the road by your own good wits, and it is a path that has puzzled shrewder heads."

With this rude speech, uttered in the rudest way, the Friar moved hastily on till he overtook his companion, leaving Gerald to follow how he pleased.

For some time he continued on after the others, vainly straining his eyes on every side for any signs of a pathway upwards. The way which he had trod before, with hope to cheer him, became now wearisome and sad. He was sick of his adventure, out of temper with his want of success, and dissatisfied with himself. He at last resolved that he would go no further on his track than a certain little olive copse which nestled in a cleft of the mountain, reaching which he would repose for a while, and then retrace his steps.

The sun was strong and the heat oppressive, insomuch that when at length he gained the copse, he was well pleased to throw himself down beneath the shade and take his rest. He had already forgotten the Franciscan and his fellow-traveller, and was deeply musing over his own fortunes, when suddenly he heard their voices, and, creeping noiselessly to the edge of the cliff, he saw them seated at a little well, beside which their breakfast was spread out. The woman had thrown back her hood and showed now a beautiful head, whose long, black hair fell heavily on either shoulder, while her taper fingers, covered with many a splendid ring, plainly showed

that her conventual dress was only a disguise. Nor was this the only sign that surprised him, for now he saw that a short, brass blunderbuss, the regular weapon of the brigand, lay close to the Friar's hand.

"It is the Pastore himself," thought Gerald, as he gazed down at the brawny limbs and well-knit proportions of the monk. "How could I ever have mistaken him for a friar?" The more he thought over the Friar's manner—his eagerness to get the letter, and the careless indifference afterwards with which he suffered Gerald to leave him—the more he felt assured that this was no other than the celebrated chief himself.

"At least, I have succeeded in seeing him," thought he; "and why should I not go boldly forward and speak to him." The resolve was no sooner formed than he proceeded to execute it. In a moment after he had descended the cliff, and, making his way through the brushwood, stood before them.

"So, then, you *will* track me, youngster," said the Friar, angrily. "Once—twice—to-day the road was open to you to seek your own way, and you would not take it. How bent you must be to do yourself an ill turn."

"You are 'Il Pastore,'" said Gerald, boldly.

"And thou art Gherardi, mio," cried the woman, as she rushed wildly towards him and clasped him in her arms. It was Marietta herself who spoke.

How tell the glorious outburst of Gerald's joy, as he overpowered her with questions—whence she came, whither going, how and why, and wherefore there? Was she really and truly the Egyptian who had visited him on his sick-bed, and not a mere vision?

"And was it from thy lips, then," cried he, "that I learned that all this ambition was but a snare—that I was destined to be only the tool of crafty men, deep in their own designs? At times the revelation seemed to come from thee, and at times a burst of heartfelt conviction. Which was it, Marietta, mia?"

"Who is he?" cried the Fra, eagerly. "This surely cannot be. Ay, but it is the Prince—the son of my old lord and master!" and he knelt

up flanks that the beast needed both food and water.

It was a rare occurrence to chance upon the tiniest stream in these tracts, so that he had nothing for it but to push forward and trust that after an hour or so he might issue beyond the bounds of the wood. Again in the saddle, his mettled horse carried him gallantly along without any show of distress; but although he rode at a sharp pace there seemed little prospect of emerging; and the same tall avenue of dark stems still lined the way, and the same dusky foliage spread above his head. If he had but preserved a direct line he was well aware that he must be able to traverse the forest in its very widest part within a day, so that he now urged his horse more briskly to gain the open country before night-fall. For the first time, however, the animal showed signs of fatigue, and Gerald was fain to get down and lead him. Half dreamily lost in his own thoughts he moved unconsciously along, when a sudden blaze of golden light startled him, and looking up he saw that he had emerged from the wood and was standing on the crest of a grassy hill, from which he could see miles of open country at his feet backed by the Maremma Mountains, behind which the sun was fast sinking. It was that truly Italian landscape which to eyes only accustomed to the scenery north of the Alps has always a character of hardness, and even bleakness; but as by time and frequency this impression dies away such scenes possess an attractiveness unequalled by all other lands. There was the vast plain, traversed by its winding rivulet, its course only traceable by the pollard willows that marked the banks; while forests of olives alternated with mulberry plantations, around and between which the straggling vines were trellised. On the hot earth, half hid by flowers of many a gorgeous hue, lay great yellow gourds and pumpkins, as though thrown to the surface in a flood of rich abundance; and far away in the distance the mountains closed in the view, their summit capped with villages, or, perchance, some rugged old castellated ruin of centuries back.

How was it that Gerald stood and gazed at all these like one spell-bound?

Why was that scene not altogether new to his eyes? Why did he follow out that little road, now emerging from the olives and now lost again, till it gained the stream, where by a rude wooden bridge it crossed? How is it that the humble mill yonder, whose laggard wheel scarce stirs the water, seems to him like some old familiar thing? And why does he strain his sight in vain to see the zig-zag road up the steep mountain side? It was because a flood of old memories were rushing full upon his mind, bringing up boyhood and "long ago." That was the very path by which he set out to seek his fortune, when scarcely more than a child he fled from the villa; there was the wide plain, through which he had toiled weary and foot-sore; in that little copse of fruit trees, beside the stream, had he slept at night; there, where a little cross marks a shrine, had he stopped to eat his breakfast; around the head of that little lake had he wended his way towards the mountains.

If at first these memories arose faintly, like the mere outlines of a dream, they grew by degrees bolder and stronger. His boyish life at the Tana then rose before him; the little room in which he used to sit, and read, and ponder; then the narrow stair by which he would creep noiselessly down to stroll out at night and wander all alone beside the dark lake, and then the dusky pine-wood, through whose leafy shades Gabriel would be seen emerging as the evening closed in.

"I will see them all once more," cried he, aloud; "I will go back over that scene, calling up all that I can remember of the past; I will try if my heart has kept the promise of its boyish hopes, and see if I have wandered away from the path I once destined for myself." There was a marvellous fascination in the reality of all he saw and all the recollections it evoked, after that life of fictitious station and mock greatness in which he had been living of late.

He who has not tried the experiment for himself cannot believe the extent of that view obtained into his own nature from simply re-visiting the scenes of boyhood. Till we have gone back to the places themselves, we never can realize the life we led

RESOURCES OF MODERN WARFARE.

SHELLS, FUSES, AND ENFIELD CARTRIDGES.

CONCHOLOGY has been regarded from times immemorial as a study, the innocence of which is only equalled by the fascination of it. To wander along the pebbly beach, picking up the nacreous outer garments, wave-worn and resplendent, of defunct sea molluscs, is a pretty recreation in its way. Beautiful as the foam-begotten aphrodite herself are ocean shells to gaze upon; nor can heraldry, or table-turning, or homosopathy, or the tulip mania supply records of greater enthusiasm than are to be found personified in many a conchologist.

There are other shells, and they are of evil; it is of their conchology that we are to treat anon. Far apart as east from west in pursuits, and thoughts, and lines of contemplation is your war-shell amateur from the dreamy, middle-aged, or, perhaps, already antiquated gentleman, for whom the tenantless houses of defunct sea molluscs present such a charm. A grim sootierkin is he, working amidst laboratory furnaces or foundry blasts, calculating how best he may evolve explosive elements to the end of demolishing his fellow-men. Cannon-balls may be said to set forth the prosaic aspect of explosive compounds, and war-shells their poetry. All that is refined and elegant in the art of projectile death-dealing is embodied in the construction of shells. The theory of these terrible agents is simple enough; but like many other things, their practice involves difficulties and delicacies of no ordinary amount. To hurl a solid lump of iron by the mere explosive force of gunpowder, trusting to a mere battering or perforating effect, is a rough expedient. The poetry of war-explosives was hardly illustrated until the idea occurred to some learned artilleryman of shooting a hollow shot instead of a solid one; the same hollow shot being filled with gunpowder—matters being arranged in suchwise that the hollow shot should burst after a given time calculated on, or when arriving at an object. If a lighted candle be stuck into a barrel of gunpowder, the latter will ignite and explode im-

mediately the candle-flame reaches it. In proportion to the length of candle, or more properly speaking, its combustible duration, so will be the period of time which must elapse between the period of first lighting the candle and the explosion of the gunpowder. This similitude enables us to entertain a very fair notion of the philosophy of a time-fuse; and as time-fuses were the very first to be employed, we may fairly accept the idea of the candle and the barrel of gunpowder as the starting point of our description of war-shells.

Lest it should appear to certain readers incongruous and irregular that, professing to treat of the philosophy of shells we fly off at a tangent in order to give an idea of the nature of time-fuses, let us take occasion to say at once what must be obvious enough to a reflective mind, that a shell without a fuse is of as little avail as a purse without money, or a bow without a string—altogether powerless and inefficient. Therefore of necessity is it that in the course of our remarks we shall mingle both together, except when dealing with special points relating to the one or the other individually.

In a general way, it may be said that the easiest application of a principle is the first application of it. It was thus in regard to war-shells, which on their discovery, and for a long time subsequently, were fired exclusively from mortars, otherwise called *bombs*, wherefore the term *bomb-shell* grew into a sort of household word in our language: no other idea of a war-shell being entertained. Probably we need not, even in the course of a non-professional article on war-shells, pause to describe minutely the construction of a mortar; nevertheless, no great harm will be done if we narrate the outlines of an anecdote in relation to it, premising that we do not affect to lend credence to the tale in the slightest degree. Once upon a time, as the statement goes, old Friar Bacon, mingling the triple ingredients, sulphur, nitre, and charcoal together in an apothec-

board, too. So full of pleasant stories and good songs was he, one night, that one of my boys could not resist the fascination of his company, but started off the next morning to join him, and has never returned."

If Gerald's curiosity was excited to learn many particulars of this celebrated bandit chief, the miller was only too happy to be questioned on a theme he loved so well. In his apprehension the Pastore was no ordinary robber, but a sort of agent, partly political, partly financial, of certain great people of Rome. This was a theory he was somewhat vain of having propounded, and which he supported with considerable ingenuity.

The Pastore himself was described as a happy-looking, well-to-do man, past the prime of life, but still hale and vigorous; and if not very active in body, with considerable acuteness and a ready wit. He stood well in the estimation of the peasantry, who were always ready to render him little services, and to whom in return he would show his gratitude by little presents at the fête days or scenes of family rejoicing. "And as for the Curé," said the miller, "only ask him who sent the handsomest chaplet for the head of the Madonna, or who gave the silver lamp that burns at the shrine of St. Nicomede!"

This strange blending of devotional observance with utter lawlessness—this singular union of *bon homme* with open violence, were features that in all his intercourse with life Gerald had never met with; and he was not a little curious to see one who could combine qualities so incompatible.

"I should certainly like to see him," said he, after a pause.

"Only ride that black mare through the pass of the 'Capri,' to-morrow; let him see how she brushes her way through the tall fern and never slips a foot over the rocky ledges, and I'll lay my life on't you'll see him, and hear him, too."

"You mean to say that he'd soon replace me in the saddle," said Gerald, half angrily.

"I mean to say that the horse would change owners, and you be never the richer of the compact."

"A bullet will overtake a man, let him ride ever so fast," said Gerald, calmly; "and your Pastore has only to lie in ambush till he has covered

me, to make me a very harmless foe; but I was thinking of a fair meeting—man to man!"

A gesture of scornful meaning by the miller here arrested Gerald's words, and the young man grew crimson with shame and anger together.

"It is easy enough to say these things, and hard to disprove them; but if I were certain to meet this fellow alone, and without his followers, I'd take the road you speak of to-morrow without so much as asking where it leads to."

An insolent laugh from the miller, as he arose from his seat, almost made the young man's passion boil over.

"You asked about the 'Capri' pass—that's a picture of it," said he, as he pointed to a rude representation of a deep mountain gorge, along which a foaming torrent was wildly dashing. Stunted pine trees lined the crags, and fantastically-shapen rocks broke the leafy outline, on one of which the artist had drawn the figure of a brigand, as with gun in hand he peered down into the dark glen.

"That is a spot," said the miller, half laughingly, "the Carabinieri of the Holy Father have never fancied; they tried it once—I forget how many years ago—and left eleven of their comrades behind them, and since that it has been as sacred for them as St. John of Lateran."

"But, I see no road—it seems to be a mere cleft between the mountains," said Gerald.

"Ay, but there is a road—a sort of bridle-path; it rises from the valley and creeps along up yonder where you see a little railing of wood, and then gains that peak which, winding around it, reaches a wide table-land. I have not been there myself; but they tell me how from that you can see over the whole Maremma, and in fine weather the sea beyond it, and the port of St. Stephano and the islands." The miller was now launched upon a favourite theme, and went on to describe how the smugglers, who paid a sort of black-mail for the privilege, usually took this route from the coast into the interior. It saved miles and miles of road, and was besides perfectly safe against all molestation. As it led direct to the Tuscan frontier, it was also selected by all who made their escape from Roman prisons. "To be sure," added he, "it is less fre-

siege of Antwerp by the French. This huge piece of ordnance had cast-iron for its material, was very ugly to look at, and took a shell of about twenty-four inches diameter. Only a few shots were got out of it during the siege of Antwerp, the mortar ultimately bursting with a charge of less than twenty pounds of gunpowder. This fact is sufficiently expressive as to the weakness of the material employed in constructing it. When we consider that ten pounds of gunpowder is the fitting charge for a long thirty-two-pounder—a somewhat small variety of big gun—the incompetence of the monster Antwerp mortar will be apprehended at a glance.

Few propositions appear more plausible, as we pointed out in a former article, than that of indefinitely increasing the resisting strength of a gun by merely increasing the thickness of it. Practically the result is otherwise; and mathematicians inform us wherefore it is otherwise. Without invoking the aid of any calculus, high or low, it will not be a difficult matter to explain how the result is brought about. Much error, in the contemplation of certain mechanical and chemical phenomena, arises from the habit one acquires of regarding certain varieties of events as simultaneous, whereas, in point of fact, they are rapidly consecutive. When a piece of ordnance bursts, it is a notion common enough that the bursting is instantaneous. The assumption, however, involves a mistake; the operation of bursting is gradual. It begins by a rent, or fracture internally, and proceeds thence outwards. The internal surface of a gun-barrel will have to withstand the whole brunt of explosion at first, and if the material were indefinitely rigid and indefinitely cohesive, then, of course, we should have indefinite resisting power, and the gun would not be capable of bursting under any amount of force applied. We need not state how purely hypothetical is the case. Practically, the very strongest materials possess a small range of cohesion and also of elasticity. The internal layers of a gun-barrel expand when the piece is fired, under the shock of explosion. Other particles press upon them from behind, but the pressure is exercised under the most

unfavourable mechanical conditions. It needs no mechanician to be aware that an arch can be more readily demolished by pressure against the keystone from within on the arch than by equal pressure in an opposite direction, and the former condition supplies the similitude of that which takes place during discharge on the material of a gun. If the outer layer of particles come to the rescue, and extend their pressure before the expansion of the interior layer of particles has exceeded their limits of elasticity, and if the pressure support from without be sufficiently great, then, but only then, does fracture not ensue. Not to be prolix, the matter comes to this: armourers have almost gone to the end of their tether, in regard to size of guns. To cast a giant piece of ordnance is not enough (though the casting of it be no easy matter); when cast one must be able to fire it—not fire it either with the insignificant charges employed for the monster guns of the middle ages, but fire it with the charges adopted by modern artillerists, and indispensable to the exigencies of modern artillery practice. Well, it would seem that modern monster guns cannot be efficiently constructed of any simple material now used for the manufacture of cannon. Neither cast iron nor bronze will do; wrought iron in large masses is still more unpromising. To what material, then, shall the aspirant after monster ordnance turn his longing regards? Mr. Daniel Treadwell in the United States, and Mr. Robert Mallet in this country, have both adopted modifications of the same expedient. Inasmuch as these gentlemen regard the formation of monster ordnance, constructed out of one solid block of material hopeless, they endeavour to carry out the idea of built-up guns. Starting from a cast-iron central tube as the foundation, Mr. Treadwell slips over it a sufficient number of wrought-iron rings, heated and screwed together for covering its whole length. Outside these rings he slips over others, and yet others, each successive layer of rings being superimposed, heated, whereby they contract, and exert pressure upon the metal lying immediately underneath, and care being also taken that the screw junctures of the ring system alternate. Something similar to this

costume. Gerald inherited this trait, and experienced intense delight in its exercise. He fancied his Eminence the Cardinal, balancing between fear and anger, sending out emissaries on every side, asking counsels here, rejecting suggestions there, while Giulia, too haughty to confess astonishment, would be lost in conjecturing what had become of him. If it should be wondered at that Gerald felt no more tender sentiment towards the lovely Countess with whom he had been closely domesticated, and who enjoyed so fully all the confidence of his fortunes, let us own frankly that it was not his fault; he did his very best to be in love with her, and for that very reason, perhaps, he failed! Not all the infection in the world will enable a man to catch a contagious malady, nor all his precautions suffice to escape it; so is it with love. Gerald saw in her one who would have adorned the highest station: she was eminently beautiful, and with a grace that was a fascination, she possessed to perfection those arts which charm in society, and had that blending of readiness in repartee with a sort of southern languor that makes a rare element of captivation; and yet with all this he did not fall in love. And the reason was this: Giulia had none of those sudden caprices, those moods of exorbitant hope or dark despondency, those violent alternations of temperament which suggest quick resolve, or quicker action. She was calm—too calm,—reflective—too reflective—and, as he thought, infinitely too much occupied in preparing for eventualities either to enjoy the present or boldly dare the future. These traits of hers, too, wounded his self-love; they made him feel inferior to her; and he smarted under counsels and advice which came with the authority of dictations. A casual wound to his pride also aided this impression: it was an accidental word he had once overheard, as she was walking one evening with the Cardinal in an alley of the garden adjoining one in which he was standing. They had been discussing his fortunes and his character; and she remarked, with a certain bitterness in her tone, as if contradicting some hopeful anticipation of her uncle. "Non, caro zio non. E piu capace de farsi Prete."

"No, my dear uncle, more likely is he

to turn priest!" Strange and significant words from one who held that order in depreciation, and could even dare to avow this estimate to one of themselves!

These words never left Gerald's mind; they flashed across him as he awoke of a morning; they broke upon him as he lay thinking in his bed; they mingled with his speculations on the future; and, more fatally still, came to his memory at moments when, seated at his side, she inspired hopes of a glorious destiny. Again and again did he ask himself, how was it that esteeming him thus she was willing to join her fate to his? And the only answer was one still more wounding to his self-love.

"What if she should have totally misconstrued this weak, uncertain nature? What if she should have misinterpreted this character so full of indecision? How, if this would-be priest were to turn out one reckless in daring, and indifferent to all consequences? How, if the next tidings she were to hear of me were from some far-away country,—some scene that might show how cheaply I held the tinsel decorations of a mock station—the miserable pretension to a rank I was never to enjoy! "At all events," said he, "they shall have matter for their speculations, and shall not see me for some days to come." And with this determination—rather like the resolve of a pettish child than of a grown man—he sauntered into the mill, where the miller was now busily engaged.

"Your master's despatches have nothing very pressing in them, I see," said the miller; "I scarcely thought to have met you this morning."

"I have ample time at my disposal," said Gerald; "so that I can reach St. Stephano some day within the coming week I shall be soon enough; inasmuch that I have half a mind to gratify the curiosity you have excited in me and make a short ramble through the mountains yonder."

"Nay, nay, leave that track to your left hand: follow the road by the head of Lago Scuro, and don't run your neck into peril for nothing."

"But you told me last night this Pastore was never cruel when it served no purpose; that he was far readier to help a poor man than to rifle him. What should I fear then?"

obliquely, and bowling along can be made to ricochet, killing as it goes before the final bursting time arrives.

Whether to be discharged from howitzers or from mortars gunpowder was the only material employed for the charging of war-shells until the commencement of the present century, when Colonel Shrapnell brought out the modification of shells which has since acquired his name, though also denominated *spherical case-shot*. The idea of a shrapnell-shell is so obvious that one wonders it was not discovered and applied before. A shell powder-charged merely is endowed with two varieties of force. If buried in the earth or in masonry before bursting its explosion acts as a mine; and to this end bomb-shells are chiefly employed. If the bursting take place during flight, or whilst ricochetting along, then it is the splinters of the shell itself which promote the cause of destruction; and, *cæteris paribus* the amount of destruction will be proportionate to the number of splinters into which the shell is rent. To Shrapnell the idea occurred of charging a shell, not with gunpowder alone, but with a mixture of gunpowder and musket-balls, or more properly speaking, balls similar in appearance to musket-balls; for, in point of fact, a metallic alloy, not lead alone, is employed in their manufacture. The explosive, or mine power of such a shell must necessarily be trivial; indeed the shrapnell-shell is never employed with that finality in view; but if such a shell be fired at an assemblage of men, and if the fuse appertaining to it be so accurately timed that the missile can be made to burst somewhat in anticipation of its mark, then necessarily the demolition caused by such a shell against masses of troops should be very great. Here, then, the reflective reader will begin to perceive some of the great difficulties incidental to the use of this variety of shell. The whole efficiency of it depends on its bursting before it reaches the object aimed at, and hence the success of shrapnell-shells, or the defects of them, is to the highest possible degree dependent upon a proper elaboration of the associated fuse contrivance. The fuses of common shells, whether howitzer or mortar; all shells, in point of fact, which existed prior

to the shrapnell were founded on the general idea of a cylinder of wood, or metal rammed equally with composition. At the advent of shrapnell-shells the fuses employed were similar; but since then the inefficiency of that plan has been fully demonstrated, and all nations employing shrapnell-shells have adopted some other variety of fuse. There are very few, if any, branches of military pyrotechny involving such delicacies of management and refinements of principle as the elaboration of shrapnell-fuses. The subject is hemmed in with difficulties. The tubular fuse of an ordinary bomb or howitzer shell may be thrust far into the shell itself, amidst the gunpowder charge, thus conferring on the military pyrotechnist the advantages of a long column of burning composition; thereby the timing of the fuse becomes a more easy matter. This resource does not admit of being utilized in the case of a shrapnell-fuse. Not only would it be injudicious to encroach on a charge of gunpowder and bullets, but it will at once be seen that the unyielding nature of the latter would admit with difficulty an elongated fuse. In their modern system of shrapnell firing the French have adopted a simpler shrapnell-fuse than the artilleryists of any other service. It consists of three separate columns of composition, timed respectively to 300, 500, and 800 yards. They are indicated respectively by a white, a blue, and a red cap. Whichever cap is removed the corresponding column ignites; hence, according to the French system, shrapnell-shells may be fired with a rapidity equal to round shot.

It is a circumstance worthy of being noted that the French military service has always been adverse to giving trouble of adjustment to soldiers on the field of battle. For years and years subsequent to the adoption of rifles as military weapons the French would have none of the new arm. A rifle was a phlegmatic weapon, they said, unsuited to the soldiers of impulsive Gaul. Not until the long-shooting Kabylean carbines put to shame the small powers of the French Brown Bess was it that the rifle principle became adopted as a matter of necessity; and even then not brought into use, until the genius of Thomenin,

from the dense copse and took the mountain side, disappearing at a jutting promontory of rock around which it seemed to pass. As his eye followed the track thus far he saw the flutter of what seemed a scarlet banner; but on looking longer discovered it was the gay saddle-cloth of a mule, from which the rider had apparently dismounted. He had but just time to mark this much ere the object disappeared beyond the rock.

Cheered to fancy that some other traveller might chance to be on the same road with himself, he now hastened his steps. The way, however, was longer than he had supposed, and on gaining the promontory he descried the mule fully two miles away, stealing carefully along over the rugged bridle-path on the mountain. The object became now a pursuit, and he strained his eyes to see if by some by-path he could not succeed in gaining on the chase. While thus looking he saw that two figures followed the mule at a little distance, but what they were he could not ascertain.

It was very unlikely that any of the "Pastore's" followers would have adopted a gear so striking and so easily seen as this bright trapping, and so Gerald at once set the travellers down as some peasants returning to their homes in the Maremma, or on pilgrimage to some religious shrine.

With no small exertion he so far gained upon them as to be able to note their appearance, and discover that one was a monk in the dusky olive-coloured frock of the Franciscan, and the other a woman, dressed in some conventual costume which he did not recognise. He could also see that the mule carried a somewhat cumbrous pack, and an amount of baggage rarely the accompaniment of a travelling friar.

Who has not felt his curiosity stimulated by some mere trifling circumstance when occurring in a remote spot, which, had it happened on the world's crowded highway, would have passed unnoticed? It was this strange attendant on these wayfarers that urged Gerald to press on to overtake them. Forgetting the peasant costume which he wore, and the part it thus behoved him to pursue, he called out, in a tone of half command, for them to stop, till he came up.

"Halt," cried he, "and tell me if this be the way to the Capri pass?"

The monk turned hastily, and stood until Gerald approached.

"You speak like one accustomed to give his orders on these mountains, my son," said he, in a tone of stern reproof; "so that even a poor follower of St. Francis is surprised to be thus accosted."

By this time Gerald had so far recovered his self-possession as to see how he had compromised his assumed character, and in a voice of deep submission, and with a peasant accent, answered—

"I ask pardon, worthy Fra, but travelling all alone in this wild region has so overcome me that I scarcely know what I say, or understand what I hear."

"Whence do you come?" asked the Friar, rudely.

"From the Mill, at Orto-Molino."

"And whither are you going?"

"To St. Stephano, after I have delivered a letter that I have here."

"To whom is your letter addressed, my son?" said the Fra, in a more gentle voice.

With difficulty did Gerald repress the sharp reply that was on his lips, and say—

"It is for one that neither you nor I know much of—Il Pastore."

"I know him well," said the Friar, boldly; "and say it without fear of contradiction, I am the only one he makes a shrift to—ay, that does he, ill as you think of him," added he, as if answering the half-contemptuous smile on Gerald's face. "Let's see your letter."

With an awkward reluctance Gerald drew forth the letter and showed it.

"Ah," cried the Fra, eagerly, "he had been looking for that letter this many a day back; but it comes too late now."

As he said this he pressed eagerly forward and whispered to the nun who was walking at the side of the mule. She looked back hurriedly for an instant, and then as rapidly turned her head again. They continued now to converse eagerly for some time, and seemed totally to have forgotten Gerald, as he walked on after them; when the Fra turned suddenly round and said—

"I'll take charge of your letter, my

each sectional part. Of the two sections thus indicated, one may be called a blind section, not communicating with the shell-charge, whilst the extremity of what may be termed the effective section is brought into communication with it by a length of quick-match. As is invariably the case with all varieties of fuse save Armstrong's, to be presently described, the Belgian shrapnell-fuse is ignited by the flash of discharge.

If we linger over the description of shrapnell-shell construction and practice, the reader must excuse us. These peculiar missiles involve an amount of tact and fineness almost lady-like in their development. There is a certain prettiness about shrapnell-shells and their fuses which the war conchologist dallies with, despite himself. Two sovereign princes number amongst their military defenders troops of lady-warriors—veritable Amazons. We rather suspect the lady-troops of Dahomey and Siam have not yet applied themselves to the question of artillery. When they do, we venture to assume they will devote great attention to shrapnell-shells, and prove adepts in the use of them.

Perhaps the circumstance will have been already remarked—if not, we beg the intelligent reader forthwith to note it, that all that we have yet stated concerning war-shells involves the use of non-rifled guns. As for mortars, unrifled they necessarily must be; a piece of ordnance so very short is quite uncongenial to the rifle principle. But, assuming howitzers and long guns rifled, would such rifled pieces be adapted to all the exigencies of shell practice? Would they prove congenial to the firing of shrapnell-shells? This is a most important question, and to the end of enabling the reader to grasp its bearing properly we will invoke the aid of a domestic instrument not destructive in any way, but which, nevertheless, under judicious management shall be made to illustrate the theory of destruction. The instrument we would invoke is no other than a mop. When trundled out, a mop, as everybody knows, scatters off fluid laterally in all directions. By a stretch of imagination we can assume each drop of water darted off to be a metallic bullet, and by another stretch of imagination the mop, thus rotating and scattering bullets, may be pictured

flying through the air. The bullets would be widely dispersed—indeed, there can be no doubt of that; and by the most obvious similitude it admits of being shown that of this sort would be the scattering of bullets emanating from a shrapnell-shell fired from a rifled gun. It is easy to imagine that provided bursting of a rifled shrapnell-shell could be accomplished immediately in front of a target, and at a short distance from the latter, a goodly destructive effect might be perceptible on the target. But it is also easy to perceive that if the distance intervening between the target and the bursting shell be increased, the chances of hitting the target would be much less by bullets discharged from a rifled than an unrifled shell. In point of fact, a rifled shrapnell-shell to be made in any degree efficient must be used under the two conditions of a fuse timed to the utmost point of delicacy and an exact knowledge of the distance of the object aimed at.

True, Sir William Armstrong's shell has made excellent shrapnell shooting in the practice-ground, where the exact distance from the target is known; but whether it would be equally successful in the field of battle, where distances are continually varying, and have to be judged of amidst smoke and confusion, these are questions yet to be solved. Strictly speaking, Armstrong's shell is not a shrapnell-shell; it does not, that is to say, hold bullets—the capacity of the shell not being large enough. The missile is so constructed that when the central charge is reached it splits up into a number of rings, and thus by different timing of the fuse the missile can be made to do the duty of a canister, or grape shot, or a shrapnell-shell; but the insignificant charge of gunpowder held by an Armstrong shell—little more than half a pound—totally incapacitates it from performing the functions of a mine.

Leave we now the Armstrong shell awhile, in order to make some further explanations relative to the numerous family of fuses. Until we shall have done so, the exact means by which the Armstrong missile is burst when required must remain untold. As we have said, the construction of his fuse is partly founded on that of Bormann, already detailed; but it is partly founded also on that of Moorsom, the

and kissed Gerald's hands over and over again. "He knows me not—at least, as I once was—the friend, the boon companion, of a king's son," continued he, passionately.

"Were you, then, one of his old Scottish followers—one of those faithful men who clung so devotedly to his cause?"

"No, no; but I was one he loved better than them all."

"And you, Marietta, dearest, how is it that I see you here?" cried Gerald, again turning to her.

"I came many a weary mile after you, mio Caro," said she. "I knew of these men's designs long, long ago, and I determined to save you from them. I believed I could have secured Massoni as your friend; but I was wrong—the Jesuit was stronger in him than the man. I remained at St. Ursula months after I might have left it, just to see the Pere—to watch his game—and, if possible, attach him to me; but I failed—utterly failed. He was true to his cause, and would not accept my love. More fortunate, however, was I with the Cardinal—even, perhaps, more than I wished or cared for—His Eminence was my slave. There was not a secret of the Vatican I did not learn. I read the correspondence with the Spanish minister, Arazara; I suggested the replies; I heard the whole plan for your expedition—how you were to be secretly married to the Countess Ridolfi, and the marriage only avowed when your success was assured."

She paused, and the Friar broke in—"Tell him all—every thing—the mine has exploded now, and none are the worse for it. Go on with your confession."

"It is of the other alternative he speaks," said she, dropping her voice to a faint whisper. "Had you failed—"

"And then—what then, Marietta?"

"You were in that case to have been betrayed into the hands of the English, or poisoned! The scheme to accomplish the first was already planned. I have here the letters which are to accredit me to see and converse with Sir Horace Mann, at Florence; and which I mean to deliver, too. I am resolved to trace out, to the very last who are accomplices in this guilt. The world is well edified by tales of mob violence and bloodshed. Even genius seeks its inspiration in inveighing against popular excesses. It is time to show that crimes lurk under purple as well as rags, and that the deadliest vengeance are often devised beneath gilded ceilings. We knew of one once, Gherardi, who could have told men these truths—one who carried from this world with him the 'funeral trappings of the monarchy' and the wail of the people."

"Of whom does she speak?" asked the Friar.

"Of Gabriel Riquetti, whom she loved," and the last words were whispered by Gerald in her ear.

Marietta held down her head, and as she covered her face with her hands, muttered—"But who loved not her?"

"Gabriel Riquetti," broke in the Friar, "had more of good and bad in him than all the saints and all the devils that ever warred. He had the best of principles and the worst of practices, and never did a wicked thing but he could show you a virtuous reason for it."

Struck by the contemptuous glance of Marietta, Gerald followed the look she gave, and saw that the Friar's eyes were bloodshot, and his face purple with excess.

diately establish a connexion between the burning fuse composition and the bursting charge within the shell.

Having thus given a succinct description of what may be denominated service shells: such, in other words, as are actually employed, it remains to slightly glance at the tribe of fancy shells, as we may with great propriety call them. A great deal has been said of late about charging shells with kakodyl, with cyanogen compounds, and other poisons. Very pretty suggestions, gentlemen speculators, but not so easy to put in practice. Supposing kakodyl capable of employment, which we doubt, who would like the task of making kakodyl? For our part we would rather be bound, for a punishment to work, day by day in a powder factory, with a lighted cigar perpetually between our lips, than apply ourselves to the frightful task of manufacturing that horrible compound. Ay, ay, depend upon it, steaming across the Atlantic is neither so difficult nor so dangerous a task as charging shells with kakodyl. Martin's shell-charge of molten iron, though never yet applied in actual warfare that we are aware of, is a pretty conchological device in its way, and not difficult of execution. The plug of a shell to be thus treated being removed, the shell itself is filled with molten iron, the plug reinserted, and the shell discharged. On arriving at its destination the external crust fractures, and the molten iron flying out, is said to prove even more destructive than red-hot shot, which, by-the-by, is almost needless; and here, *en passant*, let the circumstance be indicated that it seems hardly possible to fire red-hot shot from rifled ordnance.

Amongst the charge materials for fancy shells, the liquid fire, as Captain Norton calls it, first introduced, we believe, by Captain Disney, seems to admit of application to the purpose of warfare. It is nothing else than a solution of phosphorus in the bisulphide of carbon. Captain Disney illustrated the nature of this substance in a way that could rarely be practically applied. He filled glass globes with the liquid, and projected the globes against a target, by the hand, after the manner of a grenade. The globe shattering, the phosphoric solution was liberated, and the sulphide of carbon eva-

porating, the phosphorus soon burst into flame. Thus used, the compound has little sphere for practical application; but if it could be projected efficiently from artillery great use might be made of it. There is great difficulty however in accomplishing this, though small-arm rifle pickets have been hollowed out anteriorly and charged with glass tubes containing this material, with complete success. And here, while treating of small-arm shells, it may be well to mention that they afford many facilities not afforded by artillery shells, for the adoption of fancy charges. The direct percussion principle we have already announced to be a failure so far as relates to artillery shells; but used in connexion with small-arm rifles there is no difficulty whatever; and the destructive power of these weapons against ammunition is so great that we imagine they would not fail to be employed in future warfare.

When the ability to employ certain out-of-the-way chemical compounds in actual warfare is discussed, sufficient care is not usually taken to specify the conditions under which it is proposed to use them. In the field and on shipboard, the appliances of warfare cannot well be too simple. Any chemical refinements, prone to burn or burst, or otherwise put forth their energies prematurely, are to be deprecated. Nothing is so chilling to the spirit, and lowering to the *morale* of an army, as the consciousness of the employment of fallible war-engines. During the wars of the French Revolution our neighbours sent forth ships on the ocean, armed with fancy chemical explosives. The ships were fated; so to sea they went, and never came back—such being all that was ever known about them.

For ordinary garrison duty, or for employment by an investing force, there does not seem any reason, however, for limiting the appliances of warfare to those of mere routine duty. To argue that ordinary troops can not be expected to manipulate extraordinary agents of attack and defence, is not to the point. In a garrison, or within the besieging lines, picked men of advanced scientific acquirements from the two services might be employed, or civilians, if necessary. Notwithstanding the great number of

cary's mortar with many a whack and thump, the compound mass exploded under the force employed, projecting the pestle high aloft and suggesting a certain stumpy piece of artillery to which the designation *mortar* has been ever since applied. A mortar is never used for direct or horizontal firing. An elevation of forty-five degrees or about, is always given to it, whereby the projectile fired (a shell now invariably, though solid missiles were fired from mortars once) would, if the atmosphere were away, accomplish the longest possible range for the particular charge employed; and, seeing that the velocity of a mortar-shell is inconsiderable when compared with the velocity of missiles directly or horizontally fired, practically the atmosphere may be considered absent, so far as concerns the exigencies of mortar firing. Variations of mortar range are not effected, as in the case of other guns, by variations of elevation, but by varying the weight of powder-charge.

Consideration of the very nature of a mortar will make the fact evident that the shell discharged from it is intended to be dropped down *upon* an object—dropping there to rest until the fuse has burned out and the time of explosion has arrived. Under these circumstances the precise moment of its explosion can be a matter of no great consequence. The chief matter to be guarded against is that the timing of the fuse be not sufficiently short to determine the shell's explosion whilst it is yet in the air, when obviously the explosion would be premature, and the effects of it trivial or nil. Here, then, no great theoretical difficulty presents itself in bringing about the final explosion so that it may take effect. But if it were a question of firing directly *at* an object and determining the shell's explosion *in transitu*, many conditions of further difficulty would become involved and would have to be provided against.

These explanations will, it is presumed, be enough to make apparent the circumstance wherefore it happened that bomb-shells, or those fired vertically from mortars at an angle of forty-five degrees or thereabouts, were the first to be devised and elaborated to any degree of practical competence. Bomb-shells are exclusively *used* for

the demolition of fortifications. The genius of this sort of projectile is not well adapted to effect the slaughter of men; or more properly speaking, other varieties of shells, otherwise fired, are more competent to that particular application. Neither are bomb-shells of any use against ships, being too erratic in their course to be depended upon for hitting objects so comparatively small.

Against fortresses and other edifices bomb-shells, when properly brought to bear, are terribly efficient. The ordinary thirteen-inch bomb-shell used in our service, contains five pounds of gunpowder, which, caused to explode deep down in the midst of masonry, is able to effect an amount of demolition that maybe more readily imagined than explained. In respect of accuracy of aim the mortar may be regarded as diametrically opposed to the rifle-gun. The former embodies the maximum degree of wildness of firing, the latter its minimum. More than any other projectile, the efficiency of a mortar-shell depends upon the magnitude of it; and hence at various times attempts have been made to construct monster mortars. The difficulties, however, experienced in turning out an efficient mortar having an internal diameter considerably greater than thirteen inches are enormous. Some of these difficulties will be particularized by-and-by; meantime, let it be announced that in all modern military services about thirteen inches diameter is the limit of the dimension up to which it has been found practicable to construct an efficient mortar.

Most of the existing fortresses of Europe have been constructed on the assumption that no bomb-shell considerably larger than one of thirteen inches diameter can ever be launched against them; and when the fact is stated that the maximum penetration of such shell into well-compacted masonry has been most accurately ascertained, the significance of the term bomb-proof becomes apparent. If, then, by chance, it should happen that a shell of greater dimensions than thirteen inches could be brought to bear, the so-called bomb-proof fortresses would no longer merit that appellation.

The most memorable occasion of the employment of a monster mortar in actual warfare was during the

WOMANHOOD AND ITS MISSION.

PART II.

WHAT is woman's mission in domestic life? We feel that to investigate this subject with any fulness would be superfluous. We are overcrowded with theories and books upon Homes. It will be sufficient merely to state the principles which render it important.

It is important because the mother is the educator of the race. The child is father of the man; the nation is the result of motherhood. One day Napoleon said to Madame Campan; "the ancient systems of education are effete; what do we want that we may educate young France well?" "Mothers," answered Madame Campan. "Then," said Napoleon, capping the point with one of his pitily remarks, "here is a system of education in a word; but it must be your care to train up mothers who shall understand the instruction of children." One of the portions, then, of the home mission of women is to educate nobly; and in order to do this well, to be continually educating and elevating themselves.

The second principle on which her domestic mission rests is the importance of home. It is needless to show by a series of pictures how the working classes are rescued from intemperance, and the upper classes from evils as great, by a happy, bright, and well-ordered home. Reformers, temperance lecturers, poets, preachers, have all exercised their powers on such descriptions, till the subject is as well worn as the Appian Way. In one point of view, however, it may be touched on. One evil of advancing civilization is, that it brings with it a superabundance of manual toil to the labourer, of mental toil to the merchant or politician. On this follows exhaustion, and on exhaustion, the desire for stimulants. Now, whether these be sensual or intellectual they wear the man out more completely in the end. God's barrier against this wear of life is home and its gentle stimulants. A woman who thinks how she may delicatize existence and beautify evening life, by those nameless efforts for which her womanhood adapts her, is

pouring, in fact, new blood and new vigour into society. The rest and repair which night gives to the world of nature wearied with the light and corroded by the sun, is strictly analogous to the mission of women in domestic life, where they exist as wives or daughters, or sisters, to the manual and mental labourers of a great city.

Great is the mission which women have before them in the one word, home. Those of us who live in great cities and partake of the crowd which is called society, cannot but feel a faithless fear for Britain, when we watch the many tendencies and habits which uproot the dearness of home. A rage for travelling has come upon us. We hunt with all the eagerness of bloodhounds after false excitements, to free us from the dullness of domestic life. Spirit-rapping, distressed nationalities, religious controversies, large parties—gaeties which are the most mournful stupidities we know—clubs, evil assemblies; all these are followed and thronged, and home-life is ignored. Against all these we appeal solemnly in the name of this great principle which we desire to rivet in the hearts of our women, that true national life rests on home; for there the men of a nation are formed. The stability of England reposes on its purity and happiness. The powers and force of our country in war or peace are moulded beside the hearthstone; and when home ceases to be the dearest word on the lips of an Englishman, then, and not till then, shall close the empire of the Mistress of the Seas. A woman who makes home a reality indeed, works no trivial work. She is doing her devoir as a daughter of her nation. She is keeping our Empire great, and true, and conquering. We thank God that our ancestral homes are no abstractions. We thank God that our Queen has felt this truth so strongly. We bow in all reverence before the woman who bears witness to the truth that her kingdom reposes on the sanctity of home.

Again we press it on the women of

mode of construction is that adopted by Mr. Robert Mallet in the construction of his monster mortar, a piece of ordnance which has an internal diameter of no less than three feet. It holds a shell, the average weight of which is not much less than one ton and a-half, the charge of which being no less than 480 lbs. of gunpowder, and the cost of each shell, when charged, the not inconsiderable sum of £25. It would appear a somewhat expensive matter to bombard an enemy with these missiles, though Mr. Mallet strives to make it appear, and we think not unsuccessfully, that under certain circumstances, bombardment with such monster shells would be cheapest in the end. If it be a difficult matter to make fortresses sufficiently strong to withstand the bursting effects of five pounds of gunpowder, the charge of a thirteen-inch shell, one can easily imagine that the effects of 480 pounds of gunpowder, exploded under parallel circumstances, would be irresistible. Collateral difficulties in the working of these monster mortars there would doubtless be, nevertheless no question can exist as to their adoption if only sufficient strength could be imparted. Mr. Mallet's mortar is complacently written down a failure, though having witnessed the practice made with it, we think a modified form of the term might, with greater propriety, be applied. True, it has never withstood a charge of more than seventy pounds of gunpowder, whereas it was calculated to withstand a charge of 150; true, it has got finally damaged by a charge of only forty pounds; but the effects of its practice with that diminished quantity will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Happening to have seen the monster mortar fired; happening to have stood within 200 yards of the spot whereon the shells descended, to have watched their downward plunge upon hard clay-land, excavating a passage for themselves more than twenty feet deep down into the earth, we are hardly prepared to call the practice of Mr. Mallet's mortar a failure. True, the range, only 1,700 yards, was inconsiderable; true, the mortar was seriously damaged at the sixth round, nevertheless the fact that a shell no less than three feet in di-

ameter was fired at all, the mortar not bursting in any proper acceptation of the term, is a *great* feat. One would not require of such a piece of ordnance that it should do duty very often.

A bomb-shell contains nothing but gunpowder, and its fuse is of the simplest construction; being formed of a tube rammed full of composition, and timed so as to burn through equal lengths in a given number of seconds. The practical length of the composition in the fuse is regulated either by slitting into the composition with a saw, or else perforating it. The far greater facility of timing a fuse so as to explode a shell subsequent to dropping, than of timing it in such a manner that it shall burst *in transitu*, is a circumstance adequate of itself to explain the adoption of bomb-shells, before the adoption of shells horizontally fired from ordinary long guns. But there is yet another reason. For a long time subsequent to the discovery and employment of bomb-shells, the notion was entertained, that it was absolutely necessary to ignite the fuse of a shell specially by hand, instead of trusting to the flash of the gun, for that consummation. Now, this operation necessarily involves a mortar. With a long gun it would be impossible. Hemmed in by these considerations, shells appear to have been exclusively used for the purpose of bombarding edifices until the period of the wars of Frederick the Great. At that time the Prussians cast a longing eye at shells as a means of destruction in the field; but to this end it was absolutely necessary to modify the mortar; to reduce the weight to render it capable of motion in a vertical plane (elevation and depression); and to increase its length. Concurrently it had been ascertained that manual ignition of the fuse of a shell was unnecessary—the gun-flash always proving sufficient if due precautions were taken. Thus, by howitzer practice was shell-firing first rendered generally compatible with the requisitions of field service. A mortar-shell dropping from the usual elevation of about forty-five degrees plumps into the ground at once, a result not desirable when the demolition of troops is in question. A howitzer-shell fired at a smaller angle strikes the ground more

not measured by outward welfare so much as by inward elevation: that is something of the mission of women to men in society.

The second thing requisite for woman's social mission is, that she should return to a reverence for natural life and feelings. Woman should be the prophetess of the real and human, against the artificial and conventional. The most unreal, inhuman thing among us is high society. Worldliness, understood not as the catch-word of a party, but as that power which keeps us back from the invisible, eternal, and real, is utterly opposed to a true humanity. For what is it which makes the man or the woman if it is not the undivided, immortal, unsatisfied spirit which lives within? And nothing in that world, which is called society, ministers to, or fulfils the imperishable reality which yearns within us. Consequently high society is eminently unnatural; it has nothing to do with the truest tendencies of human nature. Now, if womanhood is any thing it is intensely spiritual in its powers and its work. We do not use the word spiritual in a religious sense alone, but as embracing every thing which is opposed to the outward and material. Women then, are, or rather should be, martyrs to the truth that real life is a life which rests on spiritual realities, and that it, and it alone, is natural life. Alas! it is too true that they are as worldly as men, even more so; for in proportion as a nature is more spiritual does it fall lower, when it falls at all. When shall women take a high position in society and preach a lofty freedom? For with the bounties of civilization we have corresponding slavery. We are enslaved and degraded by a passion for property. Love has lost its wings of heavenly azure, with which it soared, light as a lark, into the empyrean, and now grovels on the earth weighed down by a burden of red gold. Faith in human nature dies, like Tarpeia, under a mass of unmeaning compliments and untruths, all the more ghastly because they are uttered with the hand upon the heart. The healthy freedom of the soul which fears not to utter its convictions, the natural laugh and natural expression are checked by *Duessa* in the borrowed garb of modesty. We are all slaves more or less in the society of a great

city; we labour under the weight of our own high civilization. Oh! we want womanhood, true, loving, natural womanhood, with all its religious and inspiring power, to descend and fill the hearts of our women with such force that they may be in the society of the town what they are in the country, and what they feel themselves to be in their truest moments. We want them to cry out of the depths of their inner nature, against all this prostitution of love and natural feeling; to vocalize the thought that property for itself is worthless, that slavery to the spirit of the world is the heaviest and most galling yoke ever yet laid on the eagle neck of that human nature which God created to rise unfettered in aspiring freedom to the sun.

We cannot as yet hope for this. The evil seems ineradicable, except at the expense of a revolution in society. As long as no natural communion exists between the sexes, there can be no progress. But the idea is gaining ground each day, and in the slow change, which is the essential characteristic of English life and English politics, will fulfil itself by its own native energy. We care not for objections or impossibilities—immortal truth will and must prevail. We look forward to another race of women, not better women than we have now, but women with truer and more fearless views, who shall understand that only in liberty of spirit, in contempt of worldliness, in a free and unsuspicious intercommunion between the sexes can society advance to its ideal, and men and women be made more modest, more noble, more pure, more real.

The third and last point we notice in the mission of women in society is that they are fitted by the delicate appreciation and sympathy of their nature, not only to draw out goodness and genius in those they meet, but also to combine men and women of opposing and various powers into an united body by spreading a spirit among them as a bond of union. Women have no nobler office than this. To recognise the hidden fire which burns in men, and to call it forth to light the world; to touch the fine points of character with an unobtrusive finger in the reserved men of study, and travel, and science; to lure them on by a witchery they are unconscious of to

Deloigne, and Minié had so modified its structure, and the structure of its ammunition, that a rifle could be charged with all the facility of an unfired small arm.

Whether the shrapnell-fuse of our neighbours timed for only three distances be competent to give the best effect to shrapnell practice, is a moot-point. Doubtless great rapidity of loading is insured, shrapnell practice, according to the French system, being no less rapid than practice with ordinary round shot; and there is reason to believe that the real efficiency of French shrapnell-shell firing is greater than might be expected from a first glance at the condition involved. The fact must be remembered, that so long as a shrapnell-shell bursts before arriving at the object, and as the firing is never in vain, and though three columns of composition may not be capable of giving the best theoretical effects for any conceivable distance, yet many competent artillerymen affirm the French system to be better on the whole than systems more competent in a pyrotechnic sense; but more difficult in detail.

The English shrapnell-fuse is the invention of Captain Boxer. To aid us in the description of it we will avail ourselves of the book on projectiles by Dr. Scofield:—*

"To preserve it from air and moisture (Boxer's fuse), is capped with tin like a bottle of pickles. By means of a tape running underneath the cap the latter may be pulled away. It is graduated to seconds in two lines, † a dot corresponding with each figure. Assuming it to be desired for the shell to take effect after a flight of two seconds, the fuse is pierced through the dot corresponding with the figure 2, and similarly for all other distances. The mechanism of the thing is this: The fuse contains *three* longitudinal bores; one about three-tenths of an inch in diameter, holding hard rammed composition, beginning at the igniting or outer end of the fuse, and stopping short of the bottom; *two*, each of about one-fifth of an inch diameter, charged with quick-match, beginning at the lower or bedded extremity of the fuse, and stopping short of the top. Such being the construction, it follows that whenever communication is established between the hard-rammed composition, and either

of the quick-match tubes, the quick-match will ignite, and explosion of the shell will be determined."

The Belgian or Bormann shrapnell-fuse merits special attention, not only because of its intrinsic cleverness, but because it constitutes part or the foundation of Sir William Armstrong's shell, to be mentioned in detail afterwards. Except the Bormann-fuse, and fuses based on the idea of it, the construction of all others involves the tight impaction either by removing or by pressure of composition in a tube coincident with the axis of the latter. It follows, then, that however well devised the system of ramming or compression by other means may be, the capital disadvantage will remain of a column of composition varying as to density in zones perpendicular to the tubular axis, or, more simply speaking, in the direction of burning. Consequently, it is impossible that equal length can be indicative of equal times; and thus to some extent, indeed, the first requisition of a good shell-fuse will be violated. The composition of a Bormann-fuse is impacted into a channel excavated horizontally in a round block of soft metal. If we figure to our mind a boy's catharine-wheel deprived of all turns save one, and that the outside or largest turn, a very fair notion will be obtained of the general idea of a Bormann-fuse. Not only is the composition pressed into a channel excavated in soft metal, but it is overlaid with a covering of the same metal hermetically sealed, in point of fact, in suchwise that the composition is actually isolated from all external influences, whether atmospheric or otherwise. Without minutely detailing the disposition of parts involved in the construction of a Bormann-fuse, the circumstance will readily be apparent that if the horizontal composition layer of a Bormann-fuse be cut into exactly midway, and the two severed portions ignited, then combustion will proceed right and left, and both divisions of the channelled composition will be consumed in exactly the same time. It will, furthermore, be apparent that by varying the point of section the duration will be varied of the burning of

* 4th Edition: Longmans. 1859.

† Each 0.1 of an inch corresponds to a second.

gradation. They should work at home, or they can sew, is the cry of ignorant men in answer to this. But for thousands there is no work at home; there are thousands who have no home; and the milliners' workshops are so overstocked that girls cannot get sufficient remuneration even to clothe themselves. What refuge is there?

There are 150,000 women in London labouring under a shilling-a-day, 50,000 of whom do not gain sixpence per day. Thus, the amount of compulsory and unwilling prostitution is something almost too terrible to think of.

In one case, then, in the reduced woman of the middle classes, there is no hope for her, as she will not resort to crime, but ill-paid governessships, and that but rarely, or sewing—and the end is but too often starvation or madness. What is to be done? Simply to throw open to the women of the middle classes some professions, particularly the educational.* It is too soon as yet to speak of the medical profession as peculiarly fitted for women; yet, in America, there are now female doctors practising with great success. To us this appears not only plausible, but even right. There are many diseases which especially belong to women. It is a wide field of work, and one which appears to us naturally open to women; and surely all the world is agreed on woman's capability as a nurse. In the Crimea Miss Nightingale and the *Sœurs de Charité* bound up and tended the most ghastly wounds with medical care and foresight. With all our heart we would desire to see that branch of the profession which especially has to do with the diseases of women thrown open to regular and accredited practitioners of their own sex. If once the prejudice were got over there are many among the middle classes, whose only hope now is governessship, who would go willingly into special training and pass any examinations that might be required.

Even if the whole range of the profession were thrown open to them it

would be no new thing. In ancient times they were the great medical authorities. The Greeks and Romans made health a goddess. And womanhood would not be lost, but rather would find a sphere in which it would be most nobly developed.

Again, Mrs. Jameson, in her admirable work, "*The Communion of Labour*," has shown what noble results follow from the superintendence of penitentiaries, workhouses, hospitals, and prisons, by women.

It would be too long in an article like this to enter into her work; but we earnestly recommend it to all who are interested in the question of unemployed women. We state a few of her principles. The first is contained in the title of her book: that the energy of the woman should be combined with the directive powers of the man, each rendering a loving, helpful hand to each. In this she carries out the great law which we have laid down elsewhere—the mutual dependence of the sexes. Another principle is that these women should work solely for love. In this we partially disagree, for it confines the sphere of labour. In England, particularly, we require to be paid. But her element is too important an one to be lost. We would have a compromise. Take, for example, the workhouses. In no institutions are the women so brutalized and so tyrannous. Now, if there were a staff of paid women, superintended by another staff who had devoted themselves to this work for love alone, we think that such a system would eventuate well. On the one side there would be paid labour for those who want it, on the other side there would be a check over tyranny and abuses, for complaints could be made and wrong redressed without suspicion.

Another principle, and the most important of all, is that for all work of this class women should be fitted by *special training*. There is nothing which retards the social advance of women more than their dislike to this. Without it their case is hopeless. As

* A great step has been made towards this by the institution of normal schools for female teachers, and by women being eligible for grants from the Privy Council. This will give a spur to exertion; and as the subjects examined in are the same for both sexes, women may in time force themselves forward as candidates for higher educational employments.

construction of which, after a few preliminary words, we shall proceed to disclose. Reflecting on the facility with which a common percussion-cap admits of being exploded, one naturally asks himself whether that principle of ignition be not capable of application to certain varieties of shell. Shells destined for the naval service, to cite a pertinent case, are not wanted to explode *in transitu*, like a shrapnell-shell, but immediately on striking the object aimed at, or rather immediately after perforating the same. Such shells are neither discharged from howitzers nor mortars, but from large-bore long guns. This constitutes the Paixhans, or incendiary system, concerning which we awhile ago treated. Would it not be well to effect the bursting of such shells by something like a percussion-cap attached to them? That has been tried again and again—fruitlessly tried so far as all direct application of the percussion principle is concerned. Firstly, the percussion-cap apparatus would be useless and unmeaning except dependence could be placed on the particular side of the shell striking first to which the cap was attached. Now, this involves the rifle-gun; and rifle ordnance are things of the future rather than of the present. Moreover, the first great shock of discharge is just as likely to explode this sort of arrangement as the first shock of impact. Shortly, then, the arrangement, in the case of ordnance shells at least, has not been found to answer; percussion-shells have not succeeded, though certain modifications of them known as *concussion*-shells have done well enough. The concussion-fuse adopted in our naval service is that of Captain Moorsom. Its construction may be described as follows:—In a metallic tube opening inwards—that is to say, amidst the powder-charge of the shell, certain little angular blocks of steel are suspended over a patch of fulminating composition by means of a wire passing through a hole drilled in each of the hammers. When the shell which has a fuse of this sort is discharged, the following result takes place: the first shock, viz., the shock of discharge, breaks the wire and liberates the steel hammer; the next shock, or that of impact, dashes the steel hammer against the patch of fulminating composition and explodes

the shell. Armstrong's fuse proper (each of his shells is supplied with two fuses), will now be made plain. The Moorsom principle is not adapted in its construction to the end of bursting the shell, but to the end of igniting the modified Bormann-fuse, which, owing to the length of Armstrong's shot, could not be ignited by the mere blast of discharge. As regards the second or supplementary Armstrong fuse, it is bedded within the shell, being destined to take effect if from any cause the other fuse should fail. It is nothing more nor less than a Moorsom concussion-fuse a little varied, and this is all we need say about it.

Summing up the attributes of the Armstrong shell, it will be found firstly of no avail as a substitute for a bomb or howitzer-shell—any variety of shell, in point of fact, the efficiency of which is proportionate to the force of powder-charge. Whether it can make good shrapnell practice in actual service is questionable. Looking at the small calibre of the Armstrong gun, the discharge of grape and canister is evidently uncongenial to it. We believe Sir William's idea is, that his shell can be made to take the place of these, by a mere short timing of the fuse.

Belgium seems a land highly congenial to the development of shell fuses. The Belgian shrapnell-fuse is a very ingenious affair, as we have seen. The Belgian concussion-fuse (Springard's) is even more ingenious, solving as it does the problem of turning out an efficient concussion-fuse without the aid of detonating powder. The thing is done this wise: fused composition being rammed hard and equally as possible into a tube of wood or metal, a conical excavation is made into it axially, and the walls of the cone are varnished with solution of shell-lac. Next, plaster of Paris is poured into the excavation, and whilst yet plastic, a conical spindle, smaller than the original conical excavation, by the thickness of the plaster wall designed to be formed, is thrust into the plaster. The result is obvious. The tubular fuse has a hollow cone of plaster within it well supported on every side by the composition. But let the composition burn away, then the hollow plaster cone becoming exposed will shatter on impact, and shattering, will imme-

The watch is composed of many distinct parts, some requiring force and decision in the worker, while many are so exquisitely delicate that for them the fine touch of the female finger is found to be far superior to the clumsy handling of the man. Now, within the London district, including all we had in 1851, there are but 4,800 in the trade, and last year only 186,000 watches were stamped of British manufacture. This number is so contemptible in proportion to our home consumption, that in 1855 duty was paid on 90,670 watches." Mr. Bennett then asks why the vast mass of our unemployed women should not be encouraged to enter on a trade for which Swiss women "have proved themselves so eminently adapted."

"For any man to declare, whatever his motive, that the women of London are sure to do badly what the Swiss are now doing so well, is an insult and a fallacy in which I refuse to join. No factory system is necessary for the manufacture of this very beautiful little machine. The father has but to teach his own daughters, wife, and female relatives at his own home; and then, just as their leisure suits, they can perform each her part without necessarily interfering with the most indispensable of her domestic duties. Thus the whole family is well provided for; and by the reduction of the cost of the watch, the sale would be increased indefinitely, and this increase would give additional employment to men and women in about equal proportion. Working watchmakers have no need to fear the introduction of female labour; the large demand that would necessarily ensue when watches were materially cheapened in price, would more than compensate for any temporary loss; the change it would effect would be found not only a moral good and a great social blessing, but would satisfy the indispensable requirements of a strong commercial necessity."

Now, let our readers remember that these are the convictions of no theorist, but of a practical man, well known to be one of the foremost of his guild. Another point we would call attention to, since it meets an objection frequently brought forward against the employment of women, is that this class of work can be carried on at home. Here, too, we see the communion of labour, and remark that

the best work is done by men and women—each complementing the other's labour; and the law of the difference in kind between the sexes is practically stated by Mr. Bennett, when he reserves the portions of the watch requiring decision and force for men, and those of delicate handling for women. Such is one opening for that sad 70,000.

There are many others. We were glad to see in the *Times*, some months ago, that in the northern counties women were largely employed at the telegraph offices. For this business the sex is eminently fitted. That fine sensational perception which we spoke of in our former article as belonging to womanhood seems almost to be given to them in anticipation of such employment. Subtle quickness of sight, velocity of hand, are much needed, and women have these by their very nature. Accuracy, which is the only other requirement, should be given them by special training.

Other fields of labour which we have not seen mentioned, though we dare say they have been, we proceed to suggest. As engravers also women might be largely made use of, for the immense amount of artistic female power which is running to waste in London and Dublin for want of a few special training schools and a few practically philanthropic tradesmen would astonish an investigator. Engraving does not require inventive power, which is the rare attribute of genius, but artistic talent combined with keen apprehension of what the artist meant to say, a high sense of the justice and honour which ought to be done and felt to his work, and a fine knowledge of the importance and the effects of chiaroscuro. For this, of course, training is necessary; but, supposing that given, we should challenge any objector who should say that these qualities are not to be found in womanhood.

As designers of chintzes, wall-paper, muslins, and lace, we believe that they are employed; but no means have as yet, so far as we know, been taken to teach women the art; and as long as there are no constituted schools or training places where talent for such business can be discovered, and where the manufacturers may look for women whose genius for the work they may be assured of, so long no practical

wild and impracticable suggestions which come before the public from time to time, there can be no doubt that the genius of warfare has profited largely from civilian suggestions and discoveries; and despite all opposition is destined to go on profiting. We do not know to what extent the circumstance may have impressed itself upon others, but we could not help being struck with the fertility of resource displayed by the Russians in the late struggle over that of their antagonists. The so-called infernal machines were a strong protest against tradition and conventionalism. Much harm, indeed, they did not effect, but the success of the principle on which they were based was demonstrated. The fougasses, primed to explode when trodden upon, and used extensively by the Russians at Sebastopol, were not less elegant than effective; and the marvellous earth defences of Tottleben were a protest against the dicta of Vaubaun, and a triumph over conventionalism of world-wide recognition.

Few who are not in the secret can form an adequate notion of the force of precedent and prescription in the British army. We did not adopt the rifle for general infantry until the adoption of that weapon by continental nations had forced us to take that step; and the announcement we are about making may appear so extraordinary to some that we shall not be surprised at their disbelieving it altogether. It is a fact, nevertheless, that within the last two months the Enfield rifle has stood a narrow chance of being abolished in our military service—not abolished in favour of another and better rifle, but *in favour of the old smooth-bore musket*. Such we proclaim to be the fact, and it originated thuswise:—On various periods in the late Indian campaigns the Enfield rifle could not be loaded. The cry went forth that the guns were to blame, that the gauge of some of them was too small, *wherefore*, after ten or twelve rounds the bullet could no longer be got down. But if the gauge were really to blame, loading should not have been possible at all.

Inasmuch as certain of the Enfield small-arms are manufactured by private firms, whereas all the ammunition is manufactured in the Government laboratory, there is an additional reason for determining the cause of failure. There was an attempt to make scapegoats of the private manufacturers, but they would not have it. They challenge inquiry, and are confident as to the result. Well they may. The War authorities by this time perfectly well know where the difficulty lies—in the cartridge or rather in the grease of the cartridge. The fact is simply this:—Enfield gun cartridges require lubrication, otherwise they cannot be used. Our war chemists have been lubricating them with a mixture of wax and tallow—*hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Tallow holds certain fatty acids, principally the oleic and stearic, and these fatty acids acting upon lead for a long time together form the adhesive substance known as diachylon plaister, wherefore it has happened that in trying to load an Enfield the adhesive plaister envelope surrounding the ball has stuck to the barrel, and thus interrupted further loading.

So great was the dismay caused by the failure of the Enfield, as made known through a communication from Lord Clyde, that the cherished arm had well-nigh been thrown aside altogether in favour of the smooth-bore musket. It was saved that humiliation. The Enfield is retained, but at the expense of a covert injury. The diameter of the Enfield picket has been reduced fifteen hundredths of an inch; the expanding wooden plug is thrown aside; the mixture of wax and tallow is abolished, pure wax being substituted. Pure wax, as a lubricant! Might not the laboratory authorities, as well try the effect of cobblers' wax, or bird-lime, as a lubricant while they are about it? But the Enfield ball is now so preposterously small that there is little need to lubricate it at all. The accuracy of the celebrated weapon has now departed. Only by a stretch of language does it now merit the name of rifle.

should give her an education which will bear on some practical, remunerative business in life. Each parent may choose such a pursuit as he sees adapted to his daughter's temperament, or to her future position in the world. If this were so, we should have finer constitutions and finer characters in our women. Sorrow would not fall on them with such a crushing weight; the loss of love would not extinguish life; we should not have so many self-eating women; for in real, productive work is the panacea of the shattered heart. It is easy to tell a woman that she has work, though she knows it not; that the simple round, the common task, are sufficient for her—wise advice, considering present circumstances. But have we ever realized how we men would feel in the same environment; have we ever been just enough to allow the enormous difficulty of a girl's position who has been given no aim in life, who has no work cut out for her, who is forced to find in trivial duties the only realization of those high prophecies within her of action spent on worthy objects? We talk much nonsense of woman's sphere. Her sphere is everywhere, and we confine it to the drawing-room and the kitchen. It is her duty, true, to be at home, and to work at home; but what becomes of all the unemployed time? There are many women who have no home functions. It is a Christian thing to bow before God's will; and we coolly tell women that they must work out their life quietly among their circumstances. The question which we never think of is, whether they may not be put out into life under better circumstances; and it is our imperative duty as parents and as men to see that our daughters' lives are not always imprisoned by the chains of circumstance and convention. It is our imperative duty to cease mocking them with a Christian formula, as long as we do nothing ourselves to free them from a bitter and hard necessity. This can only be done by supplying them with an aim and real work in life.

The same holds good of the girls of the lower classes. The evil of many a girls' school is that nothing but sewing is taught. Neither intellect nor character is developed. No aim is given to them in life, and when

they leave school, instead of rejoicing to enter on an arena where they hope for conquest, their eyes grow dull, and their intellect and active power lose all energy; for they feel that they are leaving the only home, the only impetus of exertion, in leaving school. We ourselves have known a school in London, where the clergyman refused to teach geography to the girls, alleging that sewing and spiritual instruction were sufficient for them, as if shirt-making could keep them alive—as if spiritual instruction would, in nine cases out of ten, keep them true and chaste, without purpose in life, or intellectual power to understand what truth was.

We will now turn our attention to the influence and mission of women, with regard to the great social problems of the day.

The first of these is the contest between the rights of property and the rights of labour—a contest as old as David's time, when he demanded food as a right from Nabal in requital for protection; as old as Rehoboam's, when on the death of Solomon the oppressed working classes of Israel rose against the tyranny of the rich, which was concentrated in the haughty lordlings of the court; a contest shifting from age to age, and changing with a nation's changes, but always underlying a large national life; a contest which cannot be arranged by law, for the rich will always feel that they have an indefeasible right to their property; and the struggling mass of labourers will ever declare, as they look on the vast surplus of wealth possessed by the higher classes, so called, that they have not a proportional value for their toil. Such a battle we say cannot be arranged by law, for the law of to-day would not be suitable for to-morrow; and secondly, every political economist knows that the equality proposed by socialism only settles the evil for the time—that twenty years after property had been equalized it would be unequalized again; for the men of intellect, and perseverance would soon uplift themselves into wealth, and claim in their turn the right of labour to well-won property.

One remedy alone exists—the spirit of the cross of Christ. Private Property, as the name imports, is not to be seized by others; but it may be

our nation, keep home happy, for then you will keep men pure. Make home a reality, for you will thus concentrate national life. Honour with silent reverence the humble dignity of home, for it is one of the greatest powers in the world; honour it as the rallying word of a nation's battle; honour it as the fountain of all pure emotion and high motives; honour it as the one witness yet existing of the paradise that has past; honour it and keep it pure for the sake of the exile, who holds it as the most sacred thought of the present; honour it as the symbol of the heaven of the future.

There is much difficulty, much struggle in this work; but for it womanhood is wonderfully fitted. Self-sacrifice, which is love exhibited; high ideals, which produce self-elevation; delicate perception and delicate tact, which beautify daily life, and smooth the waters of irritation and complaint—these are her powers. And though the labour seems fruitless and fameless, yet to those who look largely on the work of time there is no name too great or too important to apply to a mission whose centre is the heart of home, but whose circumference is the universe—whose effects extend beyond the limits of existence, and shall be found in all their fulness only in that infinite future, where God reigns in a kingdom whose dearest name is, home.

Then there is the mission of women in social life. Vast and complicated as this is, it is, perhaps, possible to state it briefly, if we endeavour to discover its principles.

The first thing needed is, that she should be true to her primary mission; but for this she must form a truer conception of her womanhood than at present prevails in society.

To elevate herself, then, is the first requisite for her mission as a social being. Now, elevation does not consist in being a leader of fashion; nor is it won by efforts after increased position. "Fashion," as said Channing, "is a poor vocation." To be the arbitress of dress, the priestess of frivolity and change, the leader of the apparent, the unreal, and the perishable; to spend life as the copyist of the great—in a struggle after a higher circle, which is misery when gained; as the adorer of the meteor and not of the sunlight: that is too often wo-

man's idea of her mission in society. *That* elevation? No. True elevation is elevation of the soul; is in unwearied effort after the ideal which God has placed within the spirit; is the effect not of an outward and showy, but of an inward and real change. And this elevation of soul must arise in women from their own exertions. For what is true of the freedom of a nation is true also of every individual: men and women can only cease to be slaves to error and convention by their own native strength. But to gain this power there is necessary for women a more enlarged and wiser system of education.

If that were once gained—if women, through self-elevation, had begun to be true to their own high womanhood, and to work from it, from the inward to the outward—and many are the isolated examples of this—a noble work extends before them. Their mission in society as the helpers and regenerators of men begins. To teach all men the glory of purity, not by lecturing, but by a life; to fill that mass of eyeless, sightless persons who walk this world and see no loveliness in it, with the refining sense of the beauty they are formed to love; to stamp a worthier impulse and a higher reality on all professions; to lay the ideal of his work before the soldier—to teach him, from the quick livingness of self-sacrificing love within her, that the Christian idea underlying war is death for others. What Arnold did for Hodson, women may do for officers. To do the same for the clergyman: to quicken his wearied energies by sympathy, to fill him with the sense of the awful worth of an individual soul, to infuse into his spirit, hardened often by constant contact with sin and misery, the delicate susceptibility which is hers by nature; to prevent the lawyer from subordinating truth to the interests of his clients, by ever holding up the higher duty to eternal truth; to prevent the necessary sternness of restraint over sympathetic feeling in the doctor from falling into coarseness of soul, or loss of true natural feeling—by being the witness to tenderness and sympathy; to check the merchant's tendency to seek all good in utility and materialism, by pouring the excellence of beauty and spirituality into life; to declare to the politician that national prosperity is

her righteous conviction of Christian right, and her own fine and proper labour, then, in mutual dependence on each other, the man and the woman will work out an answer on their own estate, at least, to the problem of the rights of property and the rights of labour.

We believe that women are willing and ready to do this, but they have not the knowledge. How can they energize against an evil if they are ignorant of the existence of the evil? We keep the powers of woman in abeyance: we crush half the influence of humanity as long as we give to our daughters and our wives inadequate culture. Women seldom take much interest in these social enigmas in afterlife. From their girlhood we would teach them political economy, the fluctuations of national life, and the storms which brood upon the surface which appears so still to them. They should be accustomed to look on these problems as subjects of solution which they are to help to solve. They should be acquainted with the condition of the poor and the labouring classes, with their struggles, their aspirations, and their demands, and urged to do their utmost in life to meet their difficulties. They should be taught that the only principles which will solve the social knots, are those Christian principles which God has pre-eminently given them as women. Again, we say, we want a larger, more human, and more prospective education for our women. We wish them not only to know Christianity, but the application of Christian principles to the domestic, social, and national life of the world.

There is another social question which has arisen more immediately in consequence of the advance of civilization. This is the division of labour and its effects. Now, in early national life, or in savage communities, all the energies of a man are drawn out; for the various nature of his occupations necessarily calls into vigorous action all the varied and complex powers of the individual. But by the minute subdivision of labour which a large civilization brings with it, and to which we owe the perfection of manufacture, the intellect is dwarfed and confined; for, in all life, excellence is purchased by a corresponding loss. A man whose whole

being is devoted to washing bottles, or cutting corks, or pointing needles, becomes only a machine; his whole nature, intellect, and senses are restricted to one thing, and all the rest of his powers lie fallow for want of culture. Life is as wearisome and monotonous as if he were an ass in a mill, ever pursuing the same unthinking round. Now this cannot be changed. In a largely populated and productive country the division of labour is a necessity. The question is, cannot the consequent evil be alleviated. Much may be done by mechanics' institutes, lectures, and libraries; but it has often struck us that if readers were appointed to the large rooms in the manufactories, in the same manner as was practised in the refectory of the monastery, some of the men—we venture to say almost all—would be glad. Of course the books should be amusing and instructive. Short explanations also could be given. Now, we see no reason why these readers should not be women who had gone through an elocutive and literary training for their work. They would readily come for a small salary, and should be drawn from the unemployed women of the middle classes. There would be no evil arising from this, no insults would be offered. We have deep trust in the thorough desire of elevation, and in the natural reverence of womanhood, and in the manly character of the mechanics of England. We believe that such a scheme, if carried out in practice, would tell most beneficially on the evil of the division of labour, and indirectly on the character of the men.

We come now to a difficult subject, difficult because whatever views are put forward they are sure to meet opponents. The subject is the elevation of the working classes. Now, a class can only be uplifted by its own power; no outward force can ever succeed. This is the mistake of Socialism: that the improvement of the well-being of a class is equivalent to its elevation in the scale. On the contrary all improvement must begin from the inward and work itself forth to the outward. Only by self-culture can the working classes be raised—by moral, religious, mental, and physical self-culture. But men object to this on the grounds of the division of labour. They say that one

give themselves freely to society; to call forth humble genius; to be the defenders of true men and women, and the disseminators of truth. This they are adapted for. It seems an unworthy mission at first sight. But nothing is so worthy as the manifestation of light, however done, if it be done with reverence and purity. Again, it is a noble thing for a woman to bind different characters together into a common cause, by becoming their presiding and spiritual head. Who can forget Vittoria Colonna? Round her the choicest religious and artistic spirits of Italy congregated. Each found in her something accordant with himself; each found in her sympathy and help; each drew from her inspiration, and all were thus bound one to the other by their mutual love for her. We submit these two possibilities to women. In each they may find true and ennobling work. But to fulfil either part they need a strong and high education. To understand or to combine deeply-educated men there must be mental strength and mental knowledge. And against this men raise the foolish cry, "Our women shall not be blue-stockings—strong-minded women lose womanhood." But was Madame de Sablé a blue-stock and not a most charming woman? Were the long line of Italian and Arab learned women false to womanhood? Was Lady Jane Grey unsexed? Were the salons of France ruled by blue-stockings and not by real women; and to them we owe the *Pensées* of Pascal, the deep morality and science of Nicole, the "*Maximes*" of La Bruyère and Rouche-foucauld. We do not wish women to obtrude their knowledge. We do not desire women to make a boast of a little learning, but to use deep learning to draw out other learning. We do wish our women to be nobly educated, purely educated; to be taught to think well, and think strongly; and then the more they know the more silent and humble will they become, for all real knowledge has that stillness of the ocean which is gained from depth. The more wise a woman is the more thoroughly woman she will be.

When from woman's mission in society we turn our eyes upon her work considered in relation to the social questions of the day, we are met at

the very outset by the ghastly problem crying in our ears its melancholy data, and waiting for solution. Given the millions of unemployed women who are fading with *ennui*, or starving, dying, or living in degradation worse than death—how shall we employ them?

On this problem we propose to enter with much humility.

We have written of the qualities which fit women for their work, and of the laws which restrain it within its proper bounds.

There is no question but that want of work is one of the greatest evils which falls on women at present. Men, on the contrary, are overworked. Women are confined to a miserably small sphere of labour. We do not demand field-work for them—that degrades and imbrutes many a woman; but even that is better than idleness or stitching at sixpence a-day. It is a bitter cruelty to the upper classes that they are only taught accomplishments; but this is not so much felt or needed when riches are abundant and physical health may be supported by exercise. But among the middle classes, for large tradesmen, shopkeepers, small lawyers, or poor clergymen, to educate their daughters merely to make a figure at the piano or to be able to speak a few languages is a shameful want of foresight. It is in these classes that we find that dreadful amount of hysteria which is the child of *ennui*, of the want of objective interests, of the felt impossibility of realizing their dreams of action. It is from these classes that the bands of governesses are swollen till the supply becomes too large for the demand. It is a cruel thought that educated and refined women are exposed to offers of £10 a-year for services which often comprise needlework and nursing, as well as teaching. No wonder, as we were told in Swift's Hospital, that in almost all asylums the third part of the women-patients are governesses. Absolutely for women of the middle classes who have been reduced there is nothing open but millinery or governesship. Now, here women have rights. They have a right to labour—to earn their living by the work of their hands. By strenuous effort we are pushed forward in the scale of being; and as long as no manual work lies before women, so long they must be subject to de-

ing every girl in the parish-school a cheap system of cookery. Again, there comes before us that cruel thought that our education of poor girls is not a prospective one. If they left our school good cooks, there is not a shadow of doubt that one of the reasons which drives the husband and the father to the gin-palace would be removed. A good dinner will keep a man at home, and give him a quiet rest and exhilaration after the labours of the day, prevent him from seeking a false repose in false excitement, and establish in him a love of that home where he is so comfortable. A pleasant home life is the first step toward the elevation of the working man.

Again, women are calculated by their very nature to impress men by order, neatness, and cleanliness, and nothing tends more than these to elevate the condition of the working man. These principles, and the high ground Christianity puts them on, should also be engrained in girls by ladies.

All this may seem contrary to the principle we started with, that the elevation of any class cannot be gained by bettering their condition, but must be the product of their own inward force. But we do not say that these things will elevate them; they are solely our duty, because they remove impediments in the way of elevation; they do make the field of self-culture an easy one to work in.

But women can do far more. Their very nature teaches them with keenness the eternal distinction between right and wrong, and leads them to the thought of the importance of the individual; and so, as the first step in culture, they may make a man feel his dignity and worth as a human being; may induce him to believe that there is something within him, spirit and mind, infinitely more grand than any thing material; and that to degrade either by neglect is ruinous, to exalt either is the essence of manliness. Women have a strong sympathy; we beseech of them to be true to their nature, and to go fearlessly and sisterly among the men they may chance to meet, and witness by their lives to the fact of brotherhood, and the individual responsibility of man. Impossible! But what has not Miss Marsh done? Taught a whole

class, and that generally esteemed the rudest, to elevate themselves. Casting herself in a noble womanly trust of manhood on the hearts of these rough men, she tamed, and blessed, and exalted all. With one word she quelled the riot at Sydenham, when the law had failed; for the men loved her who had taught them that they were men; they loved her, for she had been to them the apostle of Christian brotherhood, of serious religion, of a high morality; they loved her, for she had gone amongst them, not as one of a higher rank, but as a sister; they loved her, for she had instructed them how to elevate themselves; they loved her, for she had given them the truth of eternal rest to balance a life of toil; the hope of everlasting life, to uplift them above the privation of their position; the belief in one Father and one incarnate Son, to elevate them above the theories of Chartism into the knowledge that not by outward force but by actual real sonship they were already equal to all in the sight of Him; all sons of the one Father; all brothers in the one Christ. To a working man believing that, all systems of false elevation, of pushing into a higher rank, were dreams, Socialism and Chartism were foolish, for they were attempting to realize that which had been already realized for them in Christianity.

It was high womanhood which performed this wonder. She was true to that delicate intuition, which saw the good under the hard rind, and touched it into life. She was true to that unflinching trust which believed against hope in good; true to that fine sympathy which felt what was necessary to each peculiar character, and applied a fitting balm; true to truth, she made the men believe her; true to her whole womanhood, she upraised them by presenting to their spirits an unconscious ideal in humanity to which they strove to rise, and which they felt to be pure and worthy. She performed her mission well, because she was true to God; and what she has done among the rough labourers who have no settled home may be done by every woman, not in *her* sphere, but in the sphere of action which God has given to each. At home, in society, to all those whom she touches in life, a woman may give high impulses, may enable

nurses, as superintendents, as teachers, as visitors of the poor, as professional persons, as workers, if they would ever establish for themselves a recognised place in society, they must submit to slow and "special training." It is, unfortunately, the thing they most shrink from. Their enthusiasm, which would rush immediately into work, is damped by the necessity of long and steady perseverance. Theirs is that vaulting ambition which overleaps itself. So much the more reason is there that while young they should be forced, as we are, to work out their object gradually. It is well said in a book* we have lately read, and to which we are indebted, that "dilettante visiting, desultory fits of charity, must give way to serious application, laborious preparation, and long study." The same principle must be carried out if the women of the middle class should ever have the career of business opened to them. And why women who have been fitted for them should not fill partnerships and clerkships, be employed in offices, or as superintendents of departments in the manufactories, we cannot understand. In France the wife and daughter are often clerks. In England a public official was desirous some time ago of employing women, but prejudice stepped in and trod the wish under his iron heel.

We have no time to enter on objections. We only state what should be, and rely on the great principle that women have a right to work fulfilling itself in time. The evil is patent and sad enough. That a woman of the middle classes should be reduced to three alternatives—to be a governess, to stitch, or to die—is in these days, when bankruptcy is so common, a terrible social problem.

So far we have turned our attention only to the unemployed women of the middle classes. The other portion of the picture is no less gloomy in its shadows. There are, as we said, 150,000 women in London working under a shilling per day. If we deduct from this 80,000 prostitutes, thieves, and bad characters, we have 70,000 women who need employment. For these there is nothing open. The sewing market is overstocked. Many of

these have no domestic functions; all would be glad to eke out their savings at home if they could. Now, they have the right of human beings, as well as men, to participate in labour, and it is a shameless denial of justice to exclude them. But the objection is made that if women are admitted to work, men will be thrown out of employment. To put out of the question the miserable selfishness of this, it is false to the facts of political economy. For if articles are made cheaper by increased means of working, the demand will be greater. At first there would become distress, but afterwards the benefit would be felt. The very same objection in a different form was made to the introduction of steam-labour, and now we are aware of its futility.

Let us look on the matter in a particular instance. Mr. Bennett, of Cheap-side, has published a lecture which he delivered on the employment of women in watch-making. It is both excellent and practical.

He states that after being struck at the Paris Exhibition with the immense superiority of the Swiss watches over all but our first-class ones, he determined "to take his own eyes for a month through their principal manufacturing districts." He states that "quality, strength, and elegance considered, the Swiss are nearly forty per cent. under our prices." He found in these districts "causes in active operation that explained the whole matter. From these leading manufacturers I (Mr. Bennett) learned that 1,500,000 watches were made last year (1855) in the Neuchâtel district, and this over and above the produce of the Geneva district. They declare, too, that their powers of production have doubled in the last seven years. The marvellous ingenuity of their tools and their skilful economy of labour fully confirm this statement. *Thousands of women* are at this moment finding profitable employment at the most delicate portion of watch-work throughout the district round Neuchâtel. The subdivision of labour is there made so minute as to adjust itself precisely to the special capabilities of every woman's individual dexterity.

* "Social and Industrial Position of Women." John Chapman, London.

gentle sympathy, and the deep religion of womanhood.

In Madras there is a Female Orphan Asylum where 200 orphan girls, the daughters of soldiers, are brought up to be soldiers' wives—in fact, military nurses. Dr. MacPherson, who was the principal medical officer of the Turkish Contingent, at Kertch, is the superintendent. The girls are taught a general knowledge of the human body, its organs and their uses. They are instructed in the principles of sanitation, are trained to all the needs of a sick room or sick ward, and are fully educated in household medicine, so as to be at once actively and practically ready with a clear head to apply immediate remedies to the sudden diseases and sudden hurts common in the Indian service. They can prepare poultices and superintend linen, and are acquainted with all the minor necessities which are so important in disease. Now, an institution such as this, for girls and women desirous of becoming nurses, would be most valuable. We cannot overlook any longer the enormous importance of training. By the Census of '51 there were 25,466 professional nurses—39,139 employed in domestic service, and 2,882 midwives; and for these no really *adequate* education is provided. A medical training-school for women, on the basis of the Madras one, would meet this want. It might easily be placed under the superintendence of ladies; and it is most important that it should be, for our nurses should be ladies, not in rank, but in feeling; and the true way to help them to this is, to place them under educated, refined, and Christian women, who should above all be thoroughly liberal in feeling. For our earnest hope is that yet there will come the time when men will cast aside prejudice and freely admit womanhood into their work. Till they are taught the practical utility and spiritual influence which women have on all, and especially on medical work, they will be unaware of how much they have missed, of how incomplete their labour has been. We expect the time when true women—feeling, believing, and realizing their own womanhood—will go round our wards and bless by their very presence the sick;—when Milton's terrible lines

will fade into falsehood—when it may be said of many what the soldier said of one, that the very shadow of Miss Nightingale passing his couch seemed to do him good.

What we have said of the necessity for a better class of women in hospitals applies with the same force to the workhouse. No long time ago we saw a woman who had lived in the middle class of life, and who by misfortune had been forced to place herself in one of the best—a sad best—of the London workhouses. The woman who superintended her ward treated her with such cruelty that her brain was almost maddened. The other wards were under better management; but it is a shocking state of things when the improvement or the degradation of women depends on the chance allotment to a ward. *All* the superintendents should be far above the possibility of brutality. The elements of true womanhood—of ladyhood in its highest sense—must be brought to bear on the workhouse system, or else it will remain for ever the disgrace of a civilized and wealthy country; and not on these only, but on every social institution. Those who object on the grounds of women being necessarily unpractical, incapable of management, are simply ignorant men, to whom we would recommend, for one day, the charge of their house, and see how they would manage it. Moreover, the facts on the opposite side are irrefragable. "Oh, but they go to work in such a poetical, ideal way," cry these eminently sensible men. So said, or thought, Sir George Gibbs, when Caroline Chisholm took the cause of the emigrants in hand; and yet, a few years after he thanked her publicly for her utility. No history is so charming, so fresh, so romantic, as Mrs. Chisholm's work in Australia. No system of management was ever so attractive and so intimately practical. "From first to last," she says, "in following out my system in Australia, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls." Her plans were adopted in almost every case by Government after opposition; and where they were not, succeeded far better than those of the Government. In the United States, Miss Dix, starting in life as a teacher, began, when she had gained a sufficiency, to visit the pri-

efforts in this line can be made to meet that sad 70,000.

Much cry is there in America about admitting women to the franchise. It is founded on their rights and duties as human beings. Talleyrand himself declared that their exclusion was, on abstract principles, impossible of explanation. Here, however, in England, John Bright, Quaker as he is, and accustomed, we suppose, to female preaching, would scarcely push reform so far. But there is a cry which every true man should raise in these countries—a cry of indignation against men who exclude women, not from the franchise, but from work which belongs by right to them. One shameful instance stares us in the face every day we live. We enter a large shop in London, or one of the great Dublin marts, and there what do we see? Tall fellows, whose “essences turn the live air sick,” with fallow faces and abundant hair, whose sole exercise is a well-calculated vault over the counter, whisking silks and smoothing satins, discoursing on the mysteries of muslin and lace, measuring ribbons with hands in which we long to put the spade or the sword, and often—sometimes with encouragement—muttering some fade complimentary impertinence into the ear of a lady customer. It is not the fault of the young men themselves; they are generally a fine set of youths, who desire some nobler and more fitting life, and whose faults are the faults of a false position. But if there is any thing in what we have said on the difference in kind between the sexes, and in the variety of spheres of work following therefrom, these men are out of place. The work itself is not mean work—no work is degrading if well done; but it is shocking to see a man dandling a score of ribbons on his strong arm—not that the work is a degradation, but that it is driving women to loss and ruin. “Back, gentlemen, back,” says Legouvé, “you not only are out of your place, but you usurp the place of others.” In France it is very different, and the preponderating influence of French fashion, which owes its power to the *women of France*, is sufficient proof of the utility of the opposite arrangement. Women sell, too, much better than men; they are quicker in their intuitions of the wish and taste of the customer, and are

much more able in that vivid recommendation of an article which persuades the buyer even against his will. We have heard a Frenchwoman selling and recommending a bonnet, and the whole of this *affaire de tête* was done charmingly. The advantages of employing women largely as sellers in shops follow directly from the natural characteristics of womanhood. The practical advantages would be immense; the things would be shown off better, and sold quicker; the same inventive genius which has put French fashion on the summit of society would be drawn out in England and Ireland.

For all these positions of work a more enlarged system of education and training is necessary. No father or mother to whom there is the possibility of bankruptcy should permit their daughters to grow up without practical knowledge: book-keeping, for example, and a knowledge of trade and its fluctuations. Habits of business should be early instilled into their minds, that they may be able to meet their husbands with help and skilled advice. It is a strange anomaly to see practical men, who wear out life in work, succumbing to the idea that for their daughters and their wives the creed of fashion is good—that deadly creed that idleness and accomplishments, *strenuæ inertie*, make the lady. She is a lady who is one in heart, who has that within that passeth show. They will not be the less accomplished for such practical teaching. A woman who feels her feet well set on the rock of some useful knowledge will have a zest in her piano and casel which the mere dilettante in life can never know. The *ennui* which keeps a girl back in her accomplishments will vanish, and Beethoven will be all the more loved when it follows as a relief from the sterner pursuits of single and double entry. The study of business will give tone and vigour to the mind, and will make a maiden feel that she can be useful in life, that her father, or brother, or future spouse, will find in her a helpmeet now and hereafter. We do not confine the practical education of the women of the middle classes to these things, but we are deeply impressed with the conviction that if a parent would save his daughter from hysteria, weakness, morbid self-analysis, that feeling of uselessness which kills existence, he

THE STORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

A SERIES OF DESIGNS BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

ALMOST an epic poem is the story of the Norman Conquest, replete even with the proper elements required by the phrase as employed by the romance poets. There is a hero, and his adventures of war and love; a kingdom lost and won; a whole nation temporarily subjugated, and all the incidents to be desired for the march of a fine dramatic poem. As the theme for a work of art it is more than usually interesting, from the singular fact, that the most complete series of historical pictures which can be said to have reference to England of an early date have this for their subject. When we allude to the Bayeux Tapestry as a series of historical pictures, the reader will, before smiling at us as enthusiasts, please to examine them and judge for himself if they are not worthy of the title. With due allowance made for the circumstances of their design and the age of their production, doubtless he will admit that there is no such series known to him, the interest of which is at all comparable to these—and also, that, if we consider the main point of historical art to be the vivid and spirited illustration of a grand theme, which in itself is dramatic and purposeful, there is no such series of fine historical works in existence as the Bayeux Tapestry, and that they contain all the best qualities required for a fine epic, or rather dramatic poem.

With some such feeling as this we presume our great Irish artist chose the subject for his magnificent series of designs, a series on which we have not the slightest doubt his fame with the future will most worthily rest. None of his works,—and it is with deep consideration that we say so,—none of his works so fairly represent the immense genius of the artist; there is a grand progression of art with the theme and motive of the subject, which marks in the most unmistakable manner the poet dealing with the accomplished hand of the artist as its most worthy weapon. Mr. Maclise has produced several series of designs,

such as the illustrations to Moore, &c.; but no one of them, and not even his finest pictures from the "Halt of Bohemian Gipsies," the "Captain's Rock," "The Vow before the Ladies and the Peacock," or those more recent works, the "Noah," and the "Ordeal by Touch," will, in respect of those highest merits of art, design and composition, be in any way superior to, and indeed rarely do equal, this splendid series of what may be truly called national works. Moreover, the amount of labour expended upon them and the number of years they have occupied the painter's mind, have been far more than in any so-called national pictures. No painting of modern days, yet seen, can compare with these for a labour of love, or the perfect success which is the natural result thereof.

Therefore, as the most complete of modern historical works—indeed the only such that can be called a series—these works demand notice from us, the more especially when their author is so distinguished an Irishman as Daniel Maclise. When before the public a few years since, at the Royal Academy, they received much attention; but by no means so much as their transcendent merits demanded: now that they reappear in a situation where they can be fairly studied, at the French Gallery, it would be unpardonable if we omitted to call the attention of all lovers of art to their excellences.

We must begin with the statement that these designs are forty-two in number, drawn on white paper with great care and elaboration; the only fault which can be found with their execution is, that the figures are frequently too broad, or rather not tall enough; although in no respect mean and vulgar. No. 1 represents "Harold, departing on a visit to William of Normandy, taking leave of Edward the Confessor." The old historians relate that when the son of Godwin informed the king that the object of this journey was to devise the freedom of his brother Ulfnöth and his

given freely, sacrificed nobly, through love; given, not by an outward and coercive law, but by an inward and free desire, which feels that by a real right, founded on no written law, but on unwritten equity, the poor should receive of the rich man's surplus. Men cry that the labouring classes have no respect for rights. We know no body of men that, as such, have a deeper veneration for rights than the working classes of this kingdom. Their very nature is built on it. But when they hear their rights decried—and labour has its rights—when they see a rich man feeding high and sleeping soft by their means, and then refusing to give, and denying their brotherhood as men, then they cry against the wrong. Blindly and by false methods, it is true, they try to establish their rights, but nevertheless the cry is based on truth. It is a wrong, not in the sight of earthly law, but in the eyes of the eternal equities of heavenly love. The working man has no respect for wealth and rank *per se*. A lord, a rich manufacturer, who is not noble in heart, or rich in honour, is a worthless piece of flesh in the eyes of all true men. To venerate such a man is to degrade veneration into idolatry. But no honest working man ever grudged the rich man his riches, or the peer his rank, when he beheld him in life and action recognising the labourer as a brother, as one who had his rights, and giving freely and nobly of that which God had given. For such a man—and many such there are in Britain—the working men have a deep respect, and would with their utmost help defend his property from wrong; but to the fool of wealth and position no honour is due.

Two spiritual principles, widely recognised and largely acted on, can alone atone this war: the spirit of giving in love, and the spirit of Christian brotherhood. To feel that wealth is ours, not to aggrandize or minister luxury to ourselves, but to bless and elevate others; to feel that property or rank does not make us higher or more worthy than him who has them not, but all the more his brother; to meet men as the children of the same Father on an equal footing, giving them our hand, not in condescension, but with all the ease of a conviction which has so entered life as to make it unconscious of itself.

By these, and these alone, can the Chartist and the Socialistic cry be stilled.

Now, both these spiritual principles ought to find a natural home in womanhood, if it be true womanhood. Women by their very nature possess the deepest power of self-sacrifice, a keen appreciation of rights, and an exquisite faculty of sympathy. They should be martyrs; that is, high witnesses to the world of the rights of the poor to the rich man's surplus wealth, of the right of the labouring man to be recognised as a man and a brother. Both in society and in action they can do much. They can spread the idea far and wide in those circles where their influence is paramount. They can manifest to the working man that they, at least, despise the unchristian terms of upper and lower classes. They can—by a large sacrifice, by sacrifices undreamt of as yet—show to the world that there is to them a higher right than the right of property—that there is no such thing to them as the glory of rank or wealth apart from worth. They may personally, by visiting and kindly words, by a steady recognition of the brotherhood and equality of all, teach the working man that they hold him as one with themselves—and in this they may find a noble mission; for what is nobler than to sacrifice and sympathize largely, than to promulgate truth, in order thus to crush a social falsehood. Their influence is enormous, as all indirect influence is in a social question of this kind. They act on it not by law or force, but by the spiritual powers of their womanhood; they know not what might one word of theirs may have, spoken at a fitting moment; they know not the power which the quiet inculcation of these truths may possess over their brothers, husbands, or fathers. The contrary is too often true. Many a woman, marrying a man who before had been interested in the advance of his labourers and tenants, draws him away to vanity and town life, and spends his money in adorning herself or her house. Such a heart is false to all the high promptings of its womanhood. But if she act with and strengthen her husband in his plans, and add to the directing power and thought of the man her own delicate sympathy,

is admirably expressed by the strong clasp of the hand he gives to the delivered captive, who does not seem quite at ease nevertheless, as he feels himself overcome by the predominant star of his future conqueror. Looking over the shoulder of the Duke are the faces of the bright Matilda, and the softer countenance of Adeliza, whose pathetic gaze prognosticates early death. Many of the subordinate groups in this series are masterpieces of composition, as may be seen in a most remarkable instance of a number of courtiers standing behind the chief figures in this design. No. 9 shows the submission of Conan, Earl of Brittany, to conquer whom Harold had assisted the Duke of Normandy. The Bretons abase their banners to the earth before William, who stands in a haughty attitude, his arm on the shoulder of Harold. The leaven of flattery had begun to work and the Duke found hearty assistance from the man he intended to betray. The progress of this is further shown in the tenth subject, where Harold kneeling before William receives the dignity of a Norman knight, Matilda places the golden chain around his neck, and the Duke draws his sword to bestow the accolade. Ulfnoth and Haco stand behind, and in the sides of the picture is a banquet of nobles, a peacock standing at the head of the table. None of the designs transcend this either in variety of character, composition, dignity, or spirit. The figure of William seeming to expand before us as his designs develop themselves, is remarkably grand. The famous incident where Harold swears fidelity to the Norman is represented in the eleventh drawing. William, with eager look, watches the face of his dupe on seeing the relics fraudulently placed beneath the pall, which is at the moment withdrawn, displaying the grinning skulls and jewelled bones of the saints within the coffer; his huge limbs and lion eyes are full of intense action and expression. The twelfth design shows the departure of Harold, loaded with gifts, from the Duke.

In the thirteenth illustration Harold has presented himself to Edward, who, recumbent on a couch, listens to the confession of the Earl with weak regret and distress. The Queen, who shares his anxiety, looks eagerly at her brother. One of Edward's

priestly favourites, a Norman, watches intently, and conveys by his expression the artist's idea of the partizanship of these men. The death of the Confessor is the subject of the fourteenth example. Helies half raving on his bed, relating that quaint vision upon which the chroniclers built so much of his reputation for sanctity. The priest holds a cross and points to it as an emblem of hope. Weeping women are at the bed-foot. The coronation of Harold is the next theme. Fate seems following him still, for although grave and dignified, he is full of thought even on the throne. The aged Aldred places the crown upon his head, while Stigand holds a crozier. The relations of the King are about, each telling by his attitude his character, the strong Gurth, the young Leofwin, Edith, Githa, and Aldith. The brave Earls Edwin and Morcar stand by. Harold's action of clasping firmly the orb of dominion to his breast is fine and full of suggestiveness. In No. 16 Harold is married to Aldith, sister of Edwin and Morcar. The seventeenth shows the latter raised on the shield as Earl of Northumbria. A fine design.

The history relates that William was trying some new arrows, in his hunting-ground at Rouen, when the news of those events reached him. A hasty messenger approaches him in the drawing, and with hand on his shoulder tells the tale. The Duke drops his bow, and seems about to front his coming fortunes. "The Traitor's Galley," No. 19, shows the flight of Tostig, Harold's rebellious brother, and is, to our mind, the finest design of the series. The galley, manned by six rowers, flies the English coast; Tostig lies sullenly at the stern, his neglected robes flying behind him in the wind. The action and look of motion about this work are the most successful amongst the grand qualities of Macclise's productions. The following almost equals this in spirit, showing Hugues Maigrot, the messenger of William, denouncing the penalty of perjury to Harold, who, seated on the throne, with a fine look of indignation, fronts his accuser's uplifted and meagre hand, as with wild, passionate action he discourses, holding the Bible. Most energetic is the figure of Maigrot. The next two

man is born to think and another man to work, and that every class should keep to its own sphere. False; for as surely as each man's soul is his own proper care—as surely as no one has a commission from God to hold the spirit of any in his hand—so surely no man has a right to assume the power of thinking for his brethren. No; the working man has a right, as a man, to believe in God for himself; to cultivate his reason for himself. Thought is as universal as religion, and it is as much a man's duty to elevate his intellect as to elevate his spirit; and to keep the working man ever to his drudgery, to unfold his animal powers alone, to shut him out from the progress of the mind within him, is as shameful as to reserve the Gospel of Christ only for the initiated. Protestantism protests, in behalf of the liberty of the individual to investigate truth for himself; and we are false to the foundation-stone of the Reformation when we close the avenues of culture from the working man, by prating of the division of labour as God's law. Our work as educated men and women is not to damn thinking in our labourers, but to help them to think for themselves. Every thing is given to us to impart fearlessly and freely. A great soul only finds its true existence in making others great. We have said that the elevation of the labouring classes must begin from themselves, must arise from their own wish. Our business, then, is to awake that wish, to stir the spirits of a class we have too long ignored mental exertion, by manifesting to them truth, religious and intellectual, by representing with a brother's kindly power the ideals of existence.

To enter into the means by which men can initiate this is foreign from our subject. Let us see what powers woman can bring to bear upon the masses.

Practically, a woman may do much towards the improvements of the home life of the labourer. To expect that a man or a woman living in a narrow room and eating daily unwholesome and half-cooked food, can have the wish for elevation spiritually or intellectually, is a miserable mistake. There is nothing which so depresses mind or so enfeebles struggle as bad food succeeded by bad digestion. Now, here a woman—a lady

—in her visits may do much. Every woman who has any interest in the poor should make herself a mistress of cooking. She should possess herself of Soyer's receipts for cheap dishes and teach them to every labouring man's wife and daughter. She will find that many a satisfying, wholesome family dish can be made for a few pence. To us it is most melancholy sometimes to see young girls reading the Bible only to the poor, while half-starvation is staring greedily through the eyes of the listeners. How can they feel an interest in spiritual truth while they have that bitter inward gnawing? And yet by a little trouble these ladies can really lay the foundation of a desire for knowledge by giving the labourer better food and a more healthful stomach. In the worst parts of the parish of St. Giles, full of ghastly poverty and more ghastly degradation, a young girl, who had been redeemed from the midst of them, and whose story is one of those romantic ones which we meet frequently in the details of the London City Mission, has opened a large district to the means of improvement. She had sought instruction in books, in the Bible, and in easy literature, in cooking, and then she went a self-constituted missionary among her early friends. She taught simple dishes, she read the Scriptures and other books to the men and women. There was but one large kettle among the inhabitants of a whole street. She induced them to club together and to make tea for themselves in this monster of ironmongery, and got them to meet socially at one another's houses, linked them together by a common bond, excited them to learning and elevation, established a system of comfortable food, and spread thus a spirit of communion and a desire of something higher through the worst streets of the district.

Now, if ladies would do this where they could, and where they could not would educate and train some one to do it, of the place and rank they wish to improve, they would give a vast heave to that inert Sisyphæan stone, the awakening of the lowest class of working men and women. To begin at the beginning, it would make this more practical and more possible for ladies, if they would resolve on teach-

well shown; and then comes Harold sitting at a banquet in York, when news arrives of the landing of Duke William. Harold looks up startled, while his companions take the news in accordance with their respective characters. Haco, the delivered hostage, seems calm; Gurth, thoughtful; Leofric, full of fire; the lords at the table cease their clamour only for a time. In No. 34 is seen that curious incident to which all the chroniclers allude—the appearance of a fiery star portentous of disaster. It is apostrophized by a monk of Malmsbury. Take what William of Malmsbury says on this subject:—"Soon after a comet, a star denoting as they say, change in kingdoms, appeared, trailing its extended and fiery train along the sky, whereupon a certain monk of our monastery, Elmer by name, bowing down with terror at the sight of the brilliant star, wisely exclaimed, 'Thou art come!' a matter of lamentation to many a mother, art thou come; I have seen thee long since; but I now behold thee much more terrible, threatening to hurl destruction on this country. He was a man of good learning for those times, of mature age, and in his early youth had hazarded a project of misguided temerity. He had by some contrivance fastened wings to his hands and feet, in order that, looking upon the fable as true, he might fly like Dædalus; and collecting the air on the summit of a tower, had flown for more than the distance of a furlong (!); but agitated by the violence of the wind and currents of the air, as well as by the consciousness of his rash attempt, he fell and broke his legs, and was lame ever after. He used to relate as the cause of his failure, his forgetting to provide himself a tail." After this curious glimpse into the private life of Elmer, the presaging monk, let us return to Harold, his contemporary. The next scene shows him offering prayers in the Abbey of Waltham, when the image of the Redeemer miraculously

inclined itself before him. The scared and wan monks, who stand behind him at his devotions, look terrified at the omen. On the day before the battle a knight was sent to negotiate with Harold from William, but the latter rejecting the same with scorn, the treaty was fruitless. Mr. Maclise has represented a knight as the messenger; but, according to the Norman Chronicle and William of Malmsbury, it was a monk. Thierry, moreover, names the above-mentioned Hugues Maigrot as the negotiator.

Nos. 37 and 38 contrast the conduct of the respective armies before the battle—the one spending the night in prayer and confession of their sins; the other, in loud songs and drinking. The remaining subjects are better known. No. 39 shows the advance of the Normans, led by Taillefer, the minstrel, chaunting the song of Roland, and tossing his sword into the air. No. 40 displays the Normans, repulsed in the early part of the battle, about to fly, but recalled by William's uncovering his head to contradict a report of his death. There is a group of horsemen rushing into the fight, stooping over their horse's heads, and looking from under their helmets with fierce and eager eyes, which is extremely fine. No. 41 shows the Death of Harold; and 42, the Night after the Battle, and the finding of his body by Edith. This design pleases us least of the whole series; indeed, if we might offer advice to the distinguished designer, it would be to reconstruct the composition entirely. At present the groups look in need of massing, and the figures certainly have not received that attention in drawing which has been bestowed on the others; some of the dead are rather dislocated in joints than contorted from a death of agonizing wounds. As a whole, however, we repeat our conviction, that there is no series of such works at all comparable with these, and congratulate ourselves that they are in progress of engraving for publication.

them to elevate themselves by working from the same principles as Miss Marsh ; by a deep trust in men, by a delicate human sympathy and intuition, by a belief in good, by a life of pure womanly love, and by a firm belief that in the principles of Christianity alone can be found the solution of the problems of existence.

The fourth important social difficulty on which the influence of woman is beneficial, is the better working and arrangement of institutions and schools. Under this head we class hospitals, penitentiaries, workhouses, prisons, lunatic asylums, emigration offices, homes for fallen women, training-schools, and many others. Now, in making use of women for the improvement of these, two principles, founded on the laws of the sexes which nature has laid down, are ever to be kept in mind—that the energetic sympathy and delicate powers of the woman should always be combined with the directive powers of the man, and that women should act in those portions which are fitted for them. All true womanly work in such institutions as we have mentioned has been done in obedience to these principles. Where they have been ignored, the work has failed. An illustration of the success which follows on a practical recognition of these laws is to be found in Miss Nightingale's organization of the female hospital staff in the Crimea. She and the others laboured in concert with, and under the superintendence of the medical officers. It was a communion of labour. They attended, with feminine delicacy and care, to those minor duties, such as dressing wounds, poulticing, alleviating bed-sores, distributing extras, and taking care of linen, which are too small, in the press of business, to engage the surgeon. They filled their proper sphere. By performing these offices they saved many lives. Above all, they gave to sternness, and terrors, and misery, an element of tenderness, and elevation, and religion ; they infused into an atmosphere of pain and horror the softening influence, the order, the gentle voice, and exquisite sympathy of living womanhood.

A kindlier influence reigned, and every-
where
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved."

This is poetry, not practice ; in the "Princess" the unattractiveness of the work is concealed ; but the influence described is true. The mission of women in an hospital is no easy, pleasant, popular task. It is a terrible and woful labour, and ought never to be undertaken by a lady without strong resolution, long training, and a deep dependence upon God. The dilettante nurse is worth little or nothing. In the Crimea the paid nurses were far more efficient than those who went out from love without study. But a lady who, like Miss Nightingale, really trains herself for hospital attendance, and who gives her energy through love, and love alone, is, on the other hand, invaluable.

The results of an investigation into the hospitals at home, and into the account of the military ones in the Crimea, are two. First, that a better class of nurses are required ; secondly, that a steady system of training is absolutely necessary. For till lately the body of nurses in our hospitals has been a most degraded one ; we are glad to say that in London means are being adopted which will lead a higher class of women to enter on this profession. In some cases board, and even rooms, have been allowed ; and a retiring fund for worn-out attendants has been set on foot. Every thing, we believe, should be tried to induce true-hearted women to enter as nurses into hospitals, for, as Mrs. Jameson says, an hospital ought to be not only a "large medical school, but also a refuge and solace for disease and suffering." Men and women are more open to religion and more softened in heart in suffering ; but when they are left alone in their agony and see none but the doctor, whose sympathies must necessarily be restrained if he would do his work well, and a rough, harsh, vulgar, and indelicate nurse, what hope is there that they will leave the house better or more believing. We must have true womanhood to tend our sick. Our nurses must be true to the soft voice, and the tender hand, and the

"By and by
Sweet order lived again with other laws :

tlemen in the world ; although he has neither the manners nor the principles of one, he takes it for granted he must everywhere be received as such. He likes France, therefore, not so much for itself as that it is inhabited by those whose tastes are similar to his own, and who are the only people who know how to live. He is a philosopher ; he is not ambitious of wealth, but of enjoying life. He—

“Wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

And, therefore, his great study is to make the most of that modicum. No colony of Frenchmen has ever succeeded.

Poor Pat leaves his country because poverty compels him to do so. He is attached to the soil on which he lives, and that scantily supported his forefathers ; its legends and traditions appeal to his heart ; he is attached to his countrymen, with whom he has so many sympathies, a common language, a common poverty, and a common religion ; and although he has been taught from his birth to believe that he is a bondsman, he is ever willing to exchange the freedom of a republic for the imaginary chain of a slave at home. America disappoints him ; he is surprised to find that he must work for his living even there, and that priests who defied the law in Ireland are compelled to be circumspect by a higher power than law—the force of public opinion. He could beg in peace and in rags at home, but among the free, enlightened, and most liberal Yankees a beggar is treated as a vagrant, while rags are ridiculed as an emblem of idleness, and not pitied as an evidence of want. To work or to starve, is the inexorable law of republicanism. His religion is essentially aristocratic, and there is nothing congenial to it in democracy that reduces a priest to the common level of vulgar equality with his flock. He despises a President who receives people sitting in his shirtsleeves and smoking a cigar, and a Governor who drives to the State-house on the top of a coach or buss, and carries a change of clothes in his pocket-handkerchief. There is some fun at home in pulling down the Protestant political edifice ; there is noise, dirt, disturbance and danger enough to make the work exciting ; but there is nothing but hard toil and

patient drudgery in building it up again in the States. When the work is finished it is but an upstart after all ; it has no ancestral or historical associations ; it is vulgarly new. Senators armed with revolvers and bowie-knives inspire him with disgust and contempt, while those who both cant and spit, when declaiming on independence and slavery, he regards as beings even below himself, if the pictures drawn of him by his friends the patriots and agitators be at all true to nature. The illicit distiller looks back with regret on the excitement of his lawless occupation at home, in the prosecution of which he had the sympathy of the whole population, who deluded the police and the soldiery with false information, or defended him with arms at the risk of their own lives. He is surprised to find that freedom which he had always sought in sedition and rebellion, or in the midnight forays of Ribbonism, when actually possessed means, after all, nothing more than a choice of occupation and an obedience to those laws, which, while they protect him in his rights, protect the community also ; and that when justice is either too slow or too weak to reach an offender, the people institute a court themselves and appoint a gentleman to preside, under the title of *Judge Lynch*, who, by the aid of elective officers, styled regulators, calls out the *posse comitatus* of the county when occasion requires, and seizing the criminal, tries him summarily, and executes him on the spot.

It is no wonder that an exile of this description, who flies from Ireland to avoid an untimely end, gives vent to his disappointment in the pathetic remark, so characteristic of the Irish : “By Jingo ! this is no country for a gentleman to live in.” There is some truth in the observation as he expresses it, but none whatever in its application. It is eminently the poor man’s home. If he is willing to work, he can find employment, and labour is well remunerated. By industry and economy, he can rise to a position of ease and comfort, perhaps of affluence. There he must be contented to rest. The higher orders are wanting in America ; and that which money cannot purchase is neither known nor valued. Time, however, works great changes in the Irish, whether in the United States or the

sons. There her attention was directed to lunacy; for before her time there were no public asylums, and the mad were sent if violent to prison, if harmless to the workhouses. She has now been the means of establishing nineteen asylums. She has, though openly appearing in none, obtained thirty-two acts of legislation for the insane, managing all the details herself, and employing neither clerks nor official men; and she has gone through all these asylums, overseeing them and correcting their abuses. Very unpractical and very poetical, no doubt, but where is the *sensible man* who would do the same?*

Elizabeth Fry made an era in prison

management. Mary Carpenter is now the referee on all subjects connected with reformatories. Everywhere womanhood is standing up our equal. We are finding out by slow degrees the old law of God; we are getting back to the truths of childhood. As of old in Eden, manhood and womanhood are being wed anew—wed in dignified equality as high helpmeets in the work of the world. God help the labour, and give strength, hope, and a noble humility to each, till man become more womanly and woman more manly, and both unite in Him in whom there is neither male nor female, but one divine and true humanity.

FIRE.

BY FELICIA SAPHO JONES.

How I hate your human ices, from the cabin to the crown,
For there heaves a fire-worshipper beneath my maiden's gown;
And, asleep, awake—for ever—to my soul the fancy clings,
That there's fire—living fire—within all fair things.

From an emmet to an altai, from a dew-drop to a wave,
From the linnet's mellow warble to an Etna's crashing stave,
From the fly that smites my window to the song my poet sings,
Oh there's fire—living fire—within all fair things.

And within my heart there's fire when I look upon his eyes—
Living wells of sun and shadow, where my earthly heaven lies!—
And he whispers through his dreamings, as his spirit starward springs:—
Yea, there's fire—love, there's fire within all fair things.

From the cowslip to the cluster, where the yellow meteor shoots,
From the peach tree's purple glory to the worm beneath its roots,
From our "ingle" to the æther, where the petrel's vesper rings,
Oh there's fire—holy fire—within all fair things.

From the radiant rainbow o'er us to that arch beneath our feet,
Where the tear-like diamond trembles in the eye of central heat,
From the lowest to the highest, where the seraph burns and sings,
Oh there's fire—blessed fire—within all fair things.

Ah, my poet—and those dreamings!—when the altar-kindled coal
Steeps thy brow in twilight lustre, and thy whitened cheek in soul,
Let me, knelt beside my darling, in those deep imaginings,
Bless the fire—living fire—that's in all fair things.

* For this information we are indebted to an excellent pamphlet entitled, *Woman and Work*, published by Bosworth and Harrison. By Barbara Leigh Smith.

uncouth and uncivilized people, many of whom were ignorant of English, and spoke only their native language, and most of them were dressed in a garb now but rarely seen, even at Cork. They were all poor, and in appearance far below the average run of Irish emigrants, while their chests and boxes were of the most primitive and rustic kind I ever beheld. It was long ere the sorrowing friends who had accompanied them to the quay withdrew their anxious gaze from the river, and began to think of their return homeward. Little was said; it was a silent and mournful group; their hearts seemed too full for utterance. So many ties had been suddenly rent asunder; so many recollections rapidly passed through their minds; and so little knowledge of the distant country to which the exiles were bound existed among the mourners, that the world appeared to them a dark, dreary waste, without one ray of hope to lighten it. The priest had blessed them, it is true, but, alas, he was no prophet; he had often blessed the dead, as well as the living; still it was a consolation to know that his holy benedictions followed them. But the sea—the awful, unknown, bottomless sea—was to be passed, and storms, hurricanes, and mountain waves waylaid them in their course, and who could say whether they would survive all these trials and reach their destination. Their minds were agitated by doubts and fears; they could think of but one thing at a time, and that was their desolation and their sorrow. Short and inaudible prayers were uttered from the depths of their hearts for the beloved wayfarers, and for patience and endurance for themselves. All at present was blank, but hope might come with the morning to illumine their darkness, and to vivify a faith which, though it slumbered now, was strong even unto death. “God,” said the priest, in words they had often heard, but never fully and deeply felt before, “God knows all, ordains all, and is merciful to all.”

It was a spectacle never to be forgotten. I have not the nerves to witness human misery without deep emotion, and I shall avoid a scene like this for the future. A stranger, at best, can give but little consolation, and his presence is often irksome to

those whose only redress is in an unrestrained utterance of the sorrows of their hearts. There were others, however, unconnected with the exiles, who viewed their departure in a different light, and rather envied their good fortune, in being able to leave poverty and wretchedness behind them, and exchange the land of buttermilk and potatoes for that of substantial abundance.

A small band that had just landed from a river steamer struck up a merry tune, “Cheer, boys, cheer,” which was followed by “Garryowen,” and “There’s a good time coming.” The music, as it was kindly intended, diverted the attention of the idlers, whom the bustle and excitement of the embarkation had collected on the quay. Conspicuous among them was a tall, powerful, unshorn countryman, with a stout shillelagh under his arm, and bearing a rollicking, devil-may-care sort of air that gave you an idea of a very droll but dangerous fellow. His habiliments bespoke an utter disregard of the becoming. His hat had survived the greater part of its rim and its crown, and bore evident marks of rough usage and hard blows. It looked as if it had been thrown, rather than placed on his head, and had nearly missed its hold, hanging jauntily on one side, as if regardless of its safety. His coat reached nearly to his heels, and exhibited many rents and fractures, that had carried away much of the original materials; a loose, sailor-like, black tie displayed a strong, muscular neck; while soap-coloured breeches, unfastened at the knees, long grey stockings, and a pair of coarse, strong brogues, completed his costume. He was one of those peripatetic, rustic philosophers, so often met with a few years ago in Ireland, whose philanthropy was inexhaustible. He went about doing good, assisting a friend to fight at a fair, doing honour to the dead, by carousing at his wake and howling and drinking at his funeral. Work was not his vocation, he considered it only fit for a “nagur” or a Scotchman (for both of whom he had a supreme contempt), but not at all suited to the superior dignity of a Galway boy. Still he was most scrupulous in the fulfilment of an oath, for having sworn not to drink whiskey again, *as long as he remained on earth*, he climbed into a

nephew Haco, son of Sweyn, who had ten years before been given by Godwin as hostages to Edward, and by him placed in the hands of the Norman, it is said that Edward warned Harold against William in these words: "I will not compel you to stay, but if you go it is without my consent; your journey will bring some evil on yourself and your country. I know the craft of Duke William: he hates you, and will grant nothing unless he gain by it; the only safe way to obtain the hostages is to send some one else." Accordingly, in the design, Harold kneels before the king, who, seated in his throne, looks anxious and doubtful, pondering the event, and Edith, the Queen, Harold's sister, beside him on the throne, gazes on her brother with prescient grief. The chiefs and courtiers stand around the meagre and feeble king, downcast and sad.

A tone of melancholy doubt pervades the air of Harold as he is shown in the second design, riding with his knights to the place of embarkation, Bosham, in Sussex. He rides, falcon on wrist, and the hunting dogs gambol around; but rides despondent and heavy in mind, his eyes full of thought. In the third design, the misfortunes so presaged have commenced; for it represents the stranding of Harold's ship upon the Norman coast, in the territory of Guy, Count of Ponthieu. The sea, and ships thereon, which appear frequently in the series, are universally treated in a somewhat conventional manner, admissible enough in works of this description when the interest is confined to the figures. All is confusion on board the wrecked ship, the sails blow abroad and the mariners are making fruitless efforts to get from the land. Only Harold, who has the helm, keeps calm and dignified in look and seems to rule the circumstances like a king; his despondency has vanished with the presence of danger.

In the fourth drawing Harold and his companions are brought prisoners before the Count of Ponthieu, the waifs of whose coast they were, and according to the barbarous custom of the place, the prisoners of the lord thereof. The fox-headed Guy is seated in his baronial chair, and with his long, lean features drawn into a sneer, smiling slyly at the haughty

words of his captive, who, with dignified action pleads for freedom before him, declaring himself the messenger of Edward to William. The other prisoners stand bound at the wrist, and their guards wait by. Among the best figures for composition in the whole series is that of one of those latter, who with his spear reversed points to the floor, leaning upon it with his hands, his feet crossed before him. The pleading was of no avail, for in the next subject Harold and his attendants are in prison, at the castle of Belrain, near Montrieul. The scene is divided into three parts by the heavy columns of the dungeon; in the centre Harold stands with folded arms—a splendidly composed group of men occupy the right side, some asleep some restlessly reclining, some lost in thought, two or three at length on the floor. A messenger announces to William the fate of the Saxons, and this is seen in the sixth design. William hears the news with suppressed joy, seeing thereby an opening to the accomplishment of his long-cherished plans. He is seated at a table,—a grand figure,—a servant introduces the messenger, who with hands crossed on his breast stands at the side. William raises his haughty head, his eyes sparkling with joy, clenching his hand like one who grasps a thing in fancy. Standing by are the hostages Ulfnioth and Haco, a youth, Adeliza, and Matilda of Flanders, daughter and wife of the Duke. Thorold the famous dwarf comes next to him, while behind is a charming figure of a *dame d'honneur* reclining at ease in a large chair.

In the seventh work the heralds of Duke William are before Guy of Ponthieu demanding the release of Harold, which, says the Chronicle of Normandy, was granted on promise of a large estate on the Eaume and a sum of money. Harold is here again with outstretched arms and bold action speaking for himself. A number of attendants with horses stand about. It seems to us that these horses, and indeed all the horses in the series, have been less studied than the human figures; here they are far too small, and their legs too long. In No. 8, William and Harold meet by the porch of a mansion. The assumption of a bold frankness, which was part of the character William played,

place of more eminent men than any other city in Ireland. It has had the honour of producing Crofton Croker, Murphy, Dr. Maginn, Father Prout (Mahony), and Sheridan Knowles, besides many others distinguished as painters and sculptors, such as Barry, MacLise, and Hogan. It is but a faint expression of my feelings to say that I left Cork with great regret. We impose needless obligations on ourselves, and then obey them as if they were inevitable. I intended to remain only a short time, and I returned home, for no better reason than because I had so decided.

In an hour after witnessing the embarkation of the emigrants we were on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, the "Madras," and under weigh for Southampton. This beautiful ship was on a trial trip, and the Directors kindly offered us a passage home in her. I have more than once made a voyage in the noble vessels of this Company, in other parts of the world, and they well merit the high character they have for speed, comfort, and safety. The Cunard line belongs to a firm, and the Directors are the owners, who derive all the advantage resulting from their management, a stimulant far beyond salaries or commissions. Their own capital is at stake, as well as their character. They are neither subject to the caprice nor the penuriousness of shareholders, nor are they tempted into extravagance under the idea that the expenditure, as well as the risk, falls principally upon others. The net gain, and the whole loss, is distributed amongst the members of the firm. It is therefore, like all partnership concerns, better managed than when the authority is deputed to others. In the one case it is the interest of all to exercise a minute and careful supervision over the affairs; in the other, the larger the expenditure the greater the remuneration received by the agents. This Transatlantic line is therefore an exceptional case, and cannot be compared to those of a joint stock character. But of all the other Ocean Steam Associations that of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company is by far the best managed, and the most successful. It has a great advantage in having grown up by degrees to its present magnitude, whereby the experience of the mana-

gers grew with it, while others, originally undertaken upon a large scale by persons not conversant with such affairs, broke down, to the loss and mortification of the subscribers, and the great disappointment of the public. This is a circumstance wholly overlooked by the Government, by which large sums of money have been recklessly thrown away. The tender of the Australian Steam Company for the conveyance of the mails to Melbourne, though exceeding that of the Peninsular and Oriental line for the same service, by £40,000 per annum, was accepted by Government, under the absurd idea of distributing their contracts among different parties, in order to prevent any association from becoming too powerful. The result, as predicted by those acquainted with the subject, was complete failure, and after an immense loss resort was ultimately had to this association, who perform the work most admirably. Steamers are built, and run at an enormous expense, and although the postal subsidy may seem large, and the passenger and freight traffic very great (which are obvious to all, and easily calculated), the outlay is so continuous and enormous, the staff so numerous and costly, the losses (when they occur) so large, and the deteriorated value of the property so rapid that nothing can insure success but the most careful and judicious management, combined with a thorough knowledge of the business in all its various branches. Hence the failure of many French and American lines, including those known by the name of the "Collins Line of Steamers," and a similar fate awaits others that are now struggling with hopeless difficulties.

Infinite credit is due by the travelling public to this Company, and by the proprietors to their Directors, for furnishing a line of steamers equalled only by those of Cunard, and superior even to them in number—in all respects far beyond those of every other nation in the world. Safe in foul weather, commodious and agreeable in fine, they have smoothened and shortened the route to the East, and by affording easy access to those distant possessions have strengthened our hold upon them, both politically and commercially. System, order, regularity, due subordination, and

subjects show the respective efforts of Tostig with Sweyn of Denmark and Hardrada of Norway, and of William himself, with Baldwin of Flanders, and Philip of France, to get aid against Harold. It is good to see how well the characters have been discriminated—between the method employed by the former, first arguing and promising profit to Sweyn, and next inciting with passion the courage of Hardrada. William asks help of his nobles, in the twenty-third; and in the twenty-fourth, Pope Alexander consecrates a banner for his service. This banner is shown in the twenty-fifth, receiving the homage of William's troops. William himself stands, bending the broad blade of his sword upon the stone base of the standard. This design is full of action, variety of incident, and motion. A crowd of soldiery are about, with numerous priests, pilgrims, and acolytes, engaged in service of the holy banner. Many of the first are kneeling on the ground, in profound devotion; the second bear crosses and holy candles, and the last swing censers behind the elevated place of the standard.

A singularly fine design is that which follows, representing (26) "William, in a procession, displays the relics of St. Valery, to allay the discontent of his troops at the proposed invasion." In the centre a group of priests bear the consecrated ark-like chest, containing the relics, six deep, and sustaining the handles on their shoulders; preceding them goes a priest, bearing a large cross, and first of all another, with the vessel of holy water and the sprinkler; a number of youths are seen chaunting by the side of the ark, and swinging censers as they advance. That courtly monk and chronicler, Roger of Wendover, says, "that immediately on the appearance of the relics, their sails were filled with the wished-for breeze. All thereupon embarked, and made a rapid course for Hastings." William of Poitou, the Duke's chaplain, tells a different tale of the latter portion of this event, and speaks in the most picturesque way of the adventures of the Duke, even when on the voyage. The twenty-seventh design shows this voyage itself. Here is the duke's galley, which the historians describe as having its sails painted of different colours, and on

them the three lions of Normandy, while at the prow was the carved figure of a child, bending a bow, with an arrow on it. Mr. Maclise shows those details fully; and, indeed, his whole work evinces much scholarship, and long study of the subject, in the introduction of all these little incidents of the story, which are indicated by diverse historians, but, as we find on examination, not remarked by any single writer on the matter. A very fine design is this before us. The huge ship, crowded with men, drives fast before the wind for England. At the stern sits William, the noble, but hard and indomitable centre of a party of lords and knights, who seem absorbed in observation of the looks of their leader. The background is filled with vessels of various sizes, all with wide-spread sails hastening like birds of prey to the carnage. The landing of William is the subject of the twenty-eighth drawing; the remarkable accident of William falling on the ground is the moving incident of it. The knights around look astonished, and startled at so bad an omen; but William, with that worldly tact which never deserted him, is seen raising his hands filled with the earth. "I have taken seizure of this land with my hands, and by the splendour of God all that it contains is ours." Innumerable vessels land their cargoes of men and horses on the beach behind.

The course of Harold is resumed in the next subject, which relates to the victory first obtained over Edwin and Morcar by Tostig, and his ally, Harold Hardrada, before the walls of York, the inhabitants of which city are now making their submission. King Harold the Saxon's rapid arrival disconcerted this; and although we are shown in the thirtieth design the retreat of the two earls (the figure of the former of whom, as he rides on his horse, heavy with thought and surrounded by his discouraged attendants, is fine), yet the undaunted courage of Harold shows well in the incident of the drawing which follows (31)—"Harold's Interview with Tostig and Hardrada before the Battle of Stamford Bridge." He is making his proud flaunt against the latter, of seven feet of English ground, "or a little more, being taller than most men." The deaths of the two invaders are

matches end in 'doulour.' It was a bad pun, I never perpetrated a good one in my life, and I am glad of it, for there is little besides knack in making them. Good or bad, however, the Commodore did not take it, though, like every one else who don't perceive the point, he looked rather abroad, smiled, and said, "Oh, yes, that is very true."

"But to get back to my story," he continued. "I thought Mrs. Balcom would have died at a story I told her of a German lady's delicate health, who made a trip with me from Marseilles to Alexandria—did I ever tell you that story?"

"Not that I recollect."

"Well, one morning I overheard the stewardess inquiring kindly after her health: she answered her very despondingly: 'Oh, ver bad. All ze night I was more bad zan avair; ze head, ze back, ze limbs, so bad I cannot tell.'"

"Would you like to have some breakfast, madam?"

"Don't know—ver sick wiz de sen mal—what ave you?"

"Get you any thing nice, madam."

"Ave you ze beefsteak?"

"Yes, madam."

"I take ze beefsteak. Ave you ze mutton-chop, ze potato, ze tomato, wiz ze coffe and hot cake?"

"Oh, yes. Is there any thing else you would like to have, madam?"

"Ah, mon Dieu, I cannot tell. I ver indispose. Stop, mamselle; bring me after dat ze lobstair, cowcumber, and ze oil. Tell I you I ver bad a-pe-tize?" And she tucked them in one after the other in great style. Lord! how Mrs. Balcom laughed at that story; and then she went, and got out her writing-desk, and made me say it over and over, word by word, until she had it all correct. She said she was paid to write letters about what she could pick up in her travels for newspapers, and it helped to defray her expenses—a queer idea, ain't it? Well, ma'am, says I, if you want queer anecdotes, I can tell you them by the dozen, for in course I have seen a great many people in my day, and heard all sorts of things, as you may suppose from my having been so long in the service. Why, bless your heart, ma'am, says I, I took *three-fourths* of the English and French army to the Crimea in the noble ship the *Simla*."

"Oh," said Colonel Van Ransellier, an American friend of hers, "come now, Commodore, you are going that rather too rapid. I won't say you lie, because that ain't polite, but you talk uncommonly like me, when I lie. Do you mean to say that you actually took three-fourths of the allied army to the Crimea in this here ship?"

"I do."

"All at onct?"

"No, not all at once, because that would be going rather too rapid, as you say; but I did it in three trips, though. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I think of it," said he. "Did you ever see the celebrated American Circus Company, belonging to Squire Cushing, that's performing to London?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, so far so good. Did you ever see the man that climbed up a pole, and stood on his head on it?"

"I have."

"Well, I told a down-easter, from the State of Maine, I had seen it done, and he replied he did not doubt it, for he had done more nor that himself."

"What!" says I.

"Why," says he, "I climbed up the pole the same as he did, only I guess it was an everlasting sight longer one, and then I stood on my head on it."

"Well," says I, "what then?"

"Why," says he, "stranger, I don't suppose you'll believe it; but I'll tell you what I did. When I was standin' on my head on the top of that are pole, I jist raised myself up a little with my arms, opened my jaws, put my teeth to it, and pulled it right up out of the ground, and then jumped down, with one end of it in my mouth."

"Well," says I, "I don't believe it, and that's flat."

"I shouldn't wonder," said he, "if you didn't. But I have told it so often, I believe it myself—I actually do."

"Now, Commodore," said the Colonel, "I guess you have told that ere story so often, you begin to believe it yourself, like that Kentuckian chap. What will you bet you did it?"

"A hundred dollars," says I.

"I'll bet you two hundred," said he, "you didn't."

"Done!" said I, and we staked the money and appointed our umpire. "Now," says I, "I took the Fourth Foot one voyage, the Fourth Dragoons the second voyage, and the Fourth

THE SEASON TICKET.—NO. III.

HOMeward BOUND.

THE facetious driver of the car, who called the main road to Killarney the "rael way," conducted us thither through Macroom, Inchigeelagh, and Gougane Barra. I returned by the railway to Cork, not merely to save time, but to vary the scene. It is not my intention to describe the country through which we passed. Men and things are my topics; but I cannot help mentioning a peculiar feature of Irish scenery that has never failed to attract my admiration as constituting its extraordinary beauty. I allude to the number and extent of its rivers and lakes. Few countries of its size in the world are so well watered as Ireland, and the deep verdure of the landscape is at once relieved and heightened by the silvery light of its innumerable streams.

The Emerald Isle is an appellation more literal than poetical, and founded on fact rather than fiction. It is no wonder that the Irish have an enthusiastic admiration of their country; but there are other causes besides its beauty and fertility that attach them to it, which makes their nationality a very different thing from that of either the Scotch, the English, or the French. It is a far deeper and stronger, as well as a more lasting feeling. It embraces not merely their country, but their race and their religion. A Scotchman is clannish, proud of the achievements of his ancestors, and fond of his native land. But he is fonder of money and distinction than of either; he emigrates with more of hope than regret, and fully relies on his industry and economy to enable him to found a new home in a new world; he anticipates revisiting his kindred at some future day—a design in which ostentatious success is often mingled with affection. A prophet, however, has no honour in his own country, and he is willing to exchange it for another, where the obscurity of his origin may be hidden under a name that will pass without scrutiny as remotely connected with some illustrious family. The Duke of Argyll has more *distant* relatives than he is aware of, both in America and

Australia, and the house of Buccleugh can never be extinct while there are so many presumptive heirs, *in partibus exterioris*.

Where the region of Fable ends that of Truth begins, and the Elliots and Dundases are no pretenders. Their name is Legion, and their pedigree is acknowledged in every branch of every public department in the empire. He who leaves Scotland seldom returns. The inclination may exist, but an opportunity for its indulgence rarely occurs. An Englishman goes abroad because he is fond of adventure; he thinks he has a right to a living somewhere, and is not particular as to the locality in which it is to be sought. Wherever he is he grumbles, not because he is disappointed, but because it is natural to him to find fault; he is dissatisfied at home, and he is never contented anywhere else; nothing pleases him in his own country, and when abroad he abuses every place but England; he has neither the civility of an Irishman, nor the servility of a Scotchman—the industry of the one, or the acuteness of the other, while economy is a word he could never comprehend. The consequence is, he is not so popular or so successful as either. A Frenchman is never happy out of France; not that he is so attached to it or its institutions, or that colonial life does not afford an easier subsistence and greater facilities for accumulating a fortune, but because he misses the café, the theatre, the guinguette, the spectacles, and the cheap and frivolous amusements, without which existence appears to him to be intolerable. If he migrates to another country, it necessarily involves continuous industry, which is as foreign to his habits as his inclination; if to a tropical climate it compels him to be domestic, and makes his house a prison, where if he remains he dies of *ennui*, and if he effects his escape he perishes from fever; he must talk, sing, dance, or die; he has a tradition, which he fully believes, that every other country but his own is inhabited by barbarians, and that Frenchmen are the only gen-

of Great Britain. What *they* had to show consisted of Government works, some ugly forts, a breakwater, and a dockyard. Their line-of-battle ships were so constructed as to render their lower guns useless, even in moderate weather ; and their sailors neither knew how to man the yards or to cheer, how to salute their friends or daunt their enemies. There is nothing equal, sir, to the cheer of the British sailor. It does my heart good to hear it. Cherbourg is a good skulking place ; but it's the worst thing in the world to make a navy depend for its safety on a fortified harbour. They are used to being blockaded, and Cherbourg shows they expect to be chased home again. It is a great tribute to our navy, but it is a depressing thing to theirs. Fight or sink, do or die, is our motto. Cut and run, if they get the worst of it, is theirs. If they had no place to run to they would fight better. Sebastopol and Cronstadt were the graves of the Russian navy, and Cherbourg will prove the same for that of the French. The badger and the fox, when they 'earth,' confess they are not equal to a stand-up fight. The bulldog shows his teeth, but never his tail. It would have done you good to see the members of the House of Commons that went there in the Pera, and to listen to their collective wisdom about things they knew as much of as a cat does of a punt. The salvos startled Roebuck out of a year's growth (indeed Bright says he never will grow any more), and Viscount Williams was outrageous at the amount of powder wasted in the salutes, and vowed he would move for a return of the cost. Sir Charles Napier was for blockading the harbour, to prevent the French ships from getting out, and an old Tory Admiral, to keep them from getting in. 'There you are,' said Bernal Osborne, 'both of you at the old story of "ins and outs," can't you leave your party politics at home?' 'Or change them,' said Roebuck, 'as you did your name, from Bernales to Bernal, and then add on Osborne, as the Irishman does an outer coat, to conceal the holes in the inner one. But the Jew will peep out after all. What a national love you have of torturing a fellow you do not like.' 'Not so much as Dizzy has,' he said, good-naturedly. 'By jingo,' said an Irish

member, 'I wish you and your friends Rothschild and Solomons would only commit treason ; we'd confiscate your property and pay off the national debt wid it entirely.' 'I dare say you do,' said Spooner ; 'the Irish are used to treasons and confiscations, and always will while the Maynooth' — 'Order, order,' said Roebuck. 'You may well say order, order,' replied the Irishman, 'after you have fired your own shot. It's the way you did with poor Butt: after you had been the paid agent for the Canadian rebels for years, you charged Butt with having been the advocate of an Indian prince. By the powers of Moll Kelly, if' — 'Come, come,' said Lindsay, 'no personalities and no politics, for, as an Irish friend of mine said of some articles in the *Times* (two of the writers of its editorials being Bob Lowe and Dasent), "*These things are more Lowe than Dasent.*" I move that we nominate a committee of management and supply.' Oh, dear, it was great fun. They couldn't agree upon any thing, and first moved resolutions, and then amendments, and gave notice to rescind, and then debated it all over again, finally adjourned, and then resumed the discussion at night. Well, the committee of management mismanaged every thing. When the boat went ashore it got aground and remained there ; when it returned to the ship it remained there also ; those that landed could not get off, and those that wanted to land had no means of reaching the place. One-half of them did not get into the docks, and those that did either were kept waiting to enter or were shown out by a different gate to that they came in by. It was a droll affair. They seemed to have a monopoly of shindies, as the Governor of Malta has of his capers. You know they grow on the ramparts there, and people used to help themselves to what they wanted, till a notice was put up to prevent them, which ran thus—'*No person, except the Governor, is allowed to cut capers on these ramparts.*'

"If they had left things to us they would have been as comfortable as the day was long ; but they took the direction themselves, and were as uncomfortable as people of different opinions well could be. But how can you expect politicians to agree, except

Colonies. They are the few among the many. They cannot long maintain their distinctive character; they become gradually absorbed, and are soon incorporated with the mass of the people. They adopt the dress, the habits, and the feelings of the Americans. Their clergy taught them to disregard a Protestant sovereign; the Americans, in their turn, teach them to disregard their priests; one half of their lives is spent in learning what is wrong, and the other in unlearning it. Renunciation is soon followed by recantation, and the Queen and the Pope both lose their subjects. By this process, the emigrants are protected from themselves and their own violence; they individually obtain that freedom which, collectively, they never allowed to each other. A Roman Catholic who becomes a Protestant in Ireland is considered as a man who deserts his colours, and he is pursued and punished by the whole community. In America he is neither hailed as a convert by one side, nor insulted as a pervert by the other. The event is regarded by the former with unconcern, and by the latter as an occurrence rather to be regretted than resented. Public opinion tolerates and protects every sect, but has no sympathy with any. Franklin thought them all right, and Jefferson pronounced them all wrong; the natural result is general indifference. Religion is left to shift for itself, the supply is regulated by the demand, and competition has lowered its value by adopting an inferior material, and coarse workmanship. Fashion invents new patterns, and each succeeding season announces some attractive novelty. The original emigrant retains with some difficulty the creed he received from his priest; his faith is less lively, but still he is a believer. It is different with his descendants, who often exercise their own judgment, and choose for themselves. But, though he adheres to his church, his habits are altered and improved, he becomes industrious, and his condition is ameliorated. His kind-hearted and affectionate feelings are not merely preserved, but enhanced by distance. He works hard to save, and he saves to import his relatives to the comfortable home he has provided for them in the West. The Irish poor are rich in love—in love for their parents,

their children, their friends, and their countrymen. No one is so destitute, but that he will give of his last loaf and divide his last sixpence with one poorer or more destitute than he is, and, when all is gone, he mingles benedictions on others with prayers for himself. Poor Pat! Your virtues are all your own, while your faults are engrafted upon you by others. Your impulses are good, but your training has been vicious. Providence has bestowed upon you a beautiful and fertile country, and a climate the most agreeable and salubrious in the world. You are in possession of the same civil and religious liberty as the English, and the union of the two countries ensures to you any amount of capital that may be required to develop the resources of Ireland. Receive with cordiality those who are willing to assist you, as well because it is their duty, as because it is their interest to do so. You yourselves oppose the only obstacles to your own prosperity.

While preparing for my departure to England, I witnessed one of those sad scenes that, alas, are of constant occurrence in Ireland—an assemblage of emigrants embarking on board a steamer, to be conveyed to the clipper ship, "*Cariboo*," bound to Quebec. It was a touching spectacle, old and young were taking leave of their relatives and friends to seek their fortunes in a distant land; and the mutual grief of the parties, as they bade each other a long and final farewell, was most heart-rending—entreaties on the one hand, to be remembered in the prayers of those who were about to embark, and earnest vows on their part never to forget them, and to provide funds as soon as possible to enable them to reach their new home—were exchanged amid tears, embraces and blessings. Again and again they renewed their adieux, and at last were only separated by the entreaties of the bystanders, and the stern voice of command from the steamer. Long after the ship got under weigh, hats and handkerchiefs were waved by the passengers and their bereaved friends on shore, until they faded from the view of each other in the distance. Both the emigrants and their attendants appeared to have come from the wilds of the west coast of Ireland. They were an

After dinner I lighted my cigar, and paced up and down the deck, which being flush fore and aft made an extended promenade. While thus enjoying my Havannah, the first officer, Straglash, whom I had also known in the Mediterranean, offered me a chair in his cabin, which opened directly on the deck. He was a tall, fine-looking fellow, active, intelligent, and every inch a sailor; but his face was tinged with that colour that bespeaks exposure to a tropical climate, and exhibited traces of the fearful liver complaint, which seldom fails to await a lengthened service in the East. He appeared to be a general favourite among the Directors, who had promised him the command of the next new ship that was to be added to the fleet. There are two most excellent regulations in this service—one is, that every officer must, before entrance, have previously served four years at sea in a sailing vessel, and be able to produce testimonials as to competency; and the other is, that there is a regular scale of promotion. The first ensures the safety of the passengers and the ship, and the other, the continued services of efficient officers. I accepted Straglash's offer of a seat with great pleasure, and we soon fell into conversation upon the subject of the service he was engaged in, and the character and speed of the new steamers the company had recently built. "They are capital ships, sir," he said. "You see, our Directors are practical men, while their head resident engineer, and local manager, are first-rate people."

"There is a vast difference in their way of doing things from that of the Government. You may have heard of the loss of the 'Transit,' an Admiralty ship. Well, sir, we sold her to the Government, and what do you think they did with her? Why, they took her into dock and put the masts of a line-of-battle ship into her, and when they went to take her out she was top-heavy, fell over, and smashed in the roof of a warehouse. Our sailors used to laugh, and say that she knocked over a church. Sir Charles Block, who made this little mistake, ought to be a good man, too, sir, for I believe he has crossed the channel two or three times, and I am not sure he didn't once go as far as Corfu." "Then you don't approve," I said,

"of the first Lord of the Admiralty being a civilian." "Well," he said, "I won't say that either. Perhaps there ought to be one civilian at the Board; but he should be a practical man himself, if not a ship-owner, and ought to confine himself to the business part of the department. Navy officers, of course, know more about building, fitting, and sailing a ship than others; but they live so much at sea they don't know enough of the business part of it, which ought to be left to landmen. The two branches should be kept separate. Leave nautical matters to nautical men, but financial and similar matters to civilians. What does a country gentleman know of lengthening a vessel by cutting her in two, or razeing a line-of-battle ship? If you converse with him about a *paddle* he thinks you are talking of a horse's pace, and calls it bad action; or of a *scruw*, he applies the remark to an old, seasoned, but unsound animal, and tells you he prefers him to others for work. In short, he is all abroad. And what does an admiral know of mechanics' wages, duties, or work, or of contracts for building, for furnishing materials, or supplies? It is only when they step out of their own respective lines they go wrong. Both do this occasionally, and both get into a mess." "Excuse me," I said, "for interrupting you, but who is that gentleman talking to the Commodore; he looks to me like a clergyman?" "So he is," said Straglash; "he is the Rector of Dockport; his name is Merrit, but he is better known as *Old England*; he can never remain contented at home for any length of time, and is always calling upon others to do his work for him, so they gave him that nickname, because 'England expects every man to do *his* duty.' 'Ah,' said he to me one day, 'Straglash, how I should like to be chaplain to this ship! It is just the parish to suit me exactly—150 feet long, sixty feet wide—no marrying, no christening, no catechising children, no dissenting ministers to drift across your hawser, no running about to visit the sick as they are all in one ward, and no superintending schools and quarrelling about the books to be used in them. Its just the place where I could be useful, and not be exhausted with labour. My work is now so hard I am obliged to keep constantly travel-

tree, and got drunk there, to keep his vow to the letter. Addressing himself to me, whom he had previously scanned and measured with his eye, he said, "It's a noble country entirely, yer honour, that the boys are goin' to. They tell me Canady is a beautiful island, where land can be had for the asking, let alone the whisky, no rent to pay, and no agents (bad luck to them) to grind up the poor along with the corn. I hope it will be my turn next. Did yer honour iver see that country?"

"Yes," said I; "I know it well."

"Then, it's glad I am to fall in wid yer honour. Maybe you'd be after knowing one Phelim M'Carty, there, a brother of mine, by his father's side, but not by his mother's? You'd know him by the loss of an eye. He took two of them into the fair at Ballinaloe, and only fetched one home wid him. Bad luck to the boy that did him that turn. It was more by accident than any thing else he hit him that blow; for sorra a man could stand before Phelim; and a dacent lad he was too; and great at book-larnin'. Did yer honour ever see him in your travels?"

"No," I said; "I never saw him. Canada is a large country, larger than England, Ireland, and Scotland put together, and it would have been mere accident if I had seen him."

"Bedad, I didn't think of that, yer honour; so it is; and maybe if you had seen him you couldn't have known his name was Phelim M'Carty, unless he told you himself. It's mighty well he is doing too, for he gets four pounds a month wages, and is after having me out, to do for me also."

"The reason he is doing well there," I said, "is because he is obliged to work. If he had been willing to labour, he could have done equally well at home, for this is as good a country as Canada; and if a man is industrious and prudent, he can earn an honest livelihood anywhere."

"It's chape talkin'," he replied, "but the work is not to be had; and when a poor man gets it, it's not worth havin'; the pay won't keep body and soul together. They won't give us a chance at all, at all, here."

"Well, my friend," I said, "if you were to make your appearance in that dress in Canada, you would stand a poor chance to get employment, I

assure you. Why, now, don't you cut off a piece of the tail of that long coat of yours, and mend the rest with it?" A deep flush suffused his cheek at that question, as if he would like to resent it; but suddenly assuming an arch look, he said, "Did yer honour ever hear of Corney O'Brien's pig?"

"Never," I replied; "but what has that to do with mending the coat?"

"Yer honour will see it has a good dale to do with it, when you hear about that self-same pig. He was a knowin' craythur," he continued, casting a significant glance at me, "and there is many a larned pig don't know as much as he did, after all. Well, he knew if he hadn't a penny in his mouth, the devil a bit would the keeper let him go through the pike. So what does he do, but watch for a chance to slip through unbeknownst to him. He walked about unconcerned, as if he was only looking for a bit of a thistle to eat, or a root of grass to grub up; but for all that, he kept one eye on the bar and the other on the keeper the while, and when it was opened, he dashed through in spite of him, but, faix! he left his tail behind, for the keeper shut the gate to so quick, it cut it short off, to the stump. Well, the craythur was so ashamed of the short dock, he never could look an honest pig in the face ever afterwards. It would be just the same with me as Corney's pig, yer honour. If I was to cut the tail of my coat off, I should never be able to look a dacent man in the face afterwards," and he walked away with the triumphant air of a man who has silenced his adversary.

"Ah," said I, to my friend Cary, "emigration is the only cure for such a fellow as that. *Here*, he is either proud of that badge of poverty, or indifferent to it. In Canada he would be ashamed of it, and could not wear it. *Here*, his countrymen see no harm in it, *there* they would see nothing but degradation and natural disgrace in it."

"*Cælum non animum mutant*," &c. &c., is not applicable to Irish emigrants. A change of country involves an entire change in the man. But it is now time for us to proceed to Queenstown, and embark for England.

Cork has something more to boast of than its noble harbour and its splendid scenery. It is the birth-

the sailor himself why he declines, and he will assign some of the objections I have mentioned; but the last man to examine on the subject is an officer. If the shoe pinches, the sufferer can point to the tender spot better than any one else. Don't treat a sailor like a horse, and try with a hammer where the nail pricks him, but ask him to put his finger on it, and then draw it out. It is in vain to pump a ship, unless you stop the leak, or she will fill again immediately.

"It reminds me of a trick I once saw played upon a couple of Irishmen in Boston Harbour, when I was there in the 'Europa' mail steamer. Two emigrants went on board of a fishing schooner that was lying there, and applied for work. They were told there was nothing for them to do and entreated to go away. But they wouldn't take no for an answer, and the men on board, finding they couldn't get rid of them, set them to work, and told them if they would pump the vessel dry they would give them a dollar apiece, but that they would have to keep at it incessantly, or they couldn't do it. Well, the Irishmen commenced in earnest, and worked away with all their might, and the sailors leaving them to finish their job, landed and went into the town. Three or four hours afterwards, the Captain came on board and found the poor fellows almost dead with fatigue, and inquired of them what they were at. When they informed him of the bargain they had made, he almost

laughed himself into fits. The vessel, it seems, had a false floor, and between the bottom and that, the space was filled with water, by means of holes near the keel, to give a continued supply to the fish that were brought alive in that manner to the market. Of course it flowed in as fast as they drew it; and they would have had to pump Boston harbour dry before they could free the vessel. It was the greatest case of sell, I think, I ever saw.

"That is pretty much the case with the inquiry the Board of Admiralty make about manning the navy. They must go to the bottom of the thing. They must ascertain the cause of the repugnance sailors entertain to the service; and having discovered and removed that, they will have more volunteers than they require, and every ship will have a picked crew. Competitive examination may be a good thing, sir, but, believe me, common sense is far better." But, rising abruptly, he said: "Here we are, sir, at 'The Needles'; excuse me if you please; we must have our eyes out here. It won't do to have the same old story of collision." Each well-known object, as we passed it, afforded a subject for remark; but continuous conversation (as is always the case towards the termination of a voyage) was at an end.

I safely landed at Southampton. To-morrow I hope to avail myself of my Season Ticket.

THE BANKER OF BALLYFREE.

BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

ABOUT eleven miles from the county town of —, there was, about eight-and-twenty years ago, a well-built stone stile, leading off a public road in the interior of the country to a footpath through the fields. Following the path, the rising ground leads by a gentle curve over a green hill meadow. It descends on the other side into a marshy flat, cut out into turf banks and bog holes, at the foot of a mountain of no despicable height, covered from the very base to the summit with brown and purple heather. Nigh half way in the ascent, the path turns along the side of the mountain, and after a short half-mile reverts abruptly

to the left, leading directly up the breast of nearly the steepest part. Suddenly you come upon the open mouth of a deep fissure running parallel to the path. The bottom of this cleft does not appear to keep an elevation in proportion to that of the mountain, but to run in directly at the same level as when you first observed it, and the two portions of the mountain stand apart. This fissure widens and closes with singular caprice, at times forming deep and dangerous chasms; at others, having solid bridges of heath-covered granite across at top—the cavity itself still running through underneath like a

economy pervade every department of their vast establishment, while no money is spared in procuring the strongest and best vessels, the ablest and most efficient officers, and in providing good accommodation and liberal fare for the passengers. I like a steamer, and only wish the present voyage was longer than from Cork to Southampton. What a glorious thing is the sea, the vast, the boundless sea! How bracing and refreshing the breeze! How the spirits are exhilarated by speed, and how proudly you walk the deck, in conscious strength of having subdued the ocean and made it subservient to your will. The flapping sail and the listless calm, the dull and monotonous rolling of the inert and helpless ship, the drowsy, dreamy days of time that stood still, the anxious survey of the sky for indications of the awakening breeze, the baffled hope, the oppressive feeling of despondency at head winds and adverse seas that overpowered one of old, are recollections of the past that only seem to increase the pleasure derived from a power that bears on with unabated, unaltered speed, regardless alike of currents or adverse gales. How superior it is to a railway train: you have room to move and to walk about, you inhale with delight the fresh air, and you soon become known to all your fellow-travellers. You relish your meals, and have an increased appetite for them (if you are a good sailor, if not, you had better stay at home and read the travels of others). You have time to eat, your progress is not delayed by the operation, and you can sit and sip your wine at your leisure; and enjoy the varied conversation of your companions. How different is all this from the rush into a refreshment room, where stale pastry, coarse meat, detestable coffee, thick soup, and bad tea are served and swallowed in haste, amidst a standing, elbowing, noisy crowd. The hour, too, after a light supper is most enjoyable; your companions are generally men of the world, and from all parts of the globe, and the conversation is equally various and amusing. Every man is a walking, talking book of travels, having the advantage over a printed one of possessing the ability to explain what is obscure, to abridge what is diffuse, or enlarge what is too brief.

There is less reserve than in general society, and individual character is more developed. It affords a good study of human nature. When the bell rings for the extinguishment of lights, instead of spreading out a railway wrapper and reclining your head against the corner of the carriage, you get into your snug, comfortable berth, and are rocked to sleep by the lullaby of the billows. Oh! commend me to an ocean steamer, and let those who prefer railways have their monopoly of smoke, dust, noise, tremulous carriages, and sulky, supercilious companions.

As soon as I had disposed of my traps in my state-room, and mounted the deck, I recognised an old supernumerary officer of the Company with whom I had made a voyage or two in the Mediterranean. Captain Rivers is a well-known character, and has been so long in the service that he is generally styled "Commodore." He was not attired in the uniform of the Company, as he was not on duty, but in the usual undress sea suit of a sailor, and a jolly, thoroughgoing sailor he was! Short, thick set, rather inclined to corpulency, and bearing a full, florid, good-humoured countenance: who that had ever seen him could forget the Commodore!

"Ah, my good friend," he said, as he shook me heartily by the hand, "I am glad to see you, I thought you were in the Pacific." After a while our conversation naturally turned on the past, and the incidents of our voyages in the Mediterranean. "Did you ever meet that Yankee lady again," he said, "who came from Malta with us, Mrs. Balcom? A pleasant little woman that, she was the only American lady I ever met that laughed heartily, they are generally so formal, precise, and cold. Their smiles are like winter sunbeams on ice, bright enough to dazzle your eyes, while your feet are freezing. A Yankee lady is like a badly boiled potato, floury outside, but a *bone* at the heart. Give me an English girl after all, when they do love they love you with all their heart. I won't say there are not matches made for money here as elsewhere; but in a general way they don't begin with the 'everlasting dollar.'"

"No," I said, "they may not originate in it, but how often mere love

which instead of hiding the defect, as it was intended to do, pointed it out the more.

Luke Farrell was of no mean parts either, particularly in arithmetic and writing, but the unfortunate defect in his mouth was often the cause of a titter or a grin among the scholars, and caused him to become habitually irritable. When he gave up his school, which he did merely because of the ridicule brought upon him among his pupils by the defect mentioned, he had a few pounds—say forty—and he knew a girl that had about sixty; and he was arithmetician enough to know that if he could put these sums together they would make a hundred; besides, he liked the girl, and had liked her for some time. The doubt was not, did she like him; no, but could she like him; he tried, and whether she did or not, I do not know—but Peggy M'Nulty married him. Luke was a shrewd, money-loving, money-making man. He was bred and born in Ballyfree, and so was his father before him, from whom he inherited an interest in the best house in the village, and the kindest bit of land along the mountain's foot. As has been hinted, his greatest fault was an inordinate love of putting money together. This one absorbing thought mastered every better and warmer feeling of his nature. Having got hold of Peggy's sixty pounds, and put it to his own forty, he considered how he could turn it to the best account.

Having, in the first instance, so much ready money at command, it is not to be wondered at if he was sometimes applied to by a distressed neighbour for a small loan, "until they could get that lock of oats thrashed," or "until the pig would come round." Luke Farrell was ready to oblige "the distressed neighbour" with a trifling loan, given upon the We O U of the said distressed neighbour, and another not so distressed, and generally for an amount one-third more than the sum lent. There was no interest at all paid, but the additional sum in consideration of which the loan was made, was lumped at once with the We O U. He had a regular "sliding scale" upon which he made these loans, which varied according to the situation of the parties, and the risk attending the *kindness*. Thus, the loan of a pound

—tucked into his pocket-book a We O U

for one pound ten, payable at the end of three months; two pounds brought one for three; three pounds, one for four pounds five; and so on, in proportion to the circumstances of the borrowers, up to five pounds, beyond which he did not like to go. In the case of part payments only being made when the date of payment arrived, the scale ran as follows:—A person whose debt was three pounds was allowed to let it stand as it was, by a payment of ten shillings in cash; but if he was only able to hand out five shillings, he was obliged to give in a fresh We O U for three pounds six; and so in proportion as regarded other sums. This was the system he had been working upon, from the time he brought his wife to Ballyfree to the day when Jack Mitchell asked him for help to bury Nancy Grimes. He also kept a meal store, and gave meal to the *distressed*, from one stone to eight, upon usurious credit and good securities. And thus he came to be called "the Banker of Ballyfree."

It so happened, when Jack called in to Luke Farrell's to make the collection, that he found the husband, wife, and boy, all at home. Luke was by no means a cold or harsh-spoken man; nor did he appear to want warmth of feeling upon any subject requiring ready sympathy, so long as words and a mere expression of kindness were all he was called on to give; but touch him on the subject of money, and the frost was a sudden, hard, black frost.

"Luke," said old Mitchell, after the customary salutations of the morning had passed, "that poor woman who was down in the fever is dead; she died this morning."

"Poor creature," said Luke, "she did not last long; I wonder what will become of her poor little girl!"

"The neighbours must do something towards burying her," said Jack; "and I think a collection ought to be made to buy a coffin, and put her decently into the ground."

"Begging—always begging, Jack," said the banker; "'tis but th' other day you came here for an armful of dry straw for that same woman, and I gave it. I don't see what right beggars have to be coming through the country, and dying under the hedges about our village, and then getting

French Chasseurs d'Afrique the third voyage; and that is the *three-fourths* of the army in three voyages. What do you say to that, Colonel?" said I.

"Sold!" said he, "every mite and morsel of me, and well sold, too—that's a super-superior catch. Write that story down, and sign it, and put the P. and O. ship's name, the Simla, down, too, lest I should forget it, and let the umpire write on it that he decided it against me, and sign his name and title in full. Let it appear an undeniable fact, that's all I ask. I don't grudge the money—its only fifty pounds, and I'll make as many hundreds out of it when I get home."

"Lord! I shall never forget the day I was commanded to prepare to take the first regiment. A lieutenant in the navy came on board with the order: and they are gentlemen that recognise no officer afloat but themselves, and think they have a monopoly of all the seamanship and knowledge of navigation in the world. So when he comes on board, said he: 'I want to see Mr. Rivers.' My first officer, who saw he was giving himself airs, and had no mind to stand it, said: 'There is no Mr. Rivers here, sir; you have come to the wrong ship.'

"Isn't this the Simla?"

"It is."

"Who commands her?"

"Captain Rivers."

"Well, tell Mr. Rivers I want to see him."

"I tell you, sir, there is no Mr. Rivers here."

"Well, tell him that commands her, then, that Lieutenant Jenkins, of Her Majesty's ship the Blunderbuss, is the bearer of an order from the Admiral."

"So what does he do but call the second officer, and says he, 'Tell Captain Rivers a Mr. Jenkins is here with an order from the flag-ship.' The Lieutenant was very angry; but other people have short memories as well as navy officers. When he delivered the order, he complained to me of my officer for rudeness, and I called him and rebuked him for it. Says I, 'If this gentleman forgets what is due to others, you should never forget what is due to yourself.' I must say, though, that the Admiral always treated me with great condescension and kindness; and a thorough sailor he was, too, which was more than could be said of some others I knew

in the fleet. Steam has played the deuce with our sailors; they are not what they used to be in my younger days. Still, they are far before the French in every way, although machinery has put them more on a level with us than I like. I am sorry you have been away this summer. You should have seen the *28te* at Cherbourg. Ah! sir, that was a beautiful sight. We had glorious weather for it; and, I think, we must have astonished the French."

"You mean," I said, "that Cherbourg astonished you; didn't it?"

"Not at all," he said. "There is a superb dockyard there, and a beautiful harbour, with an entrance at each end of it, well protected by powerful batteries. But what of all that? Any harbour can be well-fortified; but this place is constructed on old principles, and the improvement in modern artillery, and the recent invention of new projectiles, render it far less formidable than you would suppose. The fleet can be shelled by Whitworth's guns, and burned in the dockyard. But what I was alluding to was the spectacle. Why, sir, it was an English exhibition in a French harbour. Just imagine a fleet of five hundred yachts, belonging to English country gentlemen. Beautiful craft, well-fitted, well-manned, and appointed in the most perfect manner, and all decorated with every variety of flag, with just wind enough to wave them to advantage. It was a beautiful sight. Then there were three of our splendid ships, the *Pera*, the *Salsette*, and the *Benares*, three of the finest ships afloat—not belonging to Government, but to a company of merchants—not selected as show-vessels, but taken promiscuously from a fleet of more than fifty, merely because they were supernumerary at the time—and this company only one of the many great ocean steam companies of England. Then there was the *Etna*, belonging to the Cunard fleet, as large as a seventy-four gun ship; besides numerous other smaller private steamers. To these were added the British squadron of men-of-war; and, above all, the royal yachts of Her Majesty, fitting emblems of the Queen of a maritime nation like Great Britain. Depend upon it, that spectacle must have struck the French as an evidence of the strength, spirit, and resources

"Oh, pretty good, Mrs. Farrell; but I'm afraid I'm short still."

"Did you see Luke since?" said she.

"Oh, yes, he followed me down the lane that time."

"Did he give you any thing towards it, Jack?"

"Oh, next to nothing, I may say—next to nothing; he's a hard man where money's concerned, Mrs. Farrell, although he is your husband," and he was moving on.

"Stop where you are a moment, Mr. Mitchell," said Hugh, and he darted into the house. While he was away, Mrs. Farrell slipped a "flip-penny" into Jack Mitchell's hand, saying, "there, Jack, I couldn't give you that this morning while he was here himself; he doesn't know I had it."

"Here, Mr. Mitchell, is half-a-crown I got on the chimney-piece, I think it was intended for you," said Hugh, putting it into his hand.

"Well done, Hughy, my boy; I'll put your name down for this," said Jack, opening out his slip of paper, and touching his tongue with the end of his pencil.

Mrs. Farrell looked at her son, much distressed, and old Mitchell, thanking them, hastened down the lane.

"Hugh," said his mother, drawing him over to her, and leaning the boy up against her bosom, "you're a kind good boy, and God grant what you did may not get you blame; if I knew what you were about, I'd have said 'don't in time to stop you, but I couldn't take the money out of the old man's hand.'"

It was late in the afternoon before Luke Farrell made his appearance, looking pleased and happy.

"That's a fine day, Peggy," said he, "blessed be God, and every thing looks well."

"It is, indeed, Luke, dear," said Peggy; "it's well when we are contented and thankful for the mercies we have, instead of longing for them that we haven't."

Luke Farrell was a sharp man, and he conceived that this was meant to convey that he was avaricious. Ugly as his smile had been, Peggy was sorry to see it vanish.

"We have great reason to be thankful, Luke, dear," she continued, "for we have plenty of every thing, and something to spare."

"You seem down somehow, Peggy; what's the matter with you; you shouldn't be down, woman; we have plenty of every thing, and every thing is thriving; cheer up, I say, every thing is bright."

"Bright with us, Luke, indeed; but I was thinking of that poor creature that died this morning, and what in the world will become of the poor little colleen, and she so young."

"Oh, as to the poor woman, I gave a help this morning to bury her, and others, no doubt, will do the same; but as to the little girl, I suppose she must do as her mother did before her, and what she was brought up to—beg through the world, and be buried at the cost of her neighbours, wherever she chooses to die."

Luke having thus delivered himself, entered the house, and sat upon the nearest chair. They followed him in, and Hugh got ready to tell the truth, for he knew the money would soon be missed.

"It's a hard tax upon people that's neither kith nor kin to her," said Luke, rising up and going towards the chimney-piece. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "where's the half-crown I left here this morning; faith, maybe it's what I shoved it into this open between the wood and the wall, with my elbow, for I went out in a hurry. Get me the chisel and the hammer, Hugh; I'll soon get it, and a nail or two will set all right again."

"I—I—took," the mother was beginning—

"No, you didn't. I took it, father, and gave it to old Mitchell towards Nancy Grimes's funeral," said Hugh, firmly.

"You young pickpocketrascal, how dare you touch it? How dare you touch it, I say, you pilfering, stealing young robber, you?" and Luke Farrell took his son by the soft flat part of the ear. "How dare you touch it, I say, you young ruffian," and he gave him a good pull, and took hold of the other ear.

"Oh, Luke—Luke, dear," the mother began, but was interrupted by her passionate husband.

"Hold your tongue, woman; do you want me to let him turn robber, and thief, and pickpocket, without checking him? I'm ashamed of you, Peggy. How dare you touch it, I say, sir!"

in disagreeing?" Here he suddenly broke off the conversation, saying, "Here is old Tom Skinner, who sailed with me in the Simla. He is a character, that fellow," and, allowing me to pass on, accosted a queer-looking seaman that was going aft to the wheel. "Is that you, Tom Skinner?" said he. "How are you?"

"Pretty well in bodily health, sir," said the sailor; "but the Lord fetcheth it out of me in corns."

"Are you married yet, Tom?"

"Well, I be."

"And how do you get on?"

"Well, I can't say it's a woman lost or a man thrown away; it's much of a muchness, sir. She tried it on at first, saving your presence, sir, by going to bed missus and getting up master; but I soon fetched her up with a round turn, and made her coil up the slack. She knows her course now, sir, and answers the helm beautiful."

Here the dinner-bell rang, and we went below.

Whoever has been at sea, as I have, in the old sailing-packets, can hardly believe the great improvement that has been effected in the arrangements of ocean steamers for the comfort of passengers. The saloon is as different a thing from the cabin of former days as can well be imagined. Well lighted and ventilated, spacious and admirably adapted, either for the purposes of a dining or sitting-room, it has all the convenience that a vessel is capable of affording, while the means and mode of cooking are such as to leave passengers no ground to complain of their dinner, or the manner in which it is served. They are literally floating hotels. On referring to this subject, in conversation with the Commodore, he said, "This, sir, arises from our having a fore and also an after cabin. Each has its separate price, and is provided accordingly. Those who pay the full fare have the best accommodation; those who are in the forward cabin, and whose passage-money is less, are supplied in proportion to what they pay. It is not like a Yankee hotel, where there are *turkey* boarders, and *corn-beef* boarders. I have often laughed at a story, told me by the Governor's aide-de-camp at Gibraltar, who was a passenger of mine some four or five years ago. He said he was once travelling

in Connecticut, and arrived at an inn, where the members of the Legislature boarded and dined together. A queer collection of sages they must have been from his description, consisting of farmers, lawyers, ship-builders, lumbermen, land speculators, and so forth. The landlord kept a capital table, on which was every delicacy of the season. Well, a primitive old fellow, a representative of a rural district, who knew more of personal than political economy, and had been used to coarse fare at home, did not much like the expense, and wanted to be served at a lower rate than the others; so he applied to the landlord to reduce the fare. 'I don't want your venison,' he said; 'your turkeys, your canvas-back ducks, or your salmon; let those have them that like them, and can afford them; *corned-beef* is good enough for me. If you will give me that it is all I want, therefore you must reduce the board to me accordingly.' The master of the house, who was a bit of a wag, agreed to this, and promised to keep the bargain secret. He knew very well it was the secret, and not the arrangement, that would punish Master Skinflint; accordingly he left things to take their course. Well, the servants, who were ignorant of the private compact, offered him in turn every dish on the table. 'Bring me *corned beef*,' was the invariable order. At length this singular and oft-repeated answer attracted the attention of everybody at the table, and the waiters, seeing them enjoy the joke, continually plied and tempted him with every other dish in succession before they obeyed the demand for *corned-beef*. At last the member for Squashville lost all patience, and roared out in a voice of thunder to the servant, 'Confound your ugly picture, don't you know I am a *corn-beef* boarder and not a *turkey* boarder?' It grew into a by-word that; and every shabby fellow at an hotel now is called '*corned-beef* boarder;' so you see the *turkey passengers* are here, and the *corned-beef gentlemen* forward. Neither of them have any reason to complain. Every thing is done liberally here; and this I must say, I prefer this service to that of the navy; the officers are better paid, better found, and better treated in every respect."

Farrell was not a man whose disposition would have prompted him to sacrifice a five-pound note, even to attain the object of securing himself from future robbery, or of getting rid of the expense of his son as a member of the family. The first he did not believe or dread, and I will do him the justice to say, that he would not have been a party to the second, to save the whole sum he had already accumulated from the river or the flames. It was a mere outburst of passion, and he never intended that his son should act upon it. He did not, however, anticipate the result of his heartless and cruel suggestion, which had roused him so completely beyond control.

Hugh Farrell, when he was thrown out upon the street, and heard the key turned in the door behind him, rose up, ran at full speed down the lane, got out upon the road, and turning to the left, continued his speed towards Dublin. He dropped not a tear; he uttered not a word during that long dark night—dark to him.

Evening came; night came; and morning came; but Hugh Farrell came not.

I am not going to describe what the father's feelings were, or what were the mother's, as days, weeks, and months passed by, and no tidings were heard of her boy; or how, when days, weeks, and months had multiplied into years, she drooped and died, without her eyes being blessed, or her heart relieved by a sight of him before she departed. Luke Farrell was left a lone and hated man, whose sole companion was burning remorse. Did he alter his course of life? No, he went on lending, lending, and taking higher interest for his money.

This continued for some time, when he suddenly determined to lend no more—to remain at Ballyfree only until he collected the money which was already out, sell his interest in his house and land, and then quit the place for ever.

There was a public house at the cross-roads near which Mr. Finley kept his school, and on an evening in the beginning of December, two brothers, Daniel and John Costelloe, were sitting in an upper room—they were sitting *straddles* upon a form facing each other, with half a pint

of whiskey in a noseless jug, and a glass with a bell mouth between them.

"What's the matter with him of late, Dan? he'll lend no more, and he never stopped at a worse time for us; they say he's fretting about the boy."

"Never mind, we'll try him; get it we must, or Micky will be apt to go in the wrong ship, if he doesn't swing; we must work a ten-pound note out of him at the very least—the old miser."

"I doubt it. Billy Maher wanted to get three pounds from him a Sunday last, and he wouldn't give it, although he offered himself and his first cousin, Frank Kinnealy, a man with fine stacks of corn, to join him in a We O. He says he'll lend no more, but gather in what's due; they say, too, that he means to sell his houldin' and go to America in hopes of finding his son."

However, having finished the half pint, they left, determined upon asking Luke Farrell for the loan of ten pounds. There was a friend of theirs who wished to go to the West, for fear he would be sent to the East, and funds were requisite.

Luke Farrell was sitting, on the following day, at a little rickety table, with a box of papers before him, when he heard a double step coming to the door; he shut down the lid of the box, locked it, and wheeled round on his chair facing the fire. Dan and John Costelloe came in.

"Mr. Farrell," said Dan, "we're come to you for the loan of a trifle of money."

"You needn't, then," said Luke, "for I'll lend no more."

"Well, but to sarve a neighbour, Mr. Farrell; you're sure of your money with us, you know."

"I don't doubt that at all, boys; but I don't intend to lend any more; I'll never enjoy a penny of what I have—I can't."

"Why, then, we'd give you good security, Mr. Farrell, dear, and a trifle over and above what you used to charge, and we're at a great short."

Luke Farrell's ear drank in the words "something over and above."

"We want ten pounds, Mr. Farrell."

"Well, and if I was to break through my rule from a wish to serve you, boys, what would you be willing to put in the WeOU; and who would you get to join in it?"

"Well, Mr. Farrell, as we want the

ling to recruit my strength. How I could devote all my energies to my duty, and perform it quickly and quietly! It is a great matter to be quit of wardens, church-rates, and vestry meetings. I should like to be a chaplain amazingly. I wonder the company don't manage to have one.' He is a very amusing man, sir; its worth your while to talk to him, for he is full of anecdote, and takes original views of everything. He is always taking a rise out of the old Commodore, when he meets him, and I have no doubt he is poking fun at him now. You know Captain Rivers has been at sea ever since he was a little boy, and has been in the service of this Company from its commencement; of course, he has met a vast number of people in his day, and perhaps he has a larger acquaintance than almost any man afloat. Lately his memory is affected by age, and he thinks he knows everybody. England and I were talking the other day about the Russian navy, when the Commodore joined in the conversation. So says the parson (giving me a wink at the time): 'Rivers, did you ever meet in your travels Captain Cut-em-off-tail?' 'Cut-em-off-tail—Cut-em-off-tail,' said the Commodore, 'let me see.' And he put his hand to his forehead. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I know him; he commanded a fort in the White Sea when I was there in the 'Freebooter,' from Hull—oh, of course, I know him well—a jolly fellow he was, too, but a devil to drink brandy.' 'You are mistaken,' said Old England, 'he is in the navy.' 'You are right,' replied the Commodore, 'he commanded a three-decker at Sebastopol. I thought I recollected his name—no, I don't know him personally, but I have often heard of him. Their names are so queer they confuse a fellow.'"

Resuming our former topic, "What is the reason," I said, "the Admiralty has such difficulty in manning the navy, while you retain your men from year to year, and find it so easy to get additional hands when you require them?" "There are many reasons," he replied, "but the Admiralty is either ignorant of them, or won't believe them. The main cause is, the men are not well used, either by the country, or on board ship, and the consequence is, the service is unpopular. When a war occurs, every inducement

is held out to sailors to enter, and as soon as it is over, they are paid off, and turned adrift to shift for themselves. They are discharged in such numbers, the labour market is glutted; they can't readily find employment, and there is much suffering. Many of them quit the country in disgust, and all resolve to have nothing further to do with the navy, which, while it almost disqualifies them from entering merchant ships (for there is a feeling against employing men-of-war sailors), recognises no claim for consideration on account of past services in the hour of need. There are other reasons also. They are often away on distant voyages, separated from their families and friends, for a very long period, and not allowed those indulgences on shore that they obtain in the mercantile marine. No man will bear this from choice, nor will he voluntarily submit to the strict discipline of a man-of-war, unless great pecuniary advantages are held out to him. Jack is not the thoughtless fellow he used to be, and he can distinguish between necessary and arbitrary discipline as well as his superiors. Hence, the difficulty some officers find in obtaining a crew, while others can man their ships with comparative ease. The character of every captain in the navy is generally known at all the great seaport towns in the kingdom; and if any one is a tyrant, he cannot complete a crew without obtaining drafts from other ships. When a case of this kind occurs, it ought to be the duty of the admiral on the station to inquire into it; and if, where sailors are not scarce, men decline to enter a particular ship, and their refusal can be traced satisfactorily to this cause, that circumstance ought to disqualify the captain from being further employed. It would be a long story to enter into details, but there are many other reasons of a similar character to those I have mentioned. One thing is certain, if men were as well paid, found, and treated in the navy as in merchant ships, and received similar indulgence when in port, they would sooner enter it than the other, *for the work is far lighter*. If they refuse, then some one or more, or all of these conditions do not exist. Don't look for remote causes, take obvious ones. If the service is unpopular, there is a reason for it. Ask

goin' to lose you. Is that the case? Devil a one in the townland that wouldn't be very sorry for you."

"Thank you, Dan, thank you; but I'm not going to leave you yet a bit. I have some business in S—to-morrow, but I'll come back, Dan; I'll come back for certain. Maybe I'd be leaving you about the days of May."

"Oh, I know, Mr. Farrell. You'll be going to the bank, I'll engage, and, upon my faith, your right enough; this is no place to be keeping money, except a trifle; and you don't want much about you, now that you don't mane to lend any more."

"To tell you the truth, Dan, you're right. I think it's not proper to be keeping the trifle I have in cash in the house in this lonely place."

"Indeed, an' you're right, Mr. Farrell, there's no knowing what temptation it id be, if it was known that you got paid for your farm, and got in the most of what was due, besides the sale of your farming utensils, and your little sticks of furniture. Why, Mr. Farrell, you can't have less than a hundred or a hundred and twenty pounds, I may say, in your pocket this minute, for it's better even there than in the house."

"No, not so much, Dan; not so much as that; but, about the horse?"

"Sure I said if I had a hundred horses you'd be welcome to them, and so you should; let me see—this is Thursday. I was for town myself a Saturday. I have a couple of vessels of butter for the market, and I'll be putting him to the car; one day can make no differ, Mr. Farrell, and you can sit up, and welcome. John and I'll be going in; you can come with us; we'll take care of you, never fear. 'Twill be better than going your lone, and the horse couldn't well go in the two days."

"Thank you, Dan; it will do very well. I wonder," he added, "is Jemmy M'Govern's horse idle?"

"Oh, M'Govern's horse fell yesterday and smashed himself to pieces. His knees is tied up with meal and wather," said Dan Costelloe.

"Well, Dan, I believe it is better to go with you on Saturday."

Notwithstanding Dan Costelloe's kindness, Farrell strolled carelessly

in the evening to James M'Govern's, to ask about his horse, thinking the story about his having smashed his knees might be exaggerated. He met nobody about the place. The stable door was open, and, hearing the crunching of a horse eating hay, he turned in to satisfy himself. The horse stopped chewing, looked round, and "listened" at him. Dan Costelloe had told him the truth.

It was much later than the hour settled upon before Dan Costelloe called at Luke Farrell's, on Saturday morning, and he was ready waiting. His breeches-pockets were buttoned tight, and the blue shooting coat buttoned over them.

"Why, then, what kept you, Dan? I'm afraid we'll be late enough," said Luke.

"There's a shoe loose on the mare," said Dan, "and I sent for that fellow, Murneen, to drive a few nails in it, but, bad cess to him, he's away at a funeral. Come, up with you, Mr. Farrell, we'll get a couple of nails in it at M'Gurk's, upon the road. John's gone across the mountain. He'll be at the stile before us."

Luke Farrell did not like the delay, but he thought the less objection he now made the better, so he got up, and away they drove.

That night, about eleven o'clock, the horse and car were brought home by a man named Thomas M'Dermott, brother to the friend for whom the Costelloes borrowed the money. Having put up the horse, he took the foot-path across the mountain again, late as it was, and returned with Dan and John Costelloe in about an hour after.

Luke Farrell did not return with them, and the next day they gave out that he took the late coach for Dublin, on his way to America. In about ten days afterwards Mr. Finley, the schoolmaster, received a letter from Mr. Farrell from Liverpool, which, if there were any persons in the village who had the curiosity to ask, or in any way to doubt, whether Luke Farrell had really gone to America or not, was sufficient to answer all such questions, and allay their doubts.

tunnel. The perpendicular sides are studded with brushwood, and stumps of blasted ash, or a withered oak. The break ceases, however, and the mountain is again united ere the summit is reached. The principal feature of the prospect is a small village called Ballyfree, situated in a fertile little amphitheatre, almost entirely surrounded by towering brown and purple heather; hence, indeed, the name of the village, Ballyfree, being Irish for "the town of the heath."

At the upper end of this village, there lived a respectable lone woman named Honor Mitchell. Her husband, old Jack Mitchell, although a poor man, had been a tidy and very tasty one, and contrived to keep his cabin in a state of cleanliness, which contrasted favourably with those that stood scattered about. It was Jack himself who painted the door and window-sashes that "good serviceable brown." It was he who clipped the hedge about the little garden, white-washed the wall beneath, and put up the gate into the potato plot in the rear; he managed to get his humble residence a good coat of oaten straw thatch every third year.

When Jack Mitchell died, his widow held on, for the agent had much consideration for her.

But you must be introduced to the village a few years previous to the time to which our tale refers, and to some of the principal *dramatis personæ* of this narrative. There was the little orphan, Cicely Grimes, who lived with Honor Mitchell; she was universally loved by all the neighbours, and was called Cil for fondness. Poor little girl! her father had run away to America, and after a few days' illness of fever, her mother died, and the little orphan was running with a wild and frightened cry from the hut where the dead lay, towards the village, when the first person she met was Honor Mitchell, who, between sobs and cries, ascertained from the child the calamity that had befallen her. Honor took the poor child into her house, and when her husband, Jack Mitchell, came home, he was only too happy to see the little outcast under his roof.

Luke Farrell, the man of the village, was commonly called "the Banker of Ballyfree." He was married and had one son, a handsomelad, Hugh Farrell,

at this time about twelve or fourteen. His mother was a sensible woman, whose greatest misfortune was her marriage with Luke. His temper rendered her life one of watchful inquietude. Her principal anxiety, however, was that little Hugh should get fair play in the way of learning. She feared from his father's disposition that Hugh's schooling was likely to be neglected as too costly a concern.

Luke Farrell had his faults—they were neither few nor mild—but he was not altogether devoid of some feelings which did him credit; and upon this occasion he acted sensibly; nor can it be doubted that affection for his son was uppermost in his heart, notwithstanding the uncontrollable love of money which reigned within him. Luke had been a schoolmaster for some years, and perhaps felt the value of knowledge too keenly to deny it to the only child he had; but be all this as it may, when the subject was mentioned by his wife, instead of being met with a harsh denial such as she had anticipated, to her surprise and delight, he cordially agreed with her; in fact he had already been speaking to Mr. Finley, the schoolmaster at the cross-roads, and had settled the matter, and Hugh was to slip over the mountain to school for the first time, on the Monday following.

Luke Farrell was about forty-eight years of age. He was a tall, spare man, and much underlimbed for his height; there was something not pleasant in his countenance—his forehead and brow hung heavily over a cunning and suspicious eye—not so much that you suspected it, as that you felt it suspected you. His nose was not cocked, and yet he had high cheek bones and wide nostrils, singularly inconsistent with his forehead and eyebrows. His mouth was the most disagreeable feature in his face. There was a malformation of the under jaw, which rendered it unpleasant to hear him speak, particularly if he addressed himself directly to yourself; his teeth grew promiscuously, and so close, that there appeared to be a double row in the front so completely in the way of his tongue, as to render his articulation indistinct. He felt this, and had contracted a habit of rubbing the back of his hand across his mouth while he spoke,

to dart in behind it. There she stood breathless with terror ; she could not see them, but could hear every word they said. Dan Costelloe began :

"I wonder what keeps Tom; he's behind time. Look there, 'tis near three o'clock ; and half-past two was the hour."

"Pshaw! man, that old turnip of his isn't worth a pin ; I often told you to part it and get a decent one. I wouldn't keep it. Dan—mind my words—part it, or it may bring you into trouble yet."

"No, faith, John ; that's where I'd be a fool. 'Tis safer with me than if I parted it ; sure I don't put it in my pocket wanst a quarter, and wouldn't now but for I fixed half-past two for Tom."

"Well, Dan, if it fell to me, I'd sink it in the lough, or throw it over the rocks after him, sooner than I'd be keeping it. Take my advice ! I suppose Tom will soon be here now ; but what do you mean to do, Dan ?"

"To do ! Why, to get hold of the papers, to be sure, at any risk. I'll warrant there's money along with them ; he never left himself that bare, for you know he meant to come back. The papers—the papers, I say ; and all that's in the house belonging to him."

"She won't give them up, Dan ; she's as stout as a bull."

"Won't she! athen maybe she won't! faith, and if she doesn't she might do worse, John. We might send her the short cut to America, after Luke ; eh, Jack, my boy ?"

"No, Dan, you won't do any such

Just then the door opened, and another man came in ; she did not know his voice, but the Costelloes called him Tom. Dan asked him what kept him, and he said he was full time enough. Dan told him that they were going to take away any papers belonging to Luke Farrell they could find in Honor Mitchell's house a Sunday night ; that he might depend upon it there was money in the box where the papers were, and that he should have his share, if he'd come. He replied, "that they ought to let well enough alone ; they had done enough already, and if his advice was taken, they'd never look after papers or money, or any thing else ; if they did, to mind what he said, they'd be

sorry for it but once, and that would be all the days of their lives." Dan said, "if the young chap ever comes home, he may be down on all them that didn't pay up, and find out or suspect something. I'm for the papers, boys ; I know we'll be apt to get some money along with them."

She remained quiet for several minutes, until Mrs. Brennan came and told her they were gone clear off. She then went home as fast as she could, and told it all to Mrs. Mitchell—"and we only waited," interrupted that old dame, "until it was dark, to lock up the house, your honour, and come away with our lives, and we brought the papers with us ; and there's the box, for all the world as Luke Farrell left it the last morning he set eyes on Ballyfree."

I sent Mrs. Mitchell to a lodging-house hard by, rode over to a neighbouring magistrate, and told him the whole story ; he fixed the following day to meet two or three other magistrates, to examine the woman, and consult on what steps ought to be taken. I ascertained at the bank that there was upwards of four hundred and eighty pounds lying to the credit of Luke Farrell, with one half year's interest some time overdue, and undemanded. Luke Farrell had not called at the bank, or lodged any money at the time that he left Ballyfree with the Costelloes. For some years past, and until the last gale was due, he had been very punctual and regular in drawing the interest, and reloading it, with some addition from his pocket.

The magistrates met and re-examined the girl, and a warrant was made out on the spot for the arrest of the Costelloes.

The box was then opened. It contained a heterogeneous collection of papers—old promissory notes and *We O U's*, partly paid up ; lists of persons who owed small sums ; lists of rates of bonuses to be added to the sums lent, according to the amount, in an extraordinary tabular form ; memorandums or bank receipts for lodgments, with the amount of interest drawn and added. There was a sum of fourteen pounds in bank notes and silver, and last of all, there was a short will, without date, written in a large clear hand, to the following effect :—

themselves buried at the expense of any man who may happen to have a few shillings put together for 'th' agent."

"Come, Mr. Farrell," said Jack, "give us half-a-crown to begin with—that's a good man."

"Half-a-crown! Why, then, Jack Mitchell, maybe you think I'm made of money. Half-a-crown! Where would I get half-a-crown? any trifle I have I can't call my own till the rent's paid; I believe you're fairly dramin'."

All this time Luke Farrell was passing half-crowns and tenpenny bits noiselessly through his fingers in his breeches pockets—feeling for a flippeny bit! but he could not find one.

"Come, Luke," said old Jack, trying a touch of intimacy, when the dignity of Mr. had seemed to fail—"Come, Luke, give me half-a-crown; we all know you have it, you won't miss it; 'twill be a great help to us, and a good pattern to begin with."

Luke Farrell stealthily laid half-a-crown on the end of the black wooden chimney-piece, and put his elbow over it; his son, Hugh, saw him.

"Come, Mr. Luke," said old Jack, adding dignity and intimacy together, in a last hope of success, and modifying his demand to "give us more or less."

"Call again, Jack," said Luke, "after you go through the village, and let me see what others do, and I'll see if I can't give you something towards her."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Farrell, thank you," said old Jack, getting up and leaving the house.

Luke Farrell was still dropping the half-crowns and tenpennies through his fingers in his pocket, but so gingerly as not to make a noise. Second thoughts struck him, when he heard Jack Mitchell's steps departing from the door: what if any one in the village gave more than he had determined on giving, he should advance, at least to the same amount, and old Jack Mitchell had a piece of copy paper and a stump of a pencil in his hand, to take down the names; so he thought, upon consideration, that it would be best to compromise the chances, and give a tenpenny bit at once; and with this intention he followed old Mitchell down the lane.

"Here, Jack," said he, "there's no

use in being hard-hearted; it's what I never could be, and it's quite right that poor woman should be buried decently, and as soon as possible; here's a tenpenny bit towards her coffin. 'Tis all I can afford to give, and 'tis all I will give, I swear to you, so you needn't come back to me, let you be short or not—now, mind that, Jack; here's two pence over and above for the poor little girl; God help her."

"I'll put the coppers to the tenpenny bit, Luke, and make a shilling of it, towards the coffin; 'twill look better, Mr. Farrell," said Jack.

"No," said Luke, "you'll do no such thing; didn't I swear to you I'd give no more towards it; the two pence is for the little girl, and nothing else."

"Here, Luke, dear," said Jack, handing him back the two pence; "'Colleen a mitthol' won't want your hapence, with the blessing of God."

Luke took the two pence, dropped them into his pocket, over the half-crowns, and turned in through a gap to his farm.

It happened that Luke Farrell found one thing or another upon the farm that caught his attention and occupied his time until it was late in the afternoon, and as he had relieved his mind and conscience by a liberal act almost the first thing after breakfast that morning, he was in good humour with himself, and pleased with every thing he met as he went on from field to field. Luke Farrell returned to his home well pleased with himself, and inclined to be so with others; and although his was an ugly smile, it was always welcome, for it indicated that money was not uppermost in his thoughts for the moment.

In his hurry after old Jack Mitchell in the morning, he forgot the half-crown which he had laid on the end of the chimney-piece. About an hour after he was gone, when Mitchell was returning from his mission, young Hugh Farrell was standing at the door. His mother was sitting on a deal-bottomed chair in the shade of the house, mending a pair of stockings for Hugh, who leaned against the jamb of the door, with his legs crossed.

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Farrell, looking at him over her specs, as he came by, "what success have you had? Good, I hope."

all very partial to me, particularly the Costelloes, who were my best friends. I never let on to the Costelloes that I was going until the coach was almost ready to start, when I met John on the bridge and told him; indeed he cried like a child, and wanted me to wait till May, but I couldn't. Give my love to Honor Mitchell and the Costelloes, and M'Govern, tell Billy Carney not to fret about the trifle that he was behind, he's welcome to it, and any other of the neighbours that was short. We had a very stormy voyage from Dublin to here. This is a very large town entirely, or city I believe I should call it. The ships in the river is as thick as the heath upon the mountain behind Tim Fennelly's, there are so many masts. I sail on Friday in a ship called the Erin go bragh, she's a very fine ship, bigger than your school-house a great deal, she's bound for New York, where I'll be with the blessing they say in three weeks. You know I'm gone to look for Hugh, or nothing would make me leave Ballyfree. I hope, Dear Mat, this will find you well, and all inquiring friends, but as I had some time to spare before I sail, and as you know its no trouble to me to write, I thought I'd let you know where I am, that your mind may be easy about me, as I came away without so much as '*bannacht lath*,' particularly the Costelloes, who were my best friends, tell them not to be uneasy, as I'll never forget their kindness to me the day I left them, and Thomas M'Dermott, though he doesn't belong to Ballyfree, but I saw him once or twice, and he's a decent well behaved boy. Dear Mat, I remain your loving friend,

"LUKE FARRELL.

"P.S.—Dear Mat, tell the neighbours not to be uneasy about me, particularly the Costelloes. I hope Jemmy M'Govern's horse is better."

Finley swore positively that it was all in Luke Farrell's handwriting, with which he was well acquainted; so did one or two others, and, after a consultation upon the whole case, the evidence being quite insufficient to detain them, the Costelloes were discharged. I retained the letter, and subsequently compared it with the documents in the box, known to be in Farrell's handwriting, and was convinced that the letter was not written by the same hand; besides there was too much about the Costelloes in the letter to please me. I considered the fact of the money still remaining in the bank to Luke Farrell's credit a very suspicious circumstance, if the

man went to America; but felt that nothing could be done until further evidence could be procured.

One year and eight months after, Constable Harvey reported that, on the evening before, a man had been most inhumanly beaten at the three roads of C—, and he had brought him to the police barrack, where he was lying quite insensible. Harvey was very much afraid he had been murdered; he had not spoken a word, and none of the police or neighbours knew who he was. In less than ten minutes I was mounted and away to the scene. The district doctor had very little hopes of the man's recovery; he had been frightfully beaten about the head and body; there was one slight fracture of the skull, "not dangerous *per se*," the doctor said, but he feared that he was inwardly hurt—he had resisted all stimulants and lay to appearance dead. He had been washed and cleaned and exhibited the features of a very young and handsome man. He had a valuable ring upon one of his fingers.

Singular to say, a silver watch and chain and so much as sixteen sovereigns and some silver had been found on his person; so that it was evident either that robbery was not intended, or that the perpetrators had been disturbed before they had time to complete their design. There were no letters or documents, however, by which it could be ascertained who the young man was. This was on Friday. —Thursday evening he had been beaten—and on Saturday about two o'clock there was a meeting of the magistrates of the district to inquire into the matter.

This meeting was held at the petty sessions-house of the district, about a mile from the place where the outrage took place, and, as usual upon such occasions, there was a considerable crowd about the door. A policeman was posted outside for the purpose of keeping the people from the window, and I observed him pushing a young boy from the corner of the sash, who pertinaciously attempted to return. I took an opportunity of entering into conversation. The moment the boy saw the policeman engaged with me he returned to his *speed* at the side of the window. I then told the man to take no further

"Father," said the boy, "I beg your pardon; I thought you put it there for Jack Mitchell, and he told me you gave him nothing, and I thought you forgot it, and would not be angry."

"He lied, the old beggar; I did give him as much as I could afford, and more. You had no business to touch it. Did you think I could afford to give half-a-crown to bury a beggar? How da-a-re you touch it, I say;" and he twisted both his ears until they were crimson red.

The boy did not cry, but looked his father in the face.

"Father," said he, "you promised me half-a-crown long ago, when I went to school, if I was a good boy at the end of twelve months, and learned my book well. Let that half-crown lie against this one, and don't beat me."

"Worse and worse, you young rascal; you want to put it on that now, do you? You were to be a good boy, and well you have proved yourself worthy of it by robbing your father when his back was turned. You young pickpocket; you'll never be fit for anything else, that's more. You young scoundrel, I'll turn you out of the house; and a good riddance I'll have of you. I suppose I'm robbed right and left by you; but I'll keep you no longer, you thieving brat; how dare you take it, I say?" and he twisted his ears till they were like thumb-ropes.

The boy never winced.

"I never took a penny before, father, in all my life," said he.

"How do I know that, you young robber? Them that would rob would lie; but I'll tell you what it is," and he twisted his ears again, "I'll have done with you this day. Another hour I'll not harbour a robber in my house. Another meal of mine you'll never eat. Look here, young man," he added, "Do you see *that*," pulling a five-pound note out of his pocket, and holding it towards his son. "Take that, and begone, you young ruffian. Take it to the city, where you'll have fair play for your fingers. The master-pickpocket will perfect you in your trade for less than half the money; for you'll be an apt scholar, and he won't have much trouble. Take it, and be off with you, I say," and he thrust it into the boy's hand.

With the rapidity of lightning the boy thrust the note into the fire, where, ere the father could rescue it, it was nothing but a thin black film.

This was the climax to Hugh's destiny. Enraged beyond control, the father lifted a light stick which lay in the corner, and with all his force struck his son right and left across the face, raising thick red welts upon his cheeks, and then laid it heavy upon his back and sides. Hugh did not quail; and Luke Farrell, infuriated more by his calm humility than he would have been by the most forcible resistance, seized him by the collar, and, with a mighty swing, pitched the poor boy out upon the pavement, shut the door, locked it, and sat down upon a chair.

Peggy Farrell fainted. She knew her son; young as his heart was, she knew it.

Luke Farrell, roused to exertion, bathed his wife's temples in cold water, opened the door, and looked out.

As soon as Mrs. Farrell had recovered, she said, "Luke, I am sorry you were so harsh with Hugh; he's a high-spirited boy, and he won't come back."

"I fear he will, the young rascal," said Luke; "he knows a trick worth two of that; but I won't let him;" and he went to the door and looked out again.

"I think he's gone into the haggard," he said, "and he may stay there; I'll warrant he'll be stealing in to his supper, the young robber; I hope he'll repent before he shows his face again—after burning my five-pound note."

"Luke! Luke! I think you have greater cause to repent of what you have done, than that poor boy. He did not think he was doing wrong; he thought you left it there for Jack Mitchell; indeed he did; and recollect all the names you called him. 'Twould be enough to say all you did, and tear his poor ears in that way, to say nothing of the manner in which you beat him, if he took it out of your desk in the dark."

"Well, well, maybe so; 'twill do him no harm at all events to stop abroad for a while, till he thinks of himself. You know he was wrong, Peggy."

It may here be objected that Luke

become sensible during my absence, carefully to note every word that might fall from him.

On the fourth morning I received a note from the governor of the gaol, to say that Thomas M'Dermott wished to see me; he added that I ought to go at once, as he suspected he had something of importance to communicate. I lost no time.

The first question M'Dermott asked, when the door of the cell was shut, was—"How was the young man—was there any hope that he'd get over it?"

"Very little—indeed, scarcely any," said I.

"'Tis a bad job," he replied, "but not the worst yet."

"Take care what you are about, M'Dermott," said I. "Any statement you wish to make had better be made to a magistrate; be cautious, and consider well what you do, for any thing which you say to criminate yourself will be taken down in writing, and given in evidence against you; and if the young man dies, it may involve your life."

"Well, your honour, I'm obleeged to you for telling me that; but I'd be glad you'd send for Mr. W——, and stop here yourself while I tell him what I have to say—for say it I will, live or die; for if I don't, there's a grate dale will go unpunished that's a long time lying by; and it was they that drew me into that as well as this."

"But why send for Mr. W——," said I, "he lives a long way off: will not any other magistrate do equally well?"

"No, no, I know him so well; I couldn't tell the half of what I have to say to anybody else, and I wish you'd stand by, yourself. Send for Mr. W——."

In the afternoon of the next day I called again with Mr. W——. M'Dermott was duly cautioned upon the effect of any disclosure he might make, but he was still determined to make a full confession. The magistrate took down the following statement:—

"Upon the day that Luke Farrell left Ballyfree, in company with Daniel and John Costelloe, I met them by appointment on the road to S——. I was aware that it was the intention of the Costelloes to delay on the road so long that Luke Farrell would be

late for the bank, where they knew his business was—to lodge a considerable sum of money. In this they succeeded, by stopping at a forge to get a shoe fastened on the horse. They stuck close to him all day while he was in S——, and brought him to a public-house, just before they left the town, where they persuaded, or almost forced him to take a tumbler of porter and two glasses of whisky. He was the worse of liquor when he got on the car, and it was then closing dark. We had twelve or fourteen miles to go, and we did not arrive at the cross roads of Skeeoge until it was within an hour of midnight. By this time Luke Farrell was getting the better of the liquor, and we stopped at a small house on the roadside to give him another glass. Dan Costelloe told me to take the mare and cart home round the road, and that they would bring Luke Farrell across the mountain by the footpath, 'as soon as he had taken enough,' and to make haste back and meet them. I went home with the horse and car, and returned to meet them by the path. Having gained the top of the mountain, I heard the Costelloes some distance below me on the pathway. It was a light night by this time, and I saw them about twenty perch from me. I saw one of the Costelloes strike Luke Farrell and knock him down; they then both struck him several times about the head, with heavy sticks. I heard Dan say, 'That'll do; he's punished; be quick now.' Farrell never spoke a word; he must have been very drunk. They then stooped over him upon their knees, robbing him. In less than a minute they stood up, and one of them said, 'Come, in with him;' and they dragged him to the edge of the chasm and threw him over. I got frightened, and ran back to Ballyfree as fast as my legs could carry me. I then turned again and met the Costelloes not far from the village. They asked me what kept me, that they expected me up long before. I said I could not find the key of the stable for a long time, and that I did not like to leave the mare loose on the street, and that I came away the moment I tied her up. John said I did right not to leave her loose, as the people might be talking, if she strayed to any of their doors. Dan said, 'You

money very much, and as a great deal depends upon it, we'll put it in for fourteen pounds. Come, now, you haven't a word to say."

"I have plenty, Dan Costelloe. I'll quit lending money; it may have brought me a few pounds in as many years; but Dan, I'll quit, I tell you, it didn't bring me luck—look at me."

"It won't be so, Mr. Farrell, and this is the last time we'll ever ask you. Come, we'll do the decent thing and make it for fifteen, until the price for the seed oats comes round. Here John, take the paper out of your hat."

"Not so fast, boys, I have paper enough of my own; if I do this, 'twill be the last time I'll ever lend a pound; recollect I said that, Dan and John Costelloe; I'll never lend another pound while I live, so nobody need ask me. You must get some one to join you, for you're co-partners, living on the same land."

"Our neighbour, Michael Carney, will join us," said John.

"He'll do very well, he was always regular himself, and I haven't his name in my papers now at all; it's a mere matter of form, for you'll never ask him to pay a farthing of it?"

"Never, never," said they in a breath, "you may be sure of that."

Luke Farrell then opened his box again and wrote out a "We O U" for fifteen pounds, payable in three months, in due form, ruling three strokes for names at the foot, and told them to go for Michael Carney, and that he'd see if he could make out as much as they wanted before they came back.

"I think that man's a prophet," said Dan, when they were fairly out of hearing.

"He told some truth," said John, "or I misdoubt me very much."

They hastened on to Michael Carney's and brought him back to Luke Farrell's, where they all three signed the document, and the Costelloes got ten pounds, consisting of notes, silver, and copper; for Luke wished it to appear that there was some difficulty in making out so large a sum.

In the following spring Luke Farrell sold the interest in his house and farm, for which he got a ready purchaser. He gave up possession early in March, and took a spare room in Honor Mitchell's house for the short

time he intended to remain in Ballyfree.

Dan Costelloe was one day about this time planting potatoes in the garden, at the end of his house, when Luke Farrell walked up to the door.

Dan threw down the loy at once, and came round to meet him.

"Welcome, Mr. Farrell, welcome."

Now, Luke Farrell was of all others the very man that Dan Costelloe wanted to get into chat with, and that without seemingly seeking to do so; and this opportunity he afterwards called a "godsend."

"Welcome, Mr. Farrell," repeated Dan, taking an old red cotton handkerchief out of the crown of his hat, and wiping his forehead, "won't you come in and sit down."

"Why then, no, Dan, I thank you; I'll just sit here for a minute, for I only want a word with you." And he sat down on a stone seat at one side of the door.

"An' welcome; or twenty words if you please, Mr. Farrell. Can I do any thing for you, for, if I can, it's I that ought?"

"A trifle, Dan, I hope. You see I must go into S—to-morrow, and, as I sold off every thing, you know I have no horse of my own, and I thought, maybe, I'd ask you for the loan of your beast to-morrow. I'd think very little of walking it, Dan, but I want to get in before two o'clock, and I may have some delay, and would be late back, so I just came over to see if the beast would be idle to-morrow. I don't believe you began to plough yet."

"An' if I did itself, Mr. Farrell, I'd take a hundred horses from the plough sooner than see you at a short. Oh, deathan'ages, yes, to be sure, to be sure; and a hundred thousand welcomes, and why not. Oh, yes, to be sure."

All this time Dan Costelloe was drawing the first finger and thumb of his right hand from the backs of his jaws to the point of his chin, making a rough gritty noise upon his stiff grizzly beard. I suppose the sensation was not very pleasant, for he soon changed the motion and began to make a cherry of his lip; he was thinking.

"Athen, Mr. Farrell," said he, looking up off his thoughts, "they say we're

for twenty months, exposed to the burning sun of summer, and the cold frost of winter. How many a glutinous feast did the kite, the raven, the scarecrow, and the hawk make during that period; nay, did they not rend the garments piecemeal from the unconscious corpse to gorge upon its purple flesh? No wonder that the bones alone were left.

We procured ladders and ropes, and a large basket, and ultimately succeeded in removing the bones whole and complete. The skeleton was stretched upon a door, and brought down to Brennan's public-house, where an inquest was held the next day. The doctor swore that the skull had been fractured in three places, any one of which injuries must have caused death. Other witnesses were examined, and a verdict was returned of wilful murder against Daniel and John Costelloe.

The bones of poor Luke Farrell were placed in a coffin and decently buried in the old church-yard of Kilburren, about two miles from Ballyfree. Constable Harvey started early the next morning for Liverpool in hopes that he might arrive in time to prevent the Costelloes getting off to America, but wrote the following day to say that he had ascertained that Daniel and John Costelloe had sailed for New York in a ship called "The Brothers" two days before he had arrived in Liverpool. They had entered their names as Daniel and John Costigan.

All this time poor Hugh Farrell was slowly creeping from behind the cloud of death. He was now conscious, and began to recollect all that had taken place. He was still very weak, but the doctors had pronounced him out of danger.

Thomas McDermott at first feared that Hugh Farrell would have died, and that he might have been hanged for the murder if he did not save himself by turning; but now that his recovery was rapidly progressing, and that the Costelloes had made their escape, he felt inclined to regret his confession. He could not now be received as King's evidence, as there was no person to be tried but himself, and he felt that the disclosure he had made would change the case against him from a gross assault upon the son,

involving at most transportation for life, to that of murder upon the father, affecting his very life itself.

The weather about this time underwent a very sudden change, and for several days became wet and stormy; on one night it blew a perfect hurricane.

"A man who is born to be hanged will never be drowned," said I, on reading the following paragraph in a Dublin newspaper, the third morning after Harvey had returned from Liverpool:—"Total loss of the ship 'Brothers,' upon the coast of Wexford—dreadful loss of life." Then followed a detailed account of the shipwreck of "The Brothers," bound from Liverpool to New York, with a valuable cargo and a number of emigrants on board. Amongst the lost was the name "John Costigan," and amongst those saved was "Daniel Costigan," with (brother to John, lost) in a parenthesis after the name. The account stated, "that every thing was lost—the vessel was a total wreck, and the survivors were in a miserable state, some almost naked—others totally so; and many much bruised and hurt, by being cast by the waves against the rocks. They had been, however, hospitably treated by the inhabitants, who had supplied them with clothes and food, and lodged them in an old mill, until they could hear from their friends, or be sufficiently recovered to return home."

Harvey and another policeman were despatched to the little town on the coast of Wexford, to arrest Daniel Costelloe. On the sixth day they returned with the prisoner, and Dan Costelloe was forthwith committed to gaol, to stand his trial for the murder of Luke Farrell.

Time, like an iron shroud, closed daily in upon Dan Costelloe's doom—he felt it creeping round him to a point which he thought he could almost touch with his finger, and he knew that it must soon crush him with a cold, unsparing grasp.

The assizes were approaching nearer and nearer, and he was conscious that there was no hope of escape. Guilty he knew he must be; guilty he knew he was. Should he give up all hopes, and say so, and pray for forgiveness; or should he take the chances of the law, deny his guilt, and meet his fate as a man—which?

PART II.

I WAS sitting in my room one sultry afternoon in the end of August, with my whole paraphernalia for fly-tying before me. I knew where two or three very large trout had been basking in the sun all day, wagging their broad tails, and dropping down a few yards with the stream, and then working up again to the same point, sucking down every black midge that touched the surface of the water. I knew that they would rise freely after sunset, and I was in the act of tying a small black fly with silver twist and a stare's wing when a knock came to the door—there were two women below stairs who wanted to see me.

Presently I heard a distressed step upon the stairs; an elderly woman entered, and, making a low curtesy, said she *wanted* to trouble my honour.

"Well, mam, may I ask your name, and what may be your business?"

"You're the Chief, sir, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, mam, I'm the Chief."

"My name's Honor Mitchell, sir," said she, "widow of old Jack Mitchell of Ballyfree. I came to lay the truth before you, and sure you'll do what you like when you hear it."

"Perhaps not; but I'll do what I can, at all events, if I can be of use—let me hear what you have to say."

Honor Mitchell proceeded to give me a hurried sketch of Luke Farrell, that he had lodged for some short time in her house, and how, about four months previously he had left Ballyfree in company with Dan and John Costelloe, and had never afterwards been seen or heard of. She heard that Mr. Finley, the school-master, got a letter from him from Liverpool, and she believed there were several had seen it, and this had satisfied their minds; but *she* never felt quite sure about it, for he had left a box full of papers behind him which he was always very careful of, and kept it locked and hid away under his bed. "I kept it safe," she continued, "and said nothing about it to man or mortal ever since, hopin' every day to hear from Mr. Farrell about it, for he knew well I could read: many's the paper I witnessed for him; but I doubt the poor

man will ever write another scroul, for, no later than yesterday, the little colleen overheard a conversation about the same papers, and there was a word thrown in now and then that must have meant poor Luke, and that gives me trouble on his account; but it's well the little girl heard what she did, and I lost no time in bringin' in the papers to your honour for safety."

"Have you any good reason," said I, "to suppose that Luke Farrell was unfairly dealt with?"

"Sure your honour will hear what Cil has to say, and you'll know better than I can as to that. I know that he had upwards of a hundred pounds in his pocket the morning he left Ballyfree."

Mrs. Mitchell then called up Cil. The child appeared rather sun-burnt than originally of a dark cast; she had a remarkably clear tinge of skin. Her hair was raven black, and her teeth uncommonly white and well set; while her eyes were of a bright brown—busy and intelligent. Finding that what she had to say was of great importance, I took out some paper, and requested her to repeat it slowly, while I wrote it down.

She stated that on the previous afternoon Honor Mitchell sent her to Michael Brennan's public-house at the cross-roads, about a mile from Ballyfree, for one or two little matters. There was no person at home but Mrs. Brennan. When she had got what she wanted she was coming away, but as she came to the door she saw Dan and John Costelloe walking up the road, and she turned back. She said to Mrs. Brennan that she hoped they'd pass by as she would not like them to see her, for John Costelloe thought to make free with her once before, and threatened the next time he met her he would not let her off so easy. She went behind the door hoping they would pass, but they came into the shop, and she heard Dan tell Mrs. Brennan to bring them up half a pint of whiskey. This frightened her very much, for she had no way of escape; but seeing the shutter of a press-bed lying open against the wall in the far corner of the room, she had just time

ern systems of painting. English landscape is the most perfect, as a school, of all others in landscape art, and to the honesty and ingenuous faith of Turner and David Cox it is due even more than to any other effort or feeling whatever. As a landscape painter there are not a few who would deliberately prefer the works of Cox to those of Turner, because, although not of such astonishingly varied a character or diversity of theme as the former, neither of such vast scope of intellectual grasp—yet, nevertheless, there is a sturdy simplicity of truth, the honest genuineness of which rises far above the prosaic—for the same reason that the homeliest things are oftentimes the most poetical; which never fails to win admiration, and this after a little time deepens into the profoundest astonishment and delight as the accustomed eye discerns new wonders of truth and marvels of perfect success in representations of nature. Thus we say, in looking at a picture like that numbered 1, in the present gallery, “*Rhyl*,” the property of R. Adams of Birmingham, we see but a low-toned work of moderate effectiveness; hundreds of casual observers might pass it by thoughtlessly; but let us stay a moment to look along that low stony beach, over-driven by a world of fleecy clouds that roll past heavily upon a strong breeze. In an instant the whole picture seems to open, deepening and clearing before the eye, much as a stereoscope does when we look intently. That which looked composed dun sea is now a hurrying tormented mass of water that fretfully chafes beneath the persisting wind, and wreaks its angry will upon the rocky shore, in irregular ungathered masses, where the tide and the wind are at strife. Over the yeasty petulant waters the long-winged gulls fly low and dip their flashing glancing wings—wings that shine in the transient gleam of light through the cloud-gaps above—-which, parted in their hasty flight, reveal the grey blue sky of spring. On a sudden it seems a veil has been withdrawn, not from the picture, but from our sight; for now the clouds have that multitudinous motion which seems to carry them in an universal creeping swiftness, where thousands are moving like one to dip far off down behind the horizon, just as the sun goes down behind a

cliff. It is fairy work indeed: and yet all this is no more than a rugged stony beach, whereon promenade some people dressed in forgotten fashions; a long greyish dun stretch of yeasty sea; and overhead the nations of the clouds careering on—one in their thousandfold motion.

As William Allingham says, “*Air! air! blue air and white*”—miles and miles of air, and high piled clouds heaped on one another like ruined worlds—some steadfast and motionless, some toppling to destruction, some melting away in long fair streamers that the warm winds have ravished off, some melting in showers upon the land, some lying low, a fleecy pall upon hill and valley, and ever and anon some threatening, dark, and portentous, pregnant with thunders, and lying on the earth in horrible grandeur of gloom that seem as they never could be lifted, and never more should be rolled away. Atmospheric effect is truly and briefly the strong point in David Cox’s work; in a moment he places before us layers of the impenetrable blue, and mountains of swimming vapour. Few of his landscapes have any thing in them, in the conventional phrase: take for instance No. 47, “*The Sea-shore*,” no incident here than we saw at *Rhyl*. Sand this time and darker weather, the full force of a headstrong gale, wreaks of clouds and wreaks of sea, pressed, chafed, overborne, torn, worn, oppressed, hurried hither and thither, almost maddened in the strain of wind, and fierce as a hungry lion the haughty sea throws its foamy mane upon the shore, fruitlessly wrecking itself, its strength and its passion upon the level and impressive sand. Just upon the margin of the land and sea a flight of screaming gulls rise in curves above something the indomitable sea has cast ashore. There it is, clouds, sea, sand and nothing more; but all so managed that there is ever present the tearing gale that sweeps bare the foam from the crest of the waves, makes stark and naked the shore, and bends down even the strong air-compelling wings of the great sea-birds.

A far different effect in 153, “*Betty’s Cold Church*,” a soft daylight effect, in a clear bright spring sky, a mild misty veil of softest vapour hangs in the valley, and subduces the

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Luke Farrell, of Ballyfree, having all my senses about me, make this my first and last will and testament, that is to say, I leave all the money which lies in my name in the bank at S—, to my only son, Hugh Farrell, if he be still alive, and if he be dead, for the which may God forgive me, I leave all the said money to the Right Rev. Dr. —, in trust, to be disposed of in charitable purposes, and for the good of the holy and true Church, provided it be satisfactorily proved to the said Right Rev. Dr. — that my said son, Hugh Farrell, be actually dead, and died unmarried, or without leaving lawful wife or children. And if the said Hugh Farrell should leave a lawful wife or children, they shall be entitled to all the said money."

Having replaced the papers in the box, I took the warrant, and proceeded to apprehend the Costelloes.

I left my quarters at midnight, and arrived at Ballyfree before the first pale streak of approaching day betrayed the dawn. The village lay in deep and silent sleep—not even a watchful cur was heard to growl as we stole towards the Costelloes' house.

When I knocked and demanded admittance, Daniel Costelloe at once got up, and opened the door; they were both at home.

We instituted a most minute search in the house and on the premises, in expectation of finding something belonging to Luke Farrell—the watch, for instance, which he was known to have carried, but no such thing, nor did we find any money beyond seventeen pence in Dan's tobacco box.

I returned home with my prisoners. We came over the mountain by the pathway. It was a beautiful morning: the purple tops of the mountains were beginning to acknowledge the golden tinge of a glorious sunrise, while portions of the valleys were still clothed with the white shroud of a dense fog, through which the corn fields showed dimly, with stalks magnified into twice their real size, and, in some instances, the broad yellow surface of the flat uncut corn hung heavy with excess of dew, through which the "red poppies peered, with corn flowers heavenly blue." Across the hill came, first, a solitary crow, with slow and steady

wing—then came another, and another—then four or five—then too many to count before they got mixed in their flight and had passed by—then the whole army—they had fixed upon the district of Ballyfree for that morning's occupation. The cobwebs were all visible in various shapes and forms, composed of fairy strings of almost invisible pearls—like Lilliputian lace patterns hung in a monster shop—some were like the crowns for baby's caps, starred out from a tiny circle in the centre and edged round with silver fringe, others were like long pieces of narrow lace that might be sold by the yard, hanging in festoons from the point of one heather-bell to another. When I read, not very long ago, of the crochet work done by Dickens' spider I thought of the cobwebs I saw on that morning. Talk of French flowers, indeed! I tell you the most beautiful and expensive variety they ever possessed could not bear comparison with that sprig of broken heath upon yon bank, or even with that common lover's daisy lying across the path.

About two o'clock that day the prisoners were brought before the magistrates and examined separately; they both had the same story: that they had given Luke Farrell a seat on their car to S—, where he parted them, saying he wanted to go to the bank to lodge a trifle of money. "No," said Dan to him, "but to draw it all out and take it with you." "No," he replied, "I'm not such a fool, 'twill be safer where it is, I'll take but a trifle with me, and have the rest to the good when I come back again and bring Hugh with me, with the blessing of God." John said he met him again, later in the day, and that he said he was going to start by the coach for Dublin, on his way to Liverpool, and from that to America.

Matt Finley, the schoolmaster, was examined and produced the letter. It bore the Liverpool and Dublin postmarks, besides that of the country post town of the district, and was as follows:—

"DEAR MAT.—This comes to you hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it. I made no delay in S—the day I left Ballyfree, but came on to Dublin by the night coach. I didn't wish to fret the neighbours by saying I would not come back, or by taking my leave of them, for they were

BY JONATHAN PREKE SLINGSBY.

I.

III.

II.

IV.

Beautiful May, beautiful May !
To-day I am first of the maids
To weave for my hair the hawthorn
fair,
And bind it in snowy braids.
And in my hair the braid I'll wear
For one that will be on the green ;
If win I may his heart to-day,
I'll care not who shall be Queen
Of May,
Who shall be Queen of the May !

thing can be more unsafe or uncertain than this mode of drawing conclusions from probabilities; for my experience accords with that of Rochefoucault, who maintains that 'what is probable seldom happens.'"

In the discussions which have arisen out of the Italian question we have had some notable instances of this presumptive evidence. The facts of French aggression upon Austria are presumed to tally with similar aggressions fifty years ago, and the conclusion follows that Napoleon the Third is about to throw the madman's stake of France against Europe, which cost the first Napoleon his throne. The panic, in fact, of the

notice of him, and walked up the road still keeping him in view.

Immediately opposite the sessions-house door, and at some little distance down another road stood the gable-end of a public-house. At the end of this house stood a tall, stout young man, looking timidly round the corner. He was evidently dressed in his Sunday suit, which was very unusual, as the day was Saturday: his clean shirt neck was open, he had on a bran new coat and breeches, a new hat, a pair of beautifully knit blue worsted stockings, and pumps—not a speck upon him from top to toe.

"What can be the cause of it?" thought I. "Can he be going to, or coming from a dance, or perhaps he is fresh from a wedding? No, I have it," thought I again: "he is fresh from, perhaps—a murder," and I quietly turned into the sessions-room.

I directed Harvey to go out carelessly, and without attracting his attention, to look at the man who was standing at the corner of Philip Moran's public-house, and to bring me word what he knew of him.

The constable returned shortly, and reported that he was named Thomas M'Dermott, and lived about three miles off, at the foot of the mountain.

"They say there was a brother of his 'left the country;' but he doesn't live in my sub-district; I never heard anything against that young man—he was never before our petty sessions."

"No," said I, "a petty sessions court is not the one that could deal with his doings. I suspect he was at the beating of that poor young man, who lies above at your barrack—I think, dying. Look at him, as clean as a new pin, with his best clothes on, and a clean, white shirt; and recollect that this is Saturday. He has not moved out of that spot the whole morning, nor taken his eyes off the boy he has posted at the window—listening. It crossed my recollection also that his name was mentioned as a 'decent boy' in the letter purporting to come from Luke Farrell."

I then gave Harvey directions at once to send three policemen to M'Dermott's house, with instructions to make a diligent search for his everyday clothes and shoes, or any thing which could connect him with the beating.

Giving them due time to arrive at

M'Dermott's, I walked out on the road, followed by Constable Harvey. There stood Thomas M'Dermott still.

"Well, my man, what is your name?" said I.

"What's my name?" said he.

"Yes, that was the question I asked; it appears you heard me well enough."

"What do you want to know for?" said he, hesitating, and evidently preparing for a move.

"Just this," said I, arresting him, "that you are my prisoner, Thomas M'Dermott."

He made a desperate effort to get off, but Harvey coming up in an instant, he was secured.

The result of the search was not long delayed. Before an hour had elapsed the men were seen coming across the hill with a large bundle over one of their shoulders, slung upon the point of a carbine; one of the other men had three sticks. It was as I had suspected—they had the prisoner's everyday clothes, covered with blood and dirt. The breast of the shirt and the waistcoat were thickly sprinkled, as if it had suddenly spouted out upon them, while the cuffs and sleeves of the coat were saturated with heavy blotches, as were also the legs and knees of the breeches. They could not find any stockings, but the shoes were besmeared with bloody mud. To two of the sticks was attached bloody hair, corresponding in colour with that of the unfortunate victim. Here, then, was abundance of justification for the arrest of the prisoner: here was a host of evidence against him, if we could prove the clothes to be his, which he strenuously denied. The magistrates were unanimous in thinking it better not to ask him any questions, and he was committed to gaol.

Day after day, and night after night, lay that poor young man between life and death; no one knew who he was—none had ever seen him before. He could not be removed from the barrack; but fortunately the district doctor lived at no great distance, and he did not want medical attendance or nursing. Another doctor was called in, and fe'd out of the money found on his person, and for days, though life remained, there were but very slight hopes of his recovery. I was there daily watching the first return to consciousness or life; and Harvey had directions, should he

didn't meet the old miser going home, did you?' John laughed, and said he'd be an ugly customer to meet then, for anybody that was afraid of ghosts. They said he was gone to America, and I said I supposed it was the short cut he took, and Dan Costelloe replied, 'You may swear it, Tom; but *bidh a hurst*; we have your share here; so come along.' I then returned with the Costelloes, and remained with them until next morning. They took eighty-four pounds and some silver from the body of Luke Farrell, and a silver watch. I got twenty pounds for my share, though I done nothing but bring home the mare and cart. They got thirty-two pounds each, and the watch, with whatever silver there was. They tossed up between the watch and the silver, and Dan won the watch. I went home the next morning. The Costelloes were greatly frightened when they were taken up and their house searched; but when the body was not found, nor any thing in their house, and when they were discharged, they were sure all was over, and took courage again. They never kept the watch or the money in the house, but they have the most part of it still. We could not think why Honor Mitchell left Ballyfree so suddenly; but we suspected it was she who had the Costelloes taken up, on account of Luke Farrell having lived in her house, and left a box of papers behind him. We were to have taken these papers from Honor Mitchell the Sunday night after she left Ballyfree—that is, the Costelloes were, for I was against it; but they insisted on it. It was Dan Costelloe himself that got the letter written to Mr. Finley; he got Frank Lanigan, of Carnashea, to write it, and he gave it to a man named James Casey, who was going to America, to put it in the post-office at Liverpool."

The portion of his statement which bore upon the case of the young man, who had been beaten, implicated the Costelloes in the crime. The youth had made inquiries after Luke Farrell, and these, along with his conduct in other respects, led them to believe he was the dead man's son; and, fearing his inquiries, they had waylaid him. M'Dermott was not inclined, he said, to go with the Costelloes to beat

Hugh; but he was "sworn to assist any brother at his bidding."

No time was now to be lost. I procured an order from the magistrate to apprehend the Costelloes, and at midnight I surrounded their house with police. Alas! the birds were flown. No Dan, no John Costelloe was to be found.

We scoured the whole side of the country to no purpose; they were not to be found. They had taken the alarm at M'Dermott's arrest, had put all their ill-got money together, and started for America, during the few days that M'Dermott had been meditating the disclosure.

We then proceeded to make another search for the body of old Farrell. We went to the fissure and chasm in the mountain. In many places we were obliged to creep through narrow passages on our hands and knees; in some to climb up smooth, slippery rocks, rendered practicable only by round excrescences formed here and there by the incrustations of the constant dropping from the roof or rocks above.

On we went, through a long cavernous fissure to the very end, poking into every nook, behind every rock, but no remains of a human body could we discover.

Suddenly we heard fearful exclamations of horror and surprise from one of the men at a short distance from us. One was pointing upwards with his finger, while his head was turned away; others had their faces buried in their hands. Directing my eyes in the direction, I beheld a sight which I shall never forget. There hung, upon a blasted stump of ash, about thirty feet above us, all that remained of Luke Farrell. When thrown over the edge of the chasm, the sharp stump had caught him by the stomach, just under the breast. His legs and arms hung, all-fours, towards the ground, something like the figure of a brazen sheep over a woollen-draper's shop. Nothing remained of his clothes but a small portion of the coat about the shoulders. It was a frightful spectacle. The shoes clung to the bare bones of the insteps and heels, and his uneven and ill-formed teeth grinned most horribly. There was no doubt it was the skeleton of Luke Farrell, which had hung there

Pariah has obligingly brought the sticks and lighted the fire to boil it.

Now, we cannot undertake to satisfy these purists for liberty, as we cannot satisfy other high castes in India or elsewhere. We can offer no guarantees for the moderation of Napoleon, and his own professions will not even be listened to. If men will be suspicious there is no Mandragora to drug their suspicions to sleep—no dittany to heal the wound of broken confidence at a touch. We must only leave them to the teaching of history, and say, "time will tell." For ourselves, we confess we have no such fears: that it will be only a change of masters for Italy—from the bondage of Austria to the bondage of France. Nations are not so easily handed over from one illegitimate usurpation to another. We delivered Spain from the French, and Greece from the Turks; but we neither sat down in Spain nor Greece as armed protectors of the liberty we had procured for them. Nor will the French now succeed in possessing Italy after dispossessing the Austrians. The silly horse, says the fable, when worsted by the stag called in the aid of man, who mounted his back, first subdued the stag, and then kept his seat, and would not take off the bridle. We do not believe in these anticipations of the evil to arise from French intervention; but were they to occur, the change of masters would be a certain gain. Admitting the worst that could occur under any possible contingency, and the full substitution of French for Austrian ascendancy in the peninsula, still, if the Italians are to have a voice in their own affairs, the change will be a gain to Italy. What Lombard would not exchange the *Concordat* for the Code Napoleon; French vivacity for Austrian stolidity; the democratic Imperialism of Paris for the Royal Apostolic Imperialism of Vienna? We have admitted the worst that could happen, for argument's sake; but we are far from believing that this contingency will ever occur. By the time France has well chastised Austria she will be as weary of war as at the end of a two years' war with Russia, and will make peace on terms almost as easy. Pious Englishmen may think it a poor indemnity for the cost of war to build a *Boulevard de Sebastopol* and

create a *Duc du Malakhoff*; but a puff of praise will satisfy a Frenchman—these are the kickshaws of glory on which solid John Bull would starve, while our volatile neighbours thrive on this light food. *Chacun a son gout*, we cannot understand Frenchmen. We forget, moreover, that Louis Napoleon is conquering France in Italy. Louis Philippe lost his throne, it is thought, because he declared himself, in 1830, the Napoleon of peace, and kept his word. Napoleon the Third, professing the same policy, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," finds it dangerous to adhere too strictly to this peace policy. He would have peace in the main, with an occasional brush of war, to remind the French that he is no *fainéant* king. If he exists in Europe on condition that his empire is peace, he also exists in France on condition of keeping alive traditions of an empire which was war. He is thus held balanced between contrary fears; and now that he inclines to the policy of conciliating the French ardour for war, we are not to forget that he will gravitate back in a year or two to the safer policy of peace. There may be wars again in Europe, as the two years' war with Russia; but the age of war is gone for ever, the temple of Janus is not seldom closed and often open, but seldom open and often closed. We need not fear that France will wantonly continue a war one hour beyond the point when she has gained her objects, and exhausted her resources. Another *Boulevard des Italiens* in Paris, and an Italian Dukedom for a French Marshal will be the cheap return France will get for her intervention in Italy.

The policy of England during this crisis is simple and straightforward, if our rulers have the common sense to remember the homely proverb, "least said soonest mended." Lord Malmesbury has been so busy for peace that he has almost hustled us into war. The mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna ended in the sorrowful experience of the Psalmist, "I labour for peace, but when I speak thereof they make them ready to battle." We were so anxious for peace, at any price, that we would not listen to the complaints of either side, and tried to cajole France and Austria, like sulky schoolboys, to shake hands and promise not to fight.

The assizes came round, and there stood Dan Costelloe in the dock—his cheek not pale but flushed, his eyes rolling fiery and frightened glances around; and now and then a sudden contraction of the forehead and brow betokened bodily pain. The indictment was read, and the prisoner asked was he "guilty or not guilty."

"Guilty! guilty!" he cried, looking wildly round him. "There he is—stop, John—take your knees off his breast, I say—give him air—stop, John, I say—keep him back I tell you—keep him back or he'll go over—take him out of that—look at his teeth—push back his eyes, they'll drive me mad. Guilty, my lord. See there! look at the mark of his scattered snagged teeth in the back of my hand still; they'll never leave it, my lord. See, John, how he froths at the mouth. Guilty, my lord. Loose your mouth, Luke dear, or you'll take the knuckles off me. Take him out of that, John—oh, wasn't it well for you that went to the bottom, money and all. See, there he is again, take him out of that, I say;" and with many more wild and frantic expressions, uttered with the rapidity of thought, the unfortunate man, apparently terrified by some unseen object, became quite exhausted, and fell over against the side of the dock.

The Judge immediately directed a physician to be called. Having examined the prisoner in the dock, he pronounced the unfortunate man to be at that moment labouring under

typhus and brain fever, and recommended that not a moment should be lost in getting him into the gaol hospital. This was immediately done; the poor man was sent off in a covered van to the gaol continuing to rave in an incoherent and frightful manner. The Judge directed the Clerk of the Crown not to receive the plea, and the trial was postponed until the next assizes. Before that day week, the burning fever had done its work, and unfortunate Daniel Costelloe was an inmate of the cold and narrow prison of the grave.

His last moments were fearful. He never for one instant became tranquil or recovered his senses; but, for five days and nights appeared as if he was in some frightful struggle for life and death with Luke Farrell, giving utterance to expressions of the same character as he had uttered in the dock. It took two men to hold him at times to prevent mischief; and he died at the end of a desperate struggle to free himself from their grasp.

Poor Hugh Farrell recovered slowly to learn all these sad things. He took the necessary steps to constitute himself the legal representative of his unfortunate father; took possession of the box of papers, every one of which, except the will he burned. He drew the money out of the bank, and having made old Honor Mitchell a present of ten pounds, and young Cil a present of thirty, to help her marriage, he returned to New York, and is now an independent merchant.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF DAVID COX,

AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THE address inserted in the catalogue of this exhibition justly says that "few art exhibitions are more interesting—more instructive than those devoted to the works of one great artist, exclusively. Each work is a key to the excellencies and intentions of each other work; and the whole exhibition presents the history and progressive development of one great artistic mind." It goes on to state that these individual exhibitions are rare, an admitted fact which is no less to be regretted. When the

special display illustrates the fame of so illustrious an artist as David Cox—a painter, too, whom our fathers delighted to honour—we cannot well do less than refer to the chief among those of his productions here set before the public.

David Cox is an artist to whom so much honour is due, because he is the last among us of those famous men whose loyal devotion to nature first brought the English school of landscape art to its present proud pre-eminence among all the ancient and mod-

police blasphemy. Lord Shaftesbury's religious instincts point out that, if Protestantism is to have a chance in Italy it must be under cover of constitutional states like Sardinia: so that, putting these forces together, the cause of Italian independence will muster a strong body both in and out of Parliament. Against that must be reckoned the cynicism of the *Times*, and the peace-at-any-price policy of the stock-market, together with the traditional ignorance and indifference of most Englishmen to continental questions. Still there is hope that public opinion will settle down into the right direction. Among the leading journals, the *Times* is almost alone in its cynicism; and if it were not unfortunately the case that nine men read the *Times* for one who reads the *Daily News*, *Globe*, *Post*, *Chronicle*, or *Herald*, the interest in Italian independence would not be as languid as it is. But great questions are always fought and won by minorities. As Nelson said of the *Gazette* that omitted to mention his name—"Never mind; we shall have a *Gazette* to ourselves by-and-by." So we shall have the *Times* on the side of Italy, when Italy has asserted her right to independence. All in good time; it will take the side of Cato when for once the gods take the side of Cato, and send the Cæsar Francis Joseph once for all out of Italy.

We have thus cleared the Italian question of two disputed points which blocked up the way and prejudiced our judgment. We doubted the sincerity of France, and despaired of the neutrality of England; and in this state of mind, between doubt of our neighbours and allies, and despair at the prospect of an European war, we could only look at Italy through the green spectacles of jealousy of France. Once assure Englishmen that France neither desires nor dares to possess Italy, and that the war will not spread from the Alps to the Rhine (which Austria, by her alliance with the Catholic States of Southern Germany, is craftily trying to compass), and we are sure that the instincts of our countrymen will be to side with Sardinia and against Austria. It is now an Italian war; our policy, as

well as our duty is to prevent it becoming an European war. It will be time enough to menace France when she menaces Germany. The Russian alliance with France, so grossly misstated by the *Times*, meant only this, to neutralize Austrian influence in Germany, and hold Germany neutral in a non-German quarrel. Prussia, Russia, and England can now *bond fide* unite to keep the conflagration from spreading beyond the Alps. The first thing an experienced fireman does is to isolate the conflagration. He will ply the hatchet as well as the pumps and hose. It is seldom that we can drown a fire, but it is often easy to cut it off. Lord Malmesbury's hose was neither long enough, or strong enough to deluge the fire of revolution in Italy; but it can and still may isolate it between the Alps and the sea. So long as the French are not marching on Vienna, or the Austrians on the Rhine, we need not despair of maintaining neutrality. We found it an Italian question, let us leave it thus for the present.

As Englishmen want not so much the disposition to sympathize with the wrongs of Italy, as information how they may best be redressed, we think we shall most serve the cause by giving the information on which to ground an intelligent sympathy. To render our statement as unbiassed as possible, we will group together the observations of two intelligent Frenchmen who have very opportunely published their rides and reveries in Italy at the same time. The one is "*L'Italie Politique et Religieuse*," by the Abbé Michon,* an eloquent preacher of the old Gallican school, which is dying out, we fear, in France before the aggressions of ultramontanism. The other is a pamphlet on the Roman question, by M. Edmond About, the well-known author of "*Tolla, La Grèce Contemporaine*," and "*Le Rois des Montagnes*." Between a French Abbé and a French wit, we are not likely to take up either extremely advanced or extremely retrograde opinions of Italy; if the one leans a little too much to one side, we can right our judgments by reading the other; where they differ we can balance between the two, and where they agree their testimony

* "*L'Italie Politique et Religieuse—sui vie de La Papauté à Jerusalem.*" Par L'Abbé J. H. Michon. Bruxelles et Leipzig.

pure purple light upon the far-off hills. All this rendered so truthfully that one marvels how a single hand could deal with such diverse themes. No. 28, "Going to the Hayfield," is wonderfully expressive of aerial effect, and brightness of atmosphere, if we may so phrase it, the very clouds seem hanging far off over the richly tinted earth. All looks wealthy and perfect and fruitful: a peasant boy clings on the back of one of his teams; there is a pool by the roadside margined by large-leaved weeds, the execution of which has evidently been a labour of love. No. 127, "A Heath Scene, with a Windmill," shows marks of love also. This is a waste of wild moorland, in the foreground of which lies a weighty shadow, and beyond a mill shines in a glance of light that shows over the desolate moor like a smile upon a dying face. This is wonderfully suggestive. No. 82, "The Sea below Rhyl," is another sea-margin, but of a different effect: the falling waves break in surging hollows, urged forward by the tumultuous crests of those that follow, and undermined by the retreat of those which fell before, and have left large sweeping crescents upon the sand. The effect of motion in this little picture is truly extraordinary: one looks out along the sea and perceives the constant lift and fall of the wave crests as they struggle with each other; innumerable they are, and their colours marvellously varied in the most delicate of tints that could be united in one hue.

Of the few pictures which contain any thing like incident, for the artist's aim being to represent separate phases of nature he most wisely eschews incident or human action;—of these few the most impressive, 106, "The Night Train." There is a dark night over head; the weighty clouds funereally roll along a solemn march that is hardly motion, and here and there their low laid masses give through a torn gap glimpses of the higher sky still laden with mist, and there through a very few pallid stars glance sickly. It is a wild and desolate level of heath and gorse; a faint streak of weak light just draws

the margin of the sky and the land; along half the circumference of the horizon all looks still, gloomy, and motionless, as though the day was dead upon the plains, and night reigned for ever. A few animals have peaceably fed undisturbed for hours, silent and unheeded; but suddenly a low vibrant shudder shook the earth, that increased as its cause came nearer, and then the clean sharp line that cuts against the low light was loaded with a maze of whirling wheels that roared through the night, and a weighty train rushed past, and leaving a long never-dying torrent of steam, vanished again; the earth's vibration following its speed; its passage scattering dismay amongst the cattle who start and snort in deadly fear, and then set off to scour the utmost limits of the waste, until the night had silence again. In "The Meeting of the Waters, near Bettys," 108, like the last, the property of J. Hollingworth, Esq., of Birmingham, we have a foaming, furious torrent coming sharply round a rocky point in headlong force; and behind, the lofty ridges of the hills swathed in heavy cloud; down their sides fall streamers of mist; beyond all a sky of lurid blue looks fitfully over.

Despite our wish to do honour to so distinguished an artist, we must limit our remarks, from want of space, to these few examples of his works, which have been chosen as most fitly illustrative of his style and vein of feeling. Considering it always preferable, as we do, to point out by example, rather than enforce by operose precepts the merits of a painter, let us trust to have called attention to a collection of his works such as the world is not likely to see again. To the extraordinary industry of the man, the many hundreds of pictures and sketches which have accumulated in many hands, during a life almost patriarchal for duration; nor less remarkable for the immensity of knowledge which has been accumulated by him; and yet remains fresh and vigorous, the picture of "Rhyl," although one of the most admirable of all the works here, having been painted so late as 1854.

describing the kind of preaching heard in Italy—a preaching which in general does not go to the quick of the heart, seeking to form there the new man after the type of the Gospel, but which lulls the mind to sleep over a sterile mysticism, or in vague contemplations."

From Lucca the Abbé travelled on by Leghorn along the high road to Civita Vecchia, and thence by steamer to Naples. At Civita Vecchia he meets with an old man with white hair, who predicts that in ten years religion will have died out in the Papal States. The revolution will have swept away the priests, and the religion itself will not survive long after. At Naples the state of things is, if possible, more horrible still. Between cannon pointed in the streets, sentinels at every corner, spies creeping in and out of houses, swarms of monks in the pay of the police, Naples is in the lowest circle of the political Inferno of Italy. Our liberal Abbé launches out in no measured terms at the iniquities of the modern Tiberius. The reflections of Arnold, when in Italy, are those of every thoughtful Frenchman or Englishman. "It is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil; it seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a wide gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and, indeed, not far from any one of us." Systematic and long continued tyranny in Naples has produced its effect at last. It has crushed out the life of the nation—the spirit of resistance is dead, or nearly so, in the masses. The middle classes, and some few of the nobility, are liberal, but the rabble are for their absolute and adorable Ferdinand. The *Times* insinuated the other day that revolutions in Italy must be factious and party movements, because they broke out in those parts of Italy which were comparatively well-governed, as in Parma and Tuscany, while in Naples, where even a Red Republic would be excusable, there has been no stir whatever. But these half apologists for absolutism forget that there is a *vis viva* in nations as in men—fever is not so much a disease as the effort of nature to shake off the virus—physicians will tell you that the best patient is not the one who most patiently succumbs to the malady—it is the same with

nations. Who is so impatient as John Bull himself? he is constitutionally a grumbler, and will fly into a fury with a Chancellor of the Exchequer who puts on an extra penny in the pound. He is a full-blooded animal, full of life and spirits, and, therefore, throws off those peccant humours that sometimes afflict the State in a rash of public excitement or the fever of a dissolution. Now, there is more life in North than in South Italy, and, therefore, Tuscany and Parma have bent and broken the leaden sword of the Grand Duke and Duchess, while Naples has not yet snapped the iron sword of her gaoler king. "For my part," said a fat Neapolitan to M. About, "I don't care an orange-pearl for politics. I take for granted we have got a villainous government, for all the world says so; but my grandfather made twenty thousand ducats by a shop; my father doubled this capital, and I have bought an estate which brings me in six per cent. for my money. I feed well four times a day, I have a good digestion, and I weigh over two hundred weight; and at supper, over my third glass of Capri, who can blame me if I hiccup out *Fire la Roi*." A hog that was passing under the window at the time gave a grunt of approbation.

As it was somewhere along this coast that Circe worked her spells, we must leave such Neapolitans to their fate; if men will be swine they will never want a driver—

"Let Grad be Grad and have a swinish mind,

Yet, hence let us embark while weather serves and wind."

At Naples our liberal Abbé witnesses the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood. In those ages of faith which Lord Fielding would wish to revive, this was only one of many prodigies performed in the churches of Naples. There was the blood of St. Stephen, of St. Pantaleon, of St. Patrizia, of St. Vitus, and of St. John the Baptist—there were even two phials of the Virgin's milk which were liquefied annually on Lady Day. Whatever be the reason, these liquefactions have all ceased, with the exception of St. Januarius, which is still too popular and profitable to fall into disuse. Our sceptical Abbé tells the old story of General Championnet, who threatened to bombard the town un-

Stock Exchange, during the last days of April, was grounded on little else than a historical parallel—a piece of presumptive evidence that the days of the Empire were to begin over again. The convention between France and Russia was the treaty of Tilsit revived; the Danes were to lend a fleet, unless a second Nelson sailed forth in time to batter a second Copenhagen; a second passage of the Alps, amid snow and ice, and a second Marengo were to scour the Austrians out of Italy; a second abduction of a Pope Pius from Rome to Fontainebleau; a second kingdom of Etruria; and a second Murat reign in Naples: presumptions like these, from past to present experience, flitted fast and thick through the affrighted minds of journalists and stockjobbers; and every one seemed to forget the wise saw of Rochefoucault, that “what is probable seldom happens.”

These historical parallels have caused an infinite deal of mischief; they have disabled the judgment of many. Men have lost their wits on the Italian question, and are suddenly reduced to the condition of some doting old volunteer of the days of the threatened French invasion, who “sans eyes, sans teeth, sans sense, sans every thing,” pieces in the events of to-day with the events of fifty years ago, in the disjointed talk of a poor weak old man. We have heard of a country parson who when called to preach a thanksgiving sermon for the peace with Russia, three years ago, produced from the old drawer an old sermon written for the thanksgiving day after the peace of 1816. The old gentleman read the old sermon through from the pulpit, and greatly to the amusement of his congregation denounced the “Corsican Usurper,” and crowned with stale laurels “the brave Wellington, who laid him low on the blood-stained plains of Belgium.” Now, the panic about the French invasion of Italy, and the secret treaty with Russia, is about of a piece with this old clergyman’s mistake of Napoleon for Nicholas—the Crimean for the Corsican upstart.

What is probable seldom happens, and therefore these prolix parallels between Napoleon the First and Napoleon the Third may be left to the

pages of Alison, whose interminable history of Europe, “from Napoleon to Napoleon,” like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along the fifty years that lie between the Uncle and Nephew.

We will not pause to argue with those who suppose that history only moves in circles of fifty years’ sweep, and that in this, the jubilee year of the Pope’s French captivity, the events of 1809 must happen over again. But there are many who do not avow any theory of “parallels” so absurd as this, who yet are startled by what they suppose are coincidences between the policy of Uncle and Nephew, and who unaccountably to themselves allow their judgment to be warped upon the Italian question by traditional jealousy of French intervention. The phantom form of the Corsican usurper—Marengo—Boulogne—Austerlitz—start up before them; and their desire for the liberation of Italy is dispelled by the deeper dread of a new Napoleon, and a second partition of Europe between the Emperors of the East and West.

Till this delusion, which confounds the past with the present, is dispelled, we cannot hope to convince Englishmen that the question of Italian liberation merits attention by itself. Our suspicions of the French are too deep to allow us to spare sympathy for the Italians.

Fifty years ago all kinds of abuses at home fattened and throve under cover of our execration of French principles. Rotten boroughs; game laws; the hanging code; Lord Eldon’s Court of Chancery; slavery and the slave trade; impressment of seamen—all throve, because it was the mark of a Jacobin to move for reform in these things. The unanswerable argument of the Eldon school of statesmen was, “Sir, your principles are revolutionary; once concede these reforms, and we cannot answer for the throne and the altar.” There is as unreasoning a panic about French principles in the affairs of Italy. Italian liberty is a very good thing, but the harpy touch of France is thought to have tainted the liberal banquet in Italy. The Italians may not taste of liberty if French intervention has cast its shadow on it. The high caste constitutionalist must throw away his rice and break the pot, because the French

all the dark fanatics that the *Univers* would persuade us they ought to be, we should despair of Modern Europe. The Abbé Michon reassures us on this score. Party, like the serpent, moves by the tail, and the most rancorous journalist, full of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, seems to express the feelings of thousands of men who are too timid or too indolent to disown his leadership. We are not ignorant of this kind of tactics even in Protestant England, and therefore need not wonder at its success in Paris. It was in the last days of Jerusalem that the zealots carried all before them—their rancour rose as the real life of the nation declined; so it is with party zeal now, it is as often the sign of a dying cause. When sensible and brave men open the gates it is the zealot who calls to a hand-to-hand fight in the streets. If there is any hope for the Papacy it is in following the counsels of such advisers as the Abbé Michon, and turning a deaf ear to the *Univers*. We have no space to devote to the Abbé's proposal to transfer the seat of the Papacy from Rome to Jerusalem. The pamphlet was written during the Russian war, and has reached a third edition, a sufficient proof that fantastical as it may seem to us it is not too Utopian for Frenchmen and Gallicans. Since the only reform for the Papal States is summed up in the two words *secularisation* and the *Code Napoleon*, Rome would become too secular a city for the Holy Father, the visible centre of Christendom. The Abbé reminds us that the Pope is not necessarily Bishop of Rome. He is successor of Peter, who fixed his chair provisionally at Antioch, and afterwards migrated to Rome. The Popes, as successors of Peter, have generally resided at Rome; but not always, as during the seventy years' exile in Avignon, and later still, when Pius VII. resided at Fontainebleau. He therefore proposes to transfer at once the chair of Peter to the Holy City, and thus to work a double good: to give a secular deliverance to the misgoverned subjects of the Papal States, and to bring the schismatic East under the jurisdiction of the successor of Peter. We are not likely to

hear of the adoption of this suggestion, and therefore need not gravely sit down to count up objections to it. It is like one of those ingenious constitutions which the Abbé Siéyes devised for France, and which Napoleon, who hated *idéologues*, swept away as a popes-head sweeps away cobwebs.

From a Gallican priest to a Parisian novelist is not such an abrupt transition as we might expect it to be. M. About* discusses the Roman question with the same moderation, and dethrones the Pope with the same *sang froid* as the Gallican Abbé. The only difference, perhaps, is, that the priest would send the Pope to Jerusalem, and the novelist to Jericho; and between the two cities the poor Pope, wounded and half dead, might lie, while the Gallican priest and the Levite of letters passed by on the other side.

M. About wrote several letters in the *Moniteur* some time ago, which were interdicted at last on account of the indignant remonstrances of the Papal Government. M. About then threw his letters into the fire, gave a year to reflection, and the result is a book, in which the caustic wit and good sense of Voltaire have embalmed, as a fly in amber, the follies of Antonelli and the vices of the system which he represents. The style defies translation—the point and piquancy of the French is lost in our blunt, British tongue. It is like olives and wine, which go very well together, so, if these extracts appear too salt, we can only refer our readers to the original; all we desire is to provoke their thirst. Chap. i. opens as follows:—

“The Roman Catholic Church, which I sincerely respect, contains 139 millions of individuals, without counting the little Mortara.

“It is governed by seventy Cardinals or Princes of the Church, in memory of the twelve Apostles.

“The Cardinal-Bishop of Rome, who is also styled Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Holy Father, or Pope, is invested with boundless authority over the minds of these 139 millions of Catholics.

“The Cardinals are nominated by the Pope, and the Pope by the Cardinals. From the day of his election he becomes infallible—at least in the opinion of M. De Maistre and all good Catholics.

* La Question Romaine, par E. About, Bruxelles et Londres, 1839.

When cajolery did not succeed, we tried what bluster would do. The *Times* threatened that the first cannon fired should blow from the guns the English and French alliance: whichever of the two great powers dared to disturb the peace of Europe would rouse the British lion; and then, woe to the offender. It chose to assume that there was no *gravamen* in Italy whatever—that it was a quarrel only between France and Austria; and that there were no more grounds for a French intervention in Italy than for a French invasion of England. It was easy to see where this neutrality would lead us to. Professedly neutral, it would really engage us on the side of Austria, and against France. Austria stood on her rights: for forty years her intervention with affairs of the petty despotisms which afflict the people of Italy had been understood, and had acquired that sanction which time and impunity give even to crime. For France to interfere to put a stop to this was to disturb the established order of things. It is evident that if Austria was not culpable France was highly so; so that to judge of French intervention candidly we must first pronounce a judgment on Austrian intervention. The merits of the Italian question, which the *Times* has very persistently sneered at from first to last, must thus help us to a decision on this question of the quarrel between France and Austria. The Italians have long since pronounced, that though no lovers of French Imperialism they will welcome it as a deliverance from Austria. The real question, then, is not whether we shall side with the French against the Austrians, or the Austrians against the French; but whether we shall side against constitutional Italy or for it. If it were only a war of Louis Napoleon against Francis Joseph ours might rightly be a neutrality of indifference—in so wicked a war we could neither have part nor sympathy. But in a war for the liberation of Italy from the hated Austrians we cannot be indifferent, even though absolute France enters the lists against absolute Austria. We are not ashamed of liberty, even with such lovers in her train as Napoleon the Third. We should like to see Italy able to strike for herself; but even if the French should be called in to chase out the Austrians, we

will not belie our love of liberty, and deny the cause of constitutionalism for any absurd jealousy of France. The wise man does not give up a cause because those who maintain it have not always clean hands. To wait for righteous ministers of a righteous retribution will be to wait for the Millennium. All we can say of French intervention is, that it is the best Italy can get under the circumstances; and even if bad is the best, it is better than none at all. The policy of free England is clearly, then, to sympathize with free institutions in Italy. Between France and Austria let our neutrality be the neutrality of indifference; but between Italy and Austria, the neutrality of sympathy for the oppressed against the oppressors—for constitutional against absolute rule. In so far as it is a French and Austrian question, let us have no more to say to it than to the battle of kites and crows; but in so far as it is a question of self-government against slavery, our sympathies are heartily and entirely with Cavour, Poerio, and Manini—that noble triumvirate who have proved that Turin, Venice, and Naples, at the three extremities of Italy, are united in one common love of liberty, and a common desire to model their country after the institutions of England. We are fallen on days of small men and selfish measures. Oh, for an hour in the House of Commons of Brougham, when in his best days he thundered defiance at the Holy Alliance! Or when Canning generously threw aside the traditions of Toryism and “leadern Castlereagh,” to declaim upon Spanish liberalism, or to shield constitutional Portugal; or when Sir James Macintosh rehearsed “Edinburgh Review” essays on the floor of the House of Commons, on the part England should take in the vanguard of liberty all the world over. Lord John Russell, to do him justice, has not forgotten the lessons of his youth; and Lord Palmerston is repentant for the slips he made in handing Italy back to the hangman and Croat in 1848. On the other side of the house, Sir Hugh Cairns has something of the Canning fire about him; and Mr. Gladstone, below the table, can tell the House, as no other man of the day, what Naples has endured under Ferdinand, the “*padrone assoluto e unico*” of

and obtained a diploma of ignorance, they will be dressed out in London fashion and let loose on the streets. They will parade up and down the Corso, will walk and drive with a pane of glass in their eye. Punctual at Mass, faithful to the theatre, they will smile or frown, applaud or make the sign of the cross, with equal indifference. They all belong to some religious confraternity, and have no club. They play cautiously, never drink, and are innocent as dolls that say, 'Pappa! Mamma!'

"At last they reach the age of twenty-five. At that age a young American has been a Jack of ten trades; he has made four fortunes and lost one; has had a law-suit; has preached a new religion; has killed six men with a revolver; has liberated a negress; and conquered an island. An Englishman at twenty-five has taken two degrees; he has been on an embassy; he has founded a bank; he has converted a Catholic; he has been round the world; and has read the complete works of Walter Scott. A Frenchman has written a tragedy in rhyme; written for two newspapers; has had three stabs with a sword; has attempted two suicides; has had fourteen amours; and nineteen times changed sides in politics. A German has pinked fourteen college chums; has swilled sixty tuns of beer and the philosophy of Hegel; has sung eleven thousand couplets; has smoked a million pipes; and been out in two revolutions. A Roman prince has learned nothing; seen nothing; done nothing; suffered nothing. At twenty-five, they open the bars of a cloister and bring out a young girl as inexperienced as himself, and the two innocents kneel down before a priest, who joins the sweet creatures as man and wife."

M. About is respectful to the character of Pius IX. "Old age," he says, "majesty, virtue, and misfortune have their rights, and be assured I intend to respect them; but truth also has its rights; it, too, is holy, and has been often cruelly maltreated by the world." The Pope is a sincere devotee; he believes in God, and the Immaculate Conception; he snuffs and plays billiards; has no private vices, and is not even a Nepotist. When his nephew, the Count Mastai Feretti, was married, the marriage present of diamonds, worth £8,000, cost the state nothing. Some years ago the Sultan sent the Pope a saddle, adorned with precious stones. Many of these were made away with by his retinue at Gaeta; the rest are in the jewel-case of the young coun-

teas, his niece. This honest old man is a compound of devotion, good-humour, vanity, weakness, and wrong-headedness. He blesses with unction, but is slow to pardon. He is a good priest and a bad king.

But Antonelli is the *bête noir* of the Papacy. M. About spares the Pope only to lay the lash on the Cardinal. We are told of his birthplace, Sonnino, a little village of bandits in the Apennines. If it were the life and adventures of Captain Jack or Dick Turpin, we could understand the particularity of describing his birthplace. But the biographer of a prince of the Roman Church should tread more lightly over these antecedents of Antonelli's life. "Young Antonelli was not born in Arcadia," and "hawks do not hatch doves," are M. About's two epigrams upon Sonnino. Having taken the trouble to be born there, the young Giacomo resolved to run no risks with a life so precious to himself, and therefore went to Rome to enter a seminary.

"Here he distinguished himself so that he escaped the sacrament of orders. He has never said Mass. He has never heard a confession. I would not swear that he has ever been to confession. He obtained the friendship of Gregory XVI., which was of more use to him than all the Christian virtues. He became prelate, magistrate, prefect, Secretary-General of the Interior, and Finance Minister. A Minister of Finance can make more money in six months than all the brigands of Sonnino in twenty years. Under Gregory XVI. he was a retrograde. On the accession of Pius IX. he was converted to liberalism. A red hat and a portfolio were the price of his new convictions. What a lesson to the mountaineers of Sonnino!—one of themselves, riding in his carriage by the police barracks, and the guard turning out to present arms to him, instead of turning out to shoot him! He has shared Pius IX.'s fortune; and when Rossi was murdered in the streets of Rome he bethought him of his own safety. A man born in Sonnino is not such a fool as to let himself be assassinated; he accordingly decamped with the Pope to Gaeta, and became Secretary of State *in partibus*. He is now fifty-three years of age. He has the health and strength of a mountaineer. He has a broad forehead, bright eyes, an eagle's beak, and a commanding figure. There is a light of intelligence in his dark and almost Moorish face; but his heavy jaw, long teeth, and thick lips, express the

must be like that of two independent witnesses, in whose mouth every word may be established.

First, for the Abbé Michon. He sets out with a preface, in which he spurns the *Univers*, and like Count Montalembert, nobly avows that he scorns the blasphemers of modern civilization, who have undertaken the task of denouncing the age in the name of those religious theories of which they proclaim themselves the defenders. "If the Church," he says, cannot maintain itself but by the oppression of the people, and the eternal alliance of its priesthood with those institutions that deaden every generous impulse in the human heart, the Church would soon be at her last gasp. Happily the Church is no accomplice with those who thus execrate liberty. They cannot efface those words from the sacred page on which the Church's charter is based, "be ye not the servants of men." This liberal Abbé dedicates his work to the Cardinal de Andrea, as a guarantee that in championing Italian independence he is not unmindful of his allegiance to Rome and the chair of Peter. He set out from Paris the 14th April, 1857, and entered Italy by Nice and Genoa. Everywhere he remarks the same thing—that priestly influence and good government are opposed to each other. From Massa to Messina the wants of Italy are summed up in two words—*Secularization* and the *Code Napoleon*. Thus Carrara, he tells us, groans under the dull tyranny of the Duke of Modena. The state of siege had been taken off only three months before his arrival there, and imprisonments were even still of daily occurrence. A little while before a priest, who was suspected of having denounced some liberals, was assassinated in the environs of Carrara. Many arrests had been made on account of this crime, but it was impossible to discover the murderer, though he was well known to the mass of the people. One of the inhabitants said to the Abbé, "I love this country, it is my native home, and the home of the arts; but if I had the power I would not remain in it twenty-four hours, for I am weighed down with the thought that some day one of my brothers, or my son, a young sculptor here, or perhaps myself, may be thrown into prison." The Duke of Modena, too,

has added to the discontent by raising the duty on the rough marble. Instead of encouraging the trade by lowering the duty, the Duke taxes the marble as it leaves the quarry, and thus kills the hen to get the golden eggs. Political economy, being one of the liberal sciences, is evidently proscribed in Modena; and so the people languish because their ruler is both ignorant and obstinate.

It is the same story as the Abbé journeys on to Lucca. His remarks on the evils of superstition sound strange from a Romish ecclesiastic. We can only conclude that in the Gallican Church at least there are the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of modern Ultramontaniam.

"I saw," he says, "along the road, inscriptions set up by the clergy for the use of the people, either at the foot of a cross or on the *façade* of the chapels; but I observed, with regret, that none of these recalled the great themes of Christianity. They nearly all referred to some act of external religion; hardly any recalled the pure and elevated spirit of the Gospel. Everywhere, but in Italy most of all, the people are too much in the habit of attending only to the forms of religion. The clergy there should resist and not encourage this tendency, by reminding the people that ours is a God that reads the heart, *Deus autem intuetur cor*. I blame, then, the Italian clergy for having so long petrified with formalism the minds of men—a worthless formalism, which some day or other will fall to the ground when its political props give way, and bury all religion with it in its ruins. Facts only too truly confirm these reflections. Not to speak of that mock-modesty which throws a veil over the image of the *Madonna*, as if God did not see the deed of shame, the bandit who stops you on the high road would think his soul in danger if he did not make the sign of the cross in passing by a holy place. The assassins who stabbed a young Englishman, at Naples, on the open quay, had certainly heard mass the Sunday previous. The procurers who tout you on the Toledo-street have made their Easter confession. As for those poor fellows in Rome who are denounced at the church doors for not going to confession, they are either workmen or stage drivers, who by their nomad life escape the Holy Office—while thieves and prostitutes attend regularly the holy table. I have had some horrible revelations on this subject at Rome. I can account for these deplorable facts, by

So far from her religious supremacy procuring her independence it is quite the contrary. *She can never be free while the centre of visible Christendom.* Spain, and Austria, and France will go to fight their battles there, and while the Pope has Austrian, French, and Spanish consciences under lock and key, he will be regarded as too great a prize to be let slip into the hands of their rivals. European intervention in Italy is the consequent of Italian intervention in Europe. The Pope sends his black-coated soldiers to Vienna, and the Emperor sends his white-coated soldiers into Italy. The see-saw of spiritual and temporal is inevitable. If the Pope gets a Concordat out of the Kaiser in Austria, the Kaiser pays himself back in kind, in Bologna and Ancona.

There are a few writers for our press, "with something of a narrow brow," and something of a narrow heart," and who, by some mischance, were born freemen and Englishmen, who reason something in this way, that the Italians never have been free and independent, and, therefore, never can or ought to be. Such conservatives, in the cause of lawlessness and disorder, ought, for the same reason, to encourage the slave trade; because negroes always have been used to it. The independence of modern Greece was a huge mistake in their mind—our Reformation was a rebellion, and our Revolution of 1688 the first day of England's downfall. If nations are never to be free, unless they can show their crest and quarterings of freedom, men should never use their reason till they have learned logic, or speak till they have studied grammar, or bathe till they can swim. It is only in Italy that they still swaddle children to make their limbs grow straight. We have seen a child swathed like a mummy, and swung up to a hook in the wall, or hanging on a pack on its mother's back. Young Italy wants to get rid of its swaddling clothes; but a small clique in England and Germany say no; you have swaddled your children for generations, from the hook on the wall of Austrian despotism to the pannier on the back of the Pope—the blessed *bambino* has been slung hitherto, and as we are not sure that he can walk, we are not

going to undo the bandages, or try a doubtful experiment.

It is clear as day that Italians must strike for their own freedom, and get what help they can in Europe. We have such respect for parliaments, a free press, and a constitutional king, that we cannot help wishing the Italians the same blessings, even though the intervention of absolute France is necessary as a set-off against that of absolute Austria. Count Cavour, like a wise man, takes the French alliance since he cannot get the English—we have no right to be angry with his choice, particularly since he paid us the compliment of proposing to us first. When France abuses her influence in Italy, as Austria has long done, it will be time enough to cry out—for the present there is a safe rule to attend to—not to cry out till you are hurt.

But should Italy obtain her heart's desire, deliverance from Austria, we would remind her beforehand the price she must pay for it: she must give up her spiritual supremacy. So long as Rome is the mother of churches, and her Bishop the centre of unity, Europe will interfere in the temporal affairs of Italians; because Italian priests interfere in the spiritual concerns of Europe. You may say that Italians are not responsible for the Pope's supremacy, and, therefore, should not suffer for it. True; but while the excuse for intervention exists, Italy will never be left to herself. Let the provinces of Italy, then, reclaim their spiritual independence, and then political will inevitably follow. Let Milan reclaim her ritual of Ambrose, let the Archbishop of Turin act as Claude of Turin once acted, a reformer before the Reformation, let Venice treat the Pope as the republic often treated the centre of unity, and France will then reclaim her Gallican liberties, and Spain and Austria follow her example. Italy will thus become independent of Europe, because Europe is independent of her. It is the spiritual power of the Pope which lies at the bottom of the Italian question; and we thank a French ecclesiastic and a French wit for having the courage, at this juncture, to tell the world this plain, though not self-evident, truth.

less the miracle took place within one hour; but it seems that Marshal D'Estrées had threatened the same in 1702, when he took possession of Naples for Philip V. of Spain. It appears that the saint has a particular respect for the Provost Marshal, and will work the miracle under due compulsion, equally in French or Austrian interest. It is amusingly like the strict neutrality which Ferdinand has promised to observe during the present war in North Italy. The French are near at hand, and the Austrians far away, and, therefore, the King is prudently neutral. Napoleon III. must be infinitely obliged for nothing.

The Abbé gives the following explanation of this prodigy. The phials contain some coloured matter which he supposes to be spermaceti, and which is a solid at the ordinary temperature, but easily liquefies under a little heat. The heat of the chapel, the lighted wax candles which every now and then are applied to the bottle, the kisses of the devotees, and the handling of the priest, together contribute to warm the glass, and so the contents of the phial become liquid. It is evident that the Abbé is heartily ashamed of his fellow-clergy at Naples, and his only excuse for them is that they seem to enact this prodigy *dans une complète bonne foi*. He is careful to add that this is not an article of faith, and that no one above the rabble of Naples pretends to believe in it. But kings and priests have always made of superstition a convenient scarecrow to guard the forbidden fruit of knowledge; and so long as adorable and absolute Ferdinands reign in Naples, blood will liquefy in those musty glass phials, though it has stagnated long since in every other reliquary in Europe.

The Abbé travels from Naples to Rome, skirting by the Pontine Marshes, and naively admits that to drain those marshes nothing is wanting but a secular government. "I shall never forget," he says, "when one day in the ante-chamber of his Holiness, at Bologna, I observed to a Monsignor Pacca that Rome lies in a desert; that the sterility of the campagna is frightful." "But you forget," I was told in reply, "we get some revenue out of it; it gives winter grazing to cattle." What a crushing accusation against this priestly regnè, that it reduces

the teeming basin of the Tiber to a sheepwalk!

The only remedy the Abbé can suggest is secularisation *pur et simple*. No Legislative Council, admission of the laity to office, or even a Chamber of Deputies will suffice. These partial reforms have been recommended and tried over and over again, and as often have failed. The only remedy is the entire separation between the spiritual and the secular. Our Abbé is an out-and-out reformer. He would reduce his Holiness to the primitive model of a Bishop when the successors of Peter dwelt in a modest shed by the Tiber, ages before a stone of the Vatican was laid, or the triple crown had even been thought of. "*Regnum meum non est hinc*"—my kingdom is not of this world, is a favourite text with our Abbé; he quotes it more than once, and his views on the separation of the temporal and spiritual are so far in advance of his age and Church that we can hardly wonder if the *Univers* gnashes its teeth that there is no Holy Office in Paris, and prays that some day or other he come within reach of the Inquisition at Rome. He tells on this point a story of a certain French bishop who was suspected of liberal opinions, and who disappeared mysteriously when on a visit to Rome, in 1832. Years rolled by, and in 1848 he was among the victims of the Inquisition that the Revolution then set free:—"One day a parish priest in Paris is accosted by a stranger in long, white hair, who asks him, 'Do you remember me.' After some hesitation the Curé said, 'I think I remember meeting you in the Coliseum at Rome sixteen years ago. I recognise the pastoral ring, too, which you then wore on your finger.' 'I am the same man,' said the stranger. Only ten days after I met you in Rome I was seized and thrown into a frightful dungeon. I was not permitted to write to my family, or even to the French Ambassador; and had it not been for the Revolution in Rome I should probably have ended my days there.'" We are glad to believe, for the sake of human nature, if not for the credit of the Church of Rome, that the majority of the French clergy sympathize more with the Abbé Michon than with the *Univers*. If the 40,000 parish priests of France were

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Bossuet was not of that opinion, but the Popes have always thought so. When the Sovereign Pontiff has pronounced that the Virgin Mary was born without the stain of original sin, the 139 million Catholics are bound to believe it, because he has said so, as we saw occur quite recently."

The necessity for the temporal power of the Popes, in order to support their spiritual, is treated by M. About with much raillery. It is as if the 139 million Catholics throughout the world said to 3,124,668 Italians, "You must sacrifice yourselves to a man; our religious chief will be neither venerable, august, nor independent, unless he reigns despotically over you. Were he to lose this golden crown, if you were to dispute his right to make laws and break them as he pleases; if you were to get out of the habit of paying in your money to him, which he spends for our use and edification, all the sovereigns of the universe would treat him like a little boy. Drop, then, your private interests."

"But the Apostles were independent at a cheaper rate; and besides, the vast conquests of Catholicism were made before the Pope was a temporal prince. The primitive Popes had no budget and no deficit; they had nothing to say to M. Rothschild; therefore they were more truly independent than our crowned Popes. From the day that the spiritual and temporal power were linked together, side by side, like the Siamese twins, one of the two has had to give way to the other. The Pope has had to choose between the Earth that was near, and Heaven that was far off. I will say nothing of those Popes who would have sold the dogma of the Trinity for a few square miles of territory; it is not fair to judge it by these extreme cases. But I ask, when the Pope absolved Francis I. of perjury, after the Treaty of Madrid, was this done in the interests of good morals or in the interests of his temporal crown? If he organized a traffic of indulgences, and drove half Europe into heresy, was this done to multiply Catholics or to portion a young lady? When he allied himself with Protestant Sweden during the Thirty Years' War, was this in the cause of the Church or to humble the house of Austria? When he excommunicated Venice in 1606, was this done to attach that Republic to the Church or to pay out

a grudge of Spain against the allies of Henry IV.? When he dissolved the order of the Jesuits, was this to augment the army of the Church or to please France, which then was ascendant? If he broke off all relations with the revolted provinces of America, was this in the interest of the Church or of Spain? If he threatened excommunication to any Roman who should invest in a foreign lottery, was this done to bind their hearts to the Church or to bring in their crowns to the treasury? Is it not deplorable that bailiffs seize goods in Rome in the name of the Pope? Judges condemn an assassin in the name of the head of the Church. The executioner cuts off heads in the name of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Is there not a scandal in these two words—*Pontifical Lottery*? And what must 139 million Catholics think when they hear their spiritual chief applaud the increase of vice and the success of the lottery for the good of the treasury?"

M. About describes the state of discontent among all classes of the Pope's subjects. The common people are savage and ignorant; processions and puppets are the diversions which their rulers encourage—a monk to teach them morals, and a raffle and fireworks on saint days to teach them religion. As to the middle classes, they are kept *in statu pupilarum*, like overgrown schoolboys. As an example—medical students are not allowed to study female pathology until they take their degree. It is like the old lady, who would not allow her son to bathe till he had taken lessons in swimming on a mahogany table. "Un docteur en chirurgie m'a confessé qu'il n'avait jamais vu le sein d'une femme. Nous accouchons des poupées et c'est ainsi que nous, nous faisons la main."

As to the noblesse, they are a class by themselves. "Who knows," said an Italian, one day, in irony, "but the microscope may discover globules of nobility in the blood." M. About's account of a Roman noble is as follows:

"See that nobleman's child, walking down the Corso, between two Jesuits. These little ones of six or seven years of age, lovely as little cupids, in spite of their black dress and white cravats, will grow up under the shadow of the wide hat of their master. When at last they shall have passed their examinations

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grossest appetites. He is a minister grafted on a savage. When he assists the Pope at the ceremonies of the holy week, he is full of magnificent disdain. But when you see him seated at an evening party near a pretty woman, and eyeing her charms, you are reminded of the savage of the woods, and you think, with a shudder, of a post-chaise overturned by the road-side. He is lodged in the Vatican over the Pope, and the Romans jokingly ask which is higher—the Pope or Antonelli. I have said before that he has managed to escape the sacrament of orders. He is a Cardinal-Deacon. Those simple souls that maintain that every thing in Rome must be right have this excuse always on their lips: If you say Antonelli is too rich.—‘Yes, but remember he is not a priest.’ If you say he has read Machiavelli to advantage.—‘Yes, but he is not a priest.’ I never knew before that a deacon may do almost any thing with impunity. At that rate what may not poor laymen do who have not received even the tonsure.”

To the countrymen of Voltaire, these epigrams of M. About will tell with a force which no philosophy or religion could give them. The government of Pius IX. has stood the invectives of Italian exiles, and the arguments of philosophic Protestants. But it is sharpshooters like M. About who will clear the streets of Rome of its priestly occupants. Louis Napoleon has sent out a picquet of these *esprits moqueurs* to clear the way for the French army, and the first affair of outposts in the coming Italian campaign has been between these tirailleurs of the French press and the old Pope's guard of the *Univers* and the Censorship. Printed in Brussels, M. About's book had a narrow escape of being prohibited in Paris. The *parti prêtre* brought all their guns to bear on the Council of State. Threats and bribes were freely used; and they would have succeeded, it is said, in excluding the book from France but for the Emperor, who wisely took off the interdict and sent M. About to open the battle against the Austrian and Jesuit rulers of Italy.* All M. About asks is, to secularize the Papal States, and to leave the Pope his city, his palace, and his church of St.

Peter. Italy would no more suffer from such a limited sovereignty as this than a veteran from an old musket-ball, which the surgeon had forgotten to extract years ago. Will the Pope and Cardinals content themselves with this reduced sphere of action? We fear not. On the other hand, M. About very significantly hints that the sovereigns of Europe will come to read history and discover, that as the sovereigns of England and Russia have made the civil capital also the religious, so the legitimate centre of French Catholicism should be in Paris, not in Rome. None can foresee the course of events. Perhaps Europe may have, as in the fourteenth century, three anti-popes, one in Paris, one in Vienna, and a third in Italy; or, perhaps, the Pope may betake himself to Jerusalem as to neutral ground; or, last of all, the Pope may content himself with the more modest title of Bishop of Rome and Patriarch of Italy, and leave the Anglican, Gallican, and German Churches to govern themselves, or appeal to General Councils as in the fourth and fifth centuries.

Of these solutions of that difficult question—the Pope's temporal sovereignty—we should prefer the third. It was the course which our Reformation in England took, and which, from time to time, other princes have been inclined to follow, as Louis XIV. in France, and the Emperor Joseph in Austria. One thing, at least, is certain, that Italy will never attain temporal independence till she gives up spiritual supremacy. The Pope and the people of Italy are as two buckets over a well, and the same wheel that swings the Pope up swings the people down. The Pope puts his foot on the neck of kings, and these kings have their revenge by putting their foot on the necks of the people of Italy. The sentiment of Byron, though generous, is unsound :—

“Parent of our religion, whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven,
Europe repentant of her paricide,
Shall yet redeem that, and all backward
driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be
forgiven.”

* Since the above was written, M. About's book has been seized by the police in Paris, and the author threatened with a State prosecution; but 20,000 copies are already in circulation. The steed is stolen, and a padlock then put on the stable-door—Antonelli's reputation blasted in Europe, and the Emperor offers 6*d.* damages and costs. There is worse mockery in this than in the book itself.

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